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IDEAS AND FORMS
IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

VOLUME II—DRAMA AND PROSE

BY

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death, beauty and decay, and the various other conceptions, interests, and emotions of mankind run current through all literature, subject to whatever modifications the time-spirit may decree. These universal subjects appear in epic and ballad, lyric, short story, drama, and other forms which serve to contain and preserve the writers' interpretations of life. The extent to which the editors have been guided by a consideration of theme and mood will appear from an examination of the head-notes and footnotes, the index, and the topics for study, discussion, and report.

The considerations of content and mood which have helped to guide the editors in making their selections have resulted further in the inclusion of modern as well as older literature. Literature should be thought of as a stream which flows out of the past down to our very feet. The conception of some students, therefore, that great literature is only of the present and that of some teachers that it is entirely of the past are equally fallacious. Both old and new appear together in this work, and every dominant type of literature that is still employed as a literary form is illustrated by selections that have stood the test of time and by new ones that promise to be of permanent value. The relative proportions of old and new vary, of course, in the different divisions; the editors' inclination has been, however, to include modern and current literature freely, and every chapter, except the epic and the medieval romance, contains abundant examples of life as living writers are interpreting it.

In one particular the editors have made a deliberate restriction; they have included only English and American literature. The following considerations led to this decision. Some types of literature, as for example, lyric and narrative poetry, cannot be adequately exhibited in translations; even prose forms such as the essay and short story lose much of their spirit and flavor when transferred to another tongue. Moreover, there is no subject or mood and no dominant type which cannot be illustrated satisfactorily in English and American examples. Little of importance is to be lost, therefore, by the restriction, and much is to be gained, on the other hand, by the focus of attention upon the literature of one race. The only point at which the restriction created some misgivings in the minds of the editors was in the early narrative forms; the exclusion of the Homeric epics and of the European continental romances seemed unusual. In the epic chapter the difficulty was met by including one of the great Celtic sagas. The deliberate introduction here and elsewhere in the work, of Celtic side by side with English and American literature is, the editors believe, unique in books of this type but entirely justifiable. There is really no reason why the Celtic spirit, which has contributed so much to literature in the English tongue, should have been so long unrecognized in college classes in literature.

Classification and arrangement have been by literary types rather than by ideas and moods, since such classification is simpler and results in a better integration of the material. It is believed that, with the exception of the novel, all dominant forms are represented. The novel was omitted because of the impossibility of illustrating the type except by totally inadequate excerpts. Certain other forms, such as the oration and the letter, were omitted partly because the editors do not regard them as dominant types and partly that space might be saved for the fuller development of more important sections. Satire, since it appears in all types, is not itself a form of literature. The drama could not here be fully illustrated; the three one-act plays given are complete, however, and serve to show one direction which current playwrighting has taken. With few exceptions, the selections included are complete; where any cuts have been made, the omissions have been carefully indicated. Among the types there is, of course, some overlapping. For example, it is difficult to decide whether to put a narrative poem with a strongly lyric tone

or a lyric poem with a narrative basis among the narrative poems or among the lyric poems. Similarly a biographical essay is both biography and essay. Literary craftsmen are seldom particular to follow the strict definition of the type, and in modern literature, particularly, type distinctions have tended to break down or run together. On the whole, however, it is believed that the classifications have been clearly made and will be found useful.

A separate chapter has been devoted to each major type, and these divisions have been arranged in an order determined partly by historical development and partly by logical relationships. Thus Chapters I-V are devoted to poetry while Chapters VI-X are devoted to prose. Epic poetry, as the oldest type, appears in the first chapter, and the chapters which treat other forms of narrative poetry follow immediately. Similarly, in the second part of the text the short story comes at the end because it is the newest of literary types. Within each chapter the arrangement of selections is chronological; this seemed the natural and logical arrangement, inasmuch as literature is largely evolutionary in development, and a consideration of the content and forms of one period oftens throws much light upon those of a later day. For this reason many of the chapters, such, for example, as those devoted to the ballad, the lyric, and the essay, are fairly adequate surveys of the evolution of these types in England and America. The space devoted to the lyric may seem excessive, but in no other type can the development of the ideas of the English people be so intimately and clearly traced, together with a corresponding development of literary form.

A word must be said about the apparatus which accompanies the selections. Each group of selections which illustrates a major type is preceded by an introductory essay that is intended to define the type, indicate its place in literature, and sketch its history briefly. This essay is meant to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, to stimulate rather than to satisfy curiosity. For a fuller study of the nature of the type the student may turn to the books listed in the bibliographies at the ends of the various chapters; these bibliographies list some of the most important volumes which define or illustrate the literary forms, but they are not meant to be complete. In the headnotes and in the footnotes to the different selections the editors have tried to be helpful to the student without at the same time making it unnecessary for him to refer to dictionaries and other helps with which he should become acquainted. In writing the notes, moreover, the editors have not forgotten that it is the instructor's privilege and duty to explain and interpret the material read, and they have been careful not to encroach upon the teacher's territory. Finally, topics for discussion and reports were included, because the editors believe that a thorough study of literature can be accomplished only when the students are forced to think independently and to make discoveries and draw conclusions for themselves. An effort has been made to present in these lists topics which are fresh in idea and which can be dealt with satisfactorily only by independent reading and study; those which tempt the student to seek for his material in critical sources and to express the opinions of others have usually been omitted. The lists of topics are necessarily brief; instructors will add others which may seem to them more fitting.

As has been said, it is not the wish of the editors to encroach upon the instructor's privileges of using this body of literary material in whatever manner he may see fit. However, for the guidance of those teachers who may wish to make a definite study-plan the following suggestions are offered.

In general, the Table of Contents may be used as an outline guide for the course. The material is divided into three parts of approximately equal length—(1) Narrative Poetry; (2) Lyric Poetry; (3) Prose. In a college year consisting of three terms, one term may be

conveniently devoted to each major division, with proportionate attention to each subdivision. Where the college year follows the usual two-semester plan, one semester may be given to poetry and the other to prose. In the first semester narrative poetry and lyric poetry should be given equal attention; in the second semester somewhat less than half of the class meetings may be devoted to a study of the essay, and the rest to the remaining prose forms. With classes meeting three times a week most of the selections may reasonably be assigned for reading; when the class meets only twice a week, the amount of reading should, of course, be correspondingly reduced. With any class, however, at least one meeting should be devoted to a definition of each type; such a definition may either precede or follow the reading of the selections representing the type. On the whole, it is better to assign comparatively few selections for a given class meeting; at no time should the assignment be so large as to tempt hasty and ill-digested cramming.

As it has been a part of the plan of the editors to emphasize in their selection of material the persistence of dominant ideas and moods, it is hoped that instructors and students using the book will carry this plan out by looking for common elements in the literature of different periods and types. The familiar subjects of English and American literature—men and women, individuals and society, nature and art, friendship and feud, love and hate, heroism, youth and age, life and death, and all the varying human moods—should be kept in mind so that at the conclusion of his course the student may carry away a conception of how English and American literature in all periods and forms has woven an artistic and variegated tapestry of life.

Specific acknowledgments to publishers, living authors, and others who have generously permitted the reprinting of copyrighted material have been made in the appropriate places in the book. Without these courtesies the editors would have found it impossible to demonstrate by their selections and comments that the current of English and American literature is still a full and living stream. To Professor Lindsay Todd Damon, Supervising Editor for Scott, Foresman and Company, the editors are deeply indebted for his thorough and penetrating, yet kindly, criticisms of the entire anthology.

H. A. W.
J. B. M.

NEW YORK CITY,
OCTOBER, 1925.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

In preparing the first edition of this text, the editors were forced by limitations of space to represent the drama by three one-act plays. They realized that such a representation of an important type of literature is inadequate, but the alternative was to omit the type altogether. The decision of the publishers to issue the book in the present two-volume edition has made it possible, however, to make up this deficiency by adding five full-length plays to the chapter on drama, thereby giving this literary type the fullness of representation which it deserves. The three one-act plays of the first edition have been retained. The original introductory essay on drama has been replaced by a much more complete one, and the drama bibliography and list of "topics" have been completely rewritten. In this new edition, therefore, the chapter on drama is as complete as is any of the other chapters.

In addition to this virtual replacement of the drama chapter, the editors have made the following changes. They have revised the introductory essays of some chapters, even to the extent—as in the chapters on history, biography, and prose fiction—of rewriting whole sections. They have corrected and improved many of the headnotes and footnotes. They have brought the bibliographies and necrologies down to date. This new two-volume edition represents, therefore, a re-editing of the entire text.

The division of the book into two volumes has made necessary certain mechanical changes. Each volume has been paged and indexed separately. The old cross-references of the first edition have been retained, but whenever a cross-reference in one volume is to a page in the other volume, the Roman numeral I or II, as the case may be, has been placed before the page number; where the reference is to a page in the same volume, however, the Roman numeral is not employed.

The publication of the book in two volumes should make easy the division of the course into a semester devoted to poetry and another to drama and prose. The two volumes contain more material than will probably be needed to define and illustrate the literary types represented; but the editors have had no idea that any student should be required to study carefully every specimen in the book.

NEW YORK CITY, H.A.W.
AUGUST 15, 1932 J.B.M.

CONTENTS

Page

PREFACE iii
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION vii

CHAPTER VI
THE DRAMA

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY 1
MR. S. MR. OF ART
Comedy: *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* (c. 1553) 18
JOHN WEBSTER (1580?–1625)
Tragedy: *The Duchess of Malfi* 53
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751–1816)
Comedy of Manners: *The School for Scandal* 111
ARTHUR WING PINERO (1855–)
Problem Play: *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* 162
A. A. MILNE (1882–)
Fantastic Comedy: *The Dover Road** 205
JOHN M. SYNGE (1871–1909)
Tragedy: *Riders to the Sea* 243
LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY (1852-1932)
Comedy: *Hyacinth Halvey* 251
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–)
Fantasy: *The Land of Heart's Desire* 267

CHAPTER VII
HISTORY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY 279
THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, A.D. 754-755 284
RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553–1616)
From *Voyages:* The Epistle Dedicatorie 285
From Raleigh's *The Last Fight of the Revenge* 288
From Drake's *Voyage Around the World* 292
EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794)
From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:* Chapter IV 296
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)
From *The French Revolution:* Book II, Chapter VIII, Place de la Révolution . . 307
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800 1859)
From the *Essay on Lord Clive:* Extract on the Conquest of Bengal 312
JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837–1883)
From *A Short History of the English People:* The Peasant Revolt, 1377–1381 . 323
FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893)
From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac:* Chapter X, Detroit; Chapter XI, The Treachery of Pontiac 331

CHAPTER VIII
BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY 345
MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON
From *A Narrative of The Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson* . . 349

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SAMUEL PEPYS (1633–1703)
From *The Diary of Samuel Pepys:* Entries for April 1–24, 1661 359
JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795)
From *The Life of Samuel Johnson:* How Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes Dined Together 370
EDWARD J. TRELAWNY (1792–1881)
From *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron:* Chapters X–XII. The Last Days of Shelley 377
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–1895)
Autobiography 390
LYTTON STRACHEY (1880–1932)
From *Queen Victoria:* Chapter VIII. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield . . 396

CHAPTER IX
THE ESSAY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY 411
FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)
Of Death 415
Of Travel 416
Of Youth and Age 417
Of Negotiating 418
Of Studies 419
RICHARD STEELE (1671–1729)
Recollections of Childhood 420
JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)
The Vision of Mirza 422
The Fine Lady's Journal 425
HENRY FIELDING (1707–1754)
On Taste in the Choice of Books 427
OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774)
Beau Tibbs 430
Beau Tibbs at Home 432
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)
Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* 434
CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834)
Dream-Children: A Reverie 448
Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading 450
Old China 454
WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830)
On Going a Journey 457
On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth 464
On the Fear of Death 471
THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785–1859)
Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power 477
Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow 480
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859)
History 484
Correctness and Classicism 489
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)
On History 495
Labor 501
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801–1890)
Literature 504

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849)
The Philosophy of Composition . . . 509
RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)
Friendship . . . 516
HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817–1862)
Brute Neighbors . . . 524
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863)
Addison . . . 531
On a Lazy Idle Boy . . . 536
JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900)
Of the Pathetic Fallacy . . . 541
MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888)
The Study of Poetry . . . 546
Literature and Science . . . 552
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–1895)
A Liberal Education . . . 563
WALTER PATER (1839–1894)
Romanticism . . . 566
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894)
Walking Tours . . . 570
Æs Triplex . . . 575
A Gossip on Romance . . . 579
STEPHEN LEACOCK (1869–)
Homer and Humbug . . . 585
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874–)
On Sandals and Simplicity . . . 588
ARNOLD BENNETT (1867–1931)
Why a Classic Is a Classic . . . 591
HILAIRE BELLOC (1870–)
The Mowing of a Field . . . 593
SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS (1857–1927)
Satan Among the Biographers . . . 598

CHAPTER X

PROSE FICTION: THE SHORT STORY

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY . . . 607
EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849)
The Cask of Amontillado . . . 613
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864)
Rappaccini's Daughter . . . 617
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894)
The Sire de Malétroit's Door . . . 634
MYRA KELLY (1876–1910)
A Christmas Present for a Lady . . . 646
O. HENRY (1862–1910)
A Municipal Report . . . 650
ARTHUR MORRISON (1863–)
On the Stairs . . . 659
ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH (1863–)
The Roll-Call of the Reef . . . 662
W. W. JACOBS (1863–)
A Change of Treatment . . . 671

HARRY GRISWOLD DWIGHT (1875–)
In the Pasha's Garden 675
KATHERINE MANSFIELD (1889–1923)
The Garden-Party 686
APPENDIX
Topics for Study, Discussion, and Written Report 698
INDEX 703
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE 705

CHAPTER VI

THE DRAMA

AN INTRODUCTION

I. Drama as a Literary Type

Of all literary representations of life the most direct and the most vivid is acted drama. The reader of a novel, short story, or narrative poem must reconstruct in his own mind the background, the characters, the plot, as these are suggested to his imagination by the symbols on the printed page. The spectator at a play, however, sees a section of life moving in lively action before him. Even a drama which is read and not seen except in the mind's eye is more vivid, if properly understood, than any other form of story, because the dialogue makes it easy for the reader to imagine characters talking as in life, and going through real actions.

It is not surprising, therefore, that drama made an early appearance among all peoples, barbarian and civilized alike, and that in the literatures of cultured nations it has become varied in form and complex in its technique and its purpose. In a brief introductory essay it is possible to present only an historical sketch and a few comments on the technique and on some of the influences that have helped to mold the type into its various forms. First, then, is given a short sketch of the beginnings and the growth of the drama in England with especial reference to the plays included in this volume.

II. History of the English Drama

A. Pre-Tudor plays[1] (before 1500)

Gammer Gurtons Nedle (c. 1553), the first play in this volume, does not mark the beginnings of drama in England. Behind it are various types of comedy; and several influences, native and foreign, have gone into its creation. Of these the most notable are the religious and the moral plays which had their beginnings four or five hundred years before Shakespeare was born, and which did not die out completely until the end of the sixteenth century; the farce interludes of the early Tudor period; and, finally, the Latin tragedies and comedies which became popular in the Tudor schools and colleges at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which helped mightily to shape the growing drama of the Elizabethan Age. A paragraph or two concerning each of these forerunners will create a better understanding of the Tudor comedy and the Elizabethan tragedy included in this collection.

The earliest plays in England were Bible dramas usually called miracle or mystery plays. They originated on the continent in the ninth or tenth century, apparently by the insertion into the Easter mass of brief representations of the scene of the angel and the three Marys at the tomb. At first these little interludes in the church service—for they were hardly more than that—were chanted in Latin, in the church, by priests. Gradually they came to be written in the vernacular, played out of doors either in the churchyard or in a public square, and performed by laymen. Their subject-matter, furthermore, soon extended to the scenes of the Nativity, then to other episodes in the Old and New Testament, and even to the lives of saints. In an age in which national

[1] In these subtitles use has been made of historical terms with which every student of English literature should become familiar. The *Tudor* period begins with the reign of Henry VII (1485–1509) and ends with the accession of Elizabeth in 1558. Although Elizabeth was the last of the Tudor monarchs, she gave her name to her period; in fact, in drama, the *Elizabethan* period is usually thought of as extending to the government's closing of the theaters in 1642. The *Restoration* period extends from 1660, when Charles II came to the throne, roughly to the death of Anne in 1714, although the first part of the eighteenth century is sometimes called the age of Anne. The "Four Georges" of the House of Hanover ruled Great Britain from the accession of the first of them in 1714 to the death of George IV in 1830; the term *Georgian* is often applied to the drama produced during the middle and late eighteenth century. Victoria, who gave her name to the *Victorian* period, reigned the longest of all British monarchs—1837 to 1901.

boundaries were ill-defined, and all culture was controlled more or less directly by the Church, these Bible plays soon made their way to England; and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when they were at their height there, they were played annually on Corpus Christi Day (a feast falling about two months after Easter) by members of the trade guilds of York, Chester, and other cathedral towns, who performed on movable platforms, or "pageants," that were wheeled from street to street throughout the whole of a long summer's day. With the coming of the Reformation in the early part of the sixteenth century these curious stages went out of fashion as the relics of an outgrown past, the last of them being sold for storage charges early in the seventeenth century.

The elements in the Bible plays most significant in their effect on the later drama were those which did not come from the Bible at all, but directly from life. That is to say, the writers of these religious plays show a gradually increasing tendency to use the Bible material merely as the framework for their plot, and to copy their characters from the village types around about them, thus introducing into these plays elements of social satire which are quite foreign to their source in sacred script. For example, the wife of Noah, who in the Bible is just "his wife" and nothing more, becomes in the Wakefield *Noah* a stubborn shrew who engages in a stand-up fight with her henpecked husband because she refuses to believe his fabulous tale of the coming flood and take shelter in the ark. Similarly in *The Conversion of St. Paul* from the Digby MS. the servant of Saul quarrels vigorously with the Stabularyus, or hostler, in an exchange of compliments which few later dramatists have exceeded for energy. In one famous Bible play, the *Secunda Pastorum* or *Second Shepherds' Play* of the Towneley Cycle, written toward the end of the fourteenth century, the clever author has not only introduced a great deal of pungent comment on contemporary social and agrarian conditions but has also included a complete sheep-stealing farce which is connected with the main plot of the nativity only by its parody of that story and by the employment of the same three shepherds in both main plot and burlesque. With these and many similar Bible plays as evidence it is impossible not to believe that in England these religious dramas of the fourteenth and perhaps earlier centuries were absorbing satirical representations of country life by no means unlike those in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*.

