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THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

VOL. IX

COLLECTED BY

THE LATE

W. P. KER

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WILLIAM PATON KER

President 1915

THE Committee desire to add a tribute of their sincere appreciation of the late Professor W. P. Ker, more especially here in connexion with the volumes of *Essays and Studies*, of which he edited Volume III and had nearly completed the editing of this present Volume IX before his sudden death at Macugnaga in July. In addition he wrote Articles in Volume I (Browning), Volume VI (The Humanist Ideal), and Volume VIII (Hazlitt).

President of the Association in 1915, a Vice-President for ten years, and a Member of the Committee, he rendered very valuable service to the Association both as Author of the Pamphlets on Romance (10); The Teaching of English at the Universities (26); and The Eighteenth Century (35), and by lecturing frequently to the Central Body and the various Branches.

Great as is the loss of so distinguished a Master of so many Literatures, it is a lasting honour to the Association to have had his name on its List of Officers.

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THE TROJANS IN BRITAIN¹

It was a childish grievance among us, when I was a boy, that our British histories began with Julius Caesar; and the grievance persisted when we were no longer boys. Such a wealth of time had passed before the Roman came: was Britain to be counted voiceless all this while? no message? no traditions? Empires had risen and declined; numerous poets had died in poverty; in a hundred different and even contradictory ways philosophers had demonstrated that pleasure is really pain; the world had gone through a great part of its normal course, it was old and was beginning to feel it, when Caesar landed and wrote down his remarks. Was it not a little annoying that Britain should be dumb all this while, and speak first to the world in Caesar's Latin?

These are elaborations, the embroideries of an old grudge. This schoolboy patriotism, as I remember, was never gratified. We were not even told that it had not always been so, that our grievance was modern. I must think it an opportunity lost. For, in fact, this dumbness, this British silence is recent: not much more than some two or three hundred years old. The modern schoolboy is in the habit of envying his remoter predecessors who lived when there was so much less history to learn, and he has all men's sympathy. But there is a rough justice even in our studies. The English schoolboy or undergraduate three centuries ago began his British history not with Julius Caesar and that trumpeting date of 55 B.C., but with Brute and his Britons 1100 years before Christ. A whole Empire was added to his history of which the modern boy knows next to nothing, and he construed his Virgil and his Latin Homer with an interest peculiar

¹ This paper is an expansion of an essay originally read to the Alexandrian Society in Glasgow in 1910, and subsequently rehandled in a lecture to the English Association in London on November 17, 1922.

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to himself, for, as he was well aware, the first Britons were Trojans, and their leader, King Brute, was a member of the House of Priam, a kinsman of Aeneas, and an ancestor, therefore, of all the Caesars. Nowadays, when a Prince of Wales sits down to learn the history of his family, he is popularly supposed to begin with Cerdic the Saxon. The little Edwards and Henries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries began, we know, with Brutus the Trojan. We have the school books still in which they read.

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the days when Camden, Speed, and Selden sat in judgement on antiquity, that the first shadows of suspicion began to fall heavily on these British Trojans, after they had enjoyed an almost undimmed reputation for nearly 500 years. They staggered on, still finding defenders, for another half century, persisting still in the popular histories and the popular mind, and flourishing mightily in Wales, but passing more and more, like all lost causes, into the keeping of the poets. The poets had always been friends with them, and it was in the works of a poet that they made perhaps their last signal and historical utterance, in that *History of Britain* which Milton wrote during the Civil War and Commonwealth. In the new generation of Pepys and Sir William Temple they gradually disappeared from the pages of history, as a fabulous, discredited, and poetical people. The gap which they left remained a gap for many years. The historians tried to fill it with Pytheas of Marseilles and Julius Caesar, but fill as they might they had little success. The hole was too big, and the prehistoric wind kept coming through. Despairing of texts, they began to look about them. They dug; they tapped; they tried Stonehenge. But as every one thought differently about that impressive structure, they were thrown back once more. In the end the really notable discovery was made that digging is an art, and from that time things have mended. Archaeology has swept up antiquarianism, and carried it to the point where inquisitiveness becomes inquiry, and curiosity almost begins to look like science. Archaeology now rules in the place of Brutus and his Trojans, to the notorious advance-

ment, as I gratefully admit, of historical truth, but, as it has been managed, to the perpetual and inexcusable disadvantage of all boys, all lovers of old stories, and all readers of English literature. It was a great day for Science, but a bad day for Greek poetry, when Zeus got his leave, as Aristophanes tells us, and Rotation reigned in his place. I confess to something of the same regret when I think of Brute and Archaeology: two good things, and both of them romantic, which after the first drubbings and expostulations need never have clashed. The servants of Legitimacy would incur, I believe, no charge of treason if they extended even now, through their subordinate dispensers of text-books, a modest and belated pension to the fantastic household of the old Trojan Pretender.

The Trojans are first heard of in Britain in a late eighteenth-century writer, one Nennius,¹ a British priest and patriot, a disciple of Elbod, Bishop of Bangor. He was a man, he tells us, of little learning: they nearly all say that, and no doubt it was generally true. It was a part of the Christian humility, not now much exercised. As a writer, he would have us understand, he was equally contemptible. We are to pardon his barbarism and rusticity: a task not difficult, nor indeed to be too seriously undertaken when we find Tacitus in his *Agricola* appealing for the same mercy (*incondita ac rudi voce*). This is an older humility than the other, the ancient and justly suspected humility of authors, who commonly intend by such requests to draw attention to their obvious mastery over the language they employ. He wrote, this Nennius, as a lover of his nation, because no one else would; and from traditions, and such writings and monuments as had survived, put together, 'stutteringly', his version of the British story. From him we learn that the Britons came to this island in the Third Age of the world, and that it has its name from Brutus, a grandson of Aeneas, who settled here, and gave it the first regular inhabitants which it had had since the Flood. There is talk of Vortigern, and

¹ *Historia Brittonum*, ed. Mommsen (Mon. Germ. Hist., Auct. Antiq., xiii. 111-222).

'the boy without a father'—young Merlin, not yet fully named, the shifty Daniel of British prophecy. We hear, without relation to the Trojan dynasty, of one Arthur, a great soldier and Christian Paladin, twelve times chosen to lead the British against the Saxons, and twelve times victorious. In the last and greatest of his battles, at Badon Hill, he slays 960 of the heathen with his own hand. Legend was busy with him already. In some notes on The Wonders of Britain we read of a cairn with a stone on top bearing the footprint of a dog :

'This footmark on the stone was made by Cabal, the dog of Arthur the soldier, when it was hunting the boar Troynt.'¹

The age of relics had begun, and relics mean romance, but Nennius is not enterprising. You may read the story of that great hunt in the *Mabinogion*, but Nennius has heard of the dignity of history. Just as everything seems budding into the fable of Arthur the priest stops, and falls to mumbling some Saxon genealogies. It is undoubtedly a disappointment. We leave Nennius, who has nothing more to tell us. He had not done much, but he had done enough.

More than three centuries passed before another man arose who could talk of Trojan Britain, but he was the best, and indeed the grand authority on this subject: Geoffrey of Monmouth, also a priest, also a Welshman, and before he died, a Bishop. Geoffrey's *History of the Kings of Britain*,² composed in tolerable Latin of the time (*vili licet stilo*, he says, not meaning this at all), was written in the first draft about the year 1137, and was the literary event of the age. Within twenty years it had been twice translated or adapted into French, and it raised such a hubbub among the other historians (and the twelfth century was full of them) that perhaps no other proof is necessary of its success. The origin of the book is simply stated in the Dedication.

'After much and frequent consideration with myself, upon my reading the History of the Kings of Britain, I wondered

¹ Ibid., p. 217.

² *Historia regum Britanniae*, ed. San-Marte, 1854; tr. Aaron Thompson, 1718, Giles, 1848, Evans, 1908.

that in the account which Gildas and Bede had elegantly given of them, I found nothing said of those Kings who lived here before the Incarnation of Christ, nor yet of Arthur, and many others who succeeded after the Incarnation; though their Actions not only deserved eternal fame, but were celebrated by many people in a pleasant manner and by heart, as if they had been written. While I was intent upon these and such like thoughts, Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a master of eloquence and highly skilled in foreign histories, offered me a very ancient Book in the British tongue, which in a continued regular story and handsome style, related the Actions of them all, from Brutus, the first King of the Britons, down to Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallo. At his request, therefore, though I had not made fine language my study, namely, by collecting florid expressions from other authors, yet contented with my own homely style, I undertook the translation of that Book into Latin.

This announcement, you will understand, made the other historians stagger with envy. A real British book, 'of regular and continued story', was what they had all been looking for, and no one knew this better than Geoffrey. The innocent candour of his Dedication is only to be interpreted by the glee of his Epilogue, in which he speaks without disguises, rubbing his hands in a manner by no means episcopal, and hardly becoming, in the circumstances of the case, even in an archdeacon. When he had finished his History, introduced the first English King, and crammed what was left of the Britons into Wales,

'as for the Kings (he says) that have succeeded among them in Wales since that time, I leave the history of them to Caradoc of Llancarvon, my contemporary; as I do also of the Saxons to William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon. But I advise them to be silent concerning the Kings of the Britons, since they have not that Book writ in the British tongue, which Walter Archdeacon of Oxford brought out of Brittany, and which, being a true history, published in honour of the aforesaid Princes, I have thus taken care to translate'.

It was quite true; he *had* taken care; and he had also, as he knew quite well, produced a masterpiece.

Now, nobody enjoys having vinegar rubbed on his wounds. Geoffrey's *History* was punishment enough to the other

historians without the sting of his epilogue, especially as no one has ever seen that British Book, or, I am afraid, ever will. We are on the borderland where fable and history dance together to the first fiddle, and Geoffrey is an orchestra in himself. To some extent, no doubt, it was a joke of Geoffrey's, to exasperate his fellow-professionals. Readers of *The Antiquary* will understand the spirit. For the moment they did not know what to say, and in Geoffrey's lifetime they appear to have said little. It was announced, indeed, later, in terms of some abuse, that Geoffrey was not a wholly scientific historian; and this was difficult to answer, because it could not be denied that he was never uninteresting. Nor will the assertion of a recent historian be easily shaken that 'the pages of Geoffrey contain no new fact about the first five centuries which is also true'.¹ And yet, that there were traditions of British heroes, that Geoffrey, as a Welshman, knew them, and that he anthologized and certified and (no doubt) added to them at a time when they were trembling on the brink of literature, these are themselves facts of some importance. It soon becomes clear that we are not dealing with an historian, but with the first and by far the most successful of our historical novelists. The 'British Book', in all essentials, is our old friend the faded MS., 'found among a heap of papers 'as I was rummaging by chance in my uncle's bureau'; and his crony and compatriot, Archdeacon Walter—*historiarum peritissimus*, a 'mine of old stories'—falls into place as the possible Mr. Shortreed of Welsh 'Liddesdale raids'.² The Book itself is by no means a total improbability, though it need not be supposed that Geoffrey translated it. So far as he lied he was a liar of temperament, with clerical precedent behind him and the example of Ossian to come. A couple of sheets in the Armorican or British tongue may by no great stretch of the faculties, in a naturally warm and enthusiastic mind, be imagined to be a Book. The legends of his country, and sympathetic invention—what Professor Murray has called 're-imagining your sources'—were more than enough for the

¹ Haverfield, *Romanization of Roman Britain*, p. 88.

² See Bk. XI, ch. i, *ad init.*

patriotic and romantic task which was to occupy the remaining leisure of his life.

The story of the Trojan settlement is told in full, and for the first time, in his opening chapters. Brutus, the great grandson of Aeneas, was expelled from Italy for involuntary parricide, and went to Greece, where he found a great number of his fellow-Trojans, descendants of the original captives, enslaved to the Greeks. He became their leader; was named General of the Remnant of the Trojans, as his descendants were one day to be Generals of the Remnant of the Britons; fought for their freedom, won it, and set out with them, as Aeneas his ancestor had done, to find a home in the West. We are witnesses once more of the universal desire of man to search out his origin, to find it in some great dispersion, and to look for the motive of it in the East. To mediaeval Europe, as to ancient Rome, Phrygia, by some epidemic taste, seemed to approve itself as the cradle of the western and elect nations. Brutus, like Aeneas, had an oracle delivered to him. He was told that he must seek an island beyond Gaul, in the Western Sea; an island where giants used to live, but now scarcely anybody at all (*habitata gigantibus olim Nunc deserta quidem*). To reach that happy shore, said the Voice, in surprisingly Virgilian language:

To reach that happy Shore thy Sails employ:
There Fate decrees to raise a second *Troy*,
And found an Empire in thy Royal Line,
Which Time shall ne'er destroy, nor Bounds confine.¹

They had a good voyage, with few of the hardships of Aeneas and Ulysses; though this we should attribute, I imagine, rather to unfamiliarity with Homeric tradition than to any remarkable felicity of weather. Had Geoffrey been master of his commonplaces, that three-days storm which descends so infallibly on the epic voyager (*quarto terra die*) must have troubled Brutus also. As it was, his most dangerous

¹ The Oracle is in the tradition. The title-deeds of all these Western foundations may be found in *Aeneid*, iii. 4-5:

Diversa exsilia et *desertas* quaerere terras
auguriis agimur divum.

adventure was with 'those Sea Monsters, called *Syrens*', whom Geoffrey, like a good mediaeval, conceives to have been a sort of feminist whale. They 'surrounded the ships, and had very near overturned them'. For the rest, he had the luck to fall in with four other bodies of Trojan exiles, moving in a kind of predatory partnership somewhere on the Biscay coast. The name of their commander was Corineus, 'a modest man, excellent in council, and of great size, courage, and audacity, who in an encounter even with a giant would immediately overthrow him as if he engaged with a child'. This Corineus, we are not surprised to hear, was by anticipation the first Cornishman, the inventor of the Hug. They celebrated their union in the usual way, and having raised the whole of Gaul about their ears, slipped off to sea and headed for the promised island, landing quietly at Totnes.

'The Island,' says Geoffrey, 'was then called *Albion*, and was inhabited by none but a few Giants. Notwithstanding, the pleasant situation of places, the abundance of rivers and good fishing, and the engaging prospect of the woods, made Brutus and his company very desirous to fix their habitation there'. They drove the Giants into the caves of the mountains, and set so heartily to work that 'in a little time the country looked as if it had been long inhabited'. Brutus called the island, after his own name, *Britain*, and his companions *Britons*. But Corineus, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the island which fell to his share, *Corineia* (or Cornwall); and though he had his choice of provinces, 'yet he preferred that part . . . for it was a diversion to him to encounter with the Giants, which were in greater numbers there than in all the other provinces'.

Soon afterwards Brutus built his first city upon the Thames and styled it *Troia Nova* or New Troy, a name which it long held, till by corruption it came to be called *Trinovantum* or Troynovant. This was the city which Lud, the brother of Cassibelaun, afterwards renamed Caer-lud, or Lud's City, whence London, and Ludgate, where this king was buried. His family, we are told, took it very ill of him that he should have discarded the Trojan name, though in fact it was not

forgotten, but survived in the mottoes and pageants of London till may-poles went out.

The line of British Kings thus founded by Brute was long and distinguished. I could not hope to relate the romantic adventures in love and war by which their name was carried far beyond this island. The northern peoples of Scandinavia, the tribes of Germany and Gaul, and even Rome itself admired and feared them. For they were great warriors, and of the best blood in Europe. Names, as a historian of China observed the other day, names are the music of history. Epaminondas, Caligula, Tamburlaine, Hindenburg: with such sounds one can build the groundwork of a paragraph; and he sighs over those deserving monosyllables, Chih Erh, Tz'u-hsi, Mo Tzu. The mere names of our British royalties suggest many things in tragedy and romance, and not merely to English minds. There is Lochrine, and his unhappy daughter Sabrina, whom Drayton and Milton, Wordsworth and Swinburne have celebrated in verse; Leir and his three daughters, Gonoril, Regan, and Cordeilla, awaiting their passionate immortality; Gorboduc and his fatal sons (whose highly unemotional names of Ferrex and Porrex I should beg to exclude, however, from this catalogue); Cloten, king of Cornwall, whose son Dunwallo was the British Numa;

Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum.

Belinus gave his name to Billingsgate (which the historian Green would unjustly assign to a Mr. Billing); and Brennus (or Brennius) began life by going to Scandinavia and marrying the king's daughter of Norway, as the young men do in the ballads. There is Morvid, and Elidure, and Peridure, who merely as sounds will always fetch something in romance; though if it be the part of a hero to die loftily, with memorable words upon his lips, the romantic poet must handle Morvid with care. His adventure was great in its conception, but inglorious in its end. He went to kill the sea serpent in the Irish Channel (it must then have been almost in its first youth), and it 'swallowed him up', says Geoffrey, 'like a little fish' (*tanquam pisciculum*). I name without

comment Gerontius and Cymbeline, and pass to the final honours of the House. Almost the last, and without comparison the most momentous of all, come Uther Pendragon and his son King Arthur, one of the Nine Worthies of the world, the hammer of the Saxons, and the greatest conqueror, prince, and knight in Christendom. As a young man, and between times, he was as good at giant-killing as Corineus himself, slaying in single combat the Spanish giant on Mount St. Michael, and the giant Ritho, who went about in furs made entirely of the beards of kings he had killed. Responsibilities and honours grew upon him. When he held his great festival and tournament at the city of Legions upon the river Usk (Queen Guinever or Guanhumara in her pavilion, and Kay and Bedver already marshalling his court), all the princes of Europe thought it their duty to attend, and Geoffrey makes us feel that it was their privilege also. He had carried his standard of the Golden Dragon to victory over the known world, and had ventured to oppose it, not without success, to the Golden Eagle of Rome. 'You have made Britain mistress of thirty kingdoms,' he told his followers; and when he passed with his wounds to Avallon, the Britons never recovered from the blow, or took heart again except in the hope of his second coming. Some centuries of English indifference were needed to convince them even that he had died.¹

There are other names in Geoffrey's book which have made their mark in less obvious ways since his time. It is a pleasure to find, in the list of the kings of Britain, two such names as Hudibras and Iago; and I cannot help thinking that Swift had heard of Gurgiunt Brabtruc and King Blegabred. Nor

¹ This belief was not invented by Geoffrey. It was before and after his time, and had its roots in the people. There was an outcry at Bodmin in 1113 when some monks of Laon, visiting there, refused to admit that Arthur still lived (Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, i. 217). And Archbishop Peckham, in 1284, complained to the Bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph (Geoffrey's old see), that the Welsh and English would never be at one while their parishioners so wholly addicted themselves to the Trojan visions, 'following the Brutan way' (*Bruti sequens vestigia*) (*Epistolae*, ed. Martin, Roll Series, ii. 741-42).

must I omit King Coel of Colchester, destined to be eternally old and merry, or King Bladud the patron of Bath, who was the first of our islanders to lose his life in the air. He flew over London and was killed, to the great astonishment of his subjects, who had always suspected that he was mad but had never known it till then.

There is no doubt that in all this fabling Geoffrey was something more than a lover of good stories. He was an enthusiastic patriot. The first words of his first chapter are more than a formula: 'Britain the best of islands'. He delights to relate how Belinus and Brennius (he is sure they were Britons) hanged the senators of Rome on their own walls; and how Julius Caesar was twice routed by Cassibelaun, and glad to put off to his ships again, 'rejoicing that he had the sea for his camp'. To be a British king, he reminds us, was the best stepping-stone, in later days, to becoming Emperor of Rome. He makes the court of King Arthur the centre of all that was polite in Europe; even Rome seemed provincial to it.

'There was not a nobleman in the world who thought himself of any consideration unless his clothes and his arms were made in the same fashion as Arthur's knights.'¹

So far did he go, indeed, in this direction that his critics in the next generation took to jesting with his name, Gaufridus Arturus, Geoffrey ap Arthur; and the stricter historians, while they continued to copy from his book, protested that his fables would be the death of history. They told stories against him. That 'brilliant and contentious half-breed', Gerald de Barri, writing his *Itinerary* towards the end of the century, relates of a Welshman tormented by unclean spirits that

'if the demons oppressed him too much, the Gospel of St. John was laid on his bosom, when like birds they immediately flew away and utterly vanished; but when that book was removed, and the History of the Britons by Geoffrey Arthur was placed, by way of experiment, in its stead, they settled in far greater numbers and for a much longer time than

usual, not only upon his entire body, but even upon the book that was placed on it.'¹

The historians must be forgiven their irritation, for Geoffrey had done what none of them had looked like doing. He had become enormously popular. That waggish style, so maddening to a rival, was not displeasing to the public.

'At this place an Eagle spoke, while the wall of the Town was building; and indeed I should not have failed to transmit the speech to posterity had I thought it as true as the rest of this History.'²

There is no contending with such a manner. The artist will not be denied; in this generous craft of lying the rest were cobblers to him. He had not only produced literature which everybody wished to read; he was the cause of literature in others. The lost *Brut* of Gaimar, the *Brut* of Wace, the *Brut* of Layamon (another Welsh Marcher, and the greatest poet of his century), were only the first of a long series of chronicles and romances, not yet exhausted, which even when they invent or improve still rest their fancies on the historical flowers of Geoffrey. The chapters on Arthur so much derided and enjoyed were the most fruitful of all; by the end of the century the Arthurian Romance which he had schooled and fathered stepped out into the world full-grown. When he died, in 1154, his book was so well known that it was a mark of rusticity to be unacquainted with it, and many had it by heart.³ It had scarcely been out when the chroniclers began abstracting. Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, happening in the year 1139 to see a copy in Normandy in the Abbey of Bec, was so profoundly impressed (*stupens inveni*) that he made a summary of it on the spot, to go with the later editions of his own History.⁴ Geoffrey's boast was fulfilled. He became the last word on British history, and every British historian for four and a half

¹ *Itin. Cambriae*, I. ch. 5, ed. Dimock, Rolls Series, p. 58.

² Bk. II, ch. 9.

³ Alfred of Beverley, *Annales*, ed. T. Hearne, 1716, p. 2.

⁴ *Historia Anglorum*, ed. Arnold, Rolls Series, pp. xx-xxiv.

centuries had to repeat him, or be damned by the public as jejune and incomplete.

It is noticeable that of all Geoffrey's critics not one made any objection to his system. They railed at his fables, but they had nothing to say against his Trojan dynasty. They jeered at the marvels of Arthur (*Hic est Arthurus de quo Britonum nugae hodieque delirant*), but they had no complaint to make of the marvel of Brutus. Even William of Newburgh, the most level-headed of the twelfth-century historians and Geoffrey's bitterest opponent, while he inveighs against our friend's Arthurian generosities, only hints his disapproval of the British Trojans.¹ So far as I know, the only Englishman before Camden who is said to have expressed his doubts was the fifteenth-century historiographer, Abbot John Whethamstede (Johannes Frumentarius), by whom the world was not much moved. There were foreign objectors, of course, but that was to be expected. There was Polydore Vergil of Urbino, and naturally no Italian liked to hear that the British were as well descended as himself. For this among other scepticisms, though his *History of England* (1534, 1555) was the best that had appeared, and of most admirable Latinity, he was treated as a man whom malice had deprived of reason, and was vilified by British antiquaries for two centuries.² There was George Buchanan, a Scot, and without denial an excellent scholar: but what Scot ever lived, literate or illiterate, who could put his hand on his heart and say that he had never nourished a grudge against the English?

¹ *Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II, and Richard I*, ed. Howlett, Rolls Series, i. pp. 11-18.

² 'Homo ignotus et exterus', 'vir perfrictae frontis', 'infamis homunculus', 'os impudens', 'delirans Urbinas', are some nearly contemporary flowers from the single nosegay of Humphrey Lhuyd. Polydore knew what he was doing, having observed the effect of the British story on the English people. 'They seem to be in heaven', he says, 'where with a good will I leave them.' Nevertheless, he told the old story like the others, 'albeit not altogether without indignation' (*P. Vergil's English History*, Books I-VIII, ed. Ellis, Camden Soc., 1846, p. 33).

Let him blush to have thought *Tintagel* a man, and let him look to the fable of his own King Fergus.¹

There was also, in the next age, Peter Scriverius of Haarlem, who pronounced it peremptorily 'a great, heavy, long, thick, palpable, and most impudent lie, and that so manifest as to need no refutation'; but Dutchmen, it was well known, were better at drinking than at argument.²

You will readily imagine, then, the consternation of our faithful Troynovantines when Englishmen of acknowledged gravity joined the ranks of the sceptics. They appealed to patriotism. They represented the enormity of setting up a presumptuous criticism against the belief of ages. They dwelt on the danger of such modernism to history in general. Once more, as in Polydore Vergil's time, Brute was 'defended' and Arthur was 'asserted'. 'This man', cries Stow (still railing at Polydore, but with a rueful glance at Camden),

'this man with one dash of a pen cashireth threescore Princes together, with all their histories and historians, yea and some ancient Lawes also.'

The situation was desperate, and Stow prepared to discard. He would not now 'precisely defend' the descent of Brutus or the arrival 'by Oracle', but that about the time alleged 'there was one Brute or Brito king of this Realme', that he dare boldly say. Though Troynovant should founder the British pedigree remained.³

At the time it must have seemed a not unreasonable attitude. The new criticism was agnostic, and disparaging to the historical enjoyments of the nation: a nation for forty years and more very conscious of its quality, delighting in its origins, and not least in those ancient heroisms and regalities

¹ 'Ubi ergo hominum illa portenta, Gogmagog, et Tentagol' (*Rerum Scotticarum Historia* (1582), lib. ii, ed. 1715, I. 25). Buchanan knew how to sting: 'Brutus parricida' (ibid., p. 24).

² *Tabularium antiquit. Batavicarum* (1612), Praef.

³ *The Annales, or Generall Chronicle of England* (1615), 'A Briefe Proofof Brute', pp. 6, 7. Stow tries to dispose even of William of Newburgh as a foreigner like the rest, 'a French man borne as his name importeth' (William Petit).

of Britain. Chroniclers were in fashion in the sixteenth century, and in prose or in verse they had all been proud to tell the Trojan story. Holinshed is not less confident of 'Brute's coming hither' than Spenser is, or than the poets of *A Mirror for Magistrates* and *Albion's England*. Topography also had its Trojan patents of nobility. In the first Song of the *Poly-Olbion* (1613) Drayton makes the Dart claim precedence of all the Western streams because Brutus landed at her mouth,

'Which now the envious world doth slander for a dreame.'¹

The first regular English tragedy had been of Gorboduc, and before the half-century was out Brutus and Lochrine, Elidure and Lud, Lear and Cymbeline, Merlin and Vortigern, Uther and Arthur had all trod their hours upon the stage to the universal applause of patriotic playgoers. It has been calculated that the story of King Lear alone had been told by not less than fifty-two writers between the appearance of Geoffrey's History and of the old play which Shakespeare used. The stage was in those days the national lecture-room of history, and Heywood claims for the actors, with pardonable hyperbole, that as a result of their impersonations hardly a man was to be found by King James's time that could not 'discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute until this day'.²

It was no doubt some inbred feeling of these things that guided Camden and his fellows in their temperate statements of disbelief. Camden poses good-humouredly as a life-long friend of the Trojan story, borne down by the argu-

¹ Drayton has no doubts. In the Tenth Song Brutus is 'the long traduced Brute', and every opposer of Geoffrey is 'our adversary'.