The medieval Bible dramas, or mystery plays, were not the only early form to influence later dramatic art. Side by side with them during all but the earliest centuries, there developed didactic plays called moralities, which ran their course well into the sixteenth century. The earliest of these dramas presented allegorized theology with the familiar figure of Everyman, or mankind, pulled upward toward heaven or downward toward hell by the personified forces of good and evil. In the Tudor moralities many of the theological elements were replaced by allegorical arguments for right living, search for wisdom and truth, and correct political thinking. As with the Bible dramas, so with these moralities; the personifications, at first wan and spiritless enough, gradually took on life and color from contact with reality until some of them, instead of being mere character types, became typical characters and hardly less real than many of the figures in the comedies of Jonson and Molière. This transformation has been effected, for example, in the lively Idleness and her dupe, the dull Ignorance, in John Redford's *Wyt and Science*. It seems also to be true of the Vice, the stock character who combined all the earlier separate sins, and who developed from the chief of sinners into a highly popular clown who played merry pranks that were characterized, like those of Diccon in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, by a love of fun rather than by any more sinful motive. Thus the morality plays like the Bible dramas break away from their patterns and provide for subsequent dramatists frequent copies of actors and action in real life.

B. TUDOR INTERLUDES AND SCHOOL PLAYS (1500–1558)

The farce interludes of the early Tudor period, unlike the mysteries and moralities, were not consciously didactic; they were designed rather for the entertainment of dinner guests and probably got their name from the fact that they were often performed between

courses at a banquet. The mystery plays were dramatized Bible stories, the moralities dramatized allegories or sermons; the interludes might almost be called dramatized *fabliaux*, for the stuff of which most of them were made is much the same as that which went into the racy yarns of the sort that Chaucer's miller and reeve delighted to recount—brisk young wives, and snuffy old husbands stupidly unaware of the less than saintly attentions of an itinerant student or the village priest. This is, in the main, the familiar intrigue of John Heywood's *Johan Johan* and of many more like it in France and England. The *milieu* is usually that of the village, the characters are from low life, the fun is primitive. In the religious and didactic plays, as has been pointed out, these realistic elements were not infrequently intruded; in the farce interludes they form the entire play. In content and flavor, therefore, as well as in the period to which they belong, they are much nearer than are the older plays to such comedies as *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*.

Although the writers of early Tudor comedies got from the Bible plays and the didactic plays some lessons in copying country and town life, they learned from these primitive performances little of dramatic form and technique. Personification and dialogue, of course, the earlier plays always had; some crude efforts at crises and climaxes they sometimes also possessed. But they had little of dramatic pattern, and the divisions into acts and scenes familiar to everybody long before the end of the sixteenth century they never did possess. These formal practices came from an exotic source, the Latin plays introduced into schools and colleges at the beginning of the sixteenth century and eagerly seized upon as models of good dramatic form. It is interesting to see how one phase of the English Renaissance—the Reformation—gradually put an end to the medieval plays, at the same time that another phase—Humanism, or the "New Learning"—brought into popularity the dramatic models of an earlier and much higher culture, that of the Latin playwrights, and, through them, of the Greek dramatists. During the sixteenth century the comedies of Terence and Plautus were played repeatedly in the English "public" schools as well as at Oxford and Cambridge. Sometimes the productions were in Latin and sometimes in translations; sometimes, too, they were imitations in English of the Latin originals or of Italian copies of the originals. From the classical comedies the Tudor school and university dramatists took not only the division into acts and scenes but also the usual classical stage formulas of an outdoor setting, a fixed locale, and the restriction of the time of the action to a single day. Occasionally, too, they copied the characters of the Latin comedies, although resemblance of English and Latin types does not always indicate such a borrowing. Latin plots the early Tudor playwrights did not very often copy, being too much interested in satirizing the vivid English life about them. Although Terence and Plautus were regarded among learned English playwrights as preeminently the "great" writers of comedy, they were at no time copied so slavishly that the vigorous current of realism that came into Tudor drama from the medieval plays was entirely lost; on the contrary, even in those Tudor comedies which seem nearest to the Latin models, like Nicholas Udall's *Roister Doister*, the wholesome, earthy flavor of the barbarian Anglo-Saxons is more distinctive than the more cultivated and at the same time more decadent essence of the Roman republicans. The extent to which these two elements intermingle in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is pointed out in the headnote to that play.

C. ELIZABETHAN COMEDIES (1558–1642)

The tendency of all early English comedy to be realistic continued in certain aspects of the drama during the Elizabethan period. The rugged and honest Ben Jonson, for example, believed that no comedy was worth a pinch of salt that did not satirize contemporary life, and, although his "Comedy of Humors" is vastly more regular and more polished than the earlier realistic comedies, it deals, as they did, with current characters. So also do the comedies of Thomas Dekker and of many of his immediate successors. Even Shakespeare's strong romanticism did not keep him from breaking through repeatedly into realistic moods, as he did, for example, when he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and the Boar's Head Tavern scenes of *Henry IV*. The rough realism of the medie-

val and the early Tudor plays had a legitimate succession, therefore, in the work of some of the most notable of the Elizabethan dramatists.

It is possible that realism might have been the prevailing mood of Elizabethan comedy if it had not been for the vigorous interest in the drama taken by Elizabeth and her court. Most of the playwrights wrote primarily for the London public, but most of them did it with a backward glance in the direction of the royal and noble patrons under whose official licenses the adult and the children's companies were all performing. So it was that the Elizabethan comedy came often to reflect the taste of the courtiers, and much of it became romantic, dramatic reproductions, for example, of the elegant and artificial "novels" of the period, like Lodge's *Rosalind*, the source of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and Greene's *Pandosto*, the source of *The Winter's Tale*. This type of comedy embodies the familiar romantic formula; unmarried or married lovers separated in the first act are united in the last act after various misadventures. The characters were princes and princesses, young noblemen and ladies, with contrasting types of clowns and fools, and country and city "gulls." There was much music and dancing, and the whole approached the musical comedy with a light mood and a happy ending. These romantic plays and the realistic dramas of earlier ancestry form the major divisions of comedy in the Elizabethan period.

D. ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDIES AND HISTORY PLAYS (1558–1642)

So far nothing has been said in this sketch about tragedy. Up to the beginning of Elizabeth's reign nothing, indeed, needed to be said, for tragedy as a distinctive type of English drama made its appearance only when the influence of the plays of the Latin philosopher Seneca began to be strongly felt. With the widespread interest in all types of drama which came rapidly in the last two decades of the sixteenth century, it is probable that some form of tragedy would have appeared without any foreign model and in spite of the lack of earlier English models. But the interest in the plays of Seneca, strengthened by a contact with the growing drama of Italy, France, and Spain, resulted in the development in England of a distinctive type of heroic tragedy. Seneca was a philosopher and rhetorician rather than a playwright, and the ten tragedies ascribed to him were apparently designed not to be acted but to be read by a public rhetor. This the Elizabethans did not know, however, and such scholars as Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson regarded the plays as the greatest of tragic models for the stage. Many of the characteristics of the Senecan tragedies, as, for example, the long, impassioned harangues, the highly formalized word-combats, and the sententious utterances, suited the temperament of the Elizabethans and were eagerly adopted. With equal eagerness were welcomed the five-act division, and, occasionally, the prologue, the chorus, the ghost, and other conventions. The tragedies of Seneca, imitated as they were from the Greek tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are distinctly buskined; the characters are all passionate heroes and heroines of the demigod pattern, who dare and do great deeds and suffer mighty downfalls. Occasionally their crimes were performed in the sight of the audience; oftener, however, they took place off-stage and were recounted in epic recital by horrified eye-witnesses. An Elizabethan audience, however, accustomed to the thrills and excitement of bull-baiting and public executions, preferred the direct presentation, and dramatists like Thomas Kyd, author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, literally "heaped the camp with mountains of the dead," thereby promoting a tradition which subsequent tragic playwrights willingly followed. In spite, therefore, of the insistence of many Elizabethan critics that English tragedy be modeled strictly and in all details after the Senecan plays, the native current of romance and love of variety were so strong in Elizabethan England that before the end of the sixteenth century writers of tragedies were creating plays that followed the classical formula only in division into acts and occasionally other details, and "romantic" tragedies, popular with the London citizens although sometimes condemned by scholars, displaced the "classical" tragedy of a decade or two earlier.

In one respect the typical Elizabethan tragedy resembles the typical romantic comedy: the characters are the great ones of the earth, kings and queens, princes, and

mighty generals like Othello. But whereas romantic comedy ended happily with the wedding bells ringing, the tragedy was a losing struggle ending with downfall and death, with funeral knell and slow march. The heroes or hero-villains are titanic, and their grand opponent is Fate. Round spins the wheel of Fortune;

> Scepter and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

That is the keynote of the classical Elizabethan tragedy; it is a "mirror for magistrates" in which the fate of the mighty is depicted.

A few Elizabethan tragedies, to be sure, vary from this formula, by substituting bourgeois characters for royal ones, and contemporary for historical crimes. But such domestic tragedies as the anonymous *Arden of Feversham* and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, though more melodramatic and more didactic than *Othello* and *Lear*, have much the same mood. The crime pattern of *Arden of Feversham*, for example, is that of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, for Arden, like the Grecian king, is murdered at his family altar by his unfaithful wife and her cowardly paramour.

Although the history play is often spoken of as a distinctive Elizabethan dramatic type, it is really a cross-type, for many history plays are tragedies or semi-comedies, and some tragedies and comedies are really history plays. Shakespeare's *Richard III*, for example, is not only a history play but a fairly typical tragedy; and his *Macbeth* is not only a tragedy but has many of the features found in the history play. Historical material crops out in numerous Elizabethan dramas. The beginnings of an imperialistic attitude had been creating national consciousness for some time, and the English court and the English people were greatly stirred not only by their own history and current political affairs, but by the moving events in foreign countries. The English fear of civil war and of control from the continent appears in dozens of history plays, and the exciting deeds of contemporary French and Spanish noblemen and generals, like the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Byron in Chapman's heroic dramas dealing with French politics, aroused the keenest interest of the English audiences. Even in such a comedy as Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost* the background is formed by a civil war across the Channel.

Many of the characteristics of the Tudor dramas carried over into the plays of the first two of the Stuart kings in the seventeenth century. This is so true, in fact, that the entire period from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 to the closing of the theaters by the Puritan parliament in 1642 is usually called the Elizabethan Age of the drama. There were, however, certain distinctive modifications which may perhaps reveal the stamp that the Stuarts seem to have put upon life and literature. The changes were so gradual that they are difficult to characterize in a few words. Perhaps it may be accurate to say that the Stuart drama suggests more *confinement* than does the Tudor, more of the closeness of indoors than of the freedom of outdoors. The distinctions between types, though usually maintained, tended to disappear. Tragedies began to deal with the *doings* rather than with the great *deeds* of the mighty of the earth, and the great ones themselves seemed to shrivel and become more sordid and less heroic. Palace intrigues replaced national and international plots, and the backstairs and the privy chamber came to be used more than the grand stairway and the audience room. Sentimentalism often usurped true emotions, as in the bourgeois dramas of Thomas Heywood and the morbid tragedies of John Ford. The horrors of the old English Senecan plays were restored with even more emphasis on the morbid and the physically terrifying. Melodrama lurked near. The extent to which Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, a typical Stuart tragedy, has these characteristics is pointed out in the headnote to that drama in this volume. Comedies, where they were distinctly marked off from tragedies, showed the influence of the Stuart kings' love of masques and shows, and became less dramatic, as a whole, and more spectacular. All these changes came to a fairly abrupt ending when in 1642 the theaters were closed by the Puritans, not "because they gave pleasure to the spectators," but because their close connection with the court had made the playhouses hotbeds of royalist activity. After that date plays were performed surrepti-

tiously and seldom, until the return of Charles II in 1660 inaugurated a new dramatic era, that of the Restoration.

E. RESTORATION DRAMA (1660–1714)

Charles II, being a Stuart and therefore a lover of pleasure, was a good leader in the natural reaction which followed the restrictions of the Puritan régime. The period which his return ushered in was one of social freedom and license, of moral irresponsibility, of wit and polish, but not of restraint and virtue. These characterizations apply at least to the court and to the upper classes, and, since Charles inherited from his grandfather and father a love of entertainment that had been well developed during his sojourn in France, the central control of the drama reverted for the time being from the people to the court and the idle rich. The chief influence on the Restoration drama came from France; both the learning and polish of the artificial heroic tragedies such as Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada*, and the wit and sparkle of the social satires called the Comedy of Manners were largely Gallic; and from France, too, came the novelty of having women on the stage to replace the boys in women's rôles of the Elizabethan Age. But Thackeray is only half right in saying that the comic muse of the Restoration period was a "shameless French baggage," for many of the characteristics of the Restoration plays were carried over from the late Elizabethan, or, more properly, the Stuart drama, and much of the technique of Jonson, Middleton, and Shirley reappears in the work of Dryden, Wycherley, and Congreve. To the drama of the first decades of the century, therefore, as well as to that of the French, the Restoration period is heavily in debt. In addition, it took much of its flavor from the social freedom that arose out of the reaction against the Puritan rule.

Restoration tragedies were more "regular" than those of the Elizabethan Age. The dramatists were more conscious of the demands not only of the neo-classical, or pseudo-classical, critics of the time, but also of the pressure of polite society. As a result the plays seem molded into a regular form which appears not only in the tendency toward a conventionalized balance of episodes and characters, but also in the employment of the heroic couplet. Restoration tragedies were dramatic *poems* created in highly formalized patterns. As compared with most of the Elizabethan tragedies they were stiffer, more polished, less free; the Restoration critics and dramatists, however, thought of them as more artistic, more elegant, more classical.

The Comedy of Manners of Dryden, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, Congreve, and others was indubitably a picture of the high life of the period, Charles Lamb's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. It resembles Jonson's Comedy of Humors in its satiric reproduction of contemporary figures, but differs utterly from that earlier type of drama in having no moral or didactic purpose. The Comedy of Manners, on the contrary, is sometimes distinctly immoral, often at least unmoral or marked by a hardened lack of moral responsibility. Its chief characteristic is its wit. The English people, unlike the French, are not essentially witty; humor they do possess, real wit they display much more seldom. The wittiest period in the history of English social manners is that in which French influence was predominant, that is, in the generation following the restoration of Charles II. The Comedy of Manners displays no morality, no love of virtue for its own sake. It is brilliant and sparkling, but its brilliance is not the soft luster of a flower or butterfly, but the cold, hard sheen of a fish's scales. One may go to the Comedy of Manners for lessons in social polish, elegant conduct, and witty repartee, but not for lessons in righteous and virtuous living. Congreve's *The Way of the World* illustrates this point very well; it is not as immoral and loose as are many other comedies, but it is even more polished and sparkling.

F. GEORGIAN DRAMA (1714–1800)

The reaction against the Comedy of Manners was as inevitable as had been that against the Puritans. When the last of the Stuart kings disappeared from England in the Revolution of 1688, the drama could expect little patronage from their sober successor, William of Orange, and attacks upon the stage became more frequent. Jeremy Collier's *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, published in

1698, two years before Congreve's *The Way of the World* appeared, has been given much credit for bringing about the reform that was well under way by the end of the first decade of the eighteenth century, but it is probable that this vitriolic screed would have been less successful in its purpose if it had not appeared in a period already ripe for a change in dramatic conditions. The reaction was not as sudden as had been that in 1660, but gradually didacticism, sentimentalism, and morality forced their way into the drama, as, indeed, they did into the life and literature of the century. Sir Richard Steele was one of the first dramatists to revolt against the Comedy of Manners, and his sentimental plays, *The Lying Lover*, *The Tender Husband*, and *The Conscious Lovers*, although satirical and witty enough in many scenes, are neither cynical nor immoral, but are marked by a drooping emotionalism that is almost pietistic in places.

In a century that could give birth to the sobbing melancholy of the "graveyard school" of poets and the heavy morality and emotionalism of Richardson's novels, the drama could hardly be expected to escape the same influences. It is not surprising, therefore, that the mood apparent in the plays of Steele should have developed apace in other dramas until toward the end of the century Sheridan could characterize plays in general as more deadly dull than sermons. Reactions against the false emotionalism and cant of the prevailing types were inevitable. Just as Fielding created in Tom Jones a real hero instead of a mawkish one, and just as Crabbe in his *Village* attempted to throw the white light of truth on the country life that had been rose-tinted by Goldsmith, so in the drama the essential falseness of the current misrepresentations of life were corrected in the realism of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Sheridan burlesqued the heavily allegorical heroic plays, the dishonesty of the critics, and the shallowness of the parlor connoisseurs in *The Critic; or a Tragedy Rehearsed;* and in *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and other comedies he returned in part to the type of drama that had appeared in the Comedy of Manners; in these comedies he avoided the immoralities of the Restoration dramatists as well as the mawkish sentimentalism of those of his own time and created plays that are genuinely wholesome in situation and restrained in their emotional appeal. In the headnote to *The School for Scandal* in this volume some of the details of his attacks on the false dramatic art of his period have been indicated. Unfortunately, perhaps, neither he nor Goldsmith had any group of followers; they founded no school, and their work, therefore, remains to a certain extent detached from the general current of English dramatic history.