² T. Heywood, *An Apologie for Actors* (1612), Shak. Soc. Publ., 1841, p. 53. There was even boredom in the general proficiency. Hall complains:

'No man his threshold better knows than I
Brute's first arrival and first victory.'

(*Virgidemiarum* (1598), Bk. VI, Sat. i.)

And King James had to submit to a 'Genealogy' worked out for him by a Cambro-Briton, 'with his lineal descent from Noah, in a direct line from Brutus, and from him to Cadwalader . . .' (1604).

ments of the judicious. For himself, he is a 'plain meaning man', and if any shall still declare for the old Trojan faith, it is not he that will gainstand them. Have every man his own opinion, or let 'the Senate of Antiquarians' decide.¹ Speed is much less affable, but Selden takes his tone from Camden and refuses to be severe. 'That Arcadian deduction of our British Monarchy' he would not, indeed, be thought to support, and for the Trojan Brute he can argue 'but as an Advocat for the Muse'; but he cheerfully annotates the *Poly-Olbion*.² All three, and Stow and Drayton with them, are swept and gathered up in that majestic and reconciling pronouncement of which I spoke, in the exordium of Milton's *History of Britain*. It is long, but it is a luxury to quote it, and it sounds the last post.

'Of *British Affairs*, from the first peopling of the Island to the coming of *Julius Caesar*, nothing certain, either by Tradition, History, or ancient Fame, hath hitherto been left us. That which we have of oldest seeming, hath by the greater part of judicious Antiquaries been long rejected for a modern Fable. Nevertheless there being others, besides the first suppos'd Author, Men not unread, nor unlearned in Antiquity, who admit that for approved Story, which the former explode for Fiction; and seeing that oft-times Relations heretofore accounted fabulous have been after found to contain in them many Footsteps and Reliques of something true, as what we read in Poets of the Flood, and Giants little believ'd, till undoubted Witnesses taught us, that all was not feign'd: I have therefore determin'd to bestow the telling over even of these reputed Tales; be it for nothing else but in favour of our *English* Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their Art will know how to use them judiciously.

... Of *Brutus* and his Line, with the whole Progeny of Kings, to the entrance of *Julius Caesar*, we cannot so easily be discharg'd; Descents of Ancestry, long continu'd, Laws and Exploits not plainly seeming to be borrow'd, or devis'd, which on the common belief have wrought no small impression; defended by many, deny'd utterly by few. For what though *Brutus*, and the whole *Trojan* pretence were yielded up, ... yet those old and inborn names of successive Kings, never any to have bin real Persons, or done in their lives at least some

¹ *Britannia*, tr. Phil. Holland (1610), pp. 5-9.

² *Poly-Olbion* (1618), Introd., 'From the Author of the Illustrations'.

part of what so long hath bin remember'd, cannot be thought without too strict an incredulity.

For these, and those causes above mention'd, that which hath receiv'd Approbation from so many, I have chosen not to omit. Certain or uncertain, be that upon the Credit of those whom I must follow; so far as keeps aloof from impossible and absurd, attested by ancient Writers from Books more ancient, I refuse not, as the due and proper subject of Story.¹

Milton was both an historian and a schoolmaster. I wish that modern historians and schoolmasters were more of his mind. The British fables, in his opinion, were too familiar, too attractive, and they had been too much distinguished by literature, to be passed over in silence even in a critical history.² Milton as a young man had been in love with these old stories, and had intended to do great things with them in poetry; but on this matter the poets have always been sound. I think of Wordsworth's *Artegal* as well as of Tennyson's *Arthur* and Swinburne's *Locrine*, and I remember that the other day we were reading *Lear's Wife*.³ It is the historians and the schoolmasters who have betrayed us. I should like to see the Fables of the Britons restored to their place in the first chapter of our histories. There need be no mistake; truth need not suffer. Let the chapter be labelled—'Legends', 'Fictions', *Britonum nugae*, any defamation—and let Archaeology and Julius Caesar recover our senses in the next. We do this for the Grecian and the Roman fables, or at any rate we ought to; why not for our own?⁴ They are as interesting

¹ *Prose Works*, ed. Birch, 1738, ii. 2-3.

² See the original and characteristically conclusive paper by Sir Charles Firth, 'Milton as an Historian' (*Proc. of the Brit. Academy*, vol. iii, 1908).

³ The full title of Wordsworth's poem is interesting: '*Artegal and Elidure*. (See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Milton's History of England).' It was written in 1815, but long before that date he had thought of attempting 'some British theme' (*Prelude*, I, 166-69). Both to Wordsworth and to Swinburne the British stories were poetically sanctified as tales 'by Milton left unsung'.

⁴ 'We are glad to notice from the specimen examination papers supplied to us that candidates are expected to know the principal tales of Greek

as Livy's *primordia*; they were as devoutly believed; they were made from the same motives and by very much the same methods; and they produced a body of literature to which, if you except Virgil (and that, no doubt, is a formidable exception), Rome can show nothing comparable. If only Milton had written that epic he intended on the coming of Brute, or had broken, as he promised, the Saxon array beneath the warriors of Britain,¹ the balance would have been overwhelmingly Britannic. But there seemed to be a fate on our endeavours. Milton turned to other themes; neither Dryden nor Pope did more than 'plan'; and 'Estimate' Brown, who had Pope's design from Warburton, though he finished three Books of the intended Brutiad, collapsed with his hero at the Pillars of Hercules. 'So that, it seems, the Atlantic is the gulph of epic poetry.'²

And here let me remark that the Trojans did not come to Italy in one way, and to Britain in another. After the great myth-maker Stesichorus, whose influence we calculate 'as astronomers infer the presence of an undiscernible star', it

mythology and legend. It was perhaps an accident that the paper included no similar question on the great legends of Roman history' (Report of the Committee on the position of the Classics, 1921, p. 84). Was it an accident? Or are Roman historians following the bad example of the historians of Britain?

¹ 'Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges' (*Mansus*, 84).

² Rev. W. Gilpin to S. Rogers, Jan. 23, 1801 (*Early Life of S. Rogers*, by P. W. Clayden, 1887, pp. 416-17). Pope read Geoffrey of Monmouth in 1717, in the manuscript translation of his neighbour the Rev. Aaron Thompson, and translated the prayer of Brutus for him. 'The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Geoffrey's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him, and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinaeus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity' (Pope to Blount, Sept. 8, 1717: *Elwin and Courthope*, vi. 376). Thompson's translation was published in 1718.

was Timaeus of Taormina who effectually planted them there and made a story of them, in the third century before Christ. He was the Geoffrey of those days, and the historians abused him in almost the same terms: 'that old gossipmonger'.¹ He is described by Mommsen as 'one of those historians who upon no matter are so fully informed as upon things unknowable', which recalls Haverfield on Geoffrey. But we owe the story of Dido to this good-for-nothing old inventor, and a number of other satisfactory things as well.

The contempt of history for fiction may be overdone. The hard-worked historian, in his excusable preoccupation with the truth, is inclined to be impatient of fables even when they are the fables of a race. It is a matter, partly, of expectation. Having trained himself to temperance, both to like and to locate cold water, he is professionally ruffled when the Geoffries hand him usquebaugh. But a myth like this of Troy, infectious, pervasive, European (for our vanity was shared), colouring men's sentiments, and in certain relations influencing what they did,—powerful enough to make Homer the pro-Greek a suspected writer, and figuring solemnly in state documents,—a belief of this kind cannot reasonably be dismissed like a bad answer in the class of history. However absurd it may have been, it has claims on the historian because it was officially believed. The legend, as it happened, took richer forms in this country than in any other beyond Italy. Our pageantry of kings is a luxury of the island. But hardly a nation can be named in Europe which did not at some time aspire to this fraternity, and forge a Trojan passport. Francus of France kept company with his kinsman Brutus across the Channel. The good King Alfred was triumphantly derived from Beaw, the son of Ebraucus, the great-grandson of Lochrine.²

¹ He had his William of Newburgh in Polybius, who went out of his way to warn readers against him, especially when he appealed to documents (Bk. XII).

² Beawivs 'qui fuit Ebrauci qui condidit civitatem Eboracum: et sic iste princeps inter mille nominatissimus Alfredus de natione venit Britonum, et sic de nobili sanguine Troianorum' (*Liber monasterii de Hyda*, ed. Edwards, Rolls Series, pp. 28-29).

Even the peoples of Scandinavia, so remote from the Trojan circuit, and so handsomely provided with genealogies of their own, changed Odin to a King of Troy.

It has often been remarked with what singular goodfellowship the English and the Normans united their traditions and celebrated the same heroes. After the first rancour and disdain, the Normans adopted the worthies of England as if they had been ancestors, and were joined by the English in a common exaltation of King Arthur, who was a Celt, and had made his name by killing Saxons. This is a paradox which even the well-known impartiality of literature cannot wholly explain. Perhaps only Troy can reconcile it. On the Trojan assumption they had every right to pool their heroes, being distant cousins, and Arthur took his place in the joint Pantheon of the nation as the most distinguished Trojan of the north. It has been asserted, indeed, by Mr. Jusserand, that this fiction of a common ancestry was deliberately fostered by the Normans to make their conquest easy.

‘Rarely was literature used for political purposes with more cleverness and with more important results. . . . Whoever the author may be, whether of French or English blood, the unity of origin of the two races receives almost invariably the fullest acknowledgement; the inhabitants of the great island cease to look towards Germany, Denmark, and Scandinavia for their ancestors or for the sources of their inspiration; they look rather, like their new French companions, to Rome, Greece, and Troy.’¹

Mr. Jusserand has a stimulating and heightened way of speaking, and naturally inclines, if there is tinder about, to make the Frenchman hold the match. The Norman nobles were probably less Machiavellian than he supposes. But the results which he describes can hardly be denied, and they deserve more attention than they have received.

In England the facts were not in doubt. Edward I and Henry IV quite seriously claimed the suzerainty of Scotland on the ground of the overlordship of Lochrine, and the ground

¹ *The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare*, 1890, pp. 40-48.

was not invalidated.¹ The household ordinances of Edward IV were based, with every symptom of decorum, on the precedents of King Cassibelaun and King Lud.² The Trojan story in all its branches became a family interest of the monarchy, and Lydgate's *Troy Book*, commissioned for Prince Hal, presented after his accession, and printed by order of King Henry VIII, turns out to have been an official as well as a poetical performance, a historiographer's service to the Crown. The Welsh House of Tudor had almost a duty in the matter, for its arms were supported by the British Dragon.

Whether, then, we consider the interest of the British stories themselves, over which we have been idling, or the occasion they have given for fine literature ; or the great extent in space and continuance in time of the Trojan belief to which they were allied, or the conviction with which that belief was held ; from whatever angle we regard these things, we must conclude that they have been too hastily ejected from all footing in our histories, and, so far as they are stories, too unfeelingly withheld from the eyes of the young. It is about the young that I am most concerned, for the historians can look after themselves. And on that I have a moral for you, and an ancestor. There was an Englishman of the twelfth century called Lucas, mentioned by Saxo Grammaticus, the historian of the Danes. This Lucas attracted the attention of Saxo because of what seemed his odd (and possibly his English) combination of qualities : *litteris quidem tenuiter instructus, sed historiarum scientia apprime eruditus*—‘not much education, but knew all the stories’. He not only knew them, but could tell them ; and on a certain dark night in the Baltic, sitting with his Danish friends waiting for morning,—all gloomy and silent, for they were raiding a pirate camp and things had not gone well,—he so broke upon them with his stories and ‘tales of old

¹ Edw. I to Pope Boniface VIII (1301), in *Ypodigma Neustriæ* (Memorials of Normandy), ed. Riley, Rolls Series, p. 220 f. ; Henry IV to Robert III of Scotland, Aug. 1400 (Rymer, *Foedera*, viii, 155, 157).

² *Liber Niger Domus Regis Edw. IV.* (Collection of Ordinances, 1790, p. 15 f.).

valour that they started up at daylight and slew the hateful Esthonians to the last man. 'It could hardly be believed, the strength that flowed into the minds of our fellows from the words of this foreigner.'¹

I should like to see a little more of this Lucas in modern life: not quite so much education, and a better sense of the stories of the world.

GEORGE GORDON.

¹ *Historia Danica*, Bk. XIV, ed. Holder, 1886, p. 583.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF THE *·ANCREN RIWLE*

MR. WELLS, in his *Manual of the Writings in Middle English*, says that scarcely any problem connected with the *Ancren Riwe* can be said to have been convincingly settled.

The *Riwe*, as is well known, is extant in a Latin, a French, and an English version, and each of these has been claimed as the original. Wanley, in Hickeys's *Thesaurus* (1705) pronounced in favour of the Latin; Morton, who edited the English version of the *Riwe* in 1853, argued that the English was the original. Morton was generally considered to have proved his case till, in 1893, Bramlette reasserted the claims of the Latin. The arguments of Bramlette were weighed by G. C. Macaulay in 1914. Macaulay shows that Bramlette has not shaken seriously the position of Morton, and that the Latin must be held to be a translation from the English; but Macaulay put aside the claims of the English version in favour of the French, which, almost destroyed in the great Cottonian fire of 1731, has now been so carefully restored as to be in the main legible. 'The evidence that the English text is actually a translation from the French is, I think, convincing,' he says, and the great authority of his name has naturally led to this view being pretty generally followed, as, for example, by Miss Hope Emily Allen in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, September 1918*. The only dissentient, so far as I know, is Mr. Joseph Hall, who describes Macaulay's arguments as 'not convincing'; but the reasons he adduces for his scepticism are few, and of doubtful significance, and he leaves the matter in suspense, as does Father McNabb.

In this paper I shall try to prove that the original language was not French, but English.

It is agreed that the writer was an Englishman, writing for English anchoresses. A famous example is the author's remark that 'Heresy, God be thanked, prevaiileth not in England', which occurs also in the French version. The full argument will be found in Father Vincent McNabb's paper in the *Modern Language Review*. Obviously the English nationality of the author does not give any clue as to whether he wrote in French, Latin, or English. Indeed Mr. Macaulay says, 'In a case of this kind the *a priori* evidence is all in favour of the English being a translation from the French.'

But is this so? There are extant eight English MSS. or fragments of MSS. to the one French MS. Five of the English MSS. belong to the thirteenth century, three of them to the early thirteenth century, whilst our single French MS. is of the fourteenth. Is this what we should expect on *a priori* grounds if the work had been first issued in French?

It may be true that, in the thirteenth century, French or Latin is on *a priori* grounds to be expected rather than English in a treatise like this. Surely this very reason makes it difficult, save on the assumption that the work was first written in English, to account for the fact that we have five English and no French MSS. of the thirteenth century.

When, however, we examine the texts, we find one passage which surely leaves no doubt that the English is the original version. The wonder is that so many commentators should have either overlooked it or missed its significance. The passage occurs on page 240 of Morton's edition of the Nero MS. The author quotes a rhyming couplet in Latin, which, in the English version, is translated by six rhyming lines of English, also in couplets. These English lines occur with sufficient accuracy in all the English MSS. They are not a literal translation, but a free and considerably expanded version. The writer has paraphrased the Latin freely, in order to get opportunity to bring in his rhymes.

The passage in the English version runs as follows:—

‘Holie meditaciuns beoth biclupped in one vers that was
yare iteiht (ow)¹ mine leoue sustren;²

Mors tua, mors Domini, nota culpe, gaudia celi

Iudicii terror figantur mente fideli.

thet is

Thench ofte mid sor (of heorte³) o thine sunnen,

thench ek of helle wa, and⁴ of heoveriche wunnen,⁵

thench eke⁶ of thin owune deathe and⁶ Godes deathe o rode

thene grime dom of domesdei nim ofte i thine mode⁷

thench eke⁸ hu vals is thes⁸ world, & hwuche beoth⁸ his⁸
meden⁸

thench ec⁹ hwat tu owust⁹ God vor his god deden.’

Turning to the Latin we have:

‘*Sancte meditationes hiis versibus includuntur.*

Mors tua mors Christi nota culpe gaudia celi

Iudicii terror figantur mente fideli.

Hoc est:

Cogita sepe cum dolore de tuis peccatis

de pena inferni de premio celesti

de propria morte, de morte Christi in cruce

de die districti iudicii

cogita quam fallax est mundus que merces eius

cogita quid debes deo pro eius beneficiis.’

Why should a Latin writer give a Latin translation of a Latin couplet? Surely it is obvious that the Latin translation is a literal version, not of the Latin couplet, but of the

¹ This text is mainly from MS. Nero, ‘ow’ supplied from Cleopatra.

² Cleop. omits ‘mine leoue sustren’, Titus has ‘mine leue childer’.

³ Cleop. & Titus omit ‘of heorte’.

⁴ Cleop. & Titus omit ‘and’.

⁵ Cleop. has ‘wunne’. Titus has ‘winnes’ and blank for ‘sunnan’ in previous line.

⁶ Cleop. & Titus omit ‘eke’ and ‘and’.

⁷ Nero reads ‘nime ofte i thine mode the grime dome of domesdei’, Cleop. has ‘heorte’ for ‘mode’, Titus has ‘mothe’.

⁸ Cleop. & Titus omit ‘eke’ and read ‘the’ and ‘te’ for ‘thes’. Titus has ‘beo’ for ‘beoth’. Cleop. & Titus read ‘hire’ for ‘his’. Titus has ‘mede’ for ‘meden’.

⁹ Cleop. & Titus omit ‘eo’. Titus has ‘ahes’ and Cleop. has ‘agest’ for ‘owust’. Titus has ‘dede’ for ‘deden’.

English lines. The English lines rhyme and scan, and the Latin paraphrase does neither.

Turning to the French we find :

'Seintes meditations sunt contenuz en un vers que vous
 1. . . fu apris mes cheres soeurs :
 mors tua mors dni nota culpe gaudia celi
 Indicij terror fugamur mente fideli.
 c'est
 pensiez souvent od dolour de vos pecchez
 pensiez de la dolorouse peine d'enfer, les ioes de ciel
 pensez de votre mort demeisne de la mort nostre
 seignour en la croiz
 del horrible iugement del iour².
 queles sunt ses guerdons
 pensez quel vous devez a dieu pur ses bien f.-s.'

Again it is clear, from the rhymes and metre of the English, and lack of both in Latin and French, that the French is a literal translation of the English.

The astonishing fact stands out clearly that the existing versions, both in Latin and French, give the Latin couplet, and then proceed to translate, not the Latin, but the English writer's six lines of verse. The reference to 'helle wa', and the whole of the last two lines of the English poem do not occur in the Latin couplet, but they are faithfully reproduced in both Latin and French versions. In addition to this we have the absurdity of a Latin writer translating a Latin couplet into Latin, and the absence of rhymes and scansion in the Latin and French versions, while they occur in the English version. We may note also in line 3 that the English version has 'on rode' put in obviously for the rhyme. This is not in the original Latin couplet, but the French and Latin paraphrases both reproduce it.

In the face of this it is impossible to suppose that the French and Latin can be anything but translations of the English.

Neither Macaulay nor any other writer on the subject

¹ 'Aprent' has been written in blank space later.

² The MS. is illegible here, owing to damage by fire.

seems to have noticed the full significance of this, though Morton, Bramlette, and Macaulay all mention the passage.

This one point appears to afford overwhelming proof that English must be the original language, especially as the passages quoted by Macaulay in support of his theory can be shown either to carry no weight, or even to point to the superiority of the English version. I propose to deal with them in the order in which they occur in the MS., and to show that in no case is their significance worthy of being set against the great outstanding fact of the English lines being translated instead of the Latin couplet. I follow Macaulay in referring to Morton's edition.

Page 24, line 11.

'Abute swuch time also me singeth messe in all holy religiouns . . . hwon the preostes of the worlde singeth hore messen.'

This is said to miss the distinction between religious and secular clergy, which is kept by the French version :

'entour cel heure comme l'en chante messe en toutes religions . . . quant prestres seculiers chauntent lour messes.'

The only difference, however, between the two versions is that the English 'holy' is not represented in the French, and that the English has the phrase 'of the world' where the French has 'seculiers'. It is difficult to see where the superiority of the French lies, or what other word or phrase the English writer could have used in place of 'of the world'. In proof of this it may be noted that Morton, who had only the English before him, renders the distinction quite clearly and unmistakably :

'For about such time as mass is sung in all religious communities . . . When the secular priests sing their masses.'

The value of the French version is not enhanced by the fact that the word 'comme' in place of the more usual and correct 'quant' apparently occurs as a too literal translation of the word 'also' in the English version, due to an imperfect understanding of the English by the French translator.

Page 40, line 12.

'Swete lefdi, seinte Marie, uor the ilke muchele blisse thet fulde al the eorthe tho thi swete blisfule sune underueng the in his unimete blisse.'

This is considered to be inferior to the French version, which has :

'Dame seinte Marie pur icele grant joie que parempli toutes les altres',

and it is concluded that the English is a mistranslation of the French, more especially as the Cleopatra MS. has '~~alle theode~~' crossed out, and 'the othere' written above it. This was perhaps done by a scribe who had seen the French version. Or it may be that there was a mistaken reading 'other', due to a misreading of 'eorthe', in certain English MSS., and not only was the French translation made from a MS. with this misreading, but the Cleopatra MS. also altered in accordance with it. Numerous parallels could be quoted of scribes inserting incorrect readings from another MS. in place of a reading which is really correct.

From the point of view of sense, 'earth' is certainly better than 'others'. We have heard before of 'all the earth' rejoicing in the Lord, e.g. Psalm 97, verse 1. 'The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.' Surely there is no reason why it should not do so at the Assumption of Our Lady; indeed, in pictures on this subject we are shown the rejoicings on earth; and there is no sense in speaking of the joy which filled 'the others', as if Our Lady herself were alone excluded from enjoyment of her triumph. Who were the others? At the same time it is hard to believe that the French word 'altres' was mistaken by the English scribe for 'terre' and translated accordingly; while, on the other hand, it is much more likely that a scribe mistook 'eorthe' for 'other'.

Page 50, line 1.

'Vorthi, mine leoue sustren, the leste ye euer muen luviath our thurles, al beon heo lutle, the parluris lest and nerewest.'

The French has :

'le mielz que vous unques poez gardez vos ouvertures tout soient elles petites.'

The suggestion is that the English is a mistranslation of the French, the scribe having mistaken the word 'mielz' = 'most', for 'meinz' = 'least', and then, finding it did not give sense, being obliged to alter 'gardez' into 'luviath'. Yet the English gives excellent sense, better in fact than the French, since the anchoresses had to guard themselves from the temptation to look out of the window, rather than the windows from any assault. If the French word used had been 'couvrez' one would have been more inclined to accept Mr. Macaulay's theory, but as things stand it seems more probable that the discrepancy has crept in during the very considerable interval between the thirteenth-century English MSS. and the fourteenth-century French one. Certainly, if it is considered with an unbiased mind, it is impossible to say that this point weighs on either side.

Page 66, line 10.

'uorthi ancre hwat se heo beo, ase muchel ase heo euer con and mei, holde hire stille: nabbe heo nout henne kunde. The henne hwon heo haueth ileid ne con buten kakelen, and hwat bigit heo therof? Kumeth the cove anonriht and reveth hire hire eiren . . . right also the luthere cove deouel berth awei uorm the kakelinde ancren . . . al the god the heo istreoned habbeth.'

Mr. Macaulay prefers the French version, which, as often, is corrupt :

'Noyez pas nature de galeyne: la galeine quant ele ad ponus ne fors iangler: me que gaigne elle de ceo—vient la chave . . . li told les oees . . . tout ausi la chave d'enfer le diable', etc.

But surely it makes better sense to say: 'Therefore let the anchoress . . . keep silent: let her not have the nature of a hen (= be like a hen)' rather than 'Therefore let the anchoress . . . keep silent: have you not heard the nature of the hen?'

Mr. Macaulay says 'nabbe heo' is a mistranslation of 'noyez pas', which has been taken for 'n'eietz pas'. Surely the evidence points in the other direction, and either the French scribe has made yet another spelling mistake, or the MS. is even more corrupt than it looks.

There is a second point in this passage, which needs discussion. Mr. Macaulay says that the word 'cove' is unknown in English, and is simply the best the 'translator' could do when faced with the unknown word 'chave'. As a matter of fact the English MSS. vary, other words used being 'geape', 'knave', and 'keme'; but the word, which means 'chough', is not unknown in English. It occurs in Ælfric in the form 'ceo', and Chaucer uses it in the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, line 232, with the forms 'cow', 'cou', 'kow', 'koue'. After that it gets more and more common, but apparently before that time it was not in very common use either in French or in English, and this would account for the variations of the MSS. The Corpus Christi MS., however, which Mr. Macaulay himself considers the best, has 'kave', a perfectly normal form. This point, therefore, proves nothing.

Page 128, line 23.

'Theos eoden into ancre huse ase dude Saul into hole; nout ase David the gode . . . David wende in him for to clensen: ach Saul wende thider in uorte don his fulthe therinne, *as deth among moni mon sum uniseli ancre*, went into hole of ancre huse uorte bifulen thene stude.'

The French has: 'ausi le fet entre multes ascune maluree recluse' in place of the italicized passage in the English version.

Mr. Macaulay says that the English is obscure, and obviously due to a misunderstanding of the French. But the Corpus MS., which Mr. Macaulay himself considers the earliest and best, as well as the Titus and Cleopatra MSS. have:

'Ase deth among moni sum uniseli ancre,'

which gives exactly the same sense as the French. What has happened is quite obvious. The scribe of the Nero MS. has repeated the syllable 'mon' from the previous word 'moni', a very easy mistake to make.

Page 136, line 13.

‘Hwo so ne mei habben thisne ston . . . loke thet tu habbe his iliche, thet is thet crucifix, and bihold ofte theton, and cus the wunde studen, in swete munegunge of the sothe wunden thet he o the sothe rode mildeliche tholedede. Ye, uor so heo mei beon Judit, thet is libben herde, ant beon icnoven ofte to God of his muchele godleic touward hire ant hire defautes touward him.’

The French has:

‘Si avant come elle puit seit Judith, c’est vive dure.’—‘Let her, so far as she can, be Judith, that is live a hard life.’

Mr. Macaulay says that the English version spoils the argument, which the French preserves. Surely this is not the case. The author begins by comparing our Lord to the agate, which the eagle was supposed to place in his nest, to keep all poisonous things from approaching. He bids his readers place their agate in the nest of their heart, and think of His sufferings and His gentleness. This, he says, will help them to endure hardness, ‘Vor in swuche thouhte, ne be hit never so bitter pine thet thu tholest vor the lueve of him thet dreih more vor the, hit schal thunche the swete.’

He then continues, in the disputed passage, to tell them that if they cannot rise to such spiritual heights, they should at least have in their material ‘nest’, the anchoresses’ house, ‘his likeness, the crucifix’, for so they may still ‘be Judith, and live hard’, strengthened by the meditations inspired by the crucifix.

The logic of this is perfect, as far as it goes, and it is certainly not improved by breaking off, as the French does, and beginning afresh. There is very little to choose between the two, but if there is any superiority it belongs to the English rather than to the French version.

Page 136, line 23.

‘Vet kelf and to wilde is thet fleschs thet awiligeth so sone hit euer uetteth thuruh este and thuruh eise . . . auh ancre schal beon Judit, thuruh herd lif and soth schrift, and sleas as dude Judit thene uuele Oloferne, and temien ful wel hire fleschs, so sone heo iueleth thet hit awiligeth to slurthe, mid festen mid wecchen etc.’

The French here has :

'Si tost come ele sent quele trop ensuagist.'

The suggestion is that the English 'awiligeth' is a mis-translation due to the fact that the English scribe mistook the uncommon French verb 'ensuagir' = 'to grow fat' for 'ensavagir' = 'to grow wild'. As a matter of fact, if you have to deal with a calf which is both fat and wild, it is the wildness rather than the fatness that you want to *tame*. It therefore gives better sense if you say: 'A fat calf and too wild is the flesh, that groweth wild as soon as it groweth fat, through abundance and ease . . . but the anchoress . . . shall slay as did Judith the evil Holofernes, and tame full well her flesh, as soon as she feeleth that it groweth too wild, with fasting,' &c. than if you say: 'and tame full well her flesh, as soon as she feeleth that it groweth too fat, with fasting,' &c.

If the original word had been 'ensuagist' I do not think we should have found 'temien' and its French equivalent in the previous clause. In addition to this, we may note that by the simple process of leaving out an 'a' the scribe of the French MS. might easily have written 'ensuagist' for 'ensavagist', and, considering the corrupt condition of the MS., this seems more probable than the theory of a mis-translation.

Page 150, line 6.

After quoting Joel 1. 7: 'He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white', the author explains that a good deed which is boasted of is like the barked fig-tree:

'The bouh, hwon he adeadeth, he hwiteth withouten, and adruweth withinnen, and worpeth his rinde. Al so god dede thet wule adeaden forworpeth hire rinde, thet is the treowes warde, and wit hit in strencthe and in cwicnesse. Al so the heliunge is the god dedes lif, and halt hit ine strencthe. Auh hwonne theos rinde is off, theonne ase the bouh deth, hwiteth hit withuten, thuruh worldlich hereword, and adruweth withinnen, and *forleoseth the swetnesse of Godes grace thet makede hit grene and liowurthe.*'

The French MS. has 'perd la moestece de la grace dieu', and this has been taken to show that the scribe of the English 'translation' mistranslated 'moestece' by 'swetnesse' instead of 'moisture'.

But (a) all through this passage of metaphor and simile the author is continually confusing the symbol and the thing symbolized. Now, if you are thinking of the symbol, the bough, the word 'moisture' is most suitable, but if of the thing symbolized, the good deed, the word 'sweetnesse' gives the better sense. As the author is thinking of both in a somewhat confused manner, either word is suitable.

(b) It is difficult to think of a French word for 'sweetness' which the English scribe could have thought was meant by 'moestece'. At the same time, if the 's' at the beginning of 'swetnesse' had been obliterated, and the lateness of the French MS. leaves ample time for corruptions to have crept into its original, the result would be 'wetnesse'. It is also possible that the whole word was obliterated in the copy before the French translator, and that he filled in the best substitute he could think of. As a matter of fact, however, in the Cleopatra MS., folio 61, the word is written with a letter that looks to me like a thorn, but which might have been mistaken for a 'w', and with no 's'.

It is also possible to read 'thes wetnesse' from 'the swetnesse'.

(c) The word 'sweetness' is not unsuitable, since stress has already been laid on the 'sweet fruit' of a fig-tree on the previous page, and it is again mentioned a few lines below: 'and nis hit muche reouthe thet te figer thet schulde mid hire swete frute, thet is hire god deden, ueden God gostliche, thene Louerd of heouene, shal adriwen rindeleas'.

(d) The idea of losing moisture, and so drying up, has already been given in the disputed sentence by the phrase 'and adruweth withinnen', and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it.

Page 222, line 30.

'God hit wot swuch feste maketh sum of hore thet weneth thet heo deth wel, as dusie men and adotede doth hire to under-

stonden, thet flakereth hire of freolac, and herieth and gelpeth of the elmesse thet heo deth.'

This is the reading of the Nero MS. on which Morton based his edition.

Two MSS., however, have 'heueth up' instead of 'gelpeth of', and Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proves that the French, which has 'present et eshaucent' for 'herieth and gelpeth of' is the original, that 'heueth up' was a strained attempt at literal translation, and that 'gelpeth of' was put in by a scribe who did not like 'heueth up'.

There is, however, no difficulty about 'heueth up'. It occurs frequently in the same sense elsewhere, e.g. *Paris Psalter*, xxxiii. 3.

'uppahebben we his naman
exaltemus nomen eius.'

xlv. 9.

'that ic eam ana God & me nu upahebbe ofer tha eltheodegan folc and eac on thysum folce ic beo nu upahaefen.
exaltabor in gentibus et exaltabor' etc.

It also occurs in very much the same sense in the *Paris Psalter*, xxvii. 2, xxvii. 10, xvii. 16, xxxvi. 33, and Isaiah lviii. 1.

Page 230, line 8.

'And te swin anonriht urnen and adreihten hamsulven ithor see. *Seinte Marie!* so heo stunken to the swin thet ham was leoure uorte adrenchen hamsulf then uorte beren ham: and on uniseli Godes ilicnesse bereth ham in hire breoste and ne nimeth never yeme.'

The French version has: 'Seinte Marie come forement se prist a ces porcs', for the italicized passage. This means 'Holy Mary, how violently it acted on these swine', and once again the English scribe is credited with a mistranslation through mistaking 'prist' for 'puist', although it seems at least equally possible that the French scribe wrote an 'r' instead of a 'u'.

Certainly the English version is much more characteristic of the author than the French. I quote an instance of his

powers of abuse as applied to the devil, whose minions are here involved. It occurs on page 291, line 1:

‘When this dog of hell cometh sneaking with his bloody fleas of corrupt thoughts, lie thou not still, nor yet sit, but take up at once the staff of the cross, and command him sternly to go, the foul cur, and beat him severely with the staff of the holy rood.’

Surely he would have enjoyed saying that the Legion stunk to the swine, an expression which gives more point to the following remark that ‘an unhappy creature, made in God’s likeness, carrieth them in her bosom, and taketh no heed’. If it were a question of *action* by the devil, the unhappy creature would probably be obliged to take heed, but the suggestion that it is merely a question of noticing the unpleasant odour of the devils places the responsibility more directly on the sinner.

Page 286, line 27.

‘Vreo iheorted ge schulen beo. Anker of other freolac, hæveth ibeon otherhwules to freo of hire sulven.’

Mr. Macaulay seems to have been led by Morton’s translation of the English, ‘But an anchoress from others’ liberality hath sometimes been too free of herself’, into preferring the French version, ‘*Franche de cœur devez-vous estre: recluse n’est d’autre chose franche, ad ascune foiz estre franche de lecheresse sei mesmes*’, which only makes very unsatisfactory sense after the first phrase, and which is absolutely unintelligible at the end. But the English can be translated so as to give the sense required: ‘an anchoress, from liberality in other things, has sometimes been too free of herself’.

Page 288, line 23.

‘This is hwon the heorte draweth lust into hire, ase thing thet were amased, *and foth on ase to winken, and forte leten thene ueond iwwurthen*, and leith hiresulf aduneweard, & buhth him ase he bit.’

The French has:

‘Comence aussi come de cloigner de laisser l’enemi covenir.’

This is the only instance in which we can say that the evidence points even vaguely to a French original.

Mr. Macaulay says that 'cloigner de' = 'to incline to' and that the English scribe has misunderstood it, thought it meant 'wink', and translated it accordingly, adding the word 'and'. 'Cloigner', however, possibly can mean 'to wink', and the words 'ase to' and 'come de' in the English and French respectively support the idea that the author knew he was using the word 'wink' rather unexpectedly, while, if we take 'cloigner' as meaning 'incline to', 'come de' is unnecessary, and makes a very clumsy sentence.

Page 318, line 3. In the instruction on Confession, under the heading 'Persone' occurs the following passage :

"Sire hit was mid swuche monne" : and nemnen theonne—
"munuch, preost, other clerk, and of thet hode, iwedded mon,
a lothleas thing, a wummon ase ich am".

This Morton translates :

"Sir, it was with such a man," and then name him "a monk, a priest, a clerk, and of such an order, a married man, an innocent creature, a woman, as I am".

The French has :

'Sire ceo fu fet od tiel homme et nomer donque ou moigne ou prestre ou clerc et de cel ordre, une femme epouse lede chose a femme tiele come ieo sui.'

This, Mr. Macaulay says, gives better sense than the English. Surely not. The phrase 'lede chose', etc. not only spoils the sequence of the list of persons, but is an obvious truism which has already been stated at the beginning of the paragraph. 'Sire, ich am a wummon, and schulde mid riht beon more scheomeful uorte habben ispeken as ich spec other idon as ich dude.' An 'innocent creature' or 'a woman such as I am' are quite as likely confederates in such sins as playing in the church, or looking at wrestling (page 319, line 6) as the other people mentioned; and it is much easier to translate 'lothleas' as if it were 'loth^{lic}' than to translate 'lede chose' by a phrase of entirely different meaning.

Page 416, last line.

'Vor theonne mot heo thenchen of the kues foddre, and of heordemonne huire, oluhnen ~~there~~ heiwad, warien hwon me punt hire, and yelden thauh ~~the~~ hermes.'

This has been translated, but not by Morton, as follows:

‘For then must she think about the cow’s fodder, and about the herdsman’s hire, flatter the hayward, and curse when she is impounded, and, moreover, pay the damages.’

This of course is absurd. There could not possibly be any compulsion on the anchoress to curse, even if she felt inclined to, which is doubtful, considering the character of the three sisters as portrayed in other parts of the book. Accordingly, Mr. Macaulay decides that the English ‘translator’ has misunderstood the French, and taken the verb ‘mandir’ (whose meaning is obscure) for *maudire* = ‘to curse’. The truth seems to be that *mandir* is written for *maudir* in the French MS. and that the French translator has mistaken *warien* (= ‘to beware’, from A.S. *varian*) for *warien* (= ‘to curse’, from A.S. *wergan*). Morton translates *warien* here by ‘defend herself’, deriving it from *varian*.

Stratmann’s Dictionary gives the reference to the word in this passage under *warien* = ‘to beware’. The cursing anchoress is therefore disposed of. On this point it is interesting to compare line 20 of page 70:

‘Ye ne schulen vor non thinge ne warien, ne swerien bute if ye siggen witterliche.’

Page 420, line 6.

‘If ye muwen beon wimpelleas, beoth bi warme keppen and theruppon blake veiles.’

The French has:

‘seez od chaudes kuueles’ = ‘sit in warm hoods.’

Mr. Macaulay says that this gives better sense than the English ‘be in’ or ‘have’, and, since the French word for ‘be’ (*seiez*) is very like the word for ‘sit’ (*seez*), the English translator has obviously made a mistake, and interchanged them.

This can be definitely disproved.

First, there is no objection to ‘beoth bi’ since it occurs again in the *Ancren Riwe* on page 350, line 7; where ‘sit’ would be quite impossible: ‘and beoth bi the leste thet heo euer muwen’,

Secondly, 'sit in warm hoods' is not good, because hoods are outdoor garments, and therefore the more colourless word is preferable.

Thirdly, in the French version of page 378, line 27, 'Ye beoth yunge impen iset in Godes orcharde', where there can be no doubt as to which root is involved, the scribe writes 'seez' and not 'seiez'.

This brings the list of Mr. Macaulay's quotations to an end. In his summary of the argument he says that separately they are of little value, but their collective weight is considerable. They are fifteen in number, and of these eight can be proved to point rather to an English original, six can be proved to afford no evidence on either side, and only one, that on page 288, in which the word 'winken' occurs, can be said to point even vaguely to a French original.

The theory of collective weight is therefore no longer valid.

There are, moreover, other facts which point to an English original.

For example, there are English words incorporated in the French text which, according to Mr. Macaulay, are not found elsewhere in French writings of this date, viz. *huswif*, *huswiferie*, *kappes*, *wimpel*.

More important still is the fact that on page 96 of the English version we have an English proverbial expression quoted as a proverb. The fact that it is a proverb is attested by the occurrence in the Nero and Cleopatra MSS. of additional phrases, evidently two different versions of a well-known rhyming proverb. The phrase which occurs in all the MSS. is 'euer is the eie to the wude leie'. Nero adds 'theronne is thet ich luvie', and Cleopatra has— •

euer is the eie
to the wude leie
and the halte bucke
climbeth thereuppe
Twa and threo
hu feole beoth theo?
threo halpenes maketh a peni. Amen.

Further, in the Latin version, the first two lines are quoted

in English, which proves definitely that it was known to be a proverb.

The French version merely translates the phrase and incorporates it in the main argument, with no sign of its being a proverb, and with no attempt at rhyme :

‘tousjours est loel alouer de bois’.

Apparently the French writer was unaware of the fact that it was a proverb, and did not notice the sudden break in the sense.

The full passage is as follows. The author is speaking of seductive speech, and remarks that this is much more dangerous when it is in plaintive vein. He then gives a specimen of the plaintive speech of a would-be seducer, which ends up :

‘But yet forgive me that I have told you of it ; and though I should go mad, thou shalt never after this know how it is with me.’

The text then proceeds :

‘ant heo hit forgiueth him uor he speketh thus feire, and speketh theonne of otherhwat. Auh ever is the eie to the wude leie, euer is the heorte in there uorme speche.’

The French renders this :

‘Ele lui pardonne pur ceo qil parle bel. Dunk parlent d’altre chose *mes tous jours est loel alouer de bois* tous jours est li queous a la parole devant.’

It is obvious that, robbed of its proverbial character, the italicized phrase spoils the sense.

Again, on page 62, line 18, there is in the English version a play on the words ‘ei thurles’ and ‘eil thurles’, which the French version apparently makes no attempt to reproduce. The passage runs as follows in the English :

‘And an ancre nule nout tunen hire eithurles agean death (of helle and) of saule & mid riht muwen *eithurles* beon ihoten *eilthurles* vor heo habbeth idon muchel eil.’

The French has ‘et une recluse ne vult pas clore ses ouvertures encontre la mort de l’alme’. Most unfortunately the remainder of the passage has been obliterated by fire, but

we can see at least that the first element of the play on words was merely rendered 'overtures' with no trace of the English 'eie', and it is difficult to believe that the pun could be introduced without this being represented in some way.

On page 332, however, we have a play on the words 'trust' and 'tristre', which is definitely not represented in the French. The English has 'theos two untheawes, untrust and overtrust, beoth theos deofles *tristres*, ther that wrecche best selden esterteth'.

The French renders this by 'Ces dous vices desesperance et ultre esperance sont les tristres de diable la ou la . . . beste relement eschape'.

This not only gives a perfectly clear instance of an original play on words in the English text, but further strengthens the probability that the 'eithurles' pun was also original.

Surely the occurrence of an original play on words in a translation from Mediaeval French prose into Middle English would be unparalleled.

Mr. Joseph Hall in his book on *Early Middle English* has some notes on the *Ancren Riwele*, and mentions four passages which, he thinks, go to disprove Mr. Macaulay's theory. They are certainly not conclusive, but they are valuable as showing that a scholar with knowledge of all the MSS. was not satisfied with the theory of a French original.

We are now in a position to sum up the evidence: as proof of a French original we have nothing but a solitary passage, of which we can only say that its evidence is not conclusive in either direction, and the occurrence of French words in the English text, perhaps due to French education. On the other side we have the great preponderance of English MSS., eight of Mr. Macaulay's own quotations, the occurrence of English words in the French text, the English proverb, the English play on words, and, last and most important, the fact that the French MS. instead of translating the Latin couplet on page 240, translates the free English verse translation of it, into French prose.

There can, I think, be only one verdict: that the original version of the *Ancren Riwele* was written in English.

NOTE 1.

Below I tabulate the evidence on either side.

For English Original.

For French Original.

1. English *rhymed* expanded
paraphrase translated into
French, instead of Latin couplet.

1. Passage on page 288.

2. French words in English
text, probably due to author's
French education.

2. *Eight* English MSS. and
fragments to *one* French.

3. Eight of Mr. Macaulay's
quotations.

4. English words in French
text.

5. English Proverb translated
into French with no sign
of its being a proverb.

6. English play on words
not reproduced in French MS.

NOTE 2. *English, French, and Latin versions of Latin
couplet interlined.*

1. Thench ofte mid sor (of heorte) O thine sunnen.

Pensiez souvent od dolour de vos pechez.

Cogita sepe cum dolore de tuis peccatis.

2. thench ec of helle wo and of heoueriche wunnen

pensez de la dolorouse peine d'enfer, les ioies de ciel
de pena inferni de premio celesti.

3. thench (ek) of thin owune deathe, and of Godes deathe
o rode

pensez de vostre mort demeisne, de la mort nostre seignour
en la croix,

de propria morte, de morte Christi in cruce.

4. thene grime dome of domesdei nime ofte i thine mode

del horrible iugement del iour de (*iugement*)

de die districti iudicii.

5. thench (eke) hu uals is thes world & hwuche beoth his
meden

queles sunt ses guerdons

cogita quam fallax est mundus que merces eius.

6. thench ek hwat tu owust god uor his goddeden.

pensez quel vous devez a dieu pur ses bienf . . s

cogita quid debes deo pro eius beneficiis.

DOROTHY M. E. DYMES.

LONG WILL, DANTE, AND THE RIGHTEOUS HEATHEN

THE first very serious difficulty that meets us as we read the *A-text* of *Piers Plowman* comes after the account of Piers' pilgrimage, at the end of the first section, which, for brevity, has been named *A 1*. The brilliant story of the adventures of Lady Mede has had its difficulties, but they concern only minor points. Then the poet has dealt with typical sinners, recording their confession, their repentance, their search for truth, their meeting with Piers Plowman, who alone is able to guide them, and who sets all to honest work. But again no very inexplicable difficulty has met us till everything culminates in the pardon which Piers purchases from the Pope, out of the money which he earns by his toil.

This papal pardon is a model of what pardons from the Pope ought to be, as contrasted with pardons actually current in the hands of vulgar pardoners who, like the one in the *Prologue*, pronounce remission of sins in return for rings and brooches. Piers' bull, on the contrary, offers pardon and remission of purgatory only in exchange for actual good deeds done, and patient suffering of adversity.

A scoffing priest asks to see the pardon; with a jeer at the ploughman's ignorance, he says that he will construe it to him and translate it. Piers unfolds his pardon. The dreamer standing behind them both beholds the bull, and it consists only of the two lines:

*Et qui bona egerunt, ibunt in vitam eternam,
Qui vero mala, in ignem eternum.*

'There is no pardon here', says the priest, 'it is but do-well and have-well; do-evil and have-evil.'

Then Piers, 'for pure teen', rends the pardon asunder.

Now this action of Piers has always been the most difficult

thing to understand in the whole poem. The 'rending' is omitted altogether in the *C-text*, perhaps because readers found it so difficult. For people may well have felt, as M. Jusserand feels now, that 'the passage is absolutely unintelligible and inconsistent, to the point of being a serious blemish'.¹ 'Piers', says M. Jusserand, 'tore up his bull of pardon out of spite and simply because contradiction had irritated him.' Yet the passage, taken as a whole, gives us, as Jusserand goes on to say, 'one of the grandest, if not the grandest scene in the poem, the most memorable even for us to-day, the culminating point of the work'.² It had seemed as if Piers Plowman, with his pardon, was to be the solution, and it is Piers himself who destroys the pardon which we thought was to be 'the culminating point of the work'.

Yet there is an explanation of all this, if we give its due weight to the Latin text with which Piers accompanies his action :

And Piers, for pure teen, pulled it asunder,

And said³

Si ambulavero in medio umbre mortis, non timebo.

As so often in *Piers Plowman*, we need the help of parallel passages, to show the working of the poet's mind. We must remember that, alike in both divisions of the *A-text*, in the *B-additions*, and in the *C-additions*, we find the writer making his appeal to the *Psalter* with a constancy which we cannot match elsewhere in great literature, save in Thomas à Kempis. The psalmist's ideal of righteous dealing between man and man is particularly emphasized.⁴ The *Psalter* is the manual of just action and of merciful kindness, of Do-well

¹ *Mod. Philol.* vii. 321.

² *Mod. Philol.* vi. 815.

³ The line

'And sippe he seide to hem pese semely sawis'

inserted in MS. Harl. 875 in place of the simple words 'and said' is one of a large number of spurious insertions found in that MS., and made with the object of smoothing over apparent crudities.

⁴ See e. g. A. iii. 227, 231; viii. 55; xi. 55, 189; B. xiii. 126, 433; xv. 188.

and Do-bet. It is, therefore, quite natural that the author should put his trust in the text in which the psalmist, in his character of the just man, after telling how he has been led *super semitas iustitie*, continues 'though I walk in the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evil'. These words are quoted twice in *Piers Plowman*: they express the same trust which Socrates expressed when he told his judges 'that there can no evil happen to the good man, either in life or after death'.

When we realize how vast are the deductions which are later to be drawn in the *B-text* from this verse, it is not so strange that, at this stage, the author makes Piers hold even his pardon as of no value by the side of it. For, after all, the pardon is a mere matter of bargaining: reward promised in exchange for evidence of righteous deeds done. It were well, doubtless, if all pardons were as good as this. But the opposition of the priest reminds us that this is not so: and the voice of authority seems to be on the side of the priest. So Piers abandons his disputed charter, and trusts no longer to bulls, but to his assurance that death can have no terrors for the just man. The action is like that of the tradesman who, when pressing Charles James Fox for payment, threw all his bills into the fire: 'now my debts are debts of honour.'

But this text, which means everything to Piers, means nothing to the ribald priest.

The contention between Piers and the priest grows so fierce that the dreamer awakes. Many a time at midnight, when men should sleep, he ponders upon this controversy as to the merits, on the one side of Do-well, on the other of Indulgences and Bishops' Letters: and he sums up in favour of Do-well. The Pope has power to grant pardon, he loyally believes (God forbid else). Yet Do-well is better. Unless Do-well help, there is no safety,

Though thou be found in Fraternity among the Four Orders.

I quite agree with Prof. Manly¹ that there is an impulse of

¹ *Mod. Philol.* vii. 130.

grief and disappointment about all this. The poet's phrase, that Piers acted 'for pure teen', proves this. The model pardon from the Pope had reconciled the practice of Indulgences with the dreamer's idea of right. When the priest, representing current ideas, refuses to accept it, the poet is brought up against the contrast which he feels so bitterly, between his own sense of justice, and that which seems to him to prevail in the current practice of the Church.

He decides, we have seen, for the moment, in favour of Do-well: the natural sequel is therefore the Search for Do-well, which may for convenience be called *A2*. The dreamer goes inquiring from one teacher to another—at last he is face to face with Clergy [Learning] and Clergy's wife, Scripture. But he is stopped by the same problem which has faced him at the end of *A1*. After all, will works save? Long ere he was born, he was predestined—marked in the legend of life, or else unwritten for wicked. Solomon, the example of the wise and just ruler, and Aristotle, who wrought better?

And al holy chirche · holden hem in helle.

Yet 'was there never in this world two wiser of works'. On the other hand, the thief on the cross, after a life of lying and robbery, was saved. What, then, is the good of learning, asks the seeker. So he denounces Clergy [Learning] to his face. Learning was never commended by Christ: for men were told not to consider beforehand what they would speak, but to speak out what was given to them at the moment. The ignorant rather than the learned are saved, and 'pierce with a *pater noster* the palace of heaven'.

There seem to be three distinct problems here: the general problem of predestination; the salvation of the learned and righteous heathen as typified by Aristotle; and arising out of this, the problem of whether learning furthers a man's salvation at all: whether the blind faith of an ignorant man repeating the *pater noster* by rote is not perhaps better.

Here are difficulties enough propounded for 'Learning' to solve. Instead of which, no answer whatever is vouchsafed to the questions raised. The *A-text* breaks off sharply. We

have only six manuscripts which we can call as evidence.¹ Three of them conclude in this impossible way, with the seeker's defiance of the authorities to whom he has been sent for instruction. *Explicit liber petri plouman*, says MS. Douce 323. *Explicit tractus de perys plouman . . . Amen*, says MS. Harleian 3954. *Amen, Amen, Amen*, says MS. Ashmole 1468. The three other MSS. (Rawlinson 137, Univ. Coll., Oxford, 45, and Ingilby) add a concluding passus, short, hurried, but in its opening 55 lines at least, indisputably authentic. In this conclusion no attempt whatever is made to solve the problems the dreamer has raised. Could a stranger ending be devised?

Another proof that the subject has got out of hand can be found in the title. The name of this section *A2* (a name which is found in so many and various MSS. that it seems to belong to the poem as originally published) is *Vita de Do-well, Do-bet, et Do-best secundum Wyt et Resoun*. So far as 'Wyt' is concerned, the title is justified. For 'Wit' and his wife 'Dame Study' do most of the talking. But whatever may have been the original plan, 'Reason' does not appear upon the scene at all.

The obvious explanation is that the poet could not devise a satisfactory answer to the questions he had asked, and that nevertheless he did not wish to suppress his work. So he let it be copied in this abruptly broken form. It might of course be suggested that the poet died suddenly, leaving the work unfinished; but that would be to assume him to a peculiar degree *felix opportunitate mortis*; for he had just made a passionate plea for a solution of problems which the greatest thinkers had found it most difficult to solve. Nor must we neglect the evidence of the three MSS. of the *A-text* in which a sort of conclusion is appended. If, as all are agreed,² this conclusion (passus XII) is in its opening at least

¹ There are fifteen A- MSS. in all; but the remaining nine provide no 'explicit' or formal conclusion: in five cases because a scribe has appended the subsequent *C-continuation*, in four because the MS. has been mutilated before the end of the *A-text* is reached.

² I think I am the only person who ever carried scepticism to the

the work of the author of the immediately preceding passus, it proves that the poet really was at a loss for an answer to be put into the mouth of Clergy or Scripture or Reason. So, after having allowed some copies to be issued unfinished, he appended to others the formal 'conclusion in which nothing is concluded'. Clergy doubts whether the dreamer is worthy of further answer: Scripture is quite certain that he is not. So Clergy withdraws from the dreamer's company. Scripture relents so far as to give him instructions for his further travel. But in this travel he is met first by Hunger and then by Fever; the final lines, which are the work of one John But, writing many years later, in the reign of Richard II, tell us that Will is dead. Exactly where the original writer stopped, and where John But began, it is difficult to determine. What is interesting is But's assertion that, in addition to 'that which is written here'—the *A-text*—Will also wrought 'other works both, of Piers the Plowman and much people also'. These 'other works' are presumably the later visions which are found in what Skeat christened the *B-text*, where the vision of *Do-well* is concluded, and those of *Do-bet* and *Do-best* added.

It is to this *B-text* (which, from its allusions to current events, must have been written some fifteen years after the *A-text*) that we must now turn. In this *B-text*, the twelfth passus of *A*, with its temporary conclusion, is cancelled, though some hints from it are used.