G. VICTORIAN DRAMA (1837–1901)

The Romantic period, extending roughly from the end of the eighteenth century to the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, saw the introduction of no new elements in the drama and the production of few really great plays, nor in the number of significant dramas produced can the Victorian Age itself be characterized as an important period. Perhaps this was partly the result of a carrying over from the preceding century of the conscious didacticism of the Georgian Age. "I will be good," said the Princess Victoria when she was notified that she was to be queen, and without meaning to do so, she thus gave out the text for the nineteenth century. The creed thus expressed probably explains also the circumstance that in the Victorian drama sentimentalism and melodrama ruled. Furthermore, drama flourishes best among a people who have time to create and to enjoy it, and who do not take too seriously the tasks of adjusting themselves to life. The Victorians were not such a people. They were deeply interested in such problems of living as the relationships of science, theology, and education, the economic and social adjustments of the new class of mill workers and the new class of mill owners, the control of a spreading empire, and numerous other political, educational, and social matters. They were not under the restraints of the Puritans, nor was their type of morality so narrow, but they were heavily loaded with moral ideas, and the drama in general reflects their seriousness, being usually heavy itself, and, it is to be feared, often dull.

In the last two decades of the century there was some breaking away from the earlier Victorian moods and patterns as a result of the influence of Ibsen and other continen-

tal dramatists. The tendency of the Victorian period had been to do away with the distinctions between dramatic types that had been generally insisted upon in the Elizabethan and Restoration periods; instead of tragedy and comedy, that is, the Victorians had *drama*. This process of eliminating exact distinctions continued up to the end of the century, and, indeed, down to the present time. The seriousness of the Victorian attitude also continued in the last decades of the nineteenth century. In one important respect, however, Pinero, Galsworthy, Shaw, and other late Victorian dramatists—some of whom are still writing—differed from their immediate predecessors; they insisted on presenting society with naked truth uncolored and undistorted by sentiment or romance. The shock to Victorian sensibilities which the stark realism of this method gave gradually disappeared, so that before the turn of the century audiences had become accustomed to think of the stage almost as a public clinic where diseases of the social and economic order would be exposed to the pitiless white light of truth, and either treated or at least diagnosed. The greatest dramas of the period were thus problem plays dealing with such aspects of human contacts as the relationships of men and women, parents and children, employers and employees, justice and crime, art and industrialism as opposing forces. Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is included in this volume as a typical problem play, and in the headnote certain of the characteristics of this type are pointed out. Like the Restoration comedies Pinero's play depicts society, but quite unlike them, its attitude is didactic; it presents a moral problem and a tragic solution. With society constituted as it is, asks Pinero, can the "woman with a past" hope to return? His answer is the suicide of his heroine, with its condemnation of the cruelty of the social pressure which drove her to seek escape.

H. CONTEMPORARY DRAMA (1901-)

Contemporary drama is naturally difficult to see in proper perspective, and all that can be done in such a brief sketch as this historical digest is to point out what seem to be a few of its current tendencies. The objective of the stage—to hold the mirror up to modern society and to present problems and sometimes their solutions—has continued from the end of the Victorian era. The cataclysm of the Great War has apparently made dramatists more caustic and more cynical. The attitude of the audience toward the stage seems to be intellectual rather than emotional; the third decade of the present century has apparently created a public that is eager to make its own individual and social analyses, and that is unwilling to leave the entire solution of human problems to the pulpit, the press, and the stage. Most modern plays, therefore, are directive and not dictatorial in their function; like editorials they seek to guide the thinking of the public rather than to supply a substitute for it.

One curious aspect of the current drama is its tendency, like the morality plays of the pre-Tudor period, to introduce symbolism as an aid to the inculcation of its lessons. In America Eugene O'Neill has done this repeatedly. In England A. A. Milne has done it in *The Dover Road*, reproduced in this volume. In this mellow, whimsical, fantastic comedy the Dover Road is not just the road to Dover—it is also the primrose path of false romance. Before the eyes of the audience a social surgeon lays bare the souls of two men and two women, who cannot themselves see the truth of their relationships until the truth has been thrust upon them. *The Dover Road* is a social sermon, pleasant to the taste and altogether delightful, but a social sermon none the less. A special variety of the fantastic drama is the poetical fantasy of which W. B. Yeats's *The Land of Heart's Desire*, in this volume, is an example.

In spite of the modern tendency to produce "plays with a purpose," the variety is almost as great as it was in the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. Social plays, domestic plays, economic plays, war plays, poetic drama, fantasies all appear in forms too numerous to discuss here in detail. One development, however, deserves especial mention because of its novelty; that is the appearance of the one-act play, which stands in relationship to the full-length drama as does the short story to the novel. In Great Britain the most notable writers of one-act plays are Barrie, Shaw, and the dramatists of the Irish Renaissance group, Synge, Yeats, and Lady Gregory; in America Eugene O'Neill has

probably written the most notable examples of the type. Many of these playlets are as purposeful as the problem dramas; some are designed for general propaganda, the Irish plays, for example, being aimed at furthering the cause of the Celtic renaissance. In spite of their compactness a few are really great plays; John Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, to select a notable illustration, is one of the most movingly tragic productions in contemporary drama.

III. History of the English Stage

A. Relation of Drama and the Physical Stage

Histories of the English drama are ordinarily written with the dramatists and their productions solely in mind. It should be remembered, however, that more goes into the making of a dramatic production than the work of the playwright alone. The success of a performance may depend upon the audience, the actors, the censors, the literary style, even the physical conditions of the production; a truly successful play, indeed, will probably have a correct balance and harmony of all of these, and all are important. Histories of literature have been written from the point of view of the reader, and in the preceding paragraphs enough has been said of the reactions of the audiences upon types and moods of the drama to indicate that the plays of a given period reflect the philosophy and the social attitudes of that period. Again, drama can be thought of in relationship to the conditions of acting. For example, in the Elizabethan period all women's parts were taken by boys; it was not until the Restoration that actresses made their appearance. In the late Georgian period, moreover, emphasis in the drama was upon acting and not upon playwrighting; as a result good actors were usually expected to make up the deficiencies and the defects of a poor play. Even the history of censorship and criticism is related to the drama. The parliament of Elizabeth and the city fathers of Elizabethan London exerted a very distinct influence on the subject-matter of plays, as did James I, who hated profanity, on the language of the stage. The license of the Comedy of Manners was checked not only by a change in public sentiment but by specific attacks of Jeremy Collier and of various societies for the reformation of the drama. The physical conditions of production modified the technique of playwrighting and of acting to an amazing extent. Finally, a very entertaining history of the language of the drama might be written to show how both prose and poetry were in different periods and under different conditions the accepted forms of dramatic expression, and also how other linguistic conventions of the stage came and went. Since it is not possible in a short sketch to take up all the elements that have influenced the drama, two only will be considered, first, the changes in the physical stage, and second, the changes in theories as to the appropriate language of the theater.

B. The Stage of the Mystery and Morality Plays

The first distinctive stage in England was the pageant wagon of the Bible dramas, used by the trade guilds from the thirteenth or early fourteenth century down to the end of the sixteenth. These were crude floats pulled from one street crossing or public square to another during the Corpus Christi or other performances. On each platform was presented a single scene from the Bible, assigned with more or less appropriateness to one of the guilds. The old idea, based on a report of Bishop Rogers in the late sixteenth century, that these platforms were high enough to allow for a dressing-room beneath seems hardly to be borne out by the evidence of the stage directions in the guild manuscripts of the plays. For example, in the Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors of the Coventry Corpus Christi Plays the instructions for the bragging King Herod read: "Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also." Had the pageant been from six to eight feet high, as it must needs have been to provide for a second dressing platform beneath the upper one, Herod could scarcely have been so active as to leap from the "pagond" into the street and back again. It is doubtful, moreover, if the amateur actors changed their costumes during a series of performances; it is much more likely that they wore them throughout the day as people might do now at a civic carnival or masquerade. Since

there were on the small platform little room for stage properties and no opportunity for scene-shifting of any sort, changes of locale had to be left largely to the imagination of the audience with what little help the speakers could give them. In most Bible dramas this naïve method was quite frankly employed. In the nativity play just alluded to, for example, Joseph and Mary set out from Nazareth and apparently walk about the platform two or three times or around the pageant wagon; then Joseph remarks:

Now to Bedlem have we leygis three;
The day ys ny spent, yt drawyth toward nyght.

And the spectators are constrained to accept the statement. Thus the platform of the pageant wagon became a multiple stage on which, through the kind indulgence of the audience, any number of scenes might be presented.

The early morality play was apparently produced in a field or other open space within a large circle that represented the place of the action. Here the method of indicating the various scenes differed from that of the mystery play. The "stage" of the early morality play was divided into various locations or divisions, each one of which served as a center for a single episode in the entire play and as a "home" for one or more of the characters. Presumably this section of the whole circle received the undivided attention of the audience while an action was taking place there, and the other sections or locations were, for the time being, nonexistent. This peculiar stage plan seems immature enough to a modern audience, but, after all, it is not psychologically much different from that of the modern theaters when the audience follows the action on one part of the stage and, for the time being, ignores the existence of all other parts.

In the early Tudor period semi-professional companies of half-vagabond strolling players made their way from town to town playing sometimes in the guild-halls and oftener in the public squares on crude stages made by throwing boards over trestles. Later these same companies and the better established ones that succeeded them played in inn-yards on platforms erected in the open courts at the end of the yard opposite the main or coach entrance. Since these inn-yards were surrounded by balconies for two or more stories in height, the actors could make use not only of their own temporary platform but of the space behind it and the section of the balcony above it. These inn-yard stages had, therefore, much better possibilities for dramatic production than the earlier wheeled floats or public square platforms, and out of them developed in no very long time the famous public theaters of the days of Elizabeth.

C. THE PRIVATE STAGE OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

The theater of the Elizabethan Age may be treated roughly in two divisions, the private stage and the public stage. Of these the second is naturally the more important, but the first merits some comment. Plays produced in private performance in a royal palace, a nobleman's house, or a college hall, either by professional actors or by amateurs had to put up with whatever conditions could be secured. Apparently the performers sometimes followed the methods of the players of St. George plays and other Christmas plays, invading the hall at the proper point in a general entertainment, and putting on their play before the great fireplace in a more or less imaginary circle that separated the actors from the audience. As is pointed out in the headnote and the footnotes of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* in this volume, that early college play was probably produced after this crude fashion. Other plays, no doubt, were performed more elaborately on the dais at the end of the great hall or even on a platform built especially for the occasion. The amount of scenery and the number of stage devices used must have varied considerably; in the court performances of John Lyly's plays considerable money was without doubt expended for stage machinery of various kinds, whereas for some of the less elaborate school and college plays perhaps the bare boards sufficed. In all private productions the imagination of the audience was taxed by both playwright and performers.

D. THE PUBLIC THEATER OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

The first public theater in England, the *Theatre*, was built in one of the fields north of London in 1576, and about fifty years later

the last of the Elizabethan playhouses, the *Second Fortune*, came into being. During the reign of James I there were in and around London no fewer than ten or a dozen regular theaters and inn-yards used for plays. Of these the *Blackfriars* was a winter playhouse entirely roofed over; the others were modeled after the inn-yards, were open to the sky, and so could be used only in clement weather. These summer playhouses were for the most part round or octagonal. The gentry and the richer citizens sat in balcony-like boxes protected by a thatched roof; the "brothers of the pit" stood under the sky on the ground floor.

Concerning the stage construction of these Elizabethan playhouses a great deal has been written which must be reproduced here in the greatest condensation and with the omission of many details. The Elizabethan stage was a roomy platform projecting a long way into the pit so that the audience surrounded it on three sides. The front part was open to the heavens; the rear was protected by a shed-roof supported on two high pillars. Since the platform was open on three sides, it had no front curtain, a circumstance which affected the action in a way to be explained later. Behind the main stage was an alcove stage, cut off from the front stage by a movable curtain; this inner stage could be used for interior scenes, and for all those in which it was necessary to make some sudden disclosure. Above the rear stage was a balcony stage, which could be employed for any scene that presented characters elevated above those on the main stage below; such a use of the balcony stage appears in Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, Act V, Scene v (see footnote on line 18, page 108). Since no curtain concealed the front stage, actual changes of scene made by altering the place of the action were impossible unless carried on in full view of the audience; the audience, accordingly, was expected to assume that the shift had been made. Some of the classical critics like Sir Philip Sidney were much disturbed by such imaginary scene-shifting, and thought that the stage should always represent but one place. "Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers," writes Sir Philip in his *Defense of Poesy*, "and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?" Since Sir Philip's essay was probably written in 1583, he may have based his ideas of the stage partly on the platform stages of private performances, but it is certain that he would not have altered his theories had he written when London was surrounded with a ring of playhouses. Ben Jonson agreed with him in the main, and usually restricted the place of action in his plays to a single setting. But the romanticist Shakespeare frankly called upon his audience in the Prologue to *Henry V* to assist with their imaginations in reproducing within "this cockpit," "the vasty fields of France" and

> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt.

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, moreover, he put into the mouth of Duke Theseus a very acute defense of his method. The Duke's Duchess had been protesting against the attempts of Bully Bottom's crude company of yokel amateurs to present a realistic performance of *Pyramus and Thisbe* by having one of the company represent the moon and another one represent the wall that separated the lovers. "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," remarked the Duchess. And the Duke replied: "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." (Act V, Scene i, lines 212 214.) Thus the greatest of Elizabethan dramatists would suggest that the stage is after all but a place for symbols, and that a few boards may present the fields of France or any other locality "if imagination amend them."

A word needs to be said about the effects upon the Elizabethan drama of the platform stage method of production. In a modern performance the raising of the curtain signifies the beginning of the mimic action; on a stage that had no front curtain some other means, such as the appearance of a prologue-speaker, or the blowing of the customary three blasts on a trumpet, had to suffice.

Similarly, in a modern production the lowering of the curtain at the conclusion of a performance signifies the end of the play, and the audience can go home without caring what the actors, in their own persons, do on the shut-off stage. On the Elizabethan stage some other means of bringing the play to a smooth conclusion had to be devised. So in a comedy there was an epilogue-speaker to dismiss the audience, or at least a "going-out" song or dance, or perhaps a marriage procession, to clear the stage. In a tragedy, which had ended probably with a heap of dead on the stage, the bodies had to be carried off in a solemn funeral march. One other effect of the platform stage on the mood of the play is even more important. The "brothers of the pit" stood closely packed around the rim of the platform, pressing in on three sides, and they could, if they chose, actually touch the players; the gentry in the boxes were fairly well removed, but many of the fops elected to pay an extra sixpence or so and sit on the corners of the stage where they could—and if we may accept the evidence of Dekker's *Gul's Hornbook* frequently did on occasion—interfere with the performance. As a result of this close physical contact of actors and audience an Elizabethan production was much more intimate than is a modern one; in an Elizabethan drama an "aside" was literally an "aside," whispered pretty closely into the ear of some gentleman on the stage or some yokel at the edge of the platform. Elizabethan dramatists were aware of these conditions of acting, and their plays usually show a careful adaptation to the physical construction of the contemporary stage.

E. THE STAGE SINCE SHAKESPEARE

The stage of Shakespeare's time is more sharply differentiated from that of the twentieth century than is any other stage since the age of Elizabeth. The Restoration brought many changes, partly as a result of the influence of the French theater. The English playhouse became an indoor place of amusement, with candlelights and lamps and a general atmosphere of artificiality. To enumerate all of the minor changes that have occurred in the theater within the past four centuries would be impossible here. The platform stage of the Elizabethans remained in the Restoration theater as an "apron" projecting into the pit, and since it was difficult to light the back stage sufficiently to show the actors' faces, the apron stage bore the brunt of the performance. The introduction of the drop curtain at the proscenium arch and of scenery painted on sliding panels that could be operated from the wings did away, however, with the necessity of using the front stage as a "neutral" locality or multiple scene platform. The Elizabethan custom of permitting gentlemen to sit at the corners of the outer stage during a performance did not die out immediately after the Restoration, but when David Garrick played *Macbeth* in the reign of George III the place of the stage spectators was taken by two stalwart British grenadiers, standing stiffly at attention, but ready, if needed, to preserve order in the house. During the eighteenth century the apron stage showed some tendency to shrink back, but it was not until well into the nineteenth century that it reached the proportions of the narrow proscenium strip of the modern picture-frame stage, more effective stage lighting and the building of smaller theaters having made it unnecessary. The balcony stage of the Elizabethan period had long since disappeared. During the eighteenth century scenery and stage machinery became much more elaborate, and in modern times the coming of electricity and, more recently, the invention of spot lights and theater-dimmers have transformed the stage.

The effects of all these changes on the relationships of playwright, actors, and audience have been striking. In the age of Shakespeare writer, producer, actor, and spectator collaborated in a production; as has been pointed out, the members of the audience were on terms of considerable intimacy with the performers; they milled around the platform stage and even sat upon it, and felt that they, too, were participating in the production. At a modern performance the audience are spectators in the narrower sense of the word. The stage is in a picture-frame; it is a box or room with one side knocked out, and the performance is a peep-show. The audience in their plush seats look at and on the play, but even in the smaller theaters they have little of that sense of intimacy with the players which the Elizabethan

audience must have felt. An intimate aside to the modern audience directed across the footlights and gaping orchestra pit in any play but a musical comedy or a burlesque show would come with a shock and would seem almost like an impertinence, for the actors are in one world, and the audience in another. Some modern dramatists and producers have attempted to revive the old devices by introducing intimate asides and by attempting on occasion to break down the barriers between stage and house, but the success of these attempts is highly questionable. The modern stage is no less effective than was that of the Elizabethan Age—perhaps it is more so—but at any rate it is different, and this difference is too fundamental to be overcome by any attempt to restore earlier dramatic conventions.

As has been indicated in an earlier paragraph, the influence of these physical changes on the play itself is also marked. In the days before the front curtain, descending like a cleaver at the end of each act, cut the play into distinct pieces, the drama was in effect a continuous performance. As a result, the action was speeded up, whereas that of a modern play is checked by the intermissions. The addition of scenery, moreover, has resulted in a presentation to the physical eye of the place of action, and has made it unnecessary for the dramatist to put into the mouths of his actors—as was done in Shakespeare's time—frequent allusions to the locale. Again, the use of the printed program, with its full information regarding the place of action, the length of intervals, and the names of the players "in the order of their appearance," has made unnecessary the introduction of all these items into the conversation of the characters. In short, the changes in the physical methods of presenting a drama from Shakespeare's time to the present all tend in the direction of substituting visual for auditory devices of informing the audience. The modern playwright, with the help of scenery designer and program printer, may depend upon the circumstance that his audience will *see* things—will be, that is, spectators; Shakespeare, on the contrary, had to depend upon their *hearing* things, and thus the older dramatist had to put into the mouths of his characters much which his successor may safely omit.