In this twelfth passus of the *A-text*, as we have seen, Scripture scorns the dreamer for his bitter words concerning Learning, and later, relenting, sends him on his journey, but without condescending to answer his difficulties, or in any way to continue the discussion. We find, in the *B-text*, Scripture's scorning reduced to two lines: she *does* continue the discussion on the subject of Salvation, and the problems which

length of even considering the possibility of *passus XII* being entirely by another hand (see *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, vi. 322). But I have long been convinced that the first part is by the author of the preceding passus (see *Mod. Lang. Rev.* xiv 189).

the dreamer had raised are then taken up and further discussed by other characters throughout two long passus.

Now, after the passage describing the dreamer's doubts and Scripture's scorning, which is taken over from the *A-text*, but before the *B-continuation* with Scripture 'skipping on high' and preaching, the poet has inserted a very remarkable passage of about a hundred lines. This passage has been quoted and summarized as proof of the inconsequence of the author, who, we are told, does not control or direct his own thought, but is at the mercy of any chance association of words and ideas.

Yet these lines seem to have a very distinct meaning, coming where they do, between the bitter criticisms with which the dreamer broke off his search for Do-well and Do-bet about 1362, and the visions in which the search is resumed about 1377. The dreamer falls into a dream within the dream. Fortune shows him the Mirror of Middle-Earth (the World). He is led away by Lust of the Flesh and Lust of the Eyes. These two fair damsels advise him to pursue other things than his search for Do-well and Do-bet, and he follows their advice:

Of Do-well nor Do-bet no daintee [importance] me thought
I had no liking, leve me if thee list, of them ought to know.
Covetousness-of-Eyes came oftener in my mind
Than Do-well or Do-bet among my deeds all.

Pride advises him to 'account Clergy light'—and he has certainly done this at the end of the *A-text*. Others sins of passionate youth, Recklessness and Fauntelte [Childishness] misdirect him, in spite of the warnings of Age. In place of seeking for Do-well he is advised to make money, no matter how, and confess to some Friar—the very solution he had rejected so emphatically at the end of the former vision with the words:

Though thou be found in Fraternity among the Four Orders
And have Indulgence doubled, save Do-well thee help
I would not give for thy pardon one pie's heel.

But he *now* follows the bad advice—for a time—

Till I forgot Youth and ran into Age.

But when attacked by Age and Poverty he finds the Friars disappointing. With this denunciation of the Friars ends what we may call 'The Vision of the abandoned Search'. A new character, Loyalty, is introduced. The dreamer wishes that he might avow among men this last vision, with its bitter conclusion regarding the Friars. 'Yes, tell it', says Loyalty, 'by Peter and Paul, and take them both to witness.' And with what Skeat calls the 'venerable' pun upon *fratres* 'friars', Loyalty quotes the text 'Hate not the brethren (*fratres*) in thy heart, but refute them publicly'. And Loyalty further gives the poet the rules which should govern such satirical writing:

Thing that all the world wot, wherefore shouldst thou spare
To read it in rhetoric, to arate [blame] deadly sin?
But be nevermore the *first* the default to blame;
Though thou see evil, say it not *first*, be sorry it is not
amended.

Nor thing that is privy, publish thou it never,
Neither laud it for love, nor lakke [blame] it for envy.

'He saith sooth', says Scripture. And then she resumes her preaching.

Now this Vision, telling how the poet in his youth abandoned the search for Do-well, and how, as old age approached, he was urged to avow his vision among men, and to reprove deadly sin, but upon the condition that he should publish no private scandal, and show neither favour nor envy—what can it be but an apology for the fifteen years interval between the *A-text* and the *B-text*?

It means either this, or nothing. Of course we may say, if we like, that it all means nothing—that the author of the *B-text* was 'incapable of organized or consecutive thinking',¹ that he had 'no control of his materials or his thought',² and that this very passage proves that *B*'s writing 'defies analytical presentation'.³ But does it? Let us continue. The renewed preaching of Scripture is on the melancholy text that 'Many are called, but few chosen'. The poet's heart

¹ Prof. Manly in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, ii. 24.

² *Cambridge History*, ii. 28.

³ p. 25.

trembles and he disputes with himself, in perplexity, whether he be chosen or not chosen, and remembers how Christ called all—Saracens and Schismatics. So the *B-text* plunges at once into those questions of predestination and the salvation of the righteous heathen, to which the writer, when he broke off the *A-text* in despair and defiance, could find no answer.

At this point, inevitably, Trajan comes into the vision. For Trajan is the stock example of the 'Saracen' who nevertheless attained Salvation. But this does not quite solve the poet's difficulties; his anxiety had been for the learned men of old time, Aristotle and the rest: and it was not for his *learning* that Trajan was saved, as Trajan himself is made to say:

All the 'Clergy' under Christ might not catch me from Hell

But only Love and Loyalty, and my lawful judgements.¹ Then follows the praise of humility² and poverty. This is not as disconnected as may appear at first sight, for Trajan is the stock example of humility. He is one of the three great examples of that virtue, figured on the cliff of Purgatory in the circle of the Proud:³

Le imagini di tante umilitadi.

Then our dreamer goes on to contrast the avarice and ignorance of priests with this standard of patience and poverty. This is a digression, and he apologizes for it as such:⁴

This looking on unlettred priests hath made me leap from 'poverty' Which I praise if patience be there, more perfect than riches.

Yet even this apology may be a warning to us not too hastily to declare the *B-text* inconsequent. A writer who thinks it necessary to apologize for so pardonable a digression can hardly be one whose writing 'defies analytical presentation'.

But the dreamer is still in the same questioning and querulous mood which possessed him when he denounced Clergy. We have seen that this quarrel with Clergy broke off in the *A-text* before the introduction of Reason, who, apparently,

¹ xi. 139, 140.

² xi. 233.

³ *Purgatorio*, x. 78-98.

⁴ xi. 809-10.

was to have been one of the characters who would direct the seeker to Do-well. Now, the poet once again sees his vision of the Middle-Earth: this time it is Nature who shows it him, and all the creatures upon it. It seems to him (and here we are reminded of Swift) that Reason follows all beasts save man:

But what most moved me, and my mood changed,
Was that Reason regarded and ruled all beasts
Save man and his mate.¹

The dreamer rebukes Reason:

'I have wonder of thee', quoth I, 'that witty art holden,
Why thou dost not follow man and his mate, that no mischief befall them.'

Reproving the dreamer for his carping fault-finding, Reason replies:

'My time is to abide . . .
God might amend in a minute all that amiss standeth
But he suffereth . . .'

The dreamer blushes for shame, and awakes, realizing the necessity for patience and humility:

'Now know I what Do-well is.'

As he looks up, he sees one gazing upon him: 'What is it, then?' says the stranger:

'Ywis, Sir', I said,
'To see much and suffer more, certes', said I, 'is Do-well.'
'If thou hadst done so', the stranger retorts, 'thou wouldst have received teaching from Clergy and Reason.' And as the stranger moves off, the dreamer arises, follows, and asks his name. It is 'Imaginative'. Why Imaginative comes in, just at this point, has been shown by Dr. Otto Mensendieck, and in a short but most important paper by Prof. H. S. V. Jones.²

Of course, if we try to fit the discourse of Imaginative to the modern meaning of his name, it may seem to us unintelli-

¹ xi. 360-2.

² "'Imaginatif" in *Piers Plowman*, *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, xiii. 588-8 (1914).

gible. But the mediaeval 'Imagination' is simply the power of calling to mind that which is not present. The modern signification, the faculty which 'unites former images and ideas . . . and thus creates brilliant and novel results'¹ is not the governing mediaeval conception of Imagination. The mediaeval *Imaginatio* may mean no more than 'memory'—'“Ymaginatyf” means *ars commemorativa* according to Bacon and Bartholomew Anglicus is his *De Proprietatibus Rerum* speaks of it as the faculty of seeing things not present and bringing back what lies in the past.'² As Prof. Jones shows it is the special function of 'Imagination' to enable Reason to work. 'Imagination is the servant to Reason'—an essential servant, 'for without Imagination Reason may not know.' So the matter was stated by that 'noble and famous doctor Richard of St. Victor. And this is precisely the function of

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, Part I, Chap. iii.

² To the authorities quoted by Mensendieck we may add Bishop Pecock. Pecock explains that Common Wit receives impressions: but in the nature of things, the power which is most apt to receive impressions is not that best calculated to retain them: 'þerfore bi convenyence . . . Resoun þer muste bi god and bi kynde be ordeynyd an oper inward wit for to notabli holde þe liknessis of sensible þingis and þe knowyng whiche ben lightli bi þe comune witt takun and receyuyd. And þerfor þis office is ordeynyd þe inward witt clepid Ymaginacioun, as a tresor to þe seid comune witt' (*Folewer to the Donet*, Part I, Chap. 6, Brit. Mus. Bib. Reg. 17. d. 9, fol. 12b. An edition of this most important treatise by Miss E. V. Hitchcock, is now being printed for the Early English Text Society. Miss Hitchcock has already placed under a great obligation all who wish to understand mediaeval ways of thinking, by her careful edition of Pecock's *Donet*, the unique MS. of which, like that of the *Folewer*, had been allowed to remain unprinted for nearly five centuries).

³ Mensendieck, *J. E. G. Ph.*, ix. 405. It is not necessary to agree with all the explanations of Dr. Mensendieck, in order to recognize how very substantially he has added to our understanding of *Piers Plowman*, both in this article, and in his earlier monograph, *Charakterentwicklung und ethisch-theologische Anschauungen des Verfassers von Piers the Plowman*, London, 1900.

⁴ See the translation of Richard of St. Victor's *Benjamin Minor* in Hampole's Works, ed. Horstmann, 1895, i. 162:

'Ymaginacion, þe wille is serwande to Reson . . . withouton Ymaginacion Reson may noght know.'

Imaginative in *Piers Plowman*. The seeker has signally failed to understand through Reason. Now comes Imaginative, explaining where he is at fault, and reconciling him to Reason. This is why it is Imaginative who reproaches the seeker for his pride,¹ by which he has lost the company of both Clergy and Reason. Had he listened instead of talking, Imaginative now reminds him, he might have learned what Clergy and Reason know. But now, for his pride and presumption, Clergy will not keep him company. Yet Shame may bring him to his senses. And the seeker admits that 'There smiteth no thing so smartly, nor smelleth so sour, as Shame.'

Imaginative—*ars commemorativa*—tells the seeker how he has followed him, and has many times moved him to think of his past years, and the wildness of his youth :

And how fele fernzeres are faren . and so fewe to come
And of thy wylde wantounnesse . tho thou ȝong were.

But the things in his past life with which Imaginative more particularly reminds the dreamer in the *B-text* are the bitter words to Clergy uttered first in the *A-text*. Imaginative solves the problems which had been raised in the reckless words in which the seeker had denounced Clergy to his face :

Why I have tolde the al this—I toke ful gode hede
How thou contraryedst Clergye . with crabbed wordes
'How that lewed men lȳtloker . than lettred were sauē'.²

And Imaginative goes on to prove the value of learning.³ As for the difficulty (which had been raised in the *A-text*) about the penitent thief—he *was* saved, indeed, but not ranked with the 'maidens, martyrs, confessors, and widows'.⁴ Why one thief repented and the other not, is one of those questions that all the clerks under Christ cannot solve :⁵

And so I sey by the . that sekest after the 'why'es
And aresonedest Resoun . a rebuking as it were.⁶

¹ B. xi. 413.

² B. xii. 156, &c.

³ B. xii. 72, &c.

⁴ B. xii. 204.

⁵ B. xii. 216, &c.

⁶ Note how the writer of the *B-text* takes equal responsibility for the cavils raised by *A* and those raised by himself, *B*.

Some things are beyond the reach of any Learning : Aristotle the great clerk,

Whether he be saved or not saved, the sooth wot no Clergy,
Nor of Socrates nor of Solomon no Scripture can tell.

Now we see why Clergy and Scripture had not been able to give the dreamer the assurances for which he had craved. Nevertheless, says Imaginative, we must pray for these Learned Heathen,

That God of his grace give their souls rest,
For lettered men were unlearned yet, but for lore of their books.

The dreamer objects that 'all the clerks say that no heathen can be saved': but, at this, Imaginative looks stern; '*Contra*', he says, '*Salvabitur vix iustus in die Iudicii*' :

'*Ergo salvabitur*', quoth he, and said no more Latin.¹

Imaginative quotes the instance of Trajan,

Trajan was a true knight and took never Christendom,
And he is safe, so saith the book, and his soul in Heaven;
For there is fulling [baptism] of font and fulling in blood-shedding,
And through fire is fulling, and that is firm belief.

Truth must be allowed,

But Truth that trespassed never, nor traversed against his law,
But liveth as his law teacheth, and believeth there be no better,
And if there were, he would amend; and in such will dieth,
Would never true God but Truth were allowed.

And in proof of this, Imaginative quotes that very verse from the *Psalms* to which such great weight is attached in the *A-text*. Trusting to it, Piers had been willing to tear up the bull of pardon that he has purchased with the earnings of his toil. To Imaginative now, as earlier to Piers, this text is the last word :

¹ B. xii. 279.

'*Si ambulavero in medio umbre mortis*',
'The gloss granteth upon that verse a great meed to Truth'
. . . and right with that he vanished.

So the problem which has occupied two passus (XI and XII) is finally settled, and now the dreamer, having been rebuked for his pride, having expressed his contrition, and having had all his doubts solved, is allowed to meet Clergy once more. The search for Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best is continued, on the lines laid down fifteen years earlier in the *A-text*, and each stage is in turn achieved.

All this reminds us of two passages in the *Divine Comedy*. The calling to mind of the poet's past misdeeds and the shame which the poet feels; this resembles the meeting of Dante and Beatrice.¹ But the things for which Dante is there reproached are not only spiritual difficulties. These difficulties are solved when the poet reaches the Heaven of the Just: and he does not express the shame and penitence which 'Long Will' shows, for he had not uttered his grief publicly, as 'Will' had in the *A-text*. Dante asks the spirits of the Just to solve for him the problem which has long held him hungering, and for which he found no solution on earth.² Just as Imaginative knows Will's difficulty without being told, so do the Just Rulers tell Dante 'Thou didst say, "a man is born upon the bank of the Indus . . . sinless in life or words . . . where is the justice which condemns him?"'³ The Just answer unhesitatingly that 'to this kingdom never rose one who did not believe in Christ'.⁴ Yet in the next Canto, Dante finds,

¹ *Purgatorio*, xxxi.

² *Paradiso*, xix. 25, &c.

³ *chè tu dicevi 'Un uom nasce alla riva
dell' Indo, e quivi non è chi ragioni
di Cristo, nè chi legga, nè chi scriva;
e tutti i suoi voleri ed atti buoni
sono, quanto ragione umana vede,
senza peccato in vita o in sermoni.
More non battezzato e senza fede;
ov' è questa giustizia che il condanna?
ov' è la colpa sua, s'egli non crede?*

Paradiso, xix. 70-8.

⁴ xix. 104.

among those who have given him that answer, not merely Trajan, but the Trojan Ripheus. How this can be, is explained. Ripheus (*iustissimus unus*) had placed all his love upon righteousness, so that God opened his eyes as to the redemption to come, and he believed.¹ So mortals must not judge—‘we who see God know not as yet all the elect’.² Obviously this view is different from that which necessitated the general condemnation of the righteous heathen at the beginning of the *Inferno*. It means, as the old commentator on Dante saw, that the just heathen can be saved.³

‘The poetry of Dante,’ says Shelley in his *Defence of Poetry*, ‘may be considered as the bridge thrown over the stream of time, which unites the modern and the ancient world. . . . It is a difficult question to determine how far they [Dante and Milton] were conscious of the distinction which must have subsisted between their own creeds and that of the people. Dante at least appears to wish to mark the full extent of it by placing Riphæus, whom Virgil calls *iustissimus unus*, in Paradise.’

Yet the isolation of Dante from his age was perhaps not quite as great as Shelley thought. It is interesting to note how, as the years passed, the aperture broadened through which Trajan emerged from his torments. Our first news comes from an anonymous monk of Whitby, a writer so primitive that he may possibly in his youth have met Cædmon face to face, for he wrote his *Life of Gregory* before Bede. The Englishman makes the Romans responsible for the authenticity of his story—*quidam de nostris dicunt narratum a Romanis*. He does not say that Gregory actually uttered any prayer for a heathen: Gregory only showed by his tears his desire for a mitigation of Trajan’s pains: and this desire

¹ xx. 121-4.

² xx. 133-5.

³ ‘Breviter ergo autor vult dicere ex ista fictione talem conclusionem, quod talis vir paganus, de cuius salvatione non sperabatur, est salvabilis.’ Benvenuto da Imola, *Comentum super Dantis Comoediam*, Florentiae, vol. v. 263.

was granted, though grudgingly, on the understanding that the incident was not to be repeated.¹

The Venerable Bede, though he knew and used this life of Gregory, did not use this anecdote concerning Trajan. But Paul the Deacon and John the Deacon did: John says *legitur enim penes easdem Anglorum ecclesias*, being as careful to put the responsibility for the story upon the English church as his English authority had been to put it upon the Romans. John further points out that though Trajan was released from pain he was not therefore admitted to Heaven. Later story (misunderstanding, perhaps, the concluding words in the account given by Paul) made Gregory suffer lifelong sickness as punishment for having presumed to pray for a pagan. In one version Gregory might have escaped his 'seven pains' by allowing Trajan to remain in Hell;² but he was too much of a sportsman to agree to such a condition.

Yet in spite of these caveats, saving clauses, and punishments, it came to be believed that Trajan had been not merely relieved from his torments but admitted to Heaven; and similar stories concerning just heathen came to be localized elsewhere: in Vienna and in London. An English alliterative poet records how St. Erkenwald, the Saxon bishop of London (675-93), saved from Hell the soul of a righteous nobleman who had lived in the days of ancient pagandom. The body of this London magistrate had been miraculously preserved undecayed, and was found when repairs were being done to St. Paul's: it was a second time united to the soul, and St.

¹ For an account of the Trajan story in the Middle Ages, see Gaston Paris, *La Légende de Trajan*, in the *Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études*, xxxv. 261-98. The starting-point of the whole legend, the life of the Whitby monk, was, however, necessarily unknown to Gaston Paris, as it had long been lost. Its rediscovery was announced by Paul Ewald in 1886, and it was edited by F. A. Gasquet in 1904 (*A Life of Pope St. Gregory the Great . . . now for the first time fully printed from MS. Gallen 567*).

A very useful summary of the history of the legend, with references to all the latest discussions, will be found in the *Preface* to Sir Israel Gollancz' *St. Erkenwald* (1922).

² *Kaiserchronik*, herausg. von H. F. Massmann, 1849, ll. 6069-81.

Erkenwald baptized it with his tears. The soul mounted to Heaven, and

All the bells of London town burst forth at once.¹

The poet is a contemporary of Long Will, and, to judge from the peculiarities of his vigorous style, is very possibly the same man who told the story of *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. The tale which he tells with such pathos is an almost exact replica of what the tale of Trajan and Gregory had become. But whilst the idea that the body was reanimated, and in this state baptized, no doubt made the story more palatable to the orthodox, it cannot have satisfied those who thirsted for the salvation of the righteous heathen: for such cases were necessarily too exceptional to form at all hopeful precedents.

Long Will and Dante have each his way of getting over this difficulty. In *Piers Plowman* Imaginative is made to say that Trajan 'took never Christendom', although this is directly contrary to the later versions of the story, in which Gregory baptizes him. And Long Will goes further: he contradicts all known authorities in making Trajan's salvation depend solely upon his own virtues:

Not through prayer of a pope, but for his pure truth
Was this Saracen saved, as St. Gregory beareth witness.

But Dante will not contradict current ideas as flatly as this: and he explains carefully how Trajan *was* saved: how he was first recalled to life by the prayers of Gregory, and in this second life believed:

L' anima gloriosa . . .
tornata nella carne, in che fu poco,
credette in lui che poteva aiutarla:

so that at the 'second death' his soul was worthy to come to Paradise. But in Ripheus Dante proceeds to depict another pagan. The fourteenth-century author of 'what is perhaps the most valuable commentary we possess on the *Divina Commedia*' calls our attention to the subtlety 'by which

¹ *St. Erkenwald*, ed. Gollancz, Oxford University Press, 1922.

Dante makes us understand the depth of the Divine Grace, which sometimes extends to an infidel and a pagan, and inspires him with the true faith, by which he is saved. So that this story is, as it were, a reply to what has been said above about the just and virtuous man who is born on the banks of the Indus. The author introduces one pagan, Ripheus, whose salvation might least of all be expected, in that he lived many centuries before Christ, in Troy, where the pride of antiquity flourished, a Gentile and no Hebrew.' ¹

Ripheus 'more than a thousand years before baptizing' nevertheless died a Christian, just as much as did Trajan, who was miraculously brought back to life in order that he might so die. This throws a new light upon the apparently uncompromising assertion in the preceding canto, 'Never did any rise to this realm who did not believe in Christ.' Of Ripheus it might be said, as Long Will says of Trajan, that he was saved not 'through prayer of a pope', but 'for his pure truth'.

Both Dante and Long Will fall back upon a mystic interpretation of Baptism. Faith, Hope, and Charity stood as baptism for Ripheus. It follows that mortals must not judge,

E voi, mortali, tenetevi stretti
a giudicar, chè noi, che Dio vedemo,
non conosciamo ancor tutti gli eletti.

So we are told in *Piers Plowman*: 'there is baptism of font, and baptism in blood-shedding, and through fire is baptism—*advenit ignis divinus, non comburens, sed illuminans*'. And we must not hope to know the fate of this or that wise man of ancient time, 'the sooth wot no Clergy', 'no Scripture can tell'.

Whatever may have been the case with Dante, there is no doubt how far Long Will 'was conscious of the distinction between his creed and that of the people'. It is this consciousness which makes him abandon his work in despair, and which costs him so many years of struggle and self-reproach. He finds none to help him. Well as he knew London, his

¹ Benvenuto da Imola, *Comentum*, Florentiae, v. 262-3.

silence is proof that he did not know that legend about a London bishop, from which he would certainly have received comfort. He believes that he has against him the opinion of all learned men, who agree 'that neither Saracens nor Jews without Christendom can be saved'. He lives to express contrition for the unseemly violence with which, in his youth, he had told of his dismay at this. But for all that, age only confirms him in his confidence that,

Would never true God, but Truth were allowed.

Of Langland, as of Dante, it can be said that he 'throws a bridge over the stream of time'. And we ought to be grateful to him for having told us what it cost him to build that bridge. Not often has the struggle of a poet's soul during a long series of years been told as it is in these first two *passus* of the *B-continuation*. To regard them as a succession of disjointed passages with no connected meaning at all, is the price we have to pay if we start with the assumption that the *B-continuation* cannot have been the work of the writer of the *A-text*—an assumption opposed to much conclusive evidence, and supported by none. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this assumption is to be found in the analysis of these two *passus* given by Prof. Manly in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*—an analysis which reduces its maker (in spite of his very real love of and admiration for this *B-continuation*) to the despairing admission that 'such writing as this defies analytical presentation'. We may grant that Prof. Manly's analysis is incoherent indeed; but this is because his theory will not allow the analyser to understand the meaning of the text which he is analysing.

For these two *passus* stand to the rest of the *B-continuation* in something of the same relationship in which the *Prelude* stands to the *Excursion*. The poet pauses, to take a review of his own mind. Imaginative—Memory—must recall his old self, and solve his old doubts. Then he proceeds with his 'great philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society', with its three divisions—Do-well

(Honest Labour), Do-bet (Patient Charity), Do-best (Righteous Rule in spiritual matters). His subject is Wordsworth's :

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolatè retirement, subject there
To conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all.

R. W. CHAMBERS.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN THE BALLADS

IN looking through the greater and smaller ballad-collections, one is struck by the presence in all of them of a certain number of ballads which are definitely religious. In the aggregate this number is larger and shows more variety, both of theme and of treatment, than might be expected, but it is broadly divisible into three classes of unequal size. There are the ballads which deal with beliefs older than Christianity in a slightly Christianized form—such poems as *The Lyke-Wake Dirge*, or, in a different way, *Aage og Else* and *The Wife of Usher's Well*; those on the lives and miracles of saints; and those on Biblical themes and the miracles of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Although many of the other ballads contain traces of pre-Christian beliefs, the strongly pre-Christian group is the smallest. Next, but still a small class, come the lives and miracles of saints, which, with a few exceptions, are either dull or not particularly religious: the Northern ballads of Saint Olaf, for example, which are among the best, are most of them semi-historical or stories of worldly prowess, the destruction of trolls and the like, such as might be attributed to any uncanonized champion.

But when we come to those ballads which concern Christ and the Virgin, it is a different matter: they are numerous and, though a few have a merely nominal connexion with religion, most of them are serious enough. I purpose here not to catalogue and describe them all, but only to consider certain typical ballads which are based more or less firmly on the canonical and apocryphal gospels. Legendary miracles and apparitions will be ignored, except those which seem to come directly or indirectly from the Gospels. Ballads of this

less authentic kind, sometimes very beautiful, are found in most countries and are especially common in Spain; Don Juan Menéndez Pidal gives a dozen or more from Asturias alone¹; but since some limitation is necessary in a study like this, they must be excluded.

The interest of these religious ballads, apart from the beauty which few of them lack, lies in the way in which the stories have been affected by their passage through tradition. Like other historical ballads, these claim considerable freedom in their treatment of history. They respect the outline, but they fill in the details according to pleasure, and are usually none the worse poems for that. They are variations on a theme, devout meditations not the less devout for translation into terms of everyday life, and they must not be submitted to too rigid a standard of historical and theological accuracy.

Except for the history of Adam and Eve, the Old Testament does not seem to have had much attraction for the people who made the ballads. Jephthah's daughter and chaste Susannah were, as we remember, celebrated in verse, but hardly in verse of the best kind. One might have expected the 'type' stories to have made some appeal: Abel, Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and his brethren, give obvious opportunities for development; but the opportunities were neglected, and there is a leap from the Fall of Man to the Redemption. In ballads dealing with the Nativity or the Passion, the Fall is usually in the background, expressed or implied:

‘I must suffer this,’ He said,
‘For Adam and for Eve.’

The other side of the question, that preferred by some of the mystics, *O felix culpa!*, is set forth in an English poem,² perhaps too individual in thought to be considered as belonging to popular tradition:

¹ *Poesía popular: Colección de los viejos romances que se cantan per los Asturianos*; cf. also Milá y Fontanals, *Observaciones sobre la poesía popular*, for examples from Catalonia.

² Chambers and Sidgwick, *Early English Songs and Lyrics*, No. 50.

Adam lay ibounden,
 Bounden in a bond;
 Four thousand winter
 Thoght he not too long;
 And all was for an appil,
 An appil that he tok,
 As clerkés finden
 Wreten in here book.
 Ne hadde the appil také ben,
 The appil taken ben,
 Ne hadde never our lady
 A ben hevené quene.
 Blessed be the time
 That appil také was.
 Therefore we moun singen
 ‘*Deo gracias.*’

The Annunciation is treated with too close fidelity to canonical history for quotation to be necessary. Then comes in English the less orthodox *Cherry-Tree Carol*,¹ which is marred by its injustice to that gentlest and kindest of men, St. Joseph :

Joseph was an old man,
 And an old man was he,
 When he wedded Mary
 In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
 Through an orchard good,
 Where was cherries and berries,
 So red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked
 Through an orchard green,
 Where was berries and cherries,
 As thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary,
 So meek and so mild :
 ‘Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
 For I am with child.’

O then bespoke Joseph,
 With words most unkind :
 ‘Let him pluck thee a cherry
 That brought thee with child.’

¹ Child, No. 54 A.

O then bespoke the Babe,
 Within His Mother's womb :
 'Bow down then the tallest tree,
 For my Mother to have some.'

Then bowed down the highest tree
 Unto His Mother's hand ;
 Then she cried, 'See, Joseph,
 I have cherries at command.'

O then bespoke Joseph :
 'I have done Mary wrong ;
 But cheer up, my dearest,
 And be not cast down.'

Then Mary plucked a cherry,
 As red as the blood,
 Then Mary went home
 With her heavy load.

Amends are made to St. Joseph for any harshness in the English treatment of him by the Catalan *Contento de S. José*,¹ one of the prettiest and liveliest of Nativity ballads :

St. Joseph and God's Mother,
 They kept good company,
 And they rode out of Nazareth
 So early in the day.

They found no place to rest in,
 No place in all the town,
 And there they made an arbour
 Of reeds and grasses brown.

St. Joseph went to look for fire,
 No fire there could he see,
 And when he came to Mary
 The Babe was on her knee ;
 As white as is the milk,
 As red as rose was He.

St. Joseph looked upon Him :
 'O what is this fair thing ?
 This is no child of mine,
 This comes from heaven's King.'

¹ Milá y Fontanals, *Observaciones*, No. 28.

By there came three shepherds
 To wish Him a good day,
 The two upon their fiddles,
 The third his bells did play.

And there they played sweet music,
 All for to make Him mirth;
 Three hours have not gone yet
 Since our Saviour's birth.

'Dance, Maiden Mary,
 Dance, Mother mild,
 And if you will dance with me,
 The ass will hold the Child.'

'I will not dance, Joseph,
 My husband so dear,
 But if you will dance for joy,
 Dance, husband, here.'

Joseph then began to dance
 With all his might and main;
 The Mother smiled and said to him,
 'Joseph is young again.'

'And if I rejoice, Mary,
 Well ought that to be;
 Here is born to us to-night
 The King of glory.'

Among all the many Nativity ballads none is fresher than this.

After Christmas Day falls the Feast of St. Stephen, and the English ballad of *Stephen and Herod*¹ explains how this came about:

Seynt Steuene was a clerk in kyng Herowdes halle,
 And seruyed him of bred and cloth, as euery kyng befalle.

Steuyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris hed on honde;
 He saw a sterre was fayr and bryzt ouer Bedlem stonde.

He kyst adown the boris hed and went in to the halle:
 'I forsak the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle.

'I forsak the, kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle;
 Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

¹ Child, No. 22.

'Quat eylyt the, Steuene ? quat is the befallle ?
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk in kyng Herowdes halle ?'

'Lakit me neyther mète ne drynk in kyng Herowdes halle ;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

'Quat eylyt the, Steuyn ? art thu wod, or thu gynnyst to
brede ?
Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe, or ony ryche wede ?'

'Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe, ne non ryche wede ;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born xal helpyn vs at our nede.'

'That is al so soth, Steuyn, al so soth iwys,
As this capoun crowe xal that lyth here in myn dysh.'

That word was not so sone seyde, that word in that halle,
The capoun crew *Cristus natus est!* among the lordes alle.

'Rysyt vp, myn turmentowres, be to and al be on,
And ledyt Steuyn out of this town, and stonyt hym wyth
ston !'

Tokyn he Steuene, and stonyd hym in the way,
And therfore is his euyn on Crystes owyn day.

The parallel ballads in other languages have not this expressed interest in the order of the Church's year, but some, as for example the Danish *Mariskjold*,¹ imply it by running the Nativity and the Stephen stories together. This Danish ballad is not as good as the English, but it has some points which deserve notice. In the first place, it is one of the ballads with pre-Christian traces: some versions, and indeed most of the Scandinavian Stephen ballads, make the saint not a clerk but a groom, thereby keeping the connexion of St. Stephen with horses which, as Grundtvig observes, is really a relic of Frey-worship. In the second place, there was once a deliberate attempt to reform its theology. The refrain is, *Saa vorde jo Mari vort Skjold i hverende Vaade!*—*Mary protect us in every danger!*—and Bishop Peder Palladius tried to replace *Mary* by *Jesus*, apparently objecting more to the Romish doctrine than to the unscriptural cock.

¹ So called by Grundtvig in his *Udvalg*; in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser* he calls it 'Jesusbarnet, Stefan og Herodes'.

Scholars tell us that the cock belongs to an interpolation in the story of the Passion in two MSS. of the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, whence it has been transferred to the Stephen legend, the widespread ballad of *The Pilgrims of St. James*, and other similar legends¹; it might, however, be not original even there, but one of those stories of the fulfilment of apparently impossible conditions which, once invented, are found in all kinds of different surroundings.

The most elaborate Stephen ballad comes from the Faroes, where ballads seldom contract. After Stephen has seen the star and announced the birth of the King, Herod has his eyes put out to try whether the King will help him, with the result that Stephen sees as well by night as by day. Then comes the cock incident, after which Herod rides to Bethlehem and demands the Child from the Virgin, who replies that he must go to heaven to find Him; Herod makes the attempt, but is seized by twelve angels and cast to earth, where the devil receives him. Thus does history grow.

There are many ballads of the Epiphany. In one, *Die vier heiligen drei Könige*²—‘drei’ seems to have as much meaning here as ‘true’ in the expression ‘my false true love’, for four are named, Caspar, Melchar, Baltes, and Beara³—the Kings have a friendly interview with Herod, who entreats them to rest a while and eat the ‘Käss und Brout’ which he has ready for them, and, on their refusal, sends them away with a hearty curse. Indeed, in most of these ballads, Herod has a touch of the half-comic tyrant of the mystery plays.

Nearly all ballads on the Childhood of Christ are founded on incidents in the apocryphal gospels and deal with the early Infancy. Of the apocryphal Miracle of the Sowers during the Flight into Egypt there are versions in several

¹ V. Grundtvig’s notes to *D. g. F.*, No. 96, and Child’s to his No. 22.

² *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, ed. Birlinger and Creccelius, 1874, vol. i, p. 368.

³ Perhaps Goethe had something of this sort in his mind when he wrote *Epiphaniastag*:—

Die heil’gen drei König’ sind kommen allhier,
Es sind ihrer drei und sind nicht ihrer vier;
Und wenn zu dreien der vierte wär’,
So wär’ ein heil’ger drei König mehr.

languages. *The Carnal and the Crane*,¹ not a good ballad in itself, but interesting for its contents, tells both it and the story of the Adoration of the Beasts :

Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
And Mary, that was so pure,
They travelled into Egypt,
As you shall find it sure.

And when they came to Egypt's land,
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
Must needs sit down to rest.

'Come sit thee down,' says Jesus,
'Come sit thee down by me,
And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
Do come and worship me.'

First came the lovely lion,
Which Jesus's grace did bring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be king.

We'll choose our virtuous princes
Of birth and high degree,
In every sundry nation,
Where'er we come and see.

Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
And Mary that was unknown,
They travelled by a husbandman,
Just while his seed was sown.

'God speed thee, man,' said Jesus,
'Go fetch thy ox and wain,
And carry home thy corn again
Which thou this day hast sown.'

The husbandman fell on his knees,
Even upon his face :

'Long time hast thou been looked for,
But now thou art come at last.

'And I myself do now believe
Thy name is Jesus called ;
Redeemer of mankind thou art,
Though undeserving all.'

¹ Child, No. 55.

'The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
Of it thou mayst be sure,
For I must lose my precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

'If anyone should come this way,
And enquire for me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passed by
As thou thy seed did sow.'

After that there came King Herod,
With his train so furiously,
Enquiring of the husbandman
Whether Jesus passed by.

'Why, the truth it must be spoke,
And the truth it must be known;
For Jesus passed by this way
When my seed was sown.

'But now I have it reapen,
And some laid on my wain,
Ready to fetch and carry
Into my barn again.'

'Turn back,' says the captain,
'Your labour and mine's in vain;
It's full three quarters of a year
Since he his seed has sown.'

So Herod was deceived,
By the work of God's own hand,
And further he proceeded
Into the Holy Land.

There's thousands of children young
Which for his sake did die;
Do not forbid those little ones,
And do not them deny.

The Massacre of the Innocents, alluded to in the last verse here, is also glanced at in the Asturian ballad, *La Fé del Ciego*,¹ which in other respects is hardly canonical in its sources:

¹ Juan Menéndez Pidal, *Poesía popular*, No. 90.

As Mary was a-walking
 By Bethlehem one day,
 Her Son was in her arms,
 So heavenly to see.

'O give me water, Mother.'
 'You cannot drink, my dear;
 For the rivers they are muddy
 And the streams they are not clear;

'The rivers they are muddy
 And the streams they are not clear,
 And the springs are full of blood,
 You cannot drink from here.'

They came into a grove
 So thick with oranges
 That not another orange
 Could hang upon the trees;
 There sat a man to guard them,
 Was blind in both his eyes.

'Give me an orange, blind man,
 To feed my Son to-day.'
 'And take as many, Lady,
 As you can bear away:

'Gather the biggest, Lady,
 That most are to your mind;
 The small ones soon will ripen
 If you leave them behind.'

They gathered them by one and one,
 There grew a hundred more,
 And straight the man began to see
 That had been blind before.

'O who is this fair lady
 Has made me see again?'
 It was the Holy Virgin,
 That walked by Bethlehem.

There are not many ballads of the later Childhood, and those that there are, not very good; in English, *The Bitter Withy*¹ is one of the best known, but it has a good deal of

¹ First printed by Mr. Frank Sidgwick, *Notes and Queries*, July 29, 1905, pp. 84-5.

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unchristian sentiment about it and can hardly be called edifying. In some versions it takes up part of the story of *The Holy Well*,¹ which is a prettier thing but has suffered in transmission :

‘To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
To play now get you gone,
And let me hear tell of no complaints
To-night when you come home.’

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town
As far as the Holy Well,
And there He did see as fine children
As any town can tell.

He bid God bless them every one
And Christ their portion be.
“Little children, shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me?”

But they jointly answered Him, No,
They were lords’ and ladies’ sons,
And He, the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox’s stall.

Sweet Jesus turned Himself around,
To His Mother home went He,
He says, ‘I have been down to yonder town
As far as you can see.

‘I have been down to yonder town
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any town can tell.

‘I bid God bless them every one,
And Christ their bodies heal and see ;
“Little children, shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me?”

‘But they jointly answered me, No,
For they were lords’ and ladies’ sons,
And I, the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox’s stall.’

¹ Several versions ; this comes from Herefordshire and is given in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 1910, No. 14.

'Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town
 As far as the Holy Well,
 And take away those sinful souls
 And dip them deep in Hell!'

'Nay, nay,' sweet Jesus smiled and said,
 'Nay, nay, that must not be,
 For there are too many sinful souls
 Crying out for the help of me.'

Then up and spoke the angel Gabriel
 Upon a good set steven,
 'Although thou art but a maiden's child,
 Thou art the King of heaven.'

The Finding in the Temple is almost entirely neglected, but it seems to have influenced the ballads on the other quest of the Virgin which we shall consider presently. A fragment from Hanover, given by Mittler,¹ certainly refers only to the earlier quest:

Maria die hatte ihr Kind verlorn,
 Sie sucht es im Walde, sie sucht es im Korn,
 Sie sucht es wol in der Judenschul,
 Da fand sie ihr Kind im Priesterstul.

The ballads do not exactly imitate the creeds in their rapid transition from Nativity to Crucifixion, but they naturally prefer the more striking situations at either end of the life of Christ and there are not many refashionings of intervening histories. There are, however, exceptions: a very popular subject is Mary Magdalene—or the Woman of Samaria. Though one is not unprepared for the identification of Mary Magdalene with Mary of Bethany, this further identification is a little unexpected; it is probably due to the ballad tendency to confound persons of similar character or name, as St. John the Baptist with St. John the Evangelist in the Asturian *La Ultima Cena*,² and St. Joseph, Spouse of the Virgin, with St. Joseph of Arimathea in the Danish *Jesus og Jomfru Maria*.² A Catalan ballad, *La Samaritana*,³ is fairly

¹ *Deutsche Volkslieder*, No. 392.

² v. infra.

³ *Miscelanéa Folk-Lòrica*, Cançons Catalanas, No. 7 (*Associació d'Excursions Catalana*, 1887).

close to the story of the Woman of Samaria, but *The Maid and the Palmer*,¹ incomplete though it is, seems to identify the two women, and there is no doubt of the identification in the Danish *Maria Magdalene*² and many others. There are also ballads on the repentance of Mary Magdalene as distinct from the Woman of Samaria, founded on the usual legend of her long penance in the wilderness, varying in detail, but still so much alike that one example will give a fair idea of all.³ This comes from Catalonia⁴:

Martha rose and went to mass
 So early in the day;
 She passed her sister's window
 As she went home again.

'Now God you guard, sweet Magdalene!'
 'And Martha, God you guard.'
 'Why go you not to mass, sister?'
 'I ne'er go thitherward.'

'Go down, go down, sweet Magdalene,
 'Tis meet that you should go;
 A fairer young man I never heard preach
 Than Jesus there below.'

Magdalene went to the church
 And sat upon the step;
 At the first word that ever He spoke,
 Then she began to weep.

At the next word that ever He spoke,
 She drew her veil well down;
 At the third word that ever He spoke,
 She fell down in a swoon.

And when He had finished speaking
 Sweet Jesus went out again,
 And Magdalene she followed Him
 With heavy dole and pain.

¹ Child, No. 21.

² *D. g. F.*, No. 98.

³ Many different versions are given by Child in his Introduction to No. 21; and by Rolland, *Recueil de chansons populaires*, No. 237.

⁴ *Miscelanéa Folk-Lórica*, No. 8; it differs only slightly from a version given by Milá y Fontanals.

In Simon's house she is given her penance : seven years in the wilderness, nourished on herbs and roots.

When seven years were past and gone
Then Magdalene turned home,
And when she was but half-way there
She saw a fount of stone.

And there she washed her hands and face ;
'O hands that were so fair,
How are you black and hardened
That red gold used to wear !'

For this proof of incomplete mortification she is condemned to seven years' more penance, but :

When seven years were past and gone,
Then Magdalene was dead,
The angels carried her to heaven,
Queen Mary crowned her head.

Other ballads on the subject are much longer, and may dwell so lovingly on Magdalene's frivolity at the beginning that they never get as far as her penitence. In some examples she is on her way to mass when she meets Christ or the Virgin, or both, and hastily turns back to put on her best clothes ; as soon as she sets foot in the church, her sinfulness makes the continuation of the service impossible. Her grief, after her first seven years of penance, over her lost beauty is a pleasant touch which is found in most versions.

It is interesting to notice at least two of the parables developing into ballads. *Dives and Lazarus*¹ is found in several versions in England, and in many places there are ballads on the fate of a wicked rich man, reminiscent of the same parable ; the German *Sündenlast*² varies it by making Dives and Lazarus brothers according to the flesh. The English ballad is nearest to the parable, with some allowance for embroidery :

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives he made a feast,
And he invited all his friends
And gentry of the best.

¹ Child, No. 56.

² *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i, p. 357.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
 And down at Dives' door:
 'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
 Bestow upon the poor.'

'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
 That lies begging at my door;
 No meat nor drink will I give thee,
 Nor bestow upon the poor.'

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
 And down at Dives' wall:
 'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
 Or with hunger starve I shall.'

'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
 That lies begging at my wall;
 No meat nor drink will I give thee,
 But with hunger starve you shall.'

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
 And down at Dives' gate:
 'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
 For Jesus Christ His sake.'

'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
 That lies begging at my gate;
 No meat nor drink will I give thee,
 For Jesus Christ His sake.'

Then Dives sent out his merry men
 To whip poor Lazarus away;
 They had no power to strike a stroke,
 But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs
 To bite him as he lay;
 They had no power to bite at all,
 But licked his sores away.

As it fell out upon a day,
 Poor Lazarus sickened and died;
 There came two angels out of heaven,
 His soul therein to guide.

'Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
 And go along with me;
 For you've a place prepared in heaven,
 To sit on an angel's knee.'

As it fell out upon a day,
 Rich Dives sickened and died;
 Then came two serpents out of hell,
 His soul therein to guide.

'Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
 And go with us to see
 A dismal place prepared in hell,
 From which thou canst not flee.'¹

Then Dives looked up with his eyes,
 And saw poor Lazarus blest:
 'Give me one drop of water, brother Lazarus,
 To quench my flaming thirst.

'O had I as many years to abide
 As there are blades of grass,
 Then there would be an end, but now
 Hell's pains will ne'er be past.

'O was I now but alive again,
 The space of one half hour!
 O that I had my peace secure!
 Then the devil should have no power.'

There is some injustice done here to Dives, whose sin seems rather to have been complete indifference than anything more positive. The thought has probably been influenced by the kindred parable of the Sheep and the Goats. A rather poor ballad, common in the north of France,² puts in different terms the moral of this. The connexion with the parable is clearest in a version from Berry,³ *Jésus-Christ et les deux hôteses*. Christ as a poor man comes to the first hostess and is turned away; the second shows Him kindness and hospitality. Afterwards both women die and go before St. James—why St. James rather than St. Peter is not easy to see, unless

¹ Or, more surprisingly—

'Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
 And come along with me;
 There is a place prepared in hell
 For to sit upon a serpent's knee.'

² Versions from Franche-Comté are given by Buchon and Beauquier, and one slightly different from Picardy by Champfleury.

³ In a MS. of the Bibl. Nat. (Fr. n. ac. 3338-43), *Poésies populaires de la France*, vol. i, p. 56.

it is because of the teaching on faith and works in his Epistle—who sends the first to hell and the second to paradise. There is something of the same idea in the German *Es fielen drei Sterne*,¹ but here the unfortunate third sister has neglected her duty to God rather than her duty to her neighbour :

‘ Wann die andern sind in die Kirche gegangen,
Hast du dich mit Federn und Blumen behangen;
Wann die andern haben gebet und gesungen,
Bist du mit jungen Herrn herumgesprungen.’

When we come to the Passion, it is even embarrassing to choose among the ballads. The English *Judas*² may begin the story :

Hit wes upon a Scerethorsday that vre Louerd aros,
Ful milde were the wordes He spec to Judas.

‘ Judas, thou must to Jurselem oure mete for to bugge,
Thritti platen of seluer thou bere up o thi rugge.

‘ Thou comest fer i the brode strete, fer i the brode strete,
Summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meist imete.’

Imette wid is soster, the swikele wimon.

‘ Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston ;

‘ Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston,
For the false prophete that tou bileuest upon.’

‘ Be stille, leue soster, thin herte the to breke,
Wiste min louerd Crist, ful wel He wolde be wreke.’

‘ Judas, go thou on the roc, heie up on the ston,
Lei thin heued i my barm, slep thou the anon.’

Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,
Thritti platen of seluer from hym weren itake.

He drou hym selue bi the cop that al it lauede ablode,
The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode.

Foret hym come the riche Jeu that heiste Pilatus,
‘ Wolte sulle thi louerd that hette Jesus ? ’

¹ *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i, p. 362.

² Child, No. 28; the text here is taken from the copy of the Trinity College MS., B. 14, 39, given by Child in his vol. v, p. 288.

I nul sulle my louerd for nones cunnes eiste,
Bote hit be for the thritti platen, that he me bi taiste.'

Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes golde ?'
Nay bote hit be for the platen, that He habben wolde.'

In Him come ur Lord gon as Is postles seten at mete :
Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete ?

Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete ?
Ic am iboust ant isold to day for oure mete.'

Vp stod him Judas : ' Lord, am I that ?
I nas neuer o the stude ther me the euel spec.'

Vp him stod Peter ant spec wid al is miste,
' Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnistes,

' Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnistes,
Yet Ic wolde, Louerd, for thi loue fiste.'

' Still thou be, Peter, wel I the icnowe,
Thou wult fur sake me thrien, ar the coc him crowe.'

As Child points out, whether the ballad-maker knew it or not, Judas could not be satisfied with any other coins. ' His pieces had for long ages been destined to be "the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value" ; had been coined by Abraham's father for Ninus, and been given by Terah to his son ; had passed through various hands to the Ishmaelites, had been paid by them as the price of Joseph, and been repaid to Joseph by his brethren for corn in Egypt ; thence were transferred to Sheba, and in the course of events were brought by the Queen of the South as an offering to Solomon's temple ; when the temple was despoiled by Nebuchadnezzar, were given by him to the king of Godolia, and after the kingdom of Godolia had been fused in that of Nubia, were brought as his tribute to the infant Jesus by Melchior, king of the same.'

The Virgin hid them when she fled into Egypt, and they came into the hands of an ' astrologus ' who knew about Christ from the stars ; ' Armenus patria, iustus, honestus erat.' An angel bade him return them to Christ, and so he did. Godfrey

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of Viterbo,¹ adds the information that only half of them were subsequently used for the purchase of the potter's field :

Tunc in agrum figuli nummos ter quinque dederunt,
militibusque suis totidem pro parte tulerunt,
quos vigiles tumuli nocte fuisse ferunt.

An Asturian ballad takes up the theme of *La Ultima Cena* :²

Holy Thursday, Holy Thursday,
When the Passover drew near,
Our Lord called His disciples
That were to Him so dear.

He called them up by one and one,
By two and two they came,
And when they were together
He made a feast for them.

When they had finished eating,
He spoke with grief and sorrow,
'And which of you that hear me
Will die for me to-morrow?'

Then one looked on the other
With never a word to say,
Except St. John the Baptist,
From the hills had come away :
'So gladly, Lord, will I die for you
To-morrow or to-day.'

'John the Baptist, John the Baptist,
That are to me so nigh,
And though you should give your life for me,
To-morrow I must die.'

The Arrest comes in the German ballad of *Petrus*³—one of the few ballads which go beyond simplicity into profanity—and more worthily in a Flemish ballad from Bergues :⁴

¹ Whose verses on the subject are quoted by du Ménil in his *Poésies populaires latines du moyen âge*, pp. 321-4.

² Juan Menéndez Pidal, No. 91.

³ *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i, p. 369.

⁴ *MS., Poésies populaires*, i, p. 317.

As Jesus was a-walking
 All on a Good Friday,
 His twelve apostles followed Him
 All along the way.

And as He went on further
 He found the road so hard,
 And as He went on further
 Of seventy men He was ware.

'O men,' said He, 'what make you here,
 And wherefore are you come?'
 'We come to seek Lord Jesus,
 That to the church is gone.'

'And if you seek Lord Jesus,
 That to the church is gone,
 I am the Lord you seek for,
 I am the very man.'

They have taken Lord Jesus
 And scourged Him so sore,
 His body all was bleeding
 From the knots in the cord.

By came the Virgin Mary:
 'What make you with my Son?
 And nail me rather to the cross,
 And let my dear Son go.'

'We will not nail you to the cross,
 Nor let your dear Son go,
 But He must carry His cross,
 And you must stand below.'

With this we come to the ballads of the Crucifixion. There are two ways of telling the story: either directly, as in many popular hymns and some ballads, or—and in the ballads this is much more common—by describing the quest of the Virgin; she has lost her Son, or He has been stolen from her,¹ and she goes seeking Him until some one tells her where to find Him. This might be thought to be a distortion of the Finding in the

¹ The degradation of this conception is seen in some versions of the curious German 'Die Diebstellung' (v. notes to *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i, p. 78), where a ballad on the attempted theft of the Child is made part of a charm against theft.

Temple, but it is rather part of that mystical interpretation of the *Song of Solomon* which makes the Shulamite a type of the Virgin, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' And so, as the Shulamite seeks her Beloved, the Mother seeks her Son and finds Him on Calvary, or, as in at least one of the ballads of the Entombment, in His garden.

Though the formula is the same for all these ballads, there is a good deal of variety in the details. The informant is sometimes anonymous; in different versions of the Danish *Jesus og Jomfru Maria* it is St. Joseph or 'Halleluja,' whatever that may mean; in some French ballad-prayers it is St. John or St. Gabriel; in the Asturian *La Pasion*¹ it is an oarsman:

As Mary was a-sailing,
A-sailing by the shore,
The ship was all of crystal,
Of gold was every oar,
She heard the oarsman singing
A grievous song to hear:

'O over yonder mountain,
On yonder royal road,
The blood will show the pathway
That Jesus Christ has trod.'

The Virgin fell a-swooning,
Such grief she must abide;
St. John and Mary Magdalene
Fell swooning at her side.

St. John, because he was a man,
Stood first up in his place:
'Rise up, rise up, Queen Mary,
That road we have to trace;

'All over yonder mountain,
On yonder royal road,
The blood will show the pathway
That Jesus Christ has trod.'

¹ Juan Menéndez Pidal, No. 92; No. 98 is a slightly longer version.

And when they reached the mountain
 They saw Him crucified ;
 The Mother fell a-weeping
 When her dear Son she spied.

Then answered her sweet Jesus
 From the cross where He hung :
 ' Weep not for me, dear Mother,
 Weep not for me your Son ;

' And if they kill me here to-day,
 To-morrow I shall rise,
 On Sunday we shall meet again
 In the joy of Paradise.'

Another version of the quest is given in *The Seven Virgins* :¹

All under the leaves and the leaves of life
 I met with virgins seven,
 And one of them was Mary mild,
 Our Lord's Mother of heaven.

' O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
 All under the leaves of life ?
 Come tell, come tell, what seek you
 All under the leaves of life ?'

' We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
 But for a friend of thine ;
 We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
 To be our guide and thine.'

' Go down, go down to yonder town,
 And sit in the gallery,
 And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
 Nailed to a big yew-tree.'

So down they went to yonder town
 As fast as foot could fall,
 And many a grievous bitter tear
 From the virgins' eyes did fall.

' O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,
 Your weeping doth me grieve :
 I must suffer this,' He said,
 ' For Adam and for Eve.

¹ Several versions : this is taken from the *Oxford Book of Ballads*.

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'

'O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me;
But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh :

'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green !
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all
Our prayers they should be strong :
Amen, good Lord ; your charity
Is the ending of my song.

According to a widespread though unreasonable mediaeval legend,¹ the soldier who pierced the side of Christ was blind and recovered his sight as the blood flowed down. There are Danish and German ballads on the subject, and the Danish is especially remarkable because the deed is done not by a soldier but by an outsider :

They have led up the poor blind man
And set a spear in his hand,
He thrust it into Jesus' side,
The holy blood out ran.

They have ta'en up the holy blood
And on his eyes have laid ;
The blind man got his sight again
And looked on Jesus dead.

'Now God forgive me wretched man
For the deed that I have done !
I must leave father and mother dear,
And never more come home.

¹ For a discussion of the origin of the legend, and for the possible influence of the Balder story on the Danish version, v. Grundtvig's introduction to 'Den blinde Mand ved Jesu Kors', *D. g. F.*, No. 97.

'Now God forgive me wretched man
 For the sin that I have done!
 I must leave friends and kinsfolk dear,
 And never more come home.'