IV. The Language of the Drama

The history of the English drama and the equally fascinating history of the English stage have been told repeatedly and at much greater length than in this brief sketch. The story of the language of the stage, however, has not been written in any complete or consecutive form; this is unfortunate, for much might be said on the subject that would throw light on the two other histories. In this introductory essay only enough can be told to indicate some of the relationships of stage language and the drama as a whole.

A. Relation of Language and Dramatic Production

The drama is often defined as a mimetic representation of life, and this is an accurate general definition. If the drama presents life, it might be logically supposed that the language of the stage would be an exact reproduction of that of the street, the market, the drawing-room, and the kitchen. But it is not; only rarely does the playwright attempt to secure photographic and phonographic accuracy and so make the language of his scene the exact language of life; far more usually his concern is with the general mood or effect which the actors are to produce, and such effects are not always dependent upon precise reproduction of the living language. Furthermore, in most periods of dramatic history the language of the play is controlled in part by accepted traditions and conventions. In the Elizabethan and the Restoration periods, for example, heroic plays and tragedies were almost invariably considered dramatic *poetry*, and the speaking of blank verse or of heroic couplets by the actors was not regarded by either playwright or audience as artificial or in any way unnatural; it constituted merely the accepted convention. Finally, it must be remembered that excepting for a very small number of modern or comparatively modern dramas all plays were written for stage production and not for silent reading. In the Elizabethan Age, in fact, some playwrights even thought it necessary to apologize when one of their plays appeared in print. Thus John Marston in the lines "To the Reader" with which he prefaces *The Malcontent* expresses his wish "that the

unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action." The reader of a play is far more likely to give his attention to the metrical form and various linguistic devices than is the spectator at a production of the same play. When a play is "presented with the soul of lively action," and the words are spoken by skillful impersonators, blank verse does not seem unnatural but stately, lyrics become songs, and the language conventions that are conspicuous in the printed play are lost sight of in the total effect of the whole performance. Thus there is really no fundamental disagreement between the drama as the image of human speech and action, and the play as the embodiment of a particular form of the language.

B. THE VERSE OF THE BIBLE DRAMAS

As far back as the fourteenth century and earlier the mystery plays were written not in prose, but in ragged stanzas with rimes and jigging rhythms. Even within these metrical limitations the country characters who fitted into the framework of the Bible stories seem realistic and unhampered in speech and action. Thus *1. Pastor*, the first shepherd of the Wakefield *Secunda Pastorum*, half-frozen, utters his opinion of the raw Yorkshire climate:

Lord, what these weders ar cold! And I am yll
  happyd.
I am nere-hande dold, so long haue I nappyd.
My legys thay fold, my fyngers ar chappyd;
It is not as I wold, for I am al lappyd
  In sorow.
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west,
Wo is hym has neuer rest
  Myd-day nor morow!

This stanza is one of the conventional formulas for the mystery plays, but it was not the only one employed; other metrical types appear in both mystery and morality plays, nor did it seem to occur to playwrights or audience that straight prose would have been more realistic. In the Tudor moralities and interludes the short line stanzas with the internal rimes gave way to roughly metrical couplets usually in irregular pentameters; the shorter lines and alternate rime scheme were employed only occasionally for variety or for some especially lively bit of clowning. This rough couplet is also used in the first of the English classical comedies, Udall's *Roister Doister;* its successor, however, *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, employed the longer "fourteener" described in the headnote to that play in this volume.

C. PROSE IN COMEDY

The Elizabethan court dramatist John Lyly seems to have been the first to realize that the ragged verse used in the domestic comedies of the earlier periods was not the appropriate form of expression for court plays presenting in classical or romantic guise the social types of the court. Into the mouths of his nobles and ladies, therefore, he put prose, but it was the highly artificial Euphuistic prose of the perfumed Elizabethan romances, and not that of real life. Characterized by alliteration, elaborate balance of phrases, and the introduction of far-fetched similes and much pedantry, it formed a sort of verbal court dance and was far from realistic. Here is a specimen taken from Act I of Lyly's *Endymion:*

ENDYMION. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk, but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

TELLUS. Why, she is but a woman.

END. No more was Venus.

TELLUS. She is but a virgin.

END. No more than was Vesta.

TELLUS. She shall have an end.

END. So shall the world.

TELLUS. Is not her beauty subject to time?

END. No more than time is to standing still.

TELLUS. Wilt thou make her immortal?

END. No, but incomparable.

TELLUS. Take heed, Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight catch'd an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

END. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get hold of the beams of the sun. Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal,

and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering.

Of course, people did not talk like this in real life, even in court circles, although no doubt some of the fops and fine ladies did affect these artificialities. The style was too elaborate to last even as a stage convention, and before the end of the sixteenth century other playwrights were burlesquing it off the boards. What Lyly did do, however, was to show that in high comedy elegant prose might be used instead of poetry. He did even more; in the clown scenes which he introduced into his court dramas to contrast with the romantic scenes he used rough prose, far from the elegant pattern of Euphuism, and thus he established the tradition of prose for clown parts which Shakespeare and other dramatists readily accepted.

Although Lyly was the first to use, in his euphuistic prose, the affected style of conversation which polite society pretended to accept as correctly elegant, he was by no means the last to do so. An examination of the prose of Congreve's *The Way of the World*, for example, will disclose the essential artificiality of his language. It is not to be supposed that, clever and witty and exuberant as the Restoration court and *beau monde* were, they contained many persons who could discourse so readily, so accurately, and with such fine balance of phrase and choice of words and imagery as do Congreve's Mirabells and Millamants. Even his Witwoud, who would be witty but could not, is still ready-tongued and polished. Congreve's prose offers a beautiful pattern in its poise, its regularity, its smoothness, its sparkle—but it is not realistic in the sense of being a phonographic reproduction of the discourse of high society. However, as has been already suggested, there is no reason why it should be so long as it creates the mood and the illusion of a polished and glittering group of people. What has been said of Congreve's play applies, with some reservations, to Sheridan's *The School for Scandal*. Sheridan did not attain, perhaps, quite the flexibility of language and beauty of pattern that characterizes the work of Congreve, and there is in his play some suggestion of the preciseness and the punctiliousness of the late eighteenth century; essentially, however, his methods and his effects are the same as those in the earlier play. Modern social plays, like Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, are more nearly realistic in language than are those of the earlier periods. The society folk of Pinero's play speak correctly and easily, with the suggestion of intellectual culture and restraint—where he means to show them as having these qualities of ladies and gentlemen; his language, however, is not nearly as artificial as that of Lyly's court dramas nor as completely patterned and turned as that of Congreve or even Sheridan. Nevertheless, Pinero talks above the level of daily life, as indeed does every normal writer of social drama.

D. DIALECT FOR COMIC EFFECT

Of the various language devices which are used in drama to produce comic effects one merits especial note here because of the extent to which it appears in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, a farce in this volume—that is dialect. People always seem amused at language which is a phonetic caricature of their own, and it is perhaps for this reason that so much use has been made of dialect in comedies from the old *Secunda Pastorum* to the latest Jew-Irish melodrama. As has just been suggested, *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is not the first play in which this device was used for comic effect. Mak, the sheep-thief in the fourteenth century nativity play just alluded to, attempts not only to disguise his body with a long cloak but also to conceal his Yorkshire tongue by speaking in the dialect of southwestern England. "Ich must haue reuerence," says Mak. "Why, who be ich?" The soft *ich* for *I* deceives the three shepherds, however, not a whit, and the oldest of them orders Mak to "take outt that sothren tothe." Even in much later farces, written in London and in the school and college towns in the Tudor period, the southwestern dialect became as much the accepted comic *patois* for country types as in the past century the languid drawl and the rustic oaths of "Uncle Rube" were for the New England farmer. The extent to which this country dialect was employed for comic effects in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* has been pointed out in the headnote to that play. Other dialects were also used in the Tudor period. Shakespeare seems to have been especially fond of this device, and

in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry V*, and here and there in numerous other plays, he uses English as spoken queerly by Welsh, Scotch, Irish, French, Northerners, and illiterate Londoners. Just how accurately these various dialects and oral perversions of the Queen's English were reproduced on the Tudor stage it is impossible to say, for the reason that there is, of course, no phonetic transcript of them; the chances are that the clever clowns in the Elizabethan companies were good mimics and reproduced the broken English and Billingsgate jargon to the complete satisfaction of the groundlings. At any rate, there can be no doubt of Shakespeare's objective in using this language; playwrights before his time and after have found that in the mouths of competent actors stage dialects are always effective.

E. THE LANGUAGE OF TRAGEDY

Regular tragedy, as has been pointed out in an earlier section of this introduction (page 4), did not appear in English drama until the middle of the sixteenth century. Mock heroics, however, created a part of the fun in the mystery plays, and between the ranting, roaring, and stamping about of the mock-tragic King Herod, and the violent expressions of passion in some of the Elizabethan "tragedies of blood" there is a curious resemblance. The King Herod of the Bible dramas is a boastful monarch:

Magog and Madroke, bothe them did I confownde,
And with this bryght bronde there bonis I brak on-sunder,
Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wonder.

When the messenger brings him the news that the wise men have departed "anothur wey," he "ragis in the pagond and in the strete also," crying:

A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owtt!
Hath those fawls traytvrs done me this ded?
I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!
Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glede!
I rent! I rawe! and now run I wode!
A! thatt these velen trayturs hath mard this my mode!
They schalbe hangid, yf I ma cum them to!

This ranting language, filled with alliterations, dog letters, and rim-ram-ruffing in general, is not vastly different from that in many of the Senecan revenge tragedies like Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. It has been suggested that the circumstance that Elizabethan plays were essentially open-air productions, performed on a platform stage, made bombastic language and ranting delivery necessary. This seems doubtful; such exaggerations were employed more probably because the uncritical and inartistic members of the audience enjoyed them as much as their descendants today are fascinated by the gross exaggerations of the "talkies." It is certain that before the end of the sixteenth century there was a strong reaction against such bombastic and inflated language on the stage. Shakespeare, for example, not only condemned it outright in his most famous tragedy, but burlesqued it unmercifully in an earlier comedy. The direct attack occurs in Hamlet's advice to the "tragedians of the city" who are to play at Elsinore:

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. (Act III, Scene ii, lines 1–18.)

The sensitive Hamlet's advice relates particularly to delivery, but implies, nevertheless, a corresponding restraint and temperance in the language as well as the manner of speech. The condemnation in this passage Shakespeare had already given expression to in the mock-serious tragedy in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Nick Bottom, the weaver, who is to play the tragic hero Pyramus, is giving a sample of his art:

. . . yet my chief humor is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison gates:
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling. (Act I, Scene ii, lines 29–43.)

Only the Elizabethan tragedies written in "Ercles' vein" were open to the ridicule expressed here. In straining for lofty passion, some playwrights stepped over the line into bathos and rant. But it was possible to have tragedy kings and queens of the classical plays speak a stately language that was at once artistic and restrained and at the same time befitting to their station and their moods. This language the playwrights found to be the iambic pentameter blank verse, a form of rhythm borrowed in the Tudor period from Latin and Italian tragedy and adopted as the best expression for tragic characters. In drama it was first used in Norton and Sackville's *Gorboduc* (1562), the first English classical tragedy, and, although the language and meter of this play were stiff and wooden enough, the drama was praised in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense of Poesy* because "it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style." In the hands of Christopher Marlowe a quarter of a century later tragic blank verse became a very flexible and beautiful instrument. Marlowe despised the

> . . . jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,

but he created in tragedy the "mighty line" which Ben Jonson praised so unstintedly, and which became at once the inspiration and the model for Shakespeare and his fellows. Bourgeois tragedies of the Elizabethan Age were usually written in prose, but classical tragedies almost without exception have the stately expression befitting kings and queens.

In the heroic plays of the Restoration period blank verse yields to the heroic couplet, a natural change since the pentameter couplet was the conventional meter of the age of Dryden. Dryden himself used it, although in his tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra* he used blank verse in imitation of Shakespeare's play on the same theme. When royalty, nobility, and the mighty of the earth ceased to be the characters of tragedy, the smooth and stately rhythms used as their appropriate utterance disappeared excepting in such poetic dramas as Stephen Phillips's *Herod*. Even in the days of Queen Elizabeth the classical tragedies frequently yielded the stage to bourgeois plays in prose, and, when tragic characters all became commoners, however great their souls in conflict, they dropped the rhythms of Marlowe and Shakespeare and the couplets of Dryden and spoke in the language of daily life.

CHAPTER SIX: SELECTIONS

GAMMER GURTONS NEDLE

MADE BY MR. S. MR. OF ART

NOTE

When college students produce a comedy for their own amusement and as a relaxation from the labor of hard study, it is likely to contain the elements of satire and farce. And it will not of necessity be a "polite" comedy; on the contrary, the students' fondness for low life, coarse humor, and slang battles seems often to be increased rather than diminished by their contact with learning. As it is now, so was it in Tudor England when "Mr. S. Master of Art" of Christ's College, Cambridge, wrote *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* for the amusement of the students. This rollicking comedy is a village farce in which the liveliest of slap-stick situations are produced by the merry pranks and misrepresentations of one of the most agile and merry liars in English drama. The characters are the low-comedy types which the students knew and loved to poke fun at in and around Cambridge—a contentious ale-wife, a strangely gullible old goody, a stupid and simple man of all work, a fussy, hard-drinking curate, and for a "villain" a good-natured but mischievous rogue, more knave than fool, whose love of a practical joke for its own sake sets a quiet village in an uproar.

Just who "Mr. S." is we do not know. The most probable guess is that made by Henry Bradley, whose edition of the play is in the first volume of Gayley's *Representative English Comedies*. Mr. Bradley identifies him with William Stevenson, who was a fellow of Christ's College from 1551 to 1554, and who is entered in the bursar's accounts as having been paid for a play acted at the college in 1553. The exact date of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is also uncertain. As far as is known, the earliest printed version is that of Thomas Colwell, 1575. The phrase in Colwell's title-page "Played on Stage, *not longe ago* in Christes Colledge" is vague. It may refer to a revival of the play at Cambridge in the late sixties, or it may refer to a date before 1563, the year in which Colwell obtained a license to issue *Dyccon of Bedlam*, a lost play which is possibly the same as *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*. Internal evidence indicates an earlier rather than a later date. Dr. Rat's request that Diccon be arrested "in the king's name" (Act V, Scene ii, line 236), would seem to suggest that the comedy was written and probably played before the death of Edward VI in 1553. This conjecture is in accord with the possibility that the play referred to in the Christ's College bursar's accounts of 1553 may have been *Gammer Gurton*. Problems of authorship and of date present very pretty puzzles for scholars to worry over. Perhaps it is enough for our purposes to know that in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* we have an early Tudor university comedy written in the vernacular by a university playwright a full generation before the great plays of the Elizabethan period began to appear.

The low-comedy elements in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* were not always present in Tudor school and university comedies. Native situations and characters provide only one of the sources for English plays of this period; the other elements were supplied for the most part by the classical comedies of Plautus and Terence. These two Roman playwrights—and especially Plautus—offered ready models for the structure and occasionally for the contents of Tudor comedies. Other strong influences came from the farce interludes (imported frequently from France) and directly from English life. *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is a mixture of classical and native elements, with the structure, stage setting, and certain dramatic devices Plautine, and the plot and characters essentially native. A brief account of these elements will make the classical and the native influences clear.

Structurally the play is Latin. The miracle

and morality plays and the farce interludes were not divided into acts; the comedies of Plautus and Terence, with which all students in the Tudor period were familiar, had this formal division. The author of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* made use of the Latin division, marking the end of each act by clearing the stage of all characters and by introducing, apparently, a song or some instrumental music as an *entr'acte*. Thus from the structural shapelessness of the pre-Tudor plays, there grew a definite structure based on the Latin models. Within each act of the play, moreover, there are scenes, each of which is determined by the introduction of some new episode.

The general plan of the setting is also Latin in origin. The typical stage in Plautine comedy represents a single setting, a street ordinarily, with an exit to one house at the left, a similar exit to another house at the right, and a rear exit to the distant city or port. The action took place, with a few exceptions, in the street; occasionally the interior of one house or the other was suggested to the audience by the action or by the conversations of an actor with some character off-stage. Thus the audience could construct an imaginary physical world behind that visibly presented. The setting of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is fairly typical of this arrangement, with practically all action occurring on the neutral stage of the street with suggestions of happenings off-stage in Dame Chat's alehouse or Gammer's cottage and much scrambling in and out of both houses; only the last act seems to have been designed for an interior setting, and even this may have been outdoors. The probable method of presentation will be the subject of a later paragraph.

The Latin plays were almost always comedies of intrigue with the action growing out of the machinations of certain very lively characters, frequently clever slaves. The English were familiar with this type of action from the later morality plays, and it is rather more than probable that the examples of the Roman playwrights strengthened an already existing Tudor fondness for the type. In one notable respect, however, the early English comedy of intrigue differs from the Latin prototypes; in the Roman plays the plotters have a definite and very practical objective in view, whereas in the English plays such rogues as Mathewe Merygreeke in *Ralph Roister Doister* (before 1552) and Diccon in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* are practical jokers moved by a love of sport, but by no malicious purpose whatever.

The Tudor play, like the Latin comedies, has the action packed into a few hours with only enough time passing between scenes and acts to allow for other characters to be summoned, errands to be run, etc. As a result the movement in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, like that in most of the Plautine plays, is brisk and lively, as, indeed, the movement of a sprightly farce should be.