The quest of the Virgin is hinted at again in that English ballad¹ which sums up in a dozen lines all the sorrow of the Passion :

He bare him up, he bare him down,
 Lully lulley, lully lulley,
 He bare him into an orchard brown,
 The falcon hath borne my make away.

In that orchard there was an hall,
 That was hanged with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
 It was hanged with gold so red.

And in that bed there lieth a knight,
 His woundés bleeding day and night.

By that bed-side kneeleth a may,
 And she weepeth both night and day.

And by that bed-side there standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

One would think that the meaning of this was clear enough. As far as it refers to events in time, it is a poem of the Entombment; far more it is a lament over the Wounded Knight of so much mediaeval allegory, a meditation on the Eternal Sacrifice. It is not necessary even to make it indirect in its reference, an allegory of the Eucharist, of the representation of the Fact rather than of the Fact itself; and any other explanation is merely ingenious.² There is perhaps some

¹ First printed by Flügel, *Neuenglisches Lesebuch*, 1895, and again in *Anglia*, xxvi (Neue Folge, xiv), 1903, pp. 175-6; also in *Songs, Carols, and other miscellaneous poems from the Balliol MS. 352*, ed. by Professor R. Dyboski, p. 86; Chambers and Sidgwick, No. 81.

² As, for example, the attempt of Miss Annie Gilchrist to refer it to the Amfortas legend, in a study full of information but still far too ingenious to be convincing (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 1910, No. 14, pp. 52-66).

interest in noting that the later versions—that quoted above is of the early sixteenth century—develop in two directions: one, Scots of the late eighteenth century,¹ has lost the clue and is purely secular, any lady weeping beside any slain knight; the others, English of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries,² are conscious that the poem is religious, but make an attempt to turn it into a Christmas carol, and elaborate the surroundings of the bed to the destruction of almost all meaning and all suggestive beauty.

There is a curious parallel, which has not, I think, been noticed, in the A version of the Danish *Jesus og Jomfru Maria*:³

Christ was born on Christmas night,

—Praised be Jesus Christ!—

There was a star in heaven set,

—All of the Holy Ghost.

Mary cradled her Son so bright,

She wrapped Him in the linen white.

Mary slept and woke again,

Gone was Jesus, in the cradle had lain.

When Mary saw her Son was lost,

She sought for Him in cold and frost.

She took a staff all in her hand,

And so she went to Israel's land.

And when she came to Israel's land,

She met with Joseph, her dear husband.

'Now welcome, Joseph, my husband dear,

And have you seen Jesus, my own Son dear?'

'I have seen Jesus, your own Son dear,

He walks all in His orchard here.'

Mary went into the orchard fair,

And Jesus stood in the flowers there.

'Now welcome, Jesus, my own dear Child;

Why did you grieve your Mother mild?'

¹ In a note to 'Sir David Graeme', in James Hogg's *Mountain Bard*.

² v. Miss Gilchrist's article and appendices for both these.

³ *D. g. F.*, No. 97.

Jesus answered His Mother dear,
 'May I not pluck my flowers here?

'I pluck the great and the small all day,
 Those that bear thorns I cast away;

'Those that bear thorns I cast away,
 In the mirk for ever to stay.'

If this stood alone it might conceivably be taken as incomplete or as an unusually distorted account of the Finding in the Temple. The Crucifixion is indeed emphasized in the clumsier B version, which seems, however, not to represent the original from which the other has developed, but rather to be a later elaboration of the allusion to thorns—comparable, in fact, to the English elaboration of the surroundings of the bed of the Wounded Knight:

'To-day was I in Jerusalem,
 There was Jesus your own dear Son.

'I heard your Son, I saw your Son,
 A crown of thorns He had on.

'They scourged Him full sore,
 And bitter pain He bore.'

But even without this it is evident on consideration that the A version, like the English ballad, is a meditation on the Sepulchre, though with a suggestion of the triumph of Christ which is not to be found in the English. With that exception the idea is the same: the 'Urtegaard' is the 'orchard brown', and St. Joseph is not, as the ballad-maker or reciter has made him, the Spouse of the Virgin, but St. Joseph of Arimathea.

The sudden transition from cradle to cross need not trouble us; it is due to the mystical standpoint. The Nativity and the Crucifixion are historical events, conditioned by time, but the Incarnation and the Passion are eternal, independent of time: they can be contemplated simultaneously, or with only the interval necessary for the human mind to move from one to the other. That consideration of the eternal facts is the reason of a good many apparent anachronisms and a good many deviations from the

Gospel narrative in the ballads—not of all ; but still, the ballad is not confined to historical order. It is like those pictures of the Holy Family in which a bearded St. John, emaciated by years of sojourn in the desert, adores the Child, or those others, of Madonna and Child or Crucifixion, with kneeling martyrs and confessors in the foreground. There is no anachronism because there is no question of time.¹

The Triumph of Christ is not so frequently celebrated as His Passion. There is, however, a Danish ballad,² only known in eighteenth-century broadsheets, but evidently much older, which completes the history with the Harrowing of Hell, the Resurrection, and the Ascension :

Jesus took His cross in hand,
At the gates of hell He went to stand.

Then John the Baptist began to call,
'I hear the Lord, has redeemed us all ;

'I baptized Him in Jordan's flood,
Now all Christian souls are saved by His blood.'

And Jesus went up from hell again,
And led with Him so joyful a train.

On Good Friday the Lord was laid in tomb,
On Easter morning from death He has come.

Mary Magdalene with her fair golden hair,
She washed His feet with so many a tear.

She washed His feet with so many a tear,
She wiped them after with her fair golden hair.

'Good thanks, Mary Magdalene, for your care ;
Tell my Mother, from death I have come back here.'

And Jesus went up to heaven again,
And led with Him so joyful a train.

Now have Jesus' woes their end,
May God His mercy to all men send ;

¹ There is the same view of the facts in eternity, independent of time and space, in *The Dream of the Rood*.

² Grundtvig, *Udvalg*, 'Korset og Kronen'.

Now our song is over and past,
God bring us all to heaven at last !

Beyond this there are half or wholly mystical ballads, such as *Des Sultans Töchterlein* with its sudden outburst of ecstasy—

‘O Lieb, wie ist dein Herz so rot,
Dein’ Hände tragen Rosen’

—and there are those ballads in which the Mother appeals successfully for unhappy souls against the judgement of saints and angels. But they do not come within the scope of this essay, and with the Ascension there must be an end.

April 1923.

EDITH C. BATHO.

JOSEPH WARTON

A COMPARISON OF HIS *ESSAY ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF POPE* WITH HIS EDITION OF POPE'S WORKS

WHEN Joseph Warton, in the first volume of his *Essay*, in 1756, insisted that Pope was a great wit but that he was not among the greatest poets, he sounded the knell of the old order of criticism. For his was no tentative or half-hearted assault on the tenets of the prevailing school, but an attack on its central position. Warton is not abusive: on the contrary he is warmly appreciative both of Pope's genius and of his writings. But he formulates clearly, forcibly, and in detail, the reasons why didactic and moralizing poetry must fall below the highest, and his reasons, whatever the opposition they found from Warburton and his betters, are incontrovertible and have prevailed. Johnson's explanation of Warton's delay in publishing the second volume of the *Essay*, which did not appear until 1782, that 'he finds himself a little disappointed in not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope', whatever justification it may have had when it was made, has long ceased to represent the judgement either of critics or readers. The present age is agreed that the object of poetry is neither edification nor moral instruction, and that Pope, 'however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa* and *Rape of the Lock*', is 'not, assuredly in the same rank with *Spencer*, *Shakespeare*, and *Milton*'.

The *Essay* is, indeed, an elaboration of the 'curious' statement made by the demon Asmodeo, in Warton's prose satire of *Ranelagh House*, published as early as 1747, when its author was but five-and-twenty, that 'Mr. Pope took his Place in the Elysian Fields not among the Poets but the Philosophers, and that he was more fond of Socrates's company

than Homer's'. If *The Enthusiast*, with its aggressive title, in itself a challenge to contemporary 'common sense', really dates from 1740, Joseph Warton's rebellion against neo-classicism began very early and grew with his growth.¹

But the importance of the *Essay* is not merely that of conscious revolt. It sets up new models to take the place of the old; 'a creative and glowing imagination' is contrasted with 'a clear head and acute understanding', which 'are not sufficient, alone, to make a poet'; 'relish and enjoyment of poetry' are a safer guide than the 'Rules'; readers who desire help from the critics are referred to Aristotle, the 'fountainhead', in preference to Le Bossu, Brumoy or even Boileau himself, while Italian poets are praised in contradistinction to the French. The *Essay* is notable, among other things, for one of the earliest examples in England of detailed knowledge and admiration of Dante.

Joseph Warton's learning is multifarious, and while some of it, like the excursus on Dante, is introduced to the purpose, many of his digressions are forced and irrelevant. He seems unable to leave out a single story that he has heard; every reference must be elaborated; if no place can be found in the text for his erudition or love of gossip, then he must include them in a footnote.

The *Essay on Pope* is one of the most discursive and rambling works of criticism in the English language, lacking in the method and order which might be supposed essential to such an undertaking, had not this exhilarating work been produced without them.

Warton's learning is typical of the old Gargantuan appetite for knowledge, which was no longer common in his own day,

¹ See *Advertisement to Odes on Various Subjects*, 1746:

'The Public has been so much accustom'd of late to didactic Poetry alone, and Essays on moral Subjects, that any work where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralising in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon Invention and Imagination to be the chief faculties of a Poet, so he will be happy if the following Odes may be look'd upon as an attempt to bring back Poetry into its right channel.'

and is reminiscent of the seventeenth century rather than of the eighteenth. His reading was extraordinarily wide and his taste was catholic. He belonged to the new age in his capacity for appreciating authors of very varying degrees of merit, and, while he does not underrate the writers of the classical school, he has first-hand knowledge and sound understanding of the merits of men as different in genius as Chaucer and Spenser and Milton and Dryden; Dante and Voltaire; Boccaccio and Cervantes. Not many of Warton's contemporaries, one imagines, could have written with equal security upon all of these, not to mention the hundreds of other authors, ancient and modern, writers of verse, philosophy, history, biography or criticism, to whom he refers.

Dragged in as the references often are, Warton shows that he can keep his head and form a balanced judgement, even when he obviously prides himself upon his discoveries or resuscitations. This too is significant of the newly developed historical sense. He understands the value of comparative criticism and does not expect from Chaucer, for example, the same kind of merit as he finds in Pope. On the other hand, he has a conception of growth and of continuity in art, and the very stress that he lays upon the need for imagination rather than mechanical correctness in poetry, enables him to admire spontaneity, music, even 'enthusiasm', though these, as in the case of *The Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (pp. 37 et seq., ed. 1782), are gained at the expense of smoothness and the 'Rules'. It is characteristic of Warton, that he discovers in this ode, 'which, by the way is not sufficiently read nor admired'¹ the seeds of that boundless imagination, which afterwards was to produce the *Paradise Lost*. This does not prevent him from pointing out 'one or two passages, that are puerile and affected, to a degree not to be paralleled in the purer, but less elevated, compositions of Pope' (p. 40). Nor should we omit to notice that he accounts for the conceits

¹ Milton's early poems were republished for the first time by Dr. Thomas Warton, the younger, in 1785, but his father had already discovered and praised them, as is faithfully recorded in the preface to that edition.

by referring to Milton's familiarity with the Italians, in one case definitely pointing out the resemblance to Petrarch's third sonnet. The last paragraph on the *Nativity Ode* is typical of a mannerism of Warton which has already been mentioned: 'It is enough, in the words of Voltaire, (sic) to think one perceives some errors in this great genius', &c.

It must not be supposed, however, that Warton's appeals to authority indicate anything more than his desire to display his wide reading. His independence is as remarkable as one would expect from a critic who, in 1756, ventured to disparage Pope. His attitude to the 'Rules' is an instance in point. In this connexion he quotes with approval Dr. Johnson's well-known remark in the *Rambler*, No. 156: 'It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom, or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of any beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules, where no literary dictator had authority to prescribe.' Warton goes on to distinguish between 'fundamental and indispensable rules which nature and necessity dictate . . . such for instance, as . . . that the action of the epopea be one, great and entire', and 'the scrupulous nicety of those, who bind themselves to obey frivolous and unimportant laws; such as, . . . that every tragedy should consist of five acts'. His common sense is equally noticeable in his treatment of the drama and the use of the chorus (i. 71) or in his admirable remarks on the subject of literary plagiarism (i. 90-8). Quite as sensible, but perhaps even more original at the time when he was writing, is his marked preference for particular as contrasted with general terms.¹ He displays this in various places, but never more clearly than in his analysis of Thom-

¹ Cf. p. 335: 'What distinguishes Homer and Shakespear from all other poets, is, that they do not give their readers GENERAL ideas: every image is the particular and unalienable property of the person that uses it; it is suited to no other; it is made for him or her alone.' See also vol. ii, pp. 165 and 175.

son's descriptive powers. He is here very palpably on the side of the new poetry that was still in its infancy, and the whole passage, from i. 42 onwards, is worth careful study as illustrating Warton's independence, force and modernity. 'If our poets', he concludes, 'would accustom themselves to contemplate fully every object, before they attempted to describe it, they would not fail of giving their readers more new and more complete images than they generally do.' In another place he refers to 'the nauseous affectation of expressing everything pompously and poetically' (i. 147). Wordsworth himself could say no more. As an example of '*clear, complete, and circumstantial* images' which turn '*readers into spectators*', Warton quotes two famous passages from Pope's *Moral Epistles*, the description of the deserted hall (verse 187), and of 'the worst inn's worst room', where 'Great Villers lies' (verse 399). He even adds that 'among the other fortunate circumstances that attended Homer, it was not one of the least, that he wrote before *general* and *abstract* terms were invented. Hence his Muse (like his own Helen standing on the walls of Troy) points out every *person*, and *thing*, accurately and forcibly.' Book X of the *Iliad* provides the critic with the classical examples he requires for comparison with those just cited from Pope, and for purposes of contrast with 'the unfinished, half-formed figures, presented to us by many modern writers'.

Warton's way of finding analogies between ancient and modern writers, and, indeed, of drawing even upon mediaeval and 'Gothic' authors, is due to the habit of mind which is accustomed to consider literature, and all knowledge as one great whole. This, the truly scholarly point of view, which does away with any danger that may otherwise arise from over-specialization, accounts for Warton's sane outlook in many directions. Thus he has the same kind of interest in research and in literary beginnings—perhaps first aroused by Pope's own abortive scheme for a history of literature—as that displayed by his brother. There are many passages in the *Essay on Pope* which remind the reader of the *Observations upon the Faerie Queene*, and of the *History of*

English Poetry. Joseph Warton, like Thomas, deserves Johnson's praise for having shown 'to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success by directing them to the perusal of the books which those authors read'. But he does much more than this, and his antiquarianism is quite deliberate and not in the least pedantic in essence, whatever it may sometimes superficially appear. 'The origin and progress of poetry,' he says boldly, eighteen years before the publication of the first volume of his brother's *History*, 'is a subject of no small utility. For the manners and customs, the different ways of thinking and of living, the favourite passions, pursuits, and pleasures of men, appear in no writings so strongly marked as in the works of the poets in their respective ages; so that in these compositions, the historian, the moralist, the politician, and the philosopher, may, each of them, meet with abundant matter for reflection and observation.' But he is modern in his faith that poetry is not merely the handmaid of history and philosophy, and that its purely aesthetic value is not to be forgotten: thus 'it is always pleasing . . . to look back to the rude beginnings of any art, brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace'. These 'general statements' are supported by a number of 'particularizations' scattered throughout the two volumes. There is, for instance, the discovery, as it seems to be, of the source of Chaucer's tale of Palamon and Arcite in 'the Theseida of Boccace'; at any rate, the note which appears in the appendix to the third edition (1772) of the *Essay*, and is incorporated in the text of the fourth² (1782), referring to Niceron's memoirs, has no parallel either in T. Warton, or in Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer. And there are other investigations into the 'analogues and originals', not only of Chaucer, but of Spenser, Gray, and many other writers, English and foreign. He cannot, for instance, forbear to quote two stanzas of the 'old Runic ode' containing 'the dying words of Ludbrog' (i. 375), which was to prove of great importance in the contemporary revival of Scandinavian studies in England.

Again, Warton makes, almost in the same words, Hurd's

¹ Vol. i, p. 348.

² Vol. i, pp. 352-3.

distinction between 'good sense' and 'fine fabling' (*Letters on Chivalry and Romance*). Here is the chief passage in question (i. 366): 'Since the time that poetry has been forced to assume a more sober, and perhaps a more rational air, it scarcely ventures to enter these fairy regions. There are some however, who think it has suffered by deserting these fields of fancy, and by totally laying aside the descriptions of magic and enchantment. . . . The mind naturally loves to lose itself in one of these wildernesses, and to forget the hurry, the noise, and splendor of more polished life.' Like Hurd again, he is impressed by Horace's 'dreadful character of Canidia', but on the same page (i. 401-2) there is a note which must have horrified the orthodox critics: 'These *gothic charms* are in truth more striking to the imagination than the *classical*. The magicians of Ariosto, Tasso, and Spencer, have more powerful spells, than those of Apollonius, Seneca, and Lucan. . . . Who, that sees the sable *plumes* waving on the prodigious helmet, in the castle of Otranto, and the gigantic *arm* on the top of the *great staircase*, is not more affected than with the paintings of Ovid and Apuleius? What a group of dreadful images do we meet with in the *Edda*? The Runic poetry abounds in them. Such is Gray's *thrilling* Ode on the Descent of *Odin*. 'Tis remarkable, that the idea of the Fatal Sisters weaving the Danish standard bears a marvellous resemblance to a passage in Sophocles (*Ajax*, v. 1053).' After this, Warton need not trouble to tell us, when he deals with the anachronism of making classical personages take part in tournaments (in *The Knight's Tale*), that 'the mind is whirled away by a torrent of rapid imagery, and propriety is forgot' (ii. 17). Even without the italics, we should know that Joseph Warton was 'thrilled' by the experiments of Gray and by the first of the *Tales of Terror and Wonder*, and that he was interested in the late 'fashionable' imitations of Spenser (ii. 37).

But his openness to new impressions does not disqualify him for appreciation of what is more generally commended in his own age. When he criticizes the *Essay on Man*, he is not nearly so scathing as Dr. Johnson, and at one point

(ii. 76-7) is almost 'tempted to retract' his earlier statement 'that there is nothing transcendently sublime in Pope'. Similarly, he praises Pope's versification for its real merits, and not for 'scrupulously avoiding' the use of the alexandrine and the triplet, by means of which Dryden often introduces variety. He notes Pope's conciseness and epigrammatic force, his restraint and wisdom in the use of epithets and antitheses, and the way in which he changes the position of his pause, intermixes iambic and trochaic feet (ii. 156), and diversifies his rimes.

Warton's interest in versification is always noticeable, and he has much to say about Milton's blank verse as well as of the couplets of Pope. It is clear from the manner in which he scoffs at the idea of an epic in heroic couplets (ii. 154) that he has a just perception of their limitations as well as of their merits. This is what we should expect after hearing his opinions on 'correctness' (ii. 206), on style generally, and on the difficulty of dramatic as contrasted with descriptive poetry (ii. 15). He notes too, that in ages when criticism flourishes, there is commonly a lack of great creative works (i. 209, 210), and this observation makes him distrust 'a rigid regard to the dictates of art' as engendering 'timidity and caution', which confine and debilitate the natural powers. He is afraid lest 'that philosophical, that geometrical and systematical spirit so much in vogue, which has spread itself from the sciences even into polite literature, by consulting only REASON, has not diminished and destroyed SENTIMENT; and made our poets write from and to the HEAD rather than the HEART'; and thinks (i. 161) 'that the progress of . . . the belles lettres, was perhaps obstructed by the institution of the Royal Society; which turned the thoughts of men of genius to physical enquiries'.

Joseph Warton's temperament is revealed in every page of the *Essay*, and this self-portrayal is carried further by the edition of Pope's *Works*, first published in 1797. The notes in that edition are, like the *Essay*, garrulous, irrelevant, and sometimes, when Warburton is in question, malicious as well. But they make very good reading, and not least to a student

of the *Essay*. For Warton cannot bear that anything shall be lost that has been given to the world in his earlier work. So he pieces together his notes from the *Essay*, one bit of it here, another there, until the whole may be found scattered through the nine volumes of Pope's *Works*. Any one who cares to collate in detail the 'parallel passages' may convince himself of the exaggerated importance Warton attached to anything he had once written. The task resembles the putting-together of a gigantic jig-saw puzzle, and one feels that Warton would have given himself less trouble had he been content to re-write some of his notes instead of laboriously piecing them together in this fashion.

Sometimes the alterations are merely verbal, or corrections in punctuation or spelling or grammar. More interesting are the changes which, while incorporating the original words, add something to qualify their meaning. Thus in the *Essay*, vol. ii, p. 380, lines 14-16, speaking of the *Dunciad*, Warton says: 'In Book II, the filthiness of the images v. 93, and v. 160, is extremely offensive and disgusting.' In 1797, this has become (vol. v, p. 137, verse 93): 'Never were images, abominably low and disgusting, elevated and expressed in finer language than from hence to verse 208. What an abuse of talents to compose such lines on such a subject?' and (p. 146, verse 162) 'No wit can atone for the meanness, filthiness, and vulgarity, of this contest...' Or, *Essay*, ii, 404, lines 5-7: 'This life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, is the only imitation we have of the *serious* manner of *Cervantes*', which reads, *Works*, vol. vi, p. 63: 'Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the History of Ouffe, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of *Cervantes*'; or, *Essay*, i, p. 238, lines 7-11: 'The celebrated raillery of Addison on the hoop-petticoat, has nothing equal to the following circumstance; which marks the difficulty of guarding a part of dress of such high consequence', which reads, *Works*, i. 300, verse 118: 'It is impossible here not to recollect that matchless piece of raillery and exquisite humour, of Addison, in

the 127th *Spectator*, on this important part of female dress.' Or, as a final example of this type of alteration, there is the commentary on verse 267 et seq. of *The Essay on Man* ('All are but parts of one stupendous whole. . . . He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all'). 'These lines,' says Warton in the *Essay*, ii. 77, line 6, 'have all the energy and harmony that can be given to rhyme. They bear so marvellous a similitude to the old Orphic verses quoted in the valuable treatise *περὶ κόσμου*, that I cannot forbear introducing them as they are curious and sublime', &c. In the note to verse 267, *Works*, vol. iii, p. 42, this reads: 'These are lines of a marvellous energy and closeness of expression. They are exactly like the old Orphic verses quoted in Aristotle, *De Mundo*, Edit. Lugd. folio, 1590, p. 378, and line 289 as minutely resembles the doctrine of the sublime hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic; not that I imagine Pope or Bolingbroke ever read that hymn, especially the latter, who was ignorant of Greek.'

More rarely, Warton sees cause to reverse his first opinion altogether. An example occurs in his discussion of verse 56 et seq. of *The Essay on Criticism*:

'In the soul while MEMORY prevails,
The solid pow'r of UNDERSTANDING fails;
Where beams of bright IMAGINATION play,
The MEMORY's soft figures melt away.'

In the *Essay*, i, pp. 118-19, Warton comments as follows: 'I hardly believe there is in any language a metaphor more appositely applied, or more elegantly expressed, than this of the effects of the warmth of fancy. . . . With respect to the truth of this observation of Pope, experience abundantly evinceth, that the three great faculties of the soul here spoken of are seldom found united in the same person. There have yet existed but a few transcendent geniuses, who have been singularly blest with this rare assemblage of different talents.' But in 1797 his criticism is different: 'The beauty of imagery in these lines should not make us blind to the want of justness in the thought. To represent strength of memory as incompatible with solidity of understanding, is so obviously

contrary to fact, that I presume the author had in his eye only the case of extraordinary memory for names, dates, and things which offer no ideas to the mind; which has, indeed, been often displayed in great perfection by mere idiots. For, it is difficult to conceive how the faculty of judgement, which consists in the comparison of different ideas, can at all be exercised without the power of storing up ideas in the mind and calling them forth when required. From the second couplet, apparently meant to be the converse of the first, one would suppose that he consulted the understanding and the imagination in the same faculty, else the counterpart is defective. Further, so far is it from being true, that imagination obliterates the figures of memory, that the circumstance which causes a thing to be remembered is principally its being associated with other ideas by the agency of the imagination. If the poet only meant, that those ideas about which imagination is occupied, are apt to exclude ideas of a different kind, the remark is true, but it should have been differently expressed . . .'

So complete a *volte-face* is uncommon in our author: the 'years that bring the philosophic mind' leave him, as a rule, singularly unchanged. This accounts for far the most amusing parallels to be found between the *Essay* and the notes to the *Works*, the passages, to which reference has already been made, consisting of a rehash of remarks, often not worth repetition at all, that are served up from different scattered chapters of the *Essay*. A very few of the more flagrant instances may be cited: 'Near the end of vol. ii, p. 400, there is a footnote to the name 'Wyndham' which occurs in some verses quoted from the *Lines on a Grotto*. This note is itself characteristic of Warton's desire to give all he can, whether his information happens to be apposite or the reverse. Wyndham, he says, 'was one of the most able' of the 'patriots' who opposed Sir Robert Walpole. 'Indeed, almost all the men of wit and genius in the kingdom opposed this minister', although he paid an enormous sum to 'dull scribblers in his defence. Soon after', so he continues with admirably unashamed lack of continuity, 'Mr. Glover had published his

Leonidas . . . he passed some days with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, where they were one evening honoured with the company of the Prince of Wales, attended by Mr. Lyttelton.' Mr. Lyttelton it appears was anxious to prevent 'the prince from riding a vicious horse he was fond of', and so on, with a quite irrelevant and not very pointed story. This footnote is bodily transferred to the life of Pope, p. lxi, which forms vol. i of the *Works*, instead of being introduced somehow—one feels sure Warton would have been capable of inventing an excuse, or of inserting it without one—between pp. 330 and 350 of vol. ii of the *Works*, where the rest of this particular section of the *Essay* has been chopped up in his usual manner.

Similarly, the *Essay*, vol. ii, *circa* p. 220, is in process of being carved into notes for vol. iv of the *Works*. But suddenly the careful reader observes (pp. 18-19) that Warburton's notes (not Warton's) on verses 127-30, are almost verbally the same as ¹ passages with which he is familiar in vol. i, pp. 78-83 of the *Essay*. Whether Warton or Warburton be the 'original' writer of these passages, it is impossible to say, nor is it of much importance, since the matter is 'lifted' bodily from Spence's Anecdotes about Pope's boyhood. As Warburton mentions this fact, and Warton does not, we are inclined to suspect Warton of the double trespass.