Finally, the author of the Tudor play has borrowed from Latin sources the device of the Prologue. In Plautine comedy the usual function of the speaker of the Prologue is to tell the story up to the point where the action begins on the stage, thus doing the service which in a modern play is performed incidentally by the characters who appear in the first act, and particularly in the first scene. To the early printed versions of the Latin comedies, moreover, there was usually prefixed an "Argument" or summary of the plot sometimes so written that the first letters of the lines, taken in order, spelled the title of the play. The author of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* seems to have combined Prologue and Argument, for in his twenty-line speech to the audience the speaker of the Prologue covers both antecedent action and plot summary. Nor was the Tudor audience apparently distressed at having the plot revealed in advance of the action. Not only were the members of the audience thoroughly familiar with this curious device from their knowledge of the Latin comedies, but such a disclosure was only one element in the Tudor dramatic theory that the audience was to be taken completely into the confidence of the author and to be given advance notice of whatever episodes were to appear. Of this element in dramatic technique more will be said later.

If the play is largely classical in structure, stage method, and certain technical devices, it is altogether native in plot and in characters. The Latin slaves, parasites, prostitutes, young rakes, and money-grubbing old men

nowhere appear. In their places are an alewife, an old dame and her cat and maid, a country lout and a clever boy, a fussy curate, a magistrate, and, as a pudding-stick to keep them stirred up, a clever vagabond with no other motive for his pranks than a love of fun. The general tone is partly that of such farce interludes as John Heywood's *Johan Johan* (1533) and partly that of the countryside around Cambridge. The plot, like the characters, is native; a prolonged practical joke which has several angles, and which is ended by a god of the machine in the person of the bailiff. The play is vulgar enough in language and in certain plot details, but it is not immoral as the Latin comedies frequently are. Moreover, its essential wholesomeness appears in the circumstance that it ends with an atmosphere of good will to all characters, and with "sore spots" remaining only in physical bruises—a distinctly English conclusion.

The meter and the language of the play both help to give it comic flavor. Most of the dialogue is in the old "fourteener" or septenary measure, a rough, almost doggerel movement which is occasionally broken by such variations as Hodge's oath in Act II, Scene i, his breathless account of Gammer's misadventures in Act IV, Scene ii, and his division of the line with her at the end of Act V. The lines are usually tied together in couplets, occasionally by end-rimes with feminine endings. Rough as this crude meter is, it gives the effect of breathless movement and unquestionably helps to suggest the excitement of the play.

Three of the characters, Mayster Baylye, Dr. Rat, and Diccon himself, speak the correct English of the period, because, no doubt, they are better educated than the others. The villagers, on the other hand, delight the audience with the southwestern dialect, which seems to have been accepted as the proper medium of expression for clown types in comedy ever since Mak the sheep-thief in the *Secunda Pastorum*—first played at the end of the fourteenth century—affected this speech. The author of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* accepted the convention, but was not always accurate in his application of it, making occasional errors, some of which have been pointed out in the footnotes. But the student audience was probably not overcritical and must have got as much fun out of the patter of the villagers as a similar audience today would from a stage attempt at reproducing the drawl and jargon of the countryside.

The influence of the Latin manner of staging a comedy has already been pointed out—the neutral stage with exits to houses and town. But how was the Tudor production actually put on? Allusions in the farce itself seem to indicate that it was produced in a very primitive manner in the great dining-hall or commons at Christ's College, probably without the use of a raised platform or very much in the way of scenery or "props." The reference to the hall appears clearly in Act II, Scene i, line 106. The only question which remains is: Did the actors make use of the dais or platform for the high table at the end of the hall, or did they perform on an imaginary "stage," perhaps before the great fireplace, on a level with the main body of the audience? The evidence points rather to the second suggestion. Probably the actors were amateurs, perhaps students chosen and trained by the author himself, and all known to their fellows in the hall. At any rate the relationship between actors and audience was noisily intimate and suggests a physical contact that playing on a platform would have helped destroy. "For, here my gammer commeth," says Diccon to the restless audience. "Be still a-while and say nothing, make here a litle romth" (Act II, Scene iv, lines 1–2). The student who played Gammer (all women's parts were taken, of course, by boys) was very evidently obliged to elbow his way through the audience to get to the roughly defined place which served for the stage and from which the actors were in constant danger of being crowded by the forward pressing spectators. Here and elsewhere Diccon may have been addressing only the dons on the dais, but both the tone and the substance of his remarks suggest the larger audience on the lower floor.

It would seem probable, therefore, that the play was put on very informally in a space before the great fireplace and that perhaps the usual doors opening into the hall were used by audience and actors alike. Such a performance would be in no way different

from the Christmas and Saint George plays with which the students were familiar. Henry Medwall's *Fulgens and Lucres* was played about 1497 in a similar great hall by actors who pushed their way through the audience to a roughly marked off space before the fire.[1] There is probably no good reason for believing that the first performance of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* needed any more elaborate conditions for a production quite acceptable to a group of young college students who were on holiday.

But whatever the precise manner of the performance may have been, the free and informal intimacy between actors and audience is apparent in every scene. Since there was no printed program to name the characters "in the order of their appearance," many of the actors address the audience directly on their first entrance, and others are distinctly alluded to when they come in. Diccon himself seems, indeed, to have the double function of actor and manager of the show. He takes the audience completely into his confidence, allays their restlessness and tendency to drift out of the hall, and promises them good fun: "He that may tarry by it a-whyle," says Diccon, "he shall see all the sporte" (Act II, Scene v, lines 7–8). As expositor he is often out of his usual rôle, as when he enters with a comment on the drinking song sung between the acts (Act II, Scene i, lines 1 ff.), or, turning to the musicians, orders them to "pype vpp" and entertain the audience until the actors are ready to go on again (Act II, Scene v, lines 11–12). From these and many other bits of evidence it is apparent that the audience was expected to enter personally into the fun. Between them and the comically battling old trots there yawned no orchestra pit; the spectators were, on the contrary, like a cheering group of small boys who, having formed an eager ring around two champions of the school yard, are urging them on. "Go to it, Gammer." "After her, Chat." It was rough and rollicking, this early college farce, but it contained the elements that reappear in dozens of greater comedies of Shakespeare and his successors in the English drama.

[1] For calling their attention to the manner of production of this play the editors are indebted to Professor Karl Holsknecht of the English Department, Washington Square College, New York University.

A Ryght

Pithy, Pleasaunt and merie Comedie: Intytuled *Gammer gurtons Nedle:* Played on Stage, not longe ago in Christes

Colledge in Cambridge.

Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art.

Imprented at London in Fleeteſtreat beneth the Conduit at the ſigne of S. John Euangeliſt by Tho*mas Colwell.*

Lines 2, 4, 7, 12, 13 **Pithy,** vigorous, lively. **Gammer,** contraction for *grandmother,* cf. *gaffer* for *grandfather.* **Christes Colledge.** For the place and circumstances of the first performance see the headnote. **Fleetestreat beneth the Conduit.** Fleet Street runs east and west between Waterloo and Blackfriars bridges just north of the Thames embankment. It took its name from the Fleet stream which used to flow into the river near by, and is famous as the site of the ill-managed Fleet Prison, where, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the clandestine "Fleet marriages" were performed. The "conduit" near which Thomas Colwell's printing shop stood was one of the most important of the public fountains which supplied Elizabethans with water from springs and streams outside the city. The "fair water-conduit" in Fleet Street was built in 1471 with money given the city by a benevolent Lord Mayor, as the Elizabethan antiquarian John Stow wrote, for "the poor to drink, the rich to dress their meats." **at the signe of,** etc. In Elizabethan London places of business were designated by signboards swung on brackets and projecting into the street.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS IN THIS COMEDIE

DICCON, *the Bedlem*
HODGE, *Gammer Gurtons seruante*
TYB, *Gammer Gurtons mayde*
GAMMER GURTON
COCKE, *Gammer Gurtons boy*
DAME CHATTE
DOCTOR RAT, *the Curate*
MAYSTER BAYLYE
DOLL, *Dame Chattes mayde*
SCAPETHRYFT, *Mayst Beylies seruante*

Mutes

GOD SAUE THE QUEENE.

THE PROLOGUE

As Gammer Gurton, with manye a wyde styche,
Sat pesynge and patching of Hodg her mans briche,
By chance or misfortune, as shee her geare tost,
In Hodge lether bryches her needle shee lost.
When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report
That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys sorte,
He quyetly perswaded with her in that stound
Dame Chat, her deare gossyp, this needle had found.
Yet knew shee no more of this matter (alas)
Then knoeth Tom, our clarke, what the priest saith at masse.
Hereof there ensued so fearfull a fraye
Mas Doctor was sent for these gossyps to staye,
Because he was Curate, and estemed full wyse:
Who found that he sought not, by Diccons deuice.
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of fassion,
Whether it were by fortune, or some other constellacion,
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge
And drew it out of his bottocke, where he felt it stickynge.
Theyr hartes then at rest with perfect securytie,
With a pot of good nale they stroake vp theyr plauditie.

The Names of the Speakers: **Diccon, the Bedlem.** Diccon is an old form of Dick, nickname for Richard. Inmates of the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, a lunatic asylum situated originally in Bishopsgate, London, were often discharged, half cured, with a license to beg. These "Bedlam beggars," as they were called, infested city and village alike. Edgar in *King Lear* (Act III, Scene iv) took safety in the disguise of a Bedlam beggar. Edgar behaves more madly than does Diccon, whose lunacy seems to lie largely in a mischievous irresponsibility, and who is certainly less dull than are the victims of his practical jokes. For Diccon's function in the play see the headnote, and footnotes on line 2, page 34, line 1, page 35. **Hodge,** nickname for Roger. Hodge is the typical thick-skulled country clod, cowardly, superstitious, dull, but conceited, the prototype of Shakespeare's William in *As You Like It* (Act V, Scene i). **Doctor Rat.** *Doctor* was originally a title of respect given to any learned man presumably capable of teaching. **Master Baylye.** *Master*, like *doctor*, was a title of respect, given here to the bailiff or village magistrate. **Scapethryft.** The names of many characters in plays are satirical tags. **God Saue the Queene.** Although players frequently ended their performance with a conventional prayer for the reigning monarch, this particular prayer was supplied by the printer. For evidence that *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* was first performed not in the reign of Elizabeth, but in that of Edward VI, see the headnote and the footnote on line 236, page 50.

The Prologue. As has been pointed out in the headnote, the interest of the Tudor audience was apparently never dulled by the fact that they knew the plot in advance, and the entire story of a play was often told in a prologue. This device may have been borrowed from the play summaries which precede the dramas of Plautus and Terence. This prologue differs, certainly, from the prologue proper of the Latin comedies in that it reveals not the antecedent action alone, but the entire plot so that only the details of the action are left for the audience to discover. In some early plays (as, for example, the play-within-the-play in *Hamlet*—Act III, Scene ii) the entire plot was revealed in a dumb-show which served as a type of prologue. The prologue in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* was probably spoken by someone not in the cast—perhaps by the manager or director of the play.

2. **pesynge,** piecing. Hereafter no footnote explanation will be made of any word the meaning of which should be clear after a phonetic reading. 3. **geare tost.** Here *geare* means *implement, tool;* elsewhere it frequently means *business, affairs,* or "*doings.*" *Tost* is suggestive of the long and heavy thread needed for what was very nearly a harness-maker's work; cf. footnote on line 10, page 34. 6. **sorte,** manner, fashion. 7. **stound,** time, occasion. 8. **gossyp,** friend, crony. 10. **Tom, our clarke,** the clerk or church officer who led the congregation in the responsive readings, and who was, more often than not, no Latin scholar. 12. **Mas,** a familiar abbreviation for *Master.* 14. **deuice,** trick or stratagem. Here, as elsewhere in the text, the letters *u* and *v* are interchanged (e.g., *vp* for *up*, line 20). 15. **out of fassion,** disordered. 16. **some other constellacion.** A mock-serious suggestion that the important matter of the lost needle is under control of the heavenly bodies. The classification of *fortune* as a "constellacion" adds to the conscious nonsense of the passage. 20. **nale,** ale. **stroake vp theyr plauditie,** asked the audience for applause; cf. the last line of the play.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE FYRST SCEANE.

DICCON.

DICCON. Many a myle haue I walked, diuers and sundry waies,
And many a good mans house haue I bin at in my daies;
Many a gossips cup in my tyme haue I tasted,
And many a broche and spyt haue I both turned and basted;
Many a peece of bacon haue I had out of thir balkes
In ronnyng ouer the countrey with long and were walkes,
Yet came my foote neuer within those doore cheekes,
To seeke flesh or fysh, Garlyke, Onyons or Leekes,
That euer I saw a sorte in such a plyght
As here within this house appereth to my syght.
There is howlynge and scowlyng, all cast in a dumpe,
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump;
Syghing and sobbing, they weepe and they wayle:
I meruell in my mynd what the deuill they ayle.
The olde Trot syts groning, with alas! and alas!
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worse case,

The fyrst Sceane. See the headnote. The play has the five-act division of the Latin comedies. Since the general setting remains the same throughout—with the possible exception of the last act—the scene division is determined mainly by changes in the episodes and in the character groups acting. As originally printed the play contained no stage directions which relate to scenes or properties. The first scene was probably a village street not far from Gammer Gurton's cottage.

1. **Many a myle,** etc. With Diccon's introduction of himself compare that of the wandering Autolycus in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV, Scene iii. Diccon is not the "village scamp" of any one locality. He apparently has a "beat," like a country peddler, of a strip of countryside including several villages in which he is well known. Like Autolycus he is a petty thief as well as an irresponsible rogue, active only in mischief. 4. **broche and spyt.** *Broach* and *spit* are different names for the same implement, a long iron rod or skewer used in roasting meat over an open fire. 5. **balkes,** the tie-beams of a frame house, and also—as here—the attic or loft above them where meats and other winter supplies were kept hanging from the rafters. 6. **were,** weary. 7. **doore cheekes,** the side **posts** of the door-frame. 9. **sorte,** company or group of people. 11. **cast in a dumpe,** low-spirited. 12. **trump,** a leading card in the old-fashioned game of *ruff* or *trump;* cf. Act II, Scene ii. 14. **they ayle, ails them.** 15. **Trot,** old woman; used contemptuously.

With poore Cocke, theyr boye. They be dryuen in such fyts
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this staye?
They aunswer not at all but alacke and welaway.
Whan I saw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,
And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw that none spyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpose fayle,
Shall serue for a shoinghorne to draw on two pots of ale.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

HODGE. DICCON.

HODGE. See, so cham arayed with dablynge in the durt.
She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she had the squrt.
Was neuer poore soule that such a life had!
Gogs bones, thys vylthy glaye hase drest mee to bad.
Gods soule, see how this stuffe teares.
Iche were better to bee a Bearward and set to keepe Beares.
By the Masse, here is a gasshe, a shamefull hole in-deade,
And one stytch teare furder, a man may thruste in his heade.
DICCON. By my fathers soule, Hodge, if I shulde now be sworne,
I can not chuse but say thy breech is foule be-torne.

19. **staye,** condition. 24. **shoinghorne,** shoehorn, and, by a figure of speech, anything—like the salt bacon—to start up a good thirst.

The second Sceane. The same place. Diccon remains on the stage; Hodge enters.

1. **cham,** I am. See the headnote for a comment on the southwestern dialect in the play. The *ich* (*I*) is usually elided with the verb which follows it, although sometimes the author slips up as in the *ich chaue* of line 36 of this scene. 2. **squrt,** diarrhea. Here and elsewhere the playwright is true to life in putting barnyard words into the mouths of his barnyard characters. 4. **Gogs bones,** God's bones, a mild oath. **vylthy glaye,** filthy clay. The *v* for *f* is southwestern; the *g* for *c* is probably not. **drest,** ruined (my clothes). 5. **this stuffe teares.** Hodge is referring to the sorry condition of his leather breeches, which, with Gammer's needle, may perhaps be regarded as the principal pieces of stage property in the play.

But the next remedye in such a case and hap
Is to plaunche on a piece as brode as thy cap.
HODGE. Gogs soule, man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
Synce my dame Gurton (chem sure) these breches amended.
But cham made such a drudge, to trudge at euery neede,
Chwold rend it though it were stitched wyth sturdy pac-threede.
DICCON. Hoge, let thy breeches go, and speake and tell mee soone
What deuill ayleth Gammer Gurton and Tib, her mayd, to frowne.
HODGE. Tush, man, thart deceyued, tys theyr dayly looke;
They coure so ouer the coles theyr eyes be bleard with smooke.
DICCON. Nay, by the masse, I perfectly perceiued, as I came hether,
That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by the eares together,
Or els as great a matter, as thou shalt shortly see.
HODGE. Now iche beseeche our Lord they neuer better agree.
DICCON. By gogs soule, there they syt as still as stones in the streite,
As though they had ben taken with fairies or els with some il sprite.
HODGE. Gogs hart, I durst haue layd my cap to a crowne
Chwould lerne of some prancome as sone as ich came to town.
DICCON. Why, Hodge, art thou inspyred? or dedst thou therof here?
HODGE. Nay; but ich saw such a wonder as ich saw nat this vii. yere:
Tome Tannkards cow (be Gogs bones.) she set me vp her saile,
And flynging about his halfe aker, fysking with her taile,

12. **plaunche**, planche, plank. Diccon suggests that the breeches call for a carpenter rather than a tailor; Hodge compromises later by calling in the services of a harness-maker (Act III, Scene i). 14. **these breches amended**. Throughout the play the author shows much skill in linking up events and episodes; this allusion, for example, paves the way for the loss of the needle and its ultimate recovery. 22. **by the eares**, i.e., pulling each other's ears. 25. **taken with fairies**, bewitched. This suggestion seems a probable one to the superstitious Hodge and opens the way for the prank which Diccon plays upon him. 28. **prancome**, prank, trick. 31. **Tome Tannkards cow**. The naïve Hodge believes that the cow has been bewitched. **set me vp**, etc., i.e., the cow went "full sail" around Tom's half-acre pasture.

As though there had ben in her ars a swarme of Bees.
And chad not cryed, "Tphrowh, hoore!" shead lept out of his Lees.
DICCON. Why, Hodg, lies the connyng in Tom Tankards cowes taile?
HODGE. Well, ich chaue hard some say such tokens do not fayle.
But canst thou not tell, in faith, Diccon, why she frownes, or wher-at?
Hath no man stolne her ducks or henes, or gelded Gyb, her Cat?
DICCON. What deuyll can I tell, man? I cold not haue one word;
They gaue no more hede to my talk then thou woldst to a lorde.
HODGE. Iche cannot styll but muse what meruaylous thinge it is.
Chyll in and know myselfe what matters are amys.
DICCON. Then farewell, Hodge, awhile, synce thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good-wyfe Chats, to feele how the ale dooth taste.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE THYRD SCEANE.

HODGE. TYB.

HODGE. Cham agast, by the masse. ich wot not what to do.
Chad nede blesse me well before ich go them to.
Perchaunce some felon sprit may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but a noddy to venter where cha no neede.
TIB. Cham worse then mad, by the masse, to be at this staye.
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all thoures on the daye,
Lamed and hunger-storued, prycked vp all in Iagges,
Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe, saue a few rotten ragges.
HODGE. I say, Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I trow sure thou bee,

34. **Tphrowh**, Hodge's meaningless cry to head the cow off. 36. **ich chaue**, see footnote on line 1, page 23. 44. **I will into**, etc. Note how by this device the playwright clears the stage of a character not needed at the beginning of the following scene.

The thyrd Sceane. The same place. Hodge remains on the stage; Tyb comes out of Gammer's cottage.

4. **noddy**, fool, ninny. 5. **at this staye**, in this situation or "fix." 7. **hunger-storued**, starved from hunger. **prycked vp all in Iagges**, torn all to tatters.

What deuyll make-a-doe is this betweene
our dame and thee?
TYB. Gogs breade, Hodg, thou had a
good turne thou warte not here this
while.
It had ben better for some of vs to haue
ben hence a myle.
My Gammer is so out of course and
frantyke all at ones
That Cocke, our boy, and I, poore wench,
haue felt it on our bones.
HODGE. What is the matter, say on,
Tib, wherat she taketh so on?
TYB. She is vndone, she sayth (alas,)
her ioye and life is gone.
If shee here not of some comfort, she is,
sayth, but dead,
Shall neuer come within her lyps one
inch of meate ne bread.
HODGE. Byr Ladie, cham not very
glad to see her in this dumpe.
Cholde a noble her stole hath fallen and
shee hath broke her rumpe.
TYB. Nay, and that were the worst,
we wold not greatly care
For bursting of her huckle-bone or
breakyng of her Chaire;
But greatter, greater, is her grief, as,
Hodge, we shall all feele.
HODGE. Gogs woundes, Tyb, my
gammer has neuer lost her Neele?
TYB. Her Neele.
HODGE. Her Neele?
TIB. Her Neele, by him that made
me, it is true, Hodge, I tell thee.
HODGE. Gogs sacrament, I would she
had lost tharte out of her bellie.
The deuill, or els his dame, they ought
her, sure, a shame.
How a murryon came this chaunce (say,
Tib) vnto our dame?
TYB. My gammer sat her downe on
her pes, and had me reach thy
breeches,
And by-and-by, a vengeance in it, or she
had take two stitches
To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by
chaunce asyde she leares,
And Gyb, our cat, in the milke-pan she
spied ouer head and eares.
"Ah, hore! out, thefe!" she cryed aloud,
and swapt the breches downe.
Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gyb
at doors into the towne.
And synce that time was neuer wyght
cold set their eies vpon it.
Gogs malison chave Cocke and I byd
twenty times light on it.
HODGE. And is not, then, my breches
sewid vp, to-morow that I shuld
were?
TYB. No, in faith, Hodge, thy
breeches lie, for al this, neuer the
nere.
HODGE. Now a vengeance light on al
the sort, that better shold haue
kept it,
The cat, the house, and Tib, our maid,
that better shold haue swept it.
Se where she commeth crawling! Come
on, in twenty deuils way.
Ye haue made a fayre daies worke, haue
you not? pray you say.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE iiii. SCEANE.

GAMMER. HODGE. TYB. COCKE.

GAMMER. Alas, Hoge, alas, I may
well cursse and ban
This daie, that euer I saw it, with Gyb
and the mylke-pan.
For these and ill lucke togather, as
knoweth Cocke, my boye,
Haue stacke away my deare neele, and
robd me of my ioye,
My fayre, longe, strayght neele, that
was myne onely treasure.
The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last
end of my pleasure.
HODGE. Might ha kept it when ye
had it, but fooles will be fooles styll,

20. **Cholde**, I hold, I wager. **stole**, stool. 22. **huckle-bone**, the hip-bone. 24. **her Neele?** It has been solemnly explained that in the days of the Tudors needles were so necessary and so rare that their loss was a serious matter. Such an explanation is ridiculous. The action in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is mock-heroic and burlesque, and Gammer's needle, like the stolen lock of hair in Pope's mock epic, starts a tempest in a teapot and causes much ado about nothing. The relative unimportance of the loss and the to-do made over it are in comic contrast. 28. **tharte**, the heart. 29. **ought**, owed. 30. **murryon**, murrain, a pestilence attacking farm animals. Hodge says, "How in the dickens did this happen to our mistress?" 31. **pes**, a hassock of the type still used in churches.

33. **clap a clout**, put a patch [of leather]. **leares**, leers, glances sideways. 36. **towne**, here the farmyard or fenced-in enclosure which surrounded the cottage. 38. **Gog's malison**, God's malediction or curse. 40. **neuer the nere**, none the nearer. 41. **the sort**, the group of people.

The iiii. Sceane. The same place. Gammer enters; Cocke comes in later at her summons.

Lose that is vast in your handes, ye
neede not; but ye will.
GAMMER. Go hie thee, Tib, and run,
thou hoore, to thend here of the
towne.
Didst cary out dust in thy lap; seeke
wher thou porest it downe,
And, as thou sawest me roking in the
asshes where I morned,
So see in all the heape of dust thou leave
no straw vnturned.
TYB. That chal, Gammer, swythe
and tyte, and sone be here agayne.
GAMMER. Tib, stoope, and loke
downe to the ground. To it, and
take some paine.
HODGE. Here is a prety matter, to
see this gere how it goes.
By Gogs soule, I thenk you wold loes
your ars and it were loose!
Your neele lost, it is a pitie you shold
lack care and endlesse sorow.
Gogs deth, how shall my breches be
sewid? Shall I go thus to morow?
GAMMER. Ah, Hodg, Hodg! if that
ich cold find my neele, by the
reed,
Chould sow thy breches, ich promise that,
with full good double threed,
And set a patch on either knee shuld
last this monethes twaine.
Now God and good Saint Sithe I praye
to send it home againe.
HODGE. Wherto serued your hands
and eies, but this your neele to
kepe?
What deuill had you els to do? ye kept,
ich wot, no sheepe.
Cham faine a-brode to dyg and delue,
in water, myre and claye,
Sossing and possing in the durte styll
from day to daye;
A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham
set to see them weele,
And foure of you syt idle at home, and
can not keepe a neele.
GAMMER. My neele, alas, ich lost it,
Hodge, what time ich me vp-hasted
To saue the milke set vp for the, which
Gib, our cat, hath wasted.
HODGE. The deuill he burst both Gib
and Tib, with all the rest.
Cham alwayes sure of the worst end,
who-euer haue the best.
Where ha you ben fidging abrode since
you your neele lost?
GAMMER. Within the house, and at
the dore, sitting by this same post,
Wher I was loking a long howre, before
these folks came here;
But, welaway, all was in vayne, my
neele is neuer the nere.
HODGE. Set me a candle; let me
seeke, and grope where-euer it bee.
Gogs hart, ye be so folish, ich thinke,
you knowe it not when you it see.
GAMMER. Come hether, Cocke, what,
Cocke, I say.
COCKE. Howe, Gammer.
GAMMER. Goe hye the soone
And grope behynd the old brasse pan,
whych thing when thou hast done,
Ther shalt thou fynd an old shooe,
wher-in, if thou looke well,
Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of a
whyte tallow candell;
Lyght it and brynge it tite awaye.
COCKE. That shalbe done anone.
GAMMER. Nay, tary, Hodg, til thou
hast light, and then weele seke ech
one.
HODGE. Cum away, ye horson boy,
are ye a slepe? ye must haue a
crier.
COCKE. Ich cannot get the candel
light; here is almost no fier.
HODGE. Chil hold the a peny chil
make the come if that ich may
catch thine eares.
Art deffe, thou horson boy? Cocke, I
say, why canst not heares?

8. **vast**, Hodge's dialect for *fast*. 9. **towne**, see footnote on line 36, page 25. 11. **roking**, probably dialect for *raking*. 13. **swythe and tyte**, *swith* and *tite*, immediately and at once. Tyb is probably using a familiar phrase having the implication of our modern *pronto*. 15. **gere**, business. 18. **to morow**. Professor Adams believes that this refers to Sunday and compares it with II, i, 61–64. 19. **reed**, the rood or Holy Cross. 22. **Saint Sithe**, perhaps Gammer's contraction for Saint Osyth, the granddaughter of Penda, King of Mercia, who was martyred by Norse invaders in the seventh century, and whose priory is at Brightlingsea in Essex. 26. **Sossing and possing**, splashing and dashing. Note the author's fondness for giving his characters rimed or phonetically similar words used in pairs; cf. *swythe and tyte* above.

28. **foure**. Hodge includes the cat among the four stay-at-homes; Gib seems like a member of the household, after all, and has almost as much intelligence as her human associates. 33. **fidging**, fidgeting. 35. **folks**, the members of the audience. For a comment on the intimate relationship between actors and audience see the headnote. 37. **Set**. This is probably a misprint for *fet* (*fetch*) or for *get*. 43. **tite**, immediately; cf. footnote on line 13, above. **anone**, at once. 45. **horson**, whoreson, rascally, scurvy. 47. **Chil hold**, I'll bet.

GAMMER. Beate hym not, Hodge, but help the boy, and come you two together.

THE i. ACTE. THE v. SCEANE.

GAMMER. TYB. COCKE. HODGE.

GAMMER. How now, Tyb? quycke, lets here what newes thou hast brought hether.

TYB. Chaue tost and tumbled yender heap ouer and ouer againe,
And winowed it through my fingers, as men wold winow grain,—
Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it,
Or what-so-euer clod or clay I found, I did not spare it,
Lokyng within, and eke without, to fynd your neele, alas,
But all in vaine and without help, your neele is where it was.

GAMMER. Alas, my neele, we shall neuer meete, adue, adue, for aye.

TYB. Not so, Gammer, we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.

COCKE. Gogs crosse, Gammer, if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore,
And see how Hodg lieth tomblynge and tossing amids the floure,
Rakyng there some fyre to find amonge the asshes dead,
Where there is not one sparke so byg as a pyns head.
At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees,
Whiche were, indede, nought els but Gyb our cats two eyes.
"Puffe!" quod Hodg, thinking therby to haue fyre without doubt;
With that Gyb shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out.
And by-and-by them opened, euen as they were before;
With that the sparkes appered, euen as they had done of yore.
And, euen as Hodge blew the fire, as he did thincke,
Gyb, as she felt the blast, strayght-way began to wyncke,
Tyll Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turne,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne.
At last Gyb vp the stayers, among the old postes and pinnes,
And Hodge he hied him after till broke were both his shinnes,
Cursynge and swering othes, were neuer of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the house if that shee were not taken.

GAMMER. See, here is all the thought that the foolysh urchyn taketh.
And Tyb, me thinke, at his elbowe almost as mery maketh.
This is all the wyt ye haue, when others make their mone.
Come downe, Hodge, where art thou? and let the cat alone.

HODGE. Gogs harte, helpe and come vp. Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all if shee get a lytle hier.
Cum downe, quoth you, nay, then you might count me a patch.
The house cometh downe on your heads if it take ons the thatch.

GAMMER. It is the cats eyes, foole, that shineth in the darke.

HODGE. Hath the cat, do you thinke, in euery eye a sparke?

GAMMER. No, but they shyne as lyke fyre as euer man see.

HODGE. By the masse, and she burne all, youshall beare the blame for mee.

GAMMER. Cum downe, and help to seeke here our neele, that it were found.
Downe, Tyb, on thy knees, I say. Downe, Cocke, to the ground.
To God I make a-vowe, and so to good Saint Anne,
A candell shall they haue a-peece, get it where I can,
If I may my neele find in one place or in other.

HODGE. Now a vengeaunce on Gib lyght, on Gyb and Gybs mother,

The v. Sceane. The same place. Gammer is on the stage; Tyb and Cocke enter later; Hodge speaks offstage at first, not entering until line 45.
11. **floure,** floor.
34. **patch,** fool or jester, so called because of his variegated dress. 35. **If it take ons,** etc., if it [the fire] once takes the thatch. 39. **youshall,** you shall. 42. **Saint Anne.** There are several St. Annes in the calendar; Gammer probably refers to the mother of the Virgin Mary. She vows to burn two candles in the village church if her needle is found.

And all the generacyon of cats both far and nere.
Looke on the ground, horson. Thinks thou the neele is here?
COCKE. By my trouth, Gammer, me thought your neele here I saw,
But, when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.
TYB. See, Hodge, whats tys? may it not be within it?
HODGE. Breake it, foole, with thy hand, and see and thou canst fynde it.
TYB. Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accordyng to your word.
HODGE. Gogs sydes, fye, it styncks; it is a cats tourd.
It were well done to make thee eate it, by the masse.
GAMMER. This matter amendeth not; my neele is still where it wasse.
Our candle is at an ende; let vs all in quight,
And come another tyme, when we haue more lyght.

THE ii. ACTE.

Fyrste a Songe.

Backe and syde, go bare, go bare; booth foote and hande, go colde:
But, bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.

I can not eate but lytle meate, my stomacke is not good;
But, sure, I thinke that I can dryncke with him that weares a hood.

Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care, I am nothinge a-colde,
I stuffe my skyn so full within of ioly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde, go bare, go bare; booth foote and hand, go colde:
But, belly, God send the good ale inoughe,
whether it be new or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut-browne toste and a Crab layde in the fyre;
A lytle bread shall do me stead, much breade I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe, can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt of ioly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde, go bare, &c.

And Tyb, my wyfe, that as her lyfe loueth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drynkes shee tyll ye may see the teares run downe her cheekes:
Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle, euen as a mault-worme shuld,
And sayth, "Sweete hart, I tooke my part
of this ioly good ale and olde."

Backe and syde, go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
euen as good felowes shoulde doe;
They shall not mysse to haue the blisse good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that haue scowred boules
or haue them lustely trolde,
God saue the lyues of them and theyr wyues,
whether they be yonge or olde.

Backe and syde, go bare, &c.

47. **horson**, addressed to Cocke, who is gaping up at the eaves of the cottage, from which Hodge is trying to dislodge the cat. 56. **quight**, quite, i.e., all of us. Gammer thus clears the stage for the second act.

The ii. Acte. Fyrste a Songe. For a comment on the division into acts see the headnote. In *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* the audience seems to have been entertained between the acts either with singing, as here, or with instrumental music, as between Acts II and III. The music is not directly related to the plot, but serves as an *entr'acte* and harmonizes with the atmosphere of the play. The present jolly drinking song is probably older than the play itself. The tune of *John Dory*, to which it was sung, is reprinted in W. Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, Vol. I, p. 94.

8. **with him, etc., the singer can match drinks with any friar—and friars were traditionally good drinkers.**

18. **Crab**, a crabapple roasted in the open fire and added to the ale to warm and to flavor it. Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II, Scene i, lines 47–48. 29. **trowle**, troll, pass the drinking-bowl around. 30. **mault-worme**, malt-worm, a good drinker; cf. bookworm. 33. **winke**, close the eyes. 37. **scowred boules**, bowls as empty [of ale] as though they had been scoured.

THE FYRST SCEANE.

DICCON. HODGE.

DICCON. Well done, be Gogs malt, well songe, and well sayde,
Come on, mother Chat, as thou art true mayde.
One fresh pot of ale lets see, to make an ende,
Agaynst this colde wether my naked armes to defende.
This gere it warms the soule. Now, wind, blow on thy worst.
And let vs drink and swill till that our bellies burste.
Now were he a wyse man, by cunnynge colde defyne
Which way my Iourney lyeth or where Dyccon will dyne,
But one good turne I haue: be it by nyght or daye,
South, east, north or west, I am neuer out of my waye.
HODGE. Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke.
Neyther butter, cheese, mylke, onyons, fleshe nor fyshe,
Saue thys poor pece of barly bread,—tis a pleasant costly dishe.
DICCON. Haile, fellow Hodge, and will to fare with thy meat, if thou haue any.
But, by thy words, as I them smelled, thy daintrels be not manye.
HODGE. Daintrels, Diccon? Gogs soule, man, saue this pece of dry horsbred,
Cha byt no byt this lyue-longe daie, no crome come in my hed.
My gutts they yawle, crawle, and all my belly rumbleth,
The puddynges can not lye styll, ech one ouer other tumbleth.
By Gogs harte, cham so vexte and in my belly pende
Chould one peece were at the spittle-house, another at the castels ende.
DICCON. Why, Hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to set?
HODGE. Godgs bread, Diccon, ich came to late, was nothing ther to get.
Gib (a fowle feind might on her light) lickt the milke-pan so clene,
See, Diccon, twas not so well washt this vii. yere, as ich wene.
A pestilence lyght on all ill lucke, chad thought yet, for all thys,
Of a morsell of bacon behynde the dore at worst shuld not misse;
But when ich sought a slyp to cut, as ich was wont to do,
Gogs soule, Diccon, Gyb, our cat, had eate the bacon to.

Which bacon DICCON *stole, as is declared before.*

DICCON. Ill luck, quod he, mary, swere it, Hodg. This day the trueth to tel,
Thou rose not on thy right syde, or els blest thee not wel.
Thy mylk slopt vp, thy bacon filtched,—that was to bad luck, Hodg.
HODGE. Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault: my gammer ga me the dodge!
Seest not how cham rent and torn, my heels, my knees and my breech?
Chad thought, as ich sat by the fire, help here and there a stitch;
But there ich was powpte indeede.
DICCON. Why, Hodge?
HODGE. Bootes not, man, to tell.
Cham so drest amonst a sorte of fooles chad better be in hell.

The fyrst Sceane. The place of action shifts to the street near Dame Chat's alehouse. Diccon enters with the pot of ale which he has wheedled from her. Hodge joins him later.