Again, vol. i, *circa* p. 300 is serving the purpose of providing notes to the *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated. The First Epistle of the First Book, Works*, vol. ii, *circa* p. 20. A passage (*q.v.*) about Fenton, pp. 306-8, including footnotes, cannot conveniently be dragged in at this stage, so it is saved up for a note on p. 401, of the same volume of the *Works*, where the whole is compressed and used once more as follows:

'His integrity, his learning, and his genius, deserved this character; it is not in any respect over-wrought. His poems

¹ *Essay*, vol. i, p. 80, lines 7-11, correspond to the first lines of the note to verse 127 on p. 18, vol. iv of the *Works*. Then follows the substance of p. 81, line 17 to p. 83, line 11. *Essay*, p. 80, lines 11-20, correspond to *Works*, iv. 19, note to verse 130.

are not sufficiently read and admired. The Epistles to Southerne, the Ode to the Sun, the Fair Nun, and, above all, the Ode to Lord Gower, are excellent. Akenside frequently said to me, that he thought this Ode the best in our language, next to Alexander's Feast. "I envy Fenton," said Pope to Mr. Walter Harte, "his Horatian Epistle to Lambard". Parts of *Mariamne* are beautiful, and it ought to take its turn on the stage. Just before he died, Fenton was introduced into Mr. Cragg's family by Pope's recommendation.'

As a final consummate, but by no means unique, example, we may take the *Works*, vol. i, pp. lxxviii-lxx, from the *Life of Pope*, and compare them with the *Essay*, vol. ii, p. 408, line 5, down to p. 410, line 19:

Works, vol. i, pp. lxxviii, line 5-lxx, *Life of Pope*.

Essay, vol. ii, p. 408, line 5, down to p. 410, line 19.

His whole thoughts, time, and talents were spent on his Works alone: which Works, if we dispassionately and carefully review, we shall find, that the largest portion of them, for he attempted nothing of the epic or dramatic, is of the didactic, moral, and satiric kind; and consequently not of the most poetic species of Poetry.¹ There is nothing in so sublime a style as the Bard of Gray. This is a matter of *fact*, not of *reasoning*; and means to point out, what Pope *has actually done*, not what, if he had put out his full strength, he was *capable of doing*. No man can possibly think, or can hint, that the Author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Eloisa*, wanted *imagination*, or *sensibility*, or *pathetic*; but he

Thus have I endeavoured to give a critical account, with freedom, but it is hoped with impartiality, of each of Pope's works; by which review it will appear, that the *largest* portion of them is of the *didactic, moral, and satyric* kind; and consequently, not of the most *poetic* species of *poetry*; whence it is manifest, that ²*good sense* and *judgment* were his characteristical excellencies, rather than *fancy* and *invention*; not that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Eloisa*, can be thought to want *imagination*, but because his *imagination* was not his predominant talent, because he indulged it not, and because he gave not so many proofs of *this* talent as of the other.²

¹ These are the concluding words (p. 411), slightly altered, of the *Essay*.

² Cf. *Works*, p. lxx [post, p. 113].

Works, &c.

certainly did not so often indulge and exert those talents, nor give so many proofs of them, as he did of strong sense and judgment. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he studied *Boileau* attentively; formed himself upon *him*, as Milton formed himself upon the Grecian and Italian Sons of *Fancy*. He stuck to describing *modern manners*; but these *manners*, because they are *familiar, uniform, artificial, and polished*, are, for these *four* reasons, in their very nature *unfit* for any lofty effort of the Muse. He gradually became one of the most correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote; but yet with (p. lxix) force and spirit, finishing his pieces with a patience, a care, and assiduity, that no business nor avocation ever interrupted; so that if he does not frequently ravish and transport his reader, like his Master *Dryden*, yet he does not so often disgust him, like *Dryden*, with unexpected inequalities and absurd improprieties. He is never above or below his subject. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and suppressed.

The perusal of him, in most of his pieces, affects not our minds with such strong emotions as we feel from *Homer* and *Milton*; so that no man, of a true poetical

Essay, &c.

This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he studied *Boileau* attentively; formed himself upon *him*, as *Milton* formed himself upon the Grecian and Italian sons of *Fancy*. He stuck to describing *modern manners*; but those *manners*, because they are *familiar, uniform, artificial, and polished*, are, in their very nature, unfit for any lofty effort of the Muse. He gradually (p. 409) became one of the most correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote; polishing his pieces with a care and assiduity that no business or avocation ever interrupted; so that if he does not frequently ravish and transport his reader, yet he does not disgust him with unexpected inequalities, and absurd improprieties. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and stifled.

The perusal of him affects not our minds with such strong emotions as we feel from *Homer* and *Milton*; so that no man of a true poetical spirit, is master of

Works, &c.

spirit, is master of himself while he reads them. Hence he is a writer fit for universal perusal, and of general utility; adapted to all ages and all stations; for the old and for the young; the man of business and the scholar.

He who would think, and these are many such, the *Fairy Queen*, *Palamon and Arcite*, the *Tempest*, or *Comus*, childish and romantic, may relish Pope. Surely it is no narrow, nor invidious, nor niggardly encomium to say, he is the great Poet of Reason; the *First* of *Ethical* Authors in Verse; which he was by choice, not necessity.

And this species of writing is, after all, the surest road to an extensive and immediate reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more exalted and genuine poetry. *Waller* was more applauded than the *Paradise Lost*; and we all remember when *Churchill* was more in vogue than *Gray*.

(p. lxx.) We live in a reasoning and prosaic age. The forests of Fairy-land have been rooted up and destroyed; the castles and the palaces of Fancy are in ruins; the magic wand of Prospero is broken and buried many fathoms in the earth. *Telemachus* was so universally read and admired in France, not so much

Essay, &c.

himself while he reads them. Hence, he is a writer fit for universal perusal; adapted to all ages and stations; for the old and the young; the man of business and the scholar.

He who would think the *Faery Queen*, *Palamon and Arcite*, the *Tempest* or *Comus*, childish and romantic, might relish POPE. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to say he is the great Poet of Reason, the *First* of *Ethical* authors in verse.

And this species of writing is, after all, the surest (p. 410) road to an extensive reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more genuine poetry. We all remember when even a *Churchill* was more in vogue than a *Gray*.

*Works, &c.**Essay, &c.*

on account of the poetical images and the fine imitations of Homer which it contained, but for the many artful and satirical allusions to the profligate court of Louis XIV. scattered up and down. He that treats of fashionable follies, and the topics of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, as Dryden did in his *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, finds many readers, whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies, and who love politics far more than poetry.

The name of *Chesterfield* on one hand, and of *Walpole* on the other, failed not to make a Poem bought up, and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and the Satires which ridiculed, well-known and real characters at Rome, were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the *Æneid* and the *Georgic* of Virgil.¹ Malignant and insensible must be the critic, who should impotently dare to assert, that *Pope* wanted *genius* and *imagination*; but perhaps it may safely be affirmed, that his *peculiar* and *characteristical* excellencies were good sense and judgment.¹ And this was the opinion of Atterbury and Bolingbroke;² and it was also his own opinion. . . .

He that treats of fashionable follies, and the topics of the day, that describes present persons and recent events, finds many readers, whose understandings and whose passions he gratifies. The name of *Chesterfield* on one hand, and of *Walpole* on the other, failed not to make a poem bought up and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and the satires which ridiculed, well-known and real characters at Rome were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the *Æneid* and the *Georgic* of Virgil.

¹ Cf. *Essay*, vol. ii, p. 408 [*ante*, p. 110].

² Cf. note to verse 38 of the 'Essay on Man' in the *Essay*, vol. i, p. 117.

One's opinion of Warton's critical ability, at any rate in so far as he applies it to his own writings, is not enhanced by a detailed examination of these methods of note-compiling. It would, however, be unwise to allow his little vanities and his self-satisfaction to blind us to the value of his pioneer work in the *Essay* and elsewhere. His edition of Pope would in any case have been superseded by the achievement of Messrs. Elwin and Courthope; but no modern writer could, in the nature of things, have filled the place which is taken by the author of the *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*.

EDITH J. MORLEY.

ON THE TEACHING OF CASE

THE employment of the term Case in Modern English grammar is beset with difficulties which never presented themselves acutely in the traditional teaching of Greek and Latin. It is true that the old grammars used the term equivocally : at one time to denote inflexional modifications of noun-stems, at another to signify noun-relations ; but in practice the lack of clear definition did not much matter, since it did not hinder in the Grammar Schools the study of word-forms in the closest connexion with the ideas of noun-relation which they express.

When the attempt is made to express these ideas in English, most of the word-forms are found wanting. In the good old days when grammar meant Latin grammar, no trouble arose : the phenomena of Latin were accepted without question as the standard on which to measure the phenomena of English. The disadvantage of this method was that the pupil necessarily felt his own language to be irregular, imperfect, and inferior. But an advantage, now frequently overlooked, was that he was forced to weigh and contrast widely diverging methods of linguistic expression, and thus, even if he despised its forms, to appreciate the varied functions *inter alia* of the noun in English.

Now, however, that we are concerned with teaching the grammar of a language in which inflexional word-form is but a subordinate means of linguistic expression, the old ambiguous terminology is no longer adequate. But a glance at almost any English School grammar will reveal the fact that it is still in use ;¹ which perhaps helps to explain the fact that

¹ Even the compilers of the *Report of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology* (revised 1911) have not been able to free themselves from it. In one and the same paragraph they state that 'the distinction between the Accusative and the Dative of Nouns in sentences which have

most healthy English children have a strong aversion from grammatical studies.

Fortunately there are signs of widespread dissatisfaction with this state of affairs, and of some searching for a way out.

It is good to note that English people are at last beginning to pay attention to the work of one great philologist, Henry Sweet, now that the value of his conclusions has been assured by their acceptance by several distinguished foreign scholars.

'The first business of grammar', wrote Sweet, over thirty years ago, 'is to observe the facts and phenomena with which it has to deal.'

Now in his treatment of Case, Sweet appears, at the first glance, to restrict himself to this first business. In his view there are only two Cases in Modern English, the 'common' case and the genitive. That is to say, Case is identified with word-form, with the bare noun-stem and the noun-stem inflected. This view is, of course, not confined to Sweet, but its spread in this country is largely due to his authority.

The advantages of Sweet's methods are many. In treating English grammar independently of Latin, it breaks with tradition, and thus not only paves the way for an unbiased study of facts but encourages the beginner to observe in a scientific spirit the things nearest to hand. By giving a precise meaning to the terms employed, it discourages slipshod thinking. In simplifying English accidence and bringing its study within the reach of persons who know no Latin, it helps towards the spread of English as a universal language.

But in its application to Case, Sweet's method seems to carry with it two disadvantages.

The first, not inherent in his work, lies in the danger of its faulty application in the class-room. The very simplicity which benefits the foreigner may mean real loss to the native, unless the difference in aim between instruction in foreign grammar and instruction in the Mother tongue be continually borne in mind. To quote Sweet again, 'We study the grammar

both Cases is marked by their order in the sentence', and that 'the term Case is necessary even for English Grammar by itself, in view of the surviving inflexions'.

of our own language for other objects than those for which we study the grammar of foreign languages. We do not study grammar in order to get a practical mastery of our own language, because in the nature of things we must have that mastery before we begin to study grammar at all. Nor is grammar of much use in correcting vulgarisms, provincialisms, and other linguistic defects, for these are more dependent on social influence at home and at school than on grammatical training'.

The Chinese student of English who has learnt the accident of the English noun in half an hour, must devote half a lifetime to comparing, contrasting, and weighing the English and the Chinese ways of expressing like ideas. In a very different position from such a student are the vast majority of our children, destined to learn either no language but their own, or at most some smatterings by the 'direct method'. The weighing of different means of expressing ideas will not necessarily suggest itself after their school-days—successful careers as journalists, financiers, and politicians, will be open to them without it. They are exposed, therefore, to the double risk of missing an early mental training of incalculable worth and of losing all chance of arriving at a just estimate of the grammatical values of the phenomena of their own language, unless the simplification of the forms of grammar makes room for a more intensive study of its functions. However, there are signs of an increasing interest in such study, and in the schools a number of first-class teachers are giving increasing prominence to this side of their subject,¹ in spite of the inadequacy of many of the school text-books.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this aspect of grammar was not overlooked by so profound a scholar as Sweet, even though he did devote more space in his published works to the 'first business' of grammar, the classification of phenomena. 'The native language', declared Sweet, 'should be studied from the point of view of general grammar. We

¹ Since this was penned one has had the pleasure of perusing a new and lively presentation of this method of teaching: *A New Outline Grammar of Function*, by Messrs. Palser and Lewis.

thus learn to compare the grammatical phenomena of our own language with those of other languages, and to criticize impartially its defects, so that we are better prepared for the divergent grammatical structure of other languages. In this way the study of English grammar is the best possible preparation for the study of foreign languages.' General, or philosophical, grammar, he explains, 'is not concerned with the details of one special language or family of languages, but with the general principles which underlie the grammatical phenomena of all languages.' This is indeed something very different from restricting the business of grammar to its first business, the noting of phenomena.

Now no one outside a mad-house would suggest that of the more advanced grammatical teaching anything beyond the merest elements should or could be given in our Elementary Schools; but there is no reason why the grammar taught to pupils of different degrees of intelligence should be based on fundamentally different principles; and there is every reason why all teachers of grammar should be encouraged to interest themselves in the general principles which underlie their subject.

The second disadvantage in Sweet's account of Case is that the narrowness of his term makes the application of these same general principles difficult, if not impossible.

It is an established fact that, with the exception of the languages spoken by an insignificant number of mentally undeveloped savage tribes, every known tongue has one or more means of expressing the relation in which the idea behind each noun stands to the ideas behind the other parts of the sentence. These methods include the use of suffixes, prefixes, prepositions, postpositions, tone, and word-order. To single out one of these means, namely suffixes, to the total disregard of the rest, is unprofitable. Besides hindering the comparative study of grammar, it gives a false idea of values; and one might add that although it has sprung from the teaching of Greek and Latin it presents but a one-sided view even of these languages. Yet all the world knows that by prepositions Greek more than made up for the loss of three

earlier suffixed case-forms, and quite a number of persons are aware that by particles and word-order English as well as Chinese can express more precise conceptual relations than may reasonably be postulated of that most highly inflected language, Proto-Indo-European.

Now all students who have sat at the feet of our great philologist are aware that no one has realized more than he the equal value of *all* the various existing methods of expressing noun-relation. All the more then does one regret his restriction of the term Case to one of them; for by such restriction we deprive ourselves of a useful term which might comprehend them all.

This widest extension of the term Case has been employed to great advantage by the philosopher Wilhelm Wundt.¹ One may perhaps attempt a definition² of the term thus extended: 'Case is the linguistic expression of the relation in which an idea signified by a noun stands to the ideas signified by other component parts of the sentence.'

It would doubtless be possible to find a new term to express this wide meaning of Case; but it is difficult to see any advantage in so doing, since the narrow term employed by Sweet and his school is much more conveniently emended by substituting for it some such expression as case-form, case-suffix, or case-inflection. If by so doing we reduce the Modern English case-forms from two to one, viz. the genitive, no great harm will ensue.

Apart from its value to the student of general grammar, Wundt's exposition of Case would seem to be of practical use to those concerned with the parallel study of two or more languages in our Secondary Schools. Indeed, without some such theoretical basis, any attempted parallelism must inevitably lead to the false equation of dissimilars.

Starting from general psychological principles, and making use of a comprehensive survey of the structure of some hundreds of languages, Wundt shows that all Cases of which

¹ *Völkerpsychologie*, 2. *Die Sprache*, 2.

² Based on that given by the eminent syntactician Max Deutschbein in his *System der neuenglischen Syntax*, § 116 (Cöthen, 1917).

we have any record fall into two groups. In the one kind of Case he finds that the noun-stem alone, without addition of suffixes, prepositions, or postpositions, is able¹ adequately to express the relation in which the noun stands to the rest of the sentence; whereas in the other kind the addition of some such more precisely determining element is essential to the clear understanding of the relation. Other characteristics of the two groups are, that the first embraces neither more nor less than *four* Cases, which are found in all but the most undeveloped languages; whereas the number and choice of the Cases included in the second group varies within exceedingly wide limits in all the numerous and widely diverging languages which have been examined from this standpoint. The two groups differ in yet another respect. The four Cases of the first group express relations which are essentially conceptual; while the practically unlimited number of Cases of the second group primarily express perceptual relations mainly of space and time.

The first group, then, consists of the constant four Internal² Cases; the second contains the External² Cases of unlimited number and variety. Wundt shows that all linguistic evolution tends to bring the manifold Cases and case-forms of the second group into close connexion with the non-subject Cases of the first group, and also that at no stage of evolution is any language able to dispense with the first group. This group therefore embraces the Fundamental Cases.

Now these four Internal or Fundamental Cases are none other than our old friends, the Nominative or Subject Case, the Accusative or Direct Object Case, the Dative or Indirect Object Case, and the Genitive or Appertinent Case. It might seem then at first sight that the old grammarians, although starting from false premises, reached conclusions which have been justified by modern psychological and linguistic science. The resemblance, however, between the old view and that set

¹ Note the words 'is able to'. For an explanation of the processes of development by which e.g. Greek came to express just these relations by inflexion, reference may be made to Wundt's own account.

² 'Kasus der inneren und der äusseren Determination der Begriffe.'

forth by Wundt is a surface one: between them are two fundamental differences. In the first place the old grammarians employ the term Case sometimes to denote noun-relation, sometimes the forms by which it is expressed. In the second place, the formal means of expression recognized by them is only one of the several equivalents which language employs, and indeed not the only formal means employed by the languages from which their conclusions are derived. It is obvious that since this particular means of expression is largely lacking in Modern English, their treatment of the subject is inapplicable to any reasonable exposition of our present-day English speech.

On the other hand, the only treatment of Modern English Case that has yet entered into serious competition with the old rule-of-thumb method, is a treatment which, essential as it was to the progress of scientific grammatical study, is peculiarly liable to a pedagogic misapplication which would tend to restrict the whole business of grammar to what Sweet rightly laid down as its first business.

From the point of view of English education it is clearly undesirable that a sharp cleavage should arise between the teaching of our Mother tongue and the teaching of the classical languages with which our speech and our culture alike are inextricably interwoven. The views of Wundt on this matter of Case which we are here adumbrating, would seem to indicate the possibility, not of a mere useless compromise between two incompatibles, but of some pedagogic scheme which would set forth English and e. g. Latin grammar less as irreconcilable opponents than as allies whose individual characteristics are all equally worthy of respect and all equally fitted for profitable intercomparison and contrast.

In such a scheme one of the first steps might be to set forth, to compare, and to contrast, the diverse manifestations of the four Fundamental Cases in two or more of the languages commonly first studied in this country.

For example, it might be pointed out that the Nominative (or Subjective) and the Accusative (or Direct Object) Cases are expressed in Modern English solely by word-order, with the

exception of eight pronouns (I, thou, he, she, we, they, who, whom), which, although they too conform to the word-order of all the other nouns, still preserve relics, now superfluous, of an earlier stage in the language, namely case-forms. While, on the other hand, these Cases are in Latin mostly expressed by case-suffix (either of the noun itself or its qualifying word), yet are sometimes not actually expressed but understood by contrast with the definitely Subject or Object case-form of another noun, or with the personal or numeral suffix of the verb. So also it might be shown how the 'grammatical' Dative (or Indirect Object) Case is no longer expressed by word-form in any noun (or pronoun) in Modern English, but by particle or by word-order; while on the other hand it is expressed in classical Latin by case-suffix, and later on also by *ad* and its Romance descendants. Again, the Latin expression of the genitive Case by case-forms which embrace some dozen various endings, several of which are also used for other Cases, might be weighed against the Modern English expression by two dissimilar syntactical means, by a particle or by an invariable case-suffix. And so forth.

In setting out such a scheme, the fact would be borne in mind that the Classical languages represent advanced stages in a long chain of evolution which *is still going on*; and accordingly in weighing their phenomena with those of the great Modern languages one must expect to have to set gains against losses. The reduction of the five Germanic case-forms to two (or one) in English is but a further development of tendencies which brought about the reduction of the seven or eight Proto-Indo-European case-forms to four¹ in Greek. But as Greek expresses all four Fundamental Cases in the main by one syntactical means, whereas English expresses two of them solely by word-order, one of them either by word-order or by prefixed particle, and one of them either by prefixed particle

¹ The Vocative is of course excluded from our definition of Case, as it has no syntactical connexion with the other parts of the sentence. v. Brugmann, *Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik*, ii. 54. 'The Stoics', says Delbrück (*Vergleichende Syntax*, i. 188), 'were not so wrong in describing it as a sentence.'

or by suffix, it might be noted that in language as in other growths, evolution is not necessarily identical with uniform progress. On the other hand, if Greek brought all the primitive, isolated External Cases into subordination to the case-forms of three Internal Cases, it might be shown that English, after losing these case-forms, is on the way to subordinating the External Cases to one Internal, conceptual Case, the Accusative, the Case which stands to the Nominative in the relation of effect to cause. This tendency may best be observed by comparing the Active and Passive constructions in such sentences as the following: *they fired on the rebels—the rebels were fired on; they have lived in this house—this house has been lived in; they spoke to him—he was spoken to.*¹ Again, the new-creation of prepositions in the Modern languages might fittingly be compared with the Greek substitutes for e. g. the earlier Instrumental and Locative case-forms, and contrasted with the more primitive stage reached by classical Latin. By comparative study along these or similar lines we might all realize more clearly that both the Ancient and the Modern languages have their points of superiority, and that there is no real justification for the mutual contempt of the grammatical Bee and the grammatical Spider.

It is far from the mind of the present writer to imagine that the above reflections have solved even one of the many difficult problems which now confront the grammarian and the teacher. He has hoped, however, in touching on one problem, to draw the attention of a wider public to a way of approach which seems to him worthy of more consideration than has hitherto been generally accorded it by such of us as are concerned with the future of grammar in our English schools and Universities. It is of course in the schools that these problems present themselves most acutely. The University teacher is to some extent free to pursue his own way, if he chooses. But the English Master is expected in his

¹ These constructions are not to be confounded with the (Greek and English) Passive construction of the Indirect Object. For the whole of this subject consult Deutschbein, *op. cit.* 43 and 122 *seq.*

teaching of English grammar to prepare the way for the work of his Latin, Greek, French, and German colleagues. So long, however, as the teaching of all these five languages is kept rigidly apart from the principles of general grammar, it is difficult to see how such preparation can escape the arbitrary and false equation of dissimilars, a proceeding distasteful alike to the conscientious teacher and the intelligent pupil.

Whereas there would seem to be no valid reason why the teaching of all grammar should not start from meanings rather than from forms, and thus be based on one set of principles. In what manner, however, such principles can best be applied to the practice of teaching is obviously the concern not of students and teachers of English alone, but equally of their Classical and Modern colleagues. A uniform grammatical terminology, towards which much good work has already been accomplished, is a most desirable thing; but an explicit statement of the principles of general grammar on which it is proposed to base such uniformity would seem to be the first thing needed.

Of relative unimportance compared with the problems touched upon above, yet not altogether unconnected with them, is another chapter of grammar which seems to the present writer to have been quite unaccountably neglected in all the text-books. This is the treatment of the External or, to give them a better-known name, the Adverbial Cases.

The need of some general scheme under which to group these is of course most clearly realized by those of us who have attempted to teach English to speakers of a remote language, such as Japanese; but it makes itself felt even in the practical study of the five closely-related languages commonly taught in the schools. Perhaps it may be objected that a scientific and comprehensive classification has yet to be made; that indeed the unlimited number of these Cases, no less than the difficulty of sharply demarking them from one another and in many instances even from the four 'grammatical' Cases, would seem to raise doubts whether such a classification is yet possible at all. If, however, we are unable to treat them in the widest conceivable way, there would seem to be

no reason why we should not make a beginning of treating them as comprehensively as our present knowledge permits.

The outline of such a treatment for the Indo-European languages suggests itself from the perusal of Wundt's studies on this subject. Without losing sight of the fact that neither these Cases nor indeed any other linguistic expressions have any genetic connexion with formal logical processes, one might yet profitably group, with Wundt, the actual phenomena in systematic form. Wundt arranges them in four basic groups: Ablative, Locative, Dative (i. e. the so-called 'local' dative, which would perhaps be more clearly expressed by the term Allative), and Instrumental-Sociative, each of which may signify local, temporal, or conditional relations. Some subdivisions of these groups, at any rate for their local relations, might conveniently be employed. Thus to the Ablative could be added the Elative, to the Allative the Illative, to the Locative the Inessive, the Abessive, the Adessive, and, may we add, the Supressive; and so forth.

It is not suggested that these terms of Ugro-Altaic grammar could actually be employed in the class-room; they are mentioned here only as a suggestion to the teacher that with the aid of some such rough categories some of the great divergencies in the point of view of even linguistically near-related peoples might afford an interesting subject for class investigation. In this way, for example, *Romae* and *Corinthis* might be grouped with *at Brighton*, *in celebri quondam urbe et copiosa* with *in London*, while *ruri*, *auf dem Lande* and *in the country*, *in Oxford Street* and *on Fifth Avenue* would be seen to fall into different groups.

That such a parallel treatment based on function instead of on form is exceedingly difficult, there is no question. But it would serve two useful ends of grammatical study. It would bring home to the student and teacher (including the present writer) the limitations of his own knowledge. And it would teach the pupil to think—a better aim perhaps than the more popular one of fitting him with the linguistic equipment of a waiter.

J. H. G. GRATTAN.

THE MODERN CONSCIOUSNESS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

It is probable that the age of upheaval in which we live has more than its share of deterrents for the systematic student of literature. We can easily discover in recent imaginative writing the elements of disruption and incoherence which have come to the surface in our social and political life. If we fix our attention on the more external aspects of literature and consider, for example, the dry linguistic innovations of the *Wessex Poems*; the verbal mode of *The Dawn in Britain*, which seems to assail the very bones of English speech; and the vituperations in *The Everlasting Mercy*; we can soon marshal comfortable evidence that the English idiom in the twentieth century is going rapidly to the dogs. And if we turn from vocabulary and syntax to broader questions of structure, and recall the apparent formlessness of *The Dynasts*, where the reader

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;

and add to that the labyrinthine windings of the tale of *Lord Jim* and the devastating disorders of *Heartbreak House*; we can just as readily convince ourselves, if we wish, that the whole of our literature is visibly crumbling and that chaos is come again.

There are, however, other and deeper aspects of literature than those which can be reached by the external academic texts of style and form. There is, above all, the mental attitude of an author; or better, if we are speaking of creative writing, there is the quality of consciousness in which imaginative works of literature rise and live. Here, on

the strictly spiritual plane, which lies behind all the outward symbols of literature, we may hope to arrive at a truer view of the work of our day. For, after all, it is only in the inner world of conscious being that a work of art really exists; and it is here that the reader's mind must seek it out, not with his journeyman's assortment of critical implements, but with all the openness of mind and heart of which his nature admits.

If we make the unhurried examination of contemporary writers to which this point of view invites, it is, I think, possible to find for them a certain area of common ground within the mind and to obtain at least a glimpse of them, as they may appear with the stamp of their age upon them to the critic of a hundred years hence. He, no doubt, will discover and mark out a much larger area of common ground than we can hope to see clearly; but on the other hand, we, as contemporaries, may profit more from seeing a little than he from seeing the whole.