1. **Gogs malt.** Diccon's quick wit is shown by the appropriateness of his oath. **well sayde.** Diccon approves of the sentiment as well as of the melody. 4. **naked armes.** Diccon is in rags, partly from necessity and partly to excite the compassion of the charitable. He remarks that in his tattered state he is like the singer, and that he resembles him further in being able to fend off the wind with a pot of warm ale, which he keeps taking lusty pulls at as he speaks. 7. **colde defyne,** could define or predict. 12. **swyncke, swink,** toil, labor. 15. **will, well.** 16. **daintrels, table delicacies.** 17. **horsbred,** coarse bread, fit only for horses. 18. **crome,** crumb.

20. **puddynges,** guts; the intestines of animals were used as the containers for various kinds of meat puddings. Says Mistress Page of fat Sir John, ". . . revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings" (*The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act II, Scene i). 21. **pende,** penned. 22. **spittlehouse,** the hospital. 30. *Stage Direction:* **Which bacon,** etc. One of the several "asides to the reader" inserted, in all probability, by the printer. 34. **ga me the dodge,** dodged me, failed me. 37. **powpte, cheated.** 38. **drest,** see footnote on line 39, page 35.

My gammer, cham ashamed to say, by God, serued me not weele.
DICCON. How so, Hodge?
HODGE. Hase she not gone, trowest now, and lost her neele?
DICCON. Her eele, Hodge? Who fysht of late? That was a dainty dysh.
HODGE. Tush, tush, her neele, her neele, her neele, man, tys neyther flesh nor fysh.
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any syller,
Small, longe, sharpe at the poynt, and straight as any pyller.
DICCON. I know not what a deuil thou menest, thou bringst me more in doubt.
HODGE. Knowest not with what Tom Tailers man sits broching throughe a clout?
A neele, neele, a neele, my gammers neele is gone.
DICCON. Her neele, Hodge? now I smel thee! that was a chaunce alone.
By the masse, thou hadst a shamefull losse and it wer but for thy breches.
HODGE. Gogs soule, man, chould giue a crown chad it but iii. stitches.
DICCON. How sayest thou, Hodg? what shuld he haue, again thy neele got?
HODGE. Bem vathers soule, and chad it, chould giue him a new grot.
DICCON. Canst thou keepe counsaile in this case?
HODGE. Els chwold my tonge were out.
DICCON. Do thou but then by my aduise, and I will fetch it without doubt.
HODGE. Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyl delue, chill toyle, chill trudge, shalt see;
Chill hold, chil drawe, chil pull, chill pynche, chill kneele on my bare knee;
Chill scrape, chill scratche, chill syfte, chyll seeke, chill bowe, chill bende, chill sweate,
Chil stoop, chil stur, chil cap, chil knele, chil crepe on hands and feete;
Chil be thy bondman, Diccon, ich sweare by sunne and moone.
And channot sum-what to stop this gap, cham vtterly vndone.

Pointing behind to his torne breeches.

DICCON. Why, is ther any special cause thou takest hereat such sorow?
HODGE. Kristian Clack, Tom Simsons maid, bi the masse, coms hether to-morow.
Chamnot able to say, betweene vs what may hap,
She smyled on me the last Sonday when ich put of my cap.
DICCON. Well, Hodge, this is a matter of weight, and must be kept close;
It might els turne to both our costes, as the world now gose.
Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodge.
HODGE. Chyll, Diccon!
DICCON. Then, go to!
Lay thine hand here; say after me as thou shalt here me do.
Haste no booke?
HODGE. Cha no booke, I!
DICCON. Then needes must force vs both
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.
HODGE. I, Hodge, breechelesse,
Sweare to Diccon, rechelesse,
By the crosse that I shall kysse,
To kepe his counsaile close,
And alwayes me to dispose
To worke that his pleasure is.

Here he kysseth DICCONS *breeche*

DICCON. Now, Hodge, see thou take heede

41. **eele**, eel. Diccon pretends not to understand Hodge. 46. **broching**, piercing, stabbing. 49. **and it wer**, etc., if only for the fact that your breeches must remain unstitched. 51. **what shuld he**, etc., what [reward] would he have [who] got your needle again? 52. **Bem**, by my. **grot**, a coin worth about eight cents—verily a magnificent reward, but probably more than enough to buy a new needle.

58. **cap**, show respect by taking off the cap. Hodge's fondness for the rigmarole type of parallel construction employed here appears again in Act IV, Scene ii. 70. **Upon my breech**, etc. With this vulgar oath compare that of Diccon, Act V, Scene ii. 72. **rechelesse**, reckless; either an adjective modifying *Diccon* and paralleling *breechelesse* or an adverb modifying *sweare* and meaning *recklessly*, without reservation. Hodge is, of course, reciting this burlesque oath after Diccon in the manner of the taking of a real oath in a court of law.

And do as I thee byd,
For so I iudge it meete;
This nedle againe to win,
There is no shift therin
But coniure vp a spreete.

HODGE. What, the great deuill, Diccon, I saye?
DICCON. Yea, in good faith, that is the waye,
Fet with some prety charme.
HODGE. Softe, Diccon, be not to hasty yet,
By the masse, for ich begyn to sweat;
Cham afrayde of some harme.
DICCON. Come hether then, and sturre the nat
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,
But stande as I thee teache.
HODGE. And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes?
DICCON. The mayster deuill with his longe pawes
Here to thee can not reache.
Now will I settle me to this geare.
HODGE. I saye, Diccon, heare me, heare;
Go softely to thys matter.
DICCON. What deuyll, man, art afraide of nought?
HODGE. Canst not tarrye a lytle thought
Tyll ich make a curtesie of water?
DICCON. Stand still to it. Why shuldest thou feare hym?
HODGE. Gogs sydes, Diccon, me thinke ich heare him.
And tarrye, chal mare all.
DICCON. The matter is no worse then I tolde it.
HODGE. By the masse, cham able no longer to holde it.
To bad, iche must beraye the hall.

DICCON. Stand to it, Hodge, sture not, you horson.
What Deuyll, be thine ars strynges brusten?
Thy-selfe a-while but staye;
The deuill—I smell hym—wyll be here anone.
HODGE. Hold him fast, Diccon, cham gone, cham gone,
Chyll not be at that fraye!

THE ii. ACTE. THE ii. SCEANE.

DICCON. CHAT.

DICCON. Fy, shytten knaue, and out vpon thee.
Aboue all other loutes fye on thee!
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better,
Nor thy presence here no sweter,
To flye I can the thanke.

Here is a matter worthy glosynge
Of Gammer Gurtons nedle losynge,
And a foule peece of warke.
A man, I thyncke, myght make a playe,
And nede no worde to this they saye,
Being but halfe a clarke.

Softe, let me alone. I will take the charge
This matter further to enlarge
Within a tyme shorte.
If ye will marke my toyes, and note,
I will geue ye leaue to cut my throte
If I make not good sporte.
Dame Chat, I say, where be ye? within?

85. **Fet,** fetched; cf. footnote on line 40, page 32. 90. **this cyrcle plat,** the plot of ground within the circle. The calling up of a devil and the weaving of a magic circle within which the conjurer might safely stand were favorite devices in the Tudor and still earlier English drama. In *The Second Shepherds' Play*, a famous mystery play of the fourteenth century, Mak, the sheep thief, pretends to draw a magic circle around the sleeping shepherds. The most famous conjurations in Tudor drama appear in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* (1589) and Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (1589). Diccon's incantation is, of course, a piece of burlesque nonsense calculated to frighten the superstitious Hodge out of his wits. 95. **geare, business.** 100. **curtesie, curtsy.** The entire phrase is a euphemistic expression of the physical condition caused by Hodge's fear. 106. **beraye the hall,** defile the hall. A curious example of the intimacy between actors and audience; Hodge breaks down the division between the stage world and the world of reality. He is comically represented as being so frightened that he forgets that he is the actor Hodge in a road near Dame Chat's alehouse, and speaks in his own person as a man in the college hall in which the play is being given. 112. **Chyll not,** etc. Hodge clears the stage for the next scene by running away.

The ii. Sceane. Same location. Diccon is alone with the audience at the beginning; later Dame Chat comes to the door of her alehouse in answer to Diccon's knock.

1. **Fy,** etc. The first stanza of this three-stanza speech (printed solid in the quarto) is flung after the retreating Hodge; the other two are addressed to the audience. For a comment on Diccon's double function of actor and expositor of the action, see the headnote. 6. **To flye,** etc. I am grateful to you for your running away. 7. **glosynge,** glossing. Diccon remarks that Hodge's performance provided a fine commentary on the subject of the loss of Gammer's needle, and that even if a man were only half a scholar, he could make a play out of the events without adding anything to them. 16. **ye,** i.e., the men who formed the audience. **marke my toyes,** follow my tricks. Diccon promises the audience other practical jokes. 19. **Dame Chat.** Diccon turns from the audience and goes to the door of Dame Chat's alehouse, where he calls aloud to her.

CHAT. Who haue we there maketh such a din?
DICCON. Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger.
CHAT. What? Diccon? Come nere, ye be no straunger.
We be fast set at trumpe, man, hard by the fyre:
Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a litle nyer.
DICCON. Nay, nay, there is no tarying, I must be gone againe.
But, first, for you in councel I haue a word or twaine.
CHAT. Come hether, Dol. Dol, sit downe and play this game,
And, as thou sawest me do, see thou do euen the same.
There is five trumps beside the queene, the hindmost thou shalt finde her.
Take hede of Sim Glouers wife, she hath an eie behind her.
Now, Diccon, say your will.
DICCON. Nay, softe a litle yet.
I wold not tel it my sister, the matter is so great.
There I wil haue you sweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,
S. Dunstone and S. Donnyke, with the three Kinges of Kullaine,
That ye shal keepe it secret.
CHAT. Gogs bread, that will I doo.
As secret as mine owne thought, by God, and the deuil two.
DICCON. Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad and heuy wight,
Her goodly faire red cock at home was stole this last night.
CHAT. Gogs soule, her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowed so iust?
DICCON. That cocke is stollen.
CHAT. What! was he fet out of the hens ruste?
DICCON. I can not tel where the deuil he was kept, vnder key or locke;
But Tib hath tykled in Gammers eare that you shoulde steale the cocke.
CHAT. Haue I, stronge hoore? By bread and salte—
DICCON. What, softe, I say, be styl.
Say not one word for all this geare.
CHAT. By the masse, that I wyl.
I wil haue the yong hore by the head, and the old trot by the throte.
DICCON. Not one word, Dame Chat, I say, not one word, for my cote.
CHAT. Shall such a begars brawle as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?
The pocks light on her hores sydes, a pestlence and a mischeefe.
Come out, thou hungry, nedy bytche. O that my nails be short.
DICCON. Gogs bred, woman, hold your peace, this gere wil els passe sport.
I wold not for an hundred pound this matter shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale or haue abrode it blowen.
Did ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wolde.
CHAT. Wolde you suffer, yourselfe, Diccon, such a sort to reuile you,
With slaunderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?
DICCON. No, goodwife Chat, I wold be loth such drabs shulde blot my name;
But yet ye must so order all that Diccon beare no blame.
CHAT. Go to, then, what is your rede? say on your minde, ye shall mee rule herein.

20. **Who haue**, etc. Dame Chat speaks from within her alehouse, that is, off-stage. Then she comes to the door, and the rest of the dialogue takes place just outside the house. 21. **maketh no great daunger**, does not fear greatly [to make himself at home]. 23. **trumpe**, old card game played somewhat like plain whist. 24. **set on the king**, a particular bid; she is inviting Diccon to "sit in." 27. **play this game**, i.e., take my hand. She calls her maid to the door and gives her suggestions for playing out her hand. 30. **an eie behind her**. As we should say, "eyes in the back of her head" and skillful in seeing her opponents' hands. 33. **Lady of Bullaine**, etc. Since Diccon would probably not lay claim to being more than "halfe a clarke," we can excuse him for confusions in his saints' names. He probably meant to swear Dame Chat by our Lady of Bologna, Saint Dunstan, Saint Dominic, and The Three Kings of Cologne (the Three Wise Men of the East). But the oath, like that which he has made poor Hodge swear, is meant to be burlesque. 35. **Gogs bread**, the bread or wafer used at communion service. 36. **two**, too.

39. **iust**, just, regularly. 40. **fet**, fetched. **ruste**, roost. 44. **geare**, see footnote on line 95, page 31. 47. **brawle**, brat. 48. **pocks**, the smallpox; the word is used, however, as a general imprecation. 49. **O that my nails**, etc., i.e., I am sorry that my nails are so short. 59. **rede**, advice.

DICCON. Godamercye to Dame Chat! in faith, thou must the gere begin.
It is twenty pound to a goose-turd, my Gammer will not tary
But hetherward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary
To brawle with you about her cocke; for well I hard Tib say
The cocke was rosted in your house to breafast yesterday,
And, when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge,
And Doll, your maid, the legs she hid a foote depe in the dunge.
CHAT. Oh gracyous God, my harte it burstes.
DICCON. Well, rule yourselfe a space.
And Gammer Gurton, when she commeth anon into thys place,
Then to the queane, lets see, tell her your mynd and spare not,
So shall Diccon blameless bee; and then, go to, I care not.
CHAT. Then hoore, beware her throte; I can abide no longer.
In faith, old witch, it shalbe seene, which of vs two be stronger.
And, Diccon, but at your request, I wold not stay one howre.
DICCON. Well, keepe it in till she be here, and then out let it powre.
In the meanewhile get you in, and make no wordes of this.
More of this matter with-in this howre to here you shall not misse.
Because I knew you are my freind, hide it I cold not, doubtles.
Ye know your harm, see ye be wise about your owne busines.
So fare ye well.
CHAT. Nay, soft, Diccon, and drynke. What, Doll, I say.
Bringe here a cup of the best ale; lets see, come quicly awaye.

THE ii. ACTE. THE iii. SCEANE.

HODGE. DICCON.

DICCON. Ye see, masters, the one end tapt of this my short deuise.
Now must we broche tother, to, before the smoke arise.
And, by the time they haue a while run, I trust ye need not craue it,
But, loke, what lieth in both their harts, ye ar like, sure, to haue it.
HODGE. Yea, Gogs soule, art aliue yet? What, Diccon, dare ich come?
DICCON. A man is wel hied to trust to the, I wil say nothing but mum.
But, and ye come any nearer, I pray you see all be sweete.
HODGE. Tush, man, is Gammers neele found? That chould gladly weete.
DICCON. She may thanke thee it is not found, for if thou had kept thy standing,
The deuil he wold haue fet it out, euen, Hodg, at thy commaunding.
HODGE. Gogs hart, and cold he tel nothing wher the neele might be found?
DICCON. Ye folysh dolt, ye were to seek, ear we had got our ground;
Therfore his tale so doubtfull was that I cold not perceiue it.
HODGE. Then ich se wel somthing was said, chope one day yet to haue it.
But, Diccon, Diccon, did not the deuill cry "ho, ho, ho"?
DICCON. If thou hadst taryed where thou stoodst, thou woldest haue said so.
HODGE. Durst swere of a boke, chard him rore, streight after ich was gon.
But tel me, Diccon, what said the knaue? let me here it anon.
DICCON. The horson talked to mee I know not well of what:
One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a cat;
Another whyle he stamered styll vppon a rat;

69. **queane**, slut, drab. 74. **powre**, pour. 80. **come quicly awaye**. With these words Chat and Diccon go into her house and thus clear the stage for the next scene.
The iii. Sceane. The same general scene, but nearer to Gammer's cottage than to Dame Chat's. Diccon enters and promises the audience more fun; then Hodge enters and is gulled again.
1. **masters**, gentlemen; Diccon, acting again as expositor, promises that he will pull more strings. 2. **broche tother**, tap the other—that is, Gammer's end. **the smoke**. Diccon changes his figure to that of fire and flax coming together. 6. **wel hied**, prospers well. 8. **weete**, dialect form of *wil*, know, learn. 10. **fet**, fetched. 15. **"ho, ho, ho"?** Hodge is familiar with the stage devil of the mystery and the morality plays, who came roaring out from behind the curtain. 20. **paltered**, babbled, mumbled.

Last of all, there was nothing but euery word chat, chat.
But this I well perceyued, before I wolde him rid,
Betweene chat and the rat and the cat, the nedle is hyd.
Now, wether Gyb, our cat, haue eate it in her mawe,
Or Doctor Rat, our curat, haue found it in the straw,
Or this Dame Chat, your neighbour, haue stollen it, God hee knoweth.
But by the morow at this time we shal learn how the matter goeth.

HODGE. Canst not learn to-night, man? Seest not what is here?

Pointyng behind to his torne breeches

DICCON. Tys not possyble to make it sooner appere.

HODGE. Alas, Diccon, then chaue no shyft but, least ich tary to longe,
Hye me to Sym Glouers shop, theare to seeke for a thonge,
Ther-with this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.

DICCON. To-morow, Hodg, if we chaunce to meete, shalt see what I will say.

THE ii. ACTE. THE iiii. SCEANE

DICCON. GAMMER.

DICCON. Now this gere must forward goe, for here my gammer commeth.
Be still a-while and say nothing, make here a litle romth.

GAMMER. Good Lord, shall neuer be my lucke my neele agayne to spye?
Alas the whyle, tys past my helpe; where tis, still it must lye.

DICCON. Now, Iesus, Gammer Gurton, what driueth you to this sadnes?
I feare me, by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.

GAMMER. Who is that? What, Diccon? Cham lost, man, fye, fye.

DICCON. Mary, fy on them that be worthy, but what shuld be your troble?

GAMMER. Alas, the more ich thinke on it, my sorow it waxeth doble.
My goodly tossing sporyars neele chaue lost; ich wot not where.

DICCON. Your neele? whan?

GAMMER. My neele, alas, ich myght full ill it spare.
As God him-selfe he knoweth, nere one besyde chaue.

DICCON. If this be all, good Gammer, I warrant you all is saue.

GAMMER. Why, know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?