It must be admitted that, even when we leave the trappings of literature and endeavour to share the inner consciousness, as it were, of our chief contemporaries, Hardy, Shaw, Doughty, Hudson, Conrad, and others, no community of temper or outlook is readily discernible. The reason for this must be that we ourselves have too much in common with them to see them whole; we unwittingly take for granted and therefore overlook the very elements in them which bind them together and bind them to us. We of to-day, for example, are more fully alive to the unexplored problems of the human consciousness than our grandfathers were. We know that within ourselves are strange seas of thought yet to be charted and controlled. But it is not the philosophers and psychologists alone who have taught us this; our imaginative writers have taught us too. They have made us feel what our thinkers have formulated. All, or almost all, our major writers of the last generation are occupied with or actuated by what, for want of a better term, may be called the background of consciousness, either our own human subconsciousness in the narrower familiar sense, or our subconscious knowledge

of the forces that play upon us from past and present out of the surrounding world.

Shaw, for example, who is sometimes charged with being too exclusively interested in the human intellect, is in reality concerned with the discrepancies that exist between the intellect and the rest of the human organism, including his familiar friend, the life-force. His shafts of ridicule are continually turned against those who for want of, or even in spite of, adequate self-knowledge perpetually mis-explain themselves, acting as they instinctively must and explaining themselves as comfortably as they can. If they are unconscious of the discrepancy in themselves they are merely stupid; if they know it and persist in it they are hypocrites. But in either case the Shavian exposure turns on the fundamental conflict in human beings between the life-force and the mind which is partially enslaved to it, between the ruling forces of instinct and the shackled forces of reflection, between the real unconscious self which acts and the conscious self which thinks. The reader of Shaw learns to observe with him the perpetual game of hide-and-seek that is thus played and to let his mind flit incessantly to and fro between the conscious and the subconscious planes.

Altogether apart from Shaw's favourite butts in the ample field of Church and State and from his moral and social theories, independent both of his ideals and his aversions—or rather underlying all these—we find his working attitude to the human animal. It pervades all his plays and is the mainspring of his comedy. The reader who lets himself enjoy the laughter of Shaw, whether he shares Shaw's views or not, inevitably acquires or discovers in himself something of the Shavian attitude to human nature, which in its most explicit and most elementary form can be found in the last act of *You Never Can Tell*.

Bohun. Now, Mr. Crampton, the facts are before you—both of them. You think you'd like to have your two youngest children to live with you. Well, you wouldn't—no, you wouldn't; you think you would; but I know better than you . . .

A little later we read :

Bohun. The other lady intends to get married.

Gloria. Mr. Bohun!

Bohun. O yes, you do; you don't know it, but you do . . .

Shaw then turns the formula against Bohun :

Dolly. You're going to bully us, Mr. Bohun.

Bohun. I —

Dolly. O yes, you are; you think you're not, but you are. I know by your eyebrows . . .

And then he turns it good-humouredly against himself and Bohun together :

Dolly. Can you dance?

Bohun. Yes, you think I can't; but I can.

It is when we forget Shaw, the sociologist, and remember Shaw, the observant artist in human nature, that we realize the full meaning of his admission that Schopenhauer was one of his masters. With *Back to Methuselah* before us we see much more clearly than we did ten years ago that Shaw is closer to the idealists than to the scientists. Samuel Butler and Darwin may teach us much about him; so also will Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Schopenhauer it was who on behalf of Europe rather than of Germany reaffirmed with disturbing sincerity and eloquence the predominance of irrational forces in human life and in the universe. His famous antithesis of intellect and will—or, as we now say, the will to live, the life-force, the *élan vital*—is the expression of this predominance as it asserts itself in man. The condition, Schopenhauer says, is that of a strong man who is blind carrying upon his shoulders a paralysed man who can see; and he says again: 'To think that knowledge really and fundamentally determines the will is like thinking that the lantern which a man carries at night is the *primum mobile* of his steps.'

The direct connexion between this phase of Schopenhauer's thought and Shaw's prevailing notions of humankind needs no labouring. It is as clear as daylight. Not less clear, however, is Schopenhauer's bond with another leading writer of

to-day, Thomas Hardy. And if we admit Schopenhauer's claim, as I think we must, that his whole philosophy is the expression of a single thought in its varying aspects, the road from Shaw to Hardy or from Hardy to Shaw is not difficult to find.

Hardy's artistic consciousness ranges more widely than Shaw's, but wherever we go in his longer works we find two kinds of living at war with one another. The conflict is not identical with the Shavian conflict, but it has something in common with it. It always takes the form of an interplay of conscious and unconscious forces. Everywhere in Hardy, in Wessex or at Waterloo, we find ourselves ranging back and forth between the arguments and conscious volitions of human beings and the blind unconscious workings of the surrounding world,¹ between thinking man and unthinking nature. This quandary of the human consciousness is elaborately set forth in *The Return of the Native*, probably the richest study of landscape environment in any literature. Egdon Heath, as has often been said, is the protagonist of the drama. It draws Yeobright, the native, home again; it irritates Wildeve, comforts Thomasin, maddens Eustacia; kills Mrs. Yeobright with its heat and its adder's bite; and drowns the runaway lovers in its weir. Even at the extremes of human emotion the heath is felt as the dominant and controlling force. After a passionate meeting between Clym and Eustacia in which they have set the date of their marriage, we read:

This was the end of their talk, and Eustacia left him. Clym watched her as she retired towards the sun. The luminous rays wrapped her up with her increasing distance, and the rustle of her dress over the sprouting sedge and grass died away. As he watched, the dead flat of the scenery overpowered him, though he was fully alive to the beauty of that untarnished early summer green which was worn for the nonce by the poorest blade. There was something in its oppressive horizontality which too much reminded him of the arena of life; it gave him a sense of bare equality with, and no superiority to, a single living thing under the sun.

And later when Yeobright learns from the little boy that

Eustacia had kept the door shut on his mother on the afternoon of her death, we read :

With these words Yeobright went forth from the little dwelling. The pupils of his eyes, fixed steadfastly on blankness, were vaguely lit with an icy shine ; his mouth had passed into the phase more or less imaginatively rendered in studies of Oedipus. The strangest deeds were possible to his mood. But they were not possible to his situation. Instead of there being before him the pale face of Eustacia, and a masculine shape unknown, there was only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man.

A consciousness of a vast impassivity in all which lay around him took possession even of Yeobright in his wild walk towards Alderworth. He had once before felt in his own person this overpowering of the fervid by the inanimate ; but then it had tended to enervate a passion far sweeter than that which at present pervaded him. It was once when he stood parting from Eustacia in the moist still levels beyond the hills.

Here, as so frequently in Hardy, we encounter the dilemma voiced by Schopenhauer of man's oneness with nature and nature's indifference to man. It is simply another aspect of the interaction between conscious and unconscious life. The difference is that with Shaw the interaction is psychologically placed in human nature, while in Hardy it is metaphysically extended to convey man's relation to outer nature. But both are Schopenhauerian. Both make us feel the two planes of life, variously rendered by the reflective and the blind, the conscious and the unconscious, the mood and the situation, the fervid and the inanimate. Without some reference to this double life that yet is one, *The Return of the Native* is merely a prolix narrative overweighted with description and occasionally obscure, *Heartbreak House* merely the nightmare of a buffoon.

Thus, with all their divergence of temperament and artistic method, Hardy and Shaw can be seen to overlap mentally in their constant sense of what I loosely called the background of consciousness. The term should by now have acquired

some of the meaning which I wish to give it. The work of W. H. Hudson, our contemporary till yesterday, will carry us still further.

Hudson has hardly yet been accorded a secure place in English literature; he does not fall under our usual categories. We cannot classify him as a story-teller or as a naturalist or as a topographer or as a stylist. His importance as an English writer is essentially aesthetic in the original sense of the word; it lies in his unique powers of consciousness and his ability to exhibit them nakedly in writing. His contribution to English literature is not so much inventive as autobiographical; it is the story of his mind, thinly veiled in *Green Mansions* or laid bare in *Far Away and Long Ago*, the story of his boyhood.

The chapter in this volume entitled *A Boy's Animism* forms a convenient doorway to Hudson. Animism he defines as

'that sense of something in nature, which to the enlightened or civilized man is not there, and in the civilized man's child, if it be admitted that he has it at all, is but a faint survival of a phase of the primitive mind. And by animism I do not mean the theory of a soul in nature, but the tendency or impulse or instinct to animate all things; the projection of ourselves into nature. . . . I know that in me, old as I am, this same primitive faculty which manifested itself in my early boyhood still persists and in those early years was so powerful that I am almost afraid to say how deeply I was moved by it.'

This peculiar exercise of the consciousness in Hudson manifests itself in its ultimate form in the account he gives in *Idle Days in Patagonia* of his reaction to the desert.

Not once, not twice, nor thrice, but day after day I returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going—no motive which could be put into words . . . during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, thought had become impossible. . . . To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain. . . . My state was one of suspense and watchfulness: yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure. . . . The change in

me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it . . . until I lost it and returned to my former self and the old insipid existence. . . . I had undoubtedly *gone back*; . . .

The emotional faculty which here enables Hudson to submerge his human nature in the utter blankness of the desert is usually exercised by him on the intermediate phases of nature, occasionally upon flowers and trees, but more frequently upon birds and reptiles. Whether he watches a sleeping adder in the woods or the disturbed flight of swallows, he relies always on this intuitive sense. His judgements are not formed logically, but instinctively; by feeling, not by argument. He simply lives the life of the adder and the swallow. When he explains their mood or behaviour he invariably speaks from within. Thus whilst rivalling the scientific naturalist in his own field he is at the same time searching the human consciousness, extending its range, communicating new states of mind to others, and thereby constituting himself, in the most intimate sense of the word, a poet, a creative writer.

Hudson investigates chiefly the same region of the human consciousness as Hardy in the substratum of *The Return of the Native*. The difference here is that Hardy usually invents, where Hudson usually explores; also that Hardy dwells as much upon the upper consciousness as the lower, pursuing the human mind into its subtlest dilemmas and observations, as we see from *Jude the Obscure* and the short poems, while Hudson usually concentrates on the lower consciousness, the hinterland of animated nature.

But when Hudson turns from his absorption in the lives of birds and the lower animals to the recording of human life, as in his series of English rural studies, *A Shepherd's Life*, *Hampshire Days* and other books, his mental approach is widened imperceptibly; and we find him frequently proceeding by a natural transition from observing the immediate habits of the human animal, the colour of its eyes and hair and the shape of its head, to consider the forces of culture and tradition.

The transition in Hudson's mind from naturalist to traditionalist is instinctive; there is no sudden shifting of ground or change of attitude. The naturalist outlook is never abandoned. We are reminded that the historical background of consciousness is no less real and immediate than the natural background, indeed, that the two merge gradually into one another, as they are made to do in *Tess*, into whose character Hardy throws, as living forces, not merely the ooze and ferment of a dairy-farm but also her decaying parentage, her Norman ancestry, and the ancient sun-worship at Stonehenge. In *The Return of the Native* the Celts who built their barrow on the heath centuries ago and the bracken and heather which clothe it now are parts of a single complex. The environment of the tale stretches into the past as well as into the present; Yeobright, the native, is conscious of this:

He frequently walked the heath alone, when the past seized upon him with its shadowy hand, and held him there to listen to its tale. His imagination would then people the spot with its ancient inhabitants: forgotten Celtic tribes trod their tracks about him, and he could almost live among them, look in their faces, and see them standing beside the barrows which swelled around, untouched and perfect as at the time of their erection.

And Hudson senses the same continuity, as in the following passage on the Roman city of Silchester:

Standing here, knee-deep in the dead ruddy bracken, in the 'coloured shade' of the oaks, idly watching the leaves fall fluttering to the ground, thinking in an aimless way of the remains of the two ancient cities before me, the British and the Roman, and of their comparative antiquity, I am struck with the thought that the sweet sensations produced in me by the scene differ in character from the feeling I have had in other solitary places. The peculiar sense of satisfaction, of restfulness, of peace, experienced here is very perfect; but in the wilderness, where man has never been, or has at all events left no trace of his former presence, there is ever a mysterious sense of loneliness, of desolation underlying our pleasure in nature. Here it seems good to know, or to imagine, that the men I occasionally meet in my solitary rambles, and those

I see in the scattered rustic village hard by, are of the same race, and possibly the descendants, of the people who occupied this spot in the remote past—Iberian and Celt and Roman and Saxon and Dane. If that hard-featured and sour-visaged old gamekeeper, with the cold blue unfriendly eyes, should come upon me here in my hiding-place, and scowl as he is accustomed to do, standing silent before me, gun in hand, to hear my excuses for trespassing in his preserves, I should say (mentally): This man is distinctly English, and his far-off progenitors, somewhere about sixteen hundred years ago, probably assisted at the massacre of the inhabitants of the pleasant little city at my feet. By and by, leaving the ruins, I may meet with other villagers of different features and different colour in hair, skin, and eyes, and of a pleasanter expression; and in them I may see the remote descendants of other races of men, some who were lords here before the Romans came, and of others before them, even back to Neolithic times.

This, I take it, is a satisfaction, a sweetness and peace to the soul in nature, because it carries with it a sense of the contiguity of the human race, its undying vigour, its everlastingness. After all the tempests that have overcome it, through all mutations in such immense stretches of time, how stable it is.

It is here that Hardy and Hudson are linked up with the less familiar work of C. M. Doughty in his studies of primitive Arabia and primitive England. To be strictly in line with his contemporaries Doughty should be studying the workings of the remote past in the minds of living Englishmen. The last two passages quoted may serve to remind us that both in our environment and in our own nature the remote past is close at hand and can be felt and isolated at moments in the living consciousness. But we cannot satisfactorily approach it in this way; we cannot reconstruct from within ourselves the origins of race and tradition; we know that they are there but we cannot reach them by self-analysis. If we could we should be able to write history backwards. The only way to reach this remote background in ourselves is to go outside ourselves in search of it. This is what Doughty has done in his *Dawn in Britain*, which tells without any explicit reference to the present the story of the beginnings of civilization in England.

At first sight *The Dawn in Britain*, both in form and spirit, is pure anachronism, and as such it is still regarded by all but a few. We may be sure, however, that Hudson, the supreme naturalist, did not see it so when he called it 'undoubtedly the greatest piece of literature the young century has produced'. He must have sensed in it a natural force and a natural accent, in harmony with his own immediate reactions to primitive life and to English tradition, and hence in harmony with its time. Doughty's feeling for the past is not the familiar sentimental romantic retrospect which Hudson would have been the first to distrust. It is the product of altogether deeper impulses and cannot be lightly explained away. A profound sense of continuance, never openly voiced, pervades the immense poem from beginning to end, and in the words of its most thoughtful reviewer (*Edinburgh Review*, April 1908) the reader will obtain from it 'a greatly enhanced insight into the primitive instincts of his nation, and he will realize more fully his country's identity and himself and the present moment as issuing out of, and still one with, generations and ages long passed away'.

It is no mere accident that makes Doughty the contemporary of Hardy and Hudson. That long vista which Hardy opens for us in the Roman amphitheatre in Dorchester or before a Celtic barrow on the heath, and which Hudson opens at sight of the Iberian black hair of a Hampshire peasant girl is the same as Doughty's vista when he lands his Celts and Romans on the white cliffs, shows us the first English church and the last Druid horror, and finally mingles the stock in the Christian marriage of Roman and Briton. But what was background in the mind of Hardy and Hudson has become foreground with Doughty. The vista is reversed. In his hands the past has ceased to be shadowy and distant; it becomes as solid and unromantic as stone. It satisfies our modern demand for realism. 'To his mind', says W. H. Hudson, 'the events he relates are true, and the mighty men he brings before us, from Brennus to Caractacus, as real as any Beduin he hobnobbed with in Arabia Deserta.'

It is a far cry from Shaw, so wholly absorbed in the present

and the future, to Doughty, who has given himself so completely to the past. It sounds paradoxical to assert that there is any relationship whatever between writers who lie poles asunder in so many important respects. I think that there does exist a relationship in the sense in which psychology at its deepest and broadest leads back to a study of origins historical as well as natural. But it is clear that in the cross-section which I have attempted to make, Shaw and Doughty lie at opposite extremes with Hardy somewhere in the middle. And we can see that Shaw draws sharply away from his contemporaries by his concentration on humanity, by his constant reliance on the comic spirit in an age not distinguished for lightness of touch, and also by his indifference as an artist to the moods of environment and tradition and whatever else makes for qualities which we call poetic. The bond of temperament is broken but the psychological bond on which we have preferred to rely is beyond dispute. Doughty's is the reverse case. He has deep bonds of temperament with Hardy and Hudson, but the psychological bond is less immediate, and must be supplied rather by our attitude to Doughty than by Doughty's artistic attitude to his subjects. But I think it will slowly be realized that equally with Shaw he stands in organic relation to his age. I have tried to travel by natural steps from the one to the other, placing my sole reliance on inner states of mind and not on the external props of form and subject. The term 'background of consciousness' which I have dragged this way and that from Patagonia to Piccadilly, has been somewhat flexibly used—I think, legitimately—to serve as a common denominator for the age. If we break it up under two or three obvious headings we can easily see how the characteristics of the writers we have examined, and whom I regard as the real innovators of the period, distribute themselves among their less independent contemporaries. The three particular aspects into which our background readily resolves itself—psychology, environment, and native tradition—cover practically the whole of contemporary literature.

Shaw, the humanist in psychology, is surrounded, more especially in the field of fiction, by a great variety of special-

ists in psychology. We have the intellectual type of J. D. Beresford, the emotional type of D. H. Lawrence, the imagist type of Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce, all of them exploring this area or that of the wide field which Shaw adventures in more freely. In ranging them under Shaw we must not assume that they stand in any relation of discipleship to him. That is not the question; it is simply a matter of common ground. Beresford, for example, is rather to be described as Freudian than Shavian; he has his eye on psychological theories, as Shaw never has, except to ridicule them. James Joyce's *Ulysses* is essentially the application on an epic scale of a theory of fiction that was chiefly evolved in Paris; Joseph Conrad is our nearest link with it. D. H. Lawrence seems to have stronger affinities in Germany than in England; his preoccupation with the emotion of sex is unusual in an Anglo-Saxon. And so on down the list. Modern psychological fiction carries us into a field which is complex and difficult to survey. For our purpose it is enough to recognize that these younger writers, whatever their temperaments, touch at this point or that the same current of thought as is voiced in Shaw.

Hudson, of equal importance with Shaw as a psychologist, worked in a field which Shaw never enters. As yet he has had few followers. But it is hardly conceivable that the wealth of nature-psychology which he has accumulated will not make itself felt in younger writers, as it has already done in those interesting poems which Edward Thomas, a student and friend of Hudson, was just beginning to publish when he was killed in France. Hudson's mind lies nearer to poetry than fiction, and it is in poetry that we are most likely to hear echoes of him.

Hardy's emphasis on environment, our second sub-heading, reverberates through the fiction of the period, not merely in Hardy's followers in studies of rural England, but also in writers whom he neither resembles nor influences. Thus, Henry James's surest gift is perhaps his sense of localities. It is, indeed, usually the flavour of an interior or quasi-interior to which he responds—a jeweller's counter, a restaur-

ant table, a hall and staircase, a lawn with tea-cups. He approaches his environments rather as a connoisseur than as a philosopher, but he never ignores them as we might expect him to do in pursuit of his elusive inner moods.

Joseph Conrad, who belongs in his artistic outlook to the school of Flaubert and Turgenev rather than to the English, stands nevertheless with Hardy in his range of consciousness. Like Hardy he sets his foreground figures against the universe, sometimes infinitely small, like Lord Jim on the lonely shore of Patusan receding in the twilight, sometimes large like Lingard on the sandbank before daybreak, 'a giant outlined among the constellations'. Always we are kept aware of the outer rims of the world. In temperament the two are unlike. The attitude of a spectator which is so strong in Hardy and yet to his greater glory continually breaks down, whether at the slaughter of Albuera or the misfortune of Tess, never once breaks down with Conrad. But their disparity of temper cannot obscure the fact that they both scale their human figures against the sky.

Hardy and Conrad are our two leading artists in the study of environment. We cannot be content to describe them as landscape novelists; they pass insensibly across the field of environment from heaths and woods and lagoons and jungles to study the forces of revolt and stability in rulers and societies. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Nostramo* stand midway between the nature novel and the social novel; they enable us to see under the common heading of environment novels as different as *Almayer's Folly* and *The Old Wives' Tale*. And the mention of Bennett's novel leads us over to the literature of social problems of which we of to-day are so intensely aware.

We may be sure that, as the social questions of to-day lose their acuteness and become gradually superseded and obsolete, as they inevitably must, the human values of our sociological literature will slowly tell more and more till at last they only are felt to be alive. When that day comes much of our controversial literature will be scrapped and forgotten. What is left—I think *The Old Wives' Tale* will be left—will live by its

artistic mastery of environment. Edgon Heath and the Five Towns will then be seen at a common focus.

The third heading of native tradition, strong in Hudson, stronger in Hardy, and strongest in Doughty, covers another wide field of contemporary writing. Our lyrical poetry to-day is largely inspired and to some extent held in check by this sense. We can see this best in two quite different poets, A. E. Housman and Edward Thomas. The relation of Housman to Hardy and of Edward Thomas to Hudson and Doughty and the common sense of tradition throughout must be examined by every serious student of contemporary verse. In such a poem as 'On Wenlock Edge' Housman seems to squeeze the essence of Hardy and Doughty into twenty lines:

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger
When Uricon the city stood;
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare:
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard 'twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

In this poem Housman states briefly and directly what Doughty in his epic makes us feel indirectly. Observe, too, how the familiar modern antithesis creeps in: 'The blood that warms, the thoughts that hurt.' An earlier poet would hardly have put it that way.

Edward Thomas's slighter poem, 'The Combe', is almost equally instructive; it shows us W. H. Hudson passing over into verse. And it also leads us back to Doughty.

The Combe was ever dark, ancient and dark,
Its mouth is stopped with bramble, thorn, and briar :
And no one scrambles over the sliding chalk
By beech and yew and perishing juniper
Down the half precipices of its sides, with roots
And rabbit holes for steps. The sun of Winter,
The moon of Summer, and all the singing birds
Except the missel-thrush that loves juniper,
Are quite shut out. But far more ancient and dark
The Combe looks since they killed the badger there,
Dug him out and gave him to the hounds,
That most ancient Briton of English beasts.

These, and countless kindred lyrics, coupled with the native elements in Masfield's narrative verse, occasionally in the verse of G. K. Chesterton, and in some of the gentler domestic verse and prose of Rudyard Kipling should indicate how extensively the native tradition is working to-day in English literature.

But it is not under sub-headings that we view the literature of past ages, and it is not thus that our age will be viewed by coming generations. The common quality matters more than its ingredients. I hope that the term background of consciousness is felt to mean more, and to illuminate the age better, than the subordinate terms of psychology, environment, and native tradition. It is true that Shaw goes fairly completely under the first heading and Doughty under the last; but Hardy must be put under all three and so must Hudson; Conrad must be put under the first two and Edward Thomas under the first and the last; and so on. It is only when we lose sight of our temporary sub-headings again and let them dissolve into one another that we recover the sense of organic complexity and interdependence which we rightly look for in all vigorous literature.

One important question remains: 'Have we, in considering exclusively the writers of our own day, merely found in them a quality which any earlier period of literature would have

yielded equally well? Would the age of Shakespeare, Pope, Wordsworth, Tennyson lend itself to an identical analysis?' The answer must be that any vital analysis of literature is also an analysis of life, and can be applied wherever life is put before us, whether we lie awake in bed or stand in a crowd or read *The Return of the Native* or listen to *Hamlet*. But if we apply our analysis to *Hamlet* or to Shakespeare and his contemporaries in general it must be in the sense in which we apply it directly to life. It will not enable us to discover Shakespeare's idiosyncrasy as it has discovered Hardy's and Shaw's. Or it can only do so by way of contrast.

The artistic consciousness of the Elizabethans differed from ours. That is why we feel that their literature is Elizabethan, as we call it, and different from other life, whether in books or out of books. Shakespeare's plays differ from life as we know it, not in language, rhythm, and arrangement alone, but in the quality of consciousness in which they took shape and live. Unlike the writers of to-day Shakespeare revels and luxuriates in conscious living, to the point of letting his characters realize themselves as fully as he sees them. In this way much that would be subconscious life in a modern drama or novel becomes explicitly conscious in Shakespeare. Thus we may differentiate Shakespeare and Shaw by observing that a Shakespearian villain usually knows that he is a villain, while a Shavian villain usually insists that he is a benefactor. Shakespeare's characters tend to be intellectually honest; Shaw's characters tend to be hypocrites. Shakespeare's men and women know their inner nature more fully than people do in real life; Shaw's men and women tend the other way.

Again, if we contrast Hardy and Shakespeare we can see that Hardy's use of landscape diminishes his characters; Shakespeare's reinforces them. We can analyse the character and conduct of Macbeth without reference to his raven-haunted environment; the environment we feel so strongly works psychologically on us, but not explicitly on him. It simply makes us see him enlarged and intensified. In the storm scene in *King Lear* we identify the heath with Lear; in *The Return of the Native* we dissociate the heath from Eustacia.

In *Lear* the heath heightens and illustrates ; in *The Return of the Native* it acts and controls. We see that life in a Shakespearean play centres more definitely in the upper consciousness than our modern sense of life justifies. The centre has now shifted downwards, and our knowledge will not allow us to move it back. The emphasis changes and the imaginative faculties have to be reconstructed.

The intervening periods of English literature do not always achieve any imaginative unity. It is the exercise of the rational faculties which binds together the age of Pope ; it is intellectual rather than imaginative faculties which characterize the Victorian age. With the age of Wordsworth it is otherwise. But here there is no complete fruition. We can only conjecture what the age would have achieved if Byron, Shelley, Keats, and, in another sense, Wordsworth and Coleridge, had not died prematurely. In our own age, on the other hand, our dominant writers have been given a fair run. Most of the writers we have considered have enjoyed long lives and have suffered little diminution of their creative faculties with age. Hardy is eighty-two and is actually growing in lyrical mastery. Hudson wrote his autobiography and masterpiece at seventy-five and continued writing at his best up to the very end. Doughty must have turned sixty before his poetry appeared ; he first published in 1866 and is still publishing at an advanced age. Conrad, Shaw, Housman, all in the sixties, I believe, are still at the height of their power.

We are living in what we call an age of promise in English literature when perhaps we should call it an age of achievement. For it is an age in which the old men are younger than the young. They have produced a body of essentially creative writing in prose and verse, which is not only rich in scope and variety, but also remarkably consistent and interdependent. In one particular—its range of consciousness—it will stand comparison with important ages in earlier literature ; the age of Aeschylus, as our critics have discovered, helps us to understand the age of Hardy. Its distinguishing characteristic lies possibly in the explicitness with which it analyses the consciousness without forfeiting the imaginative approach.

In this respect it draws away from all earlier English literature, whether strictly Victorian or Pre-Victorian. We cannot, with any degree of finality, attempt to pass judgement on this age of English literature from which we are just emerging, but I think we may, without absurdity, entertain the thought that during the lifetime of writers now living, in that essentially Post-Victorian age dating from about 1880, the imaginative faculties have been at work, less brilliantly perhaps, but more steadily and constructively than they were a century ago.

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