DICCON. Yea, that I do, doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone.
A see a thing this matter toucheth, within these xx. howres,
Euen at this gate, before my face, by a neyghbour of yours;
She stooped me downe, and vp she toke a nedle or a pyn.
I durst be sworne it was euen yours, by all my mothers kyn.

GAMMER. It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot; for here, euen by this poste,
Ich sat, what time as ich vp-starte, and so my neele is loste.
Who was it, leiue son? speke, ich pray the, and quickly tell me that.

DICCON. A suttle queane as any in thys towne, your neyghbour here, Dame Chat.

GAMMER. Dame Chat, Diccon? Let me be gone, chil thyther in post-haste.

DICCON. Take my councell yet or ye go, for feare ye walke in wast.

26. **Doctor,** see the footnote on the names of the speakers, page 22. 33. **tatche,** fasten.

The iiii. Sceane. Same location. Diccon begins with an aside to the audience; then Gammer enters.

2. **make here a litle romth.** See the headnote. It is apparent that the play is being performed in a space only roughly and rather indefinitely marked off from that occupied by at least a part of the audience. Diccon has just promised some exciting developments in his plot, and, as the eager spectators murmur and press in, he bids them keep quiet and good-naturedly pushes them back to clear a space for the action. A village policeman might do the same at a baseball game when two men are out, and the bases are full. Diccon's activity was no doubt exaggerated.

8. **worthy,** i.e., deserve to be "fied" upon. 10. **tossing.** Mr. Brett-Smith's suggestion that this word refers to the action of sewing with a long thread is probably correct; cf. footnote on line 3, page 22. **sporyars,** a maker of spurs. Hodge's breeches, it will be remembered, were of heavy leather, and only a harness-maker's needle could be used successfully on them. 12. **nere,** never a. 22. **leiue,** lief, dear. 23. **queane,** slut. **towne,** here the group of houses constituting the town; cf. footnote on line 36, page 25.

It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased;
And ye take not the better way, our nedle yet ye lese it.
For when she tooke it vp, euen here before your doores,
"What, soft, Dame Chat," quoth I, "that same is none of yours."
"Auant," quoth she, "syr knaue, what pratest thou of that I fynd?
I wold thou hadst kist me I wot whear," (she ment, I know, behind).
And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after as bold as it had ben the goodman of the house.
But there and ye had hard her how she began to scolde,
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Iudas solde.
Ech other worde I was a knaue, and you a hore of hores,
Because I spake in your behalfe and sayde the neele was yours.

GAMMER. Gogs bread, and thinks the callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?

DICCON. Let her alone, and she minds non other but euen to dresse you so.

GAMMER. By the masse, chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe.

Thinks the false quean by such a slyght that chill my neele lacke?

DICCON. Slepe not your gere, I counsell you, but of this take good hede;
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soeuer ye spede.

GAMMER. Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take and set before me;
And ich may my neele once see, chil, sure, remember the.

26. **murrion,** plaguey; cf. footnote on line 30, page 25. **froward to be pleased,** perverse, hard to please. 32. **brag,** bold. **bodelouce,** body louse. 33. **goodman of the house,** husband, head of the house. 35. **patins,** pattens, clogs, or wooden-soled shoes, which made a great clatter. 38. **callet,** a scolding woman, a trull. 39. **and she minds,** if she has in mind. **dresse,** abuse. mistreat; cf. footnotes on line 4, page 23, and line 38, page 29. 41. **slyght,** sleight, trick, scheme. 42. **Slepe not your gere,** do not let your needle slip away from you. Cf. *Prologue*, line 3, for a reference to the needle as *geare*. 44. **aperne,** apron. Note the device for getting Gammer off the stage so that Diccon can have his aside with the audience in the next scene.

THE ii. ACTE. THE v. SCEANE.

DICCON.

DICCON. Here will the sporte begin, if these two once may meete.
Their chere, durst lay money, will proue scarsly sweete.
My gammer, sure, entends to be vppon her bones
With staues or with clubs or els with coble-stones.
Dame Chat, on the other syde, if she be far behynde,
I am right far deceiued, she is geuen to it of kynde.
He that may tarry by it a-whyle, and that but shorte,
I warrant hym, trust to it, he shall see all the sporte.
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vysit there,
And hether straight againe, to see thend of this gere.
In the meane-time, felowes, pype vpp your fiddles, I saie, take them,
And let your freyndes here such mirth as ye can make them.

THE iii. ACTE. THE i. SCEANE.

HODGE.

HODGE. Sym Glouer, yet gramercy, cham meetlye well-sped now,
Thart euen as good a felow as euer kyste a cowe.
Here is a thonge in-dede; by the masse, though ich speake it,

The v. Sceane. The same location. Diccon has remained on the stage after getting rid of Gammer at the end of the preceding scene.

1. **the sporte begin.** Here Diccon drops again into his rôle of announcer and, turning directly to the audience, promises them a good fight if they will only "tarry by it a-whyle" and not slip away. 2. **chere,** cheer, mirth, entertainment [of each other]. 6. **of kynde,** by nature. 7. **He that may tarry,** etc. Diccon begs the audience to "stand by" during the interval between the acts. 11. **felowes, pype vpp,** etc. Diccon orders the "orchestra" to entertain the audience until the players are ready to begin Act III. Cf. the song between Acts I and II. There is no definite evidence as to the location of the musicians, but they must have been near enough to the "stage" for Diccon to address them in an easy and familiar manner. 12. **here,** hear.

The i. Sceane. The same location. The playing of the musicians between this act and the preceding has filled in the time needed by Hodge to get to Sym Glover's shop and back; cf. Act II, Scene iii, lines 31–32.

1. **meetlye,** tolerably. 3. **Here is a thonge,** etc. He holds it up to the view of the audience. The implication of the line is, "*Some* thong, if I do say so myself."

Tom Tankards great bald curtal, I thinke, could not breake it.
And when he spyed my neede to be so straight and hard,
Hays lent me here his naull to set the gyb forward.
As for my gammers neele, the flyenge feynd go weete:
Chill not now go to the doore againe with it to meete.
Chould make shyfte good inough and chad a candels ende;
The cheefe hole in my breeche with these two chil amende.

THE iii. ACTE. THE ii. SCEANE.

GAMMER. HODGE.

GAMMER. How, Hodge, mayst nowe be glade, cha newes to tell thee.
Ich knowe who hais my neele; iche trust soone shalt it see.
HODGE. The deuyll thou does. Hast hard, Gammer, indeede, or doest but iest?
GAMMER. Tys as true as steele, Hodge.
HODGE. Why, knowest well where dydst leese it?
GAMMER. Ich know who found it and tooke it vp, shalt see or it be longe.
HODGE. Gods Mother dere, if that be true, far-wel both naule an thong.
But who hais it, Gammer? say on. Chould faine here it disclosed.
GAMMER. That false fixen, that same Dame Chat, that counts herselfe so honest.
HODGE. Who tolde you so?
GAMMER. That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.

HODGE. Diccon? it is a vengeable knaue, Gammer; tis a bonable horson.
Can do mo things then that, els cham deceyued euill:
By the masse, ich saw him of late cal vp a great blacke deuill.
O, the knaue cryed "ho! ho!" He roared, and he thundred.
And yead bene here, cham sure yould murrenly ha wondred.
GAMMER. Was not thou afraide, Hodge, to see him in this place?
HODGE. No; and chad come to me, chould haue laid him on the face,
Chould haue, promised him.
GAMMER. But, Hodge, had he no hornes to pushe?
HODGE. As long as your two armes. Saw ye neuer Fryer Rushe
Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowes tayle,
And crooked clouen feete, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world (if I shuld iudg) chould recken him his brother.
Loke, euen what face Frier Rush had, the deuil had such another.
GAMMER. Now Iesus mercy, Hodg, did Diccon in him bring?
HODGE. Nay, Gammer (heare me speke) chil tel you a greater thing:
The deuil (when Diccon had him, ich hard him wondrous weel,)
Sayd plainly here before vs that Dame Chat had your neele.
GAMMER. Then let vs go and aske her wherfore she minds to kepe it;
Seing we know so much, tware a madnes now to slepe it.
HODGE. Go to her, Gammer; see ye not where she stands in her doores?
Byd her geue you the neele, tys none of hers but yours.

4. **bald curtal,** a horse with a white patch on the forehead and a docked (curtailed) tail. 6. **Hays,** he has. **naull, awl. to set the gyb forward.** One meaning of *jib* is *a standstill* or *stall.* What Hodge apparently means by the phrase is "to start things going again." It is doubtful if the author would have put a nautical term, as has been suggested (set the jib-sail), into the mouth of a landlubberly ditcher. 7. **weete,** with it. 9. **and,** if. **candels ende,** with which to wax his thong, as a cobbler or harness-maker would do. 10. **two.** Hodge holds up the awl and the thong.

The ii. Sceane. The same place. Gammer enters.

5. **or,** ere.

10. **it,** he. **vengeable, vindictive,** mischievous. **bonable,** abominable. 14. **murrenly,** plaguey well; cf. footnote on line 26, page 35. 18. **Fryer Rushe,** a devil who, in German legend, took on the guise of a friar. The suggestion of rushlight contained in the name may account for the circumstance that both Milton (*L'Allegro,* line 105) and Scott (*Marmion,* Canto IV, Stanza 1) confuse him with Will o' the Wisp. 19. **Painted on a cloth.** Painted cloths were used for wall hangings as a cheap substitute for tapestry. Cf. *As You Like It,* III, ii, 290; 1 *Henry IV,* IV, ii, 28; *Macbeth,* II, ii, 55. 28. **slepe it,** let it slip; cf. footnote on line 42, page 35.

THE iii. ACTE. THE iii. SCEANE.

GAMMER. CHAT. HODGE.

GAMMER. Dame Chat, cholde praye the fair, let me haue that is mine.
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne.
Therfore giue me mine owne, and let me liue besyde the.
CHAT. Why art thou crept from home hether to mine own doores to chide me?
Hence, doting drab, auaunt, or I shall set the further.
Intends thou and that knaue mee in my house to murther?
GAMMER. Tush, gape not so on me, woman, shalt not yet eate mee.
Nor all the frends thou hast in this shall not intreate mee.
Mine owne goods I will haue, and aske the no beleue.
What, woman, pore folks must haue right, though the thing you agreue.
CHAT. Giue thee thy right, and hang thee vp, with al thy baggers broode.
What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good?
GAMMER. Chil say nothing, ich warrant thee, but that ich can proue it well.
Thou fet my good euen from my doore, cham able this to tel.
CHAT. Dyd I, olde witche, steale oft was thine? how should that thing be knowen?
GAMMER. Ich can not tel; but vp thou tokest it, as though it had ben thine owne.
CHAT. Mary, fy on thee, thou old gyb, with al my very hart.
GAMMER. Nay, fy on thee, thou rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy parte.
CHAT. A vengeaunce on those lips that laieth such things to my charge.
GAMMER. A vengeance on those callats hips whose conscience is so large.
CHAT. Come out, hogge.
GAMMER. Come out, hogge, and let me haue right.
CHAT. Thou arrant witche.
GAMMER. Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee cursse this night.
CHAT. A bag and a wallet.
GAMMER. A carte for a callet.
CHAT. Why, wenest thou thus to preuaile?
I hold thee a grote I shall patche thy coate.
GAMMER. Thou warte as good kysse my tayle.
Thou slut, thou kut, thou rakes, thou iakes, will not shame make the hide [thee]?
CHAT. Thou skald, thou bald, thou rotten, thou glotton. I will no lenger chyd the.
But I will teache the to kepe home.
GAMMER. Wylt thou, drunken beaste?
HODGE. Sticke to her, Gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you thys feast.
Smyte, I saye, Gammer, Byte, I say, Gammer. I trow ye wyll be keene.
Where be your nayls? Claw her by the iawes. Pull me out bothe her eyen.
Gogs bones, Gammer, holde vp your head.

The iii. Sceane. The neutral stage before Dame Chat's door. Dame Chat comes out to meet Gammer. Hodge has followed his mistress—at a perfectly safe distance—and supports her more with words than with deeds.

3. **let me liue beside the,** let me live beside thee [in peace]. 9. **no,** printed *on* in the Colwell edition. **beleue,** leave, permission. 11. **baggers broode,** beggar's brood. The compliment is specifically for the craven Hodge. 14. **fet my good,** fetched [i.e., stole] my property. 15. **oft,** aught. 17. **gyb,** old cat. A contraction of *Gilbert* and a familiar name for a cat; it will be remembered as the name of Gammer's household pet, whose fondness for cream occasioned the loss of the needle. The exchange of compliments in this scene illustrates a favorite slap-stick device; the rogues' slang of the irate ladies is almost as choice as that of the redoubtable Doll Tearsheet (2 *Henry IV*, II, iv, 127 ff. and V, iv, 1 ff.). The use of explosive, monosyllabic words with frequent alliterations and rimes adds to the breathless rapidity of the quarrel. Translating such vigorous language removes from it all the salt and pepper. 18. **rampe . . . ryg,** bold woman . . . strumpet. 20. **callats,** callet's, prostitute's. 21. **haue right,** have my rights, have justice. 23. **A bag and a wallet.** Women tramps, or "doxies," carried these receptacles for what they begged—or stole. The phrase is equivalent to calling Gammer a countryside "pick-up." **A carte for a callet.** Gammer retorts in kind; prostitutes were punished by being "whipped at the tail of a cart." 24. **hold thee a grote,** bet thee a groat; see footnote on line 52, page 30. **patche,** i.e., lay on my fists for patches. 25. **kut,** a gelding—hence a "plug" horse; used as a general term of abuse. **rakes . . . iakes,** dissolute woman . . . filth. 26. **skald,** scurvy, shabby creature. 29. **Byte.** In the Colwell edition a new line begins here and another at *I trow*. With this rough verse the lines are often hard to determine.

CHAT. I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.
Tary, thou knaue, I hold the a grote I shall make these hands blesse thee.
Take thou this, old hore, for amends, and lerne thy tonge well to tame,
And say thou met at this bickering, not thy fellow, but thy dame.
HODGE. Where is the strong stued hore? chil geare a hores marke.
Stand out ones way, that ich kyll none in the darke.
Up, Gammer, and ye be alyue; chil feyght now for vs bothe.
Come no nere me, thou scalde callet; to kyll the ich wer loth.
CHAT. Art here agayne, thou hoddy peke. What, Doll, bryng me out my spitte.
HODGE. Chill broche thee wyth this, bim father soule, chyll coniure that foule sprete.
Let dore stand, Cock, why coms indeede? kepe dore, thou horson boy.
CHAT. Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine eares. Ise teche the, a sluttish toye.
HODGE. Gogs woundes, hore, chil make the auaunte. Take heede, Cocke, pull in the latche.
CHAT. I faith, sir loose-breche, had ye taried, ye shold haue found your match.
GAMMER. Now ware thy throte, losell, thouse pay for al.
HODGE. Well said, Gammer, by my soule.
Hoyse her, souse her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her throte boule.
CHAT. Comst behynd me, thou withered witch? And I get once on foote,
Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether. Ile teach the what longs to it.
Take the this to make vp thy mouth til time thou come by more.
HODGE. Up, Gammer, stand on your feete; where is the old hore?
Faith, woulde chad her by the face, choulde cracke her callet crowne.
GAMMER. A, Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen had me downe?
HODGE. By the masse, Gammer, but for my staffe, Chat had gone nye to spyl you.
Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.
But shall we loose our neele thus?
GAMMER. No, Hodge, chwarde lothe doo soo.
Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand? No, Hodg, ich tell the, no.
HODGE. Chold yet this fray wer wel take vp, and our own neele at home.
Twill be my chaunce els some to kil, whereuer it be, or whome.
GAMMER. We haue a parson, Hodge, thou knoes, a man estemed wise,
Mast Doctor Rat; chil for hym send, and let me here his aduise.
He will her shriue for all this gere, and geue her penaunce strait;
Wese haue our neele, els Dame Chat comes nere within heauen gate.
HODGE. Ye, mary, Gammer, that ich think best. Wyll you now for him send?
The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the soner wese ha an ende.
And here, Gammer, Dyccons deuill (as iche remember well)
Of Cat, and Chat and Doctor Rat a felloneus tale dyd tell.
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.

31. **dresse thee.** See footnote on line 39, page 35. 34. **fellow . . . dame,** equal . . . mistress [i.e., thy better]. 35. **stued,** stewed, evil-smelling. **geare,** give her. 37. **and,** if. 39. **hoddy peke,** blockhead; literally, *hooded peak*. **spitte.** See footnote on line 4, page 23. 40. **this.** Hodge shakes at her the staff to which he refers in line 53 following. **bim,** by my. 41. **Let dore stand,** let the door stand [open]; Hodge flees to Gammer's cottage and calls to Cocke, who is within. **why coms indeede?** Are you really coming? (Hodge's taunt to Dame Chat.) 42. **a sluttish toye,** you lazy trifle—applied to Hodge. 43. **pull in the latche.** The door had the usual inside latch which could be lifted from outside by pulling a string that was threaded through a small hole. Hodge has escaped into the cottage and calls upon Cocke to lock the door by pulling the latch-string in. 45. **losell,** good-for-nothing. 46. **Hoyse,** hoise, hoist, pull her off her feet. **throte boule,** throat bowl, Adam's apple. 47. **Comst behynd me.** In pursuing Hodge Dame Chat has left her rear unguarded, whereupon Gammer has seized her throat from behind. Seeing how the battle goes, Hodge again ventures out. 48. **tarlether,** a strip of dried sheepskin; cf. Hodge's thong, Act III, Scene i. Dame Chat's epithet takes account of Gammer's scrawniness and wrinkles. 51. **callet,** see footnote on line 20, page 37. 52. **fixen,** vixen; the *f* is probably southwestern dialect for *v*. 53. **spyl,** spill, destroy, kill. Hodge says, "If it hadn't been for my stick, Chat would have nearly ruined you." 55. **chwarde,** for *chware*, I would be. 57. **Chold,** I bet. Perhaps here is meant *chwold*, I would. **wel take vp,** well over with. Hodge's pathetic wish for peace puts one in mind of Falstaff's "I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well" (1 *Henry IV*, V, i, 125). 60. **Mast,** for Master; see footnote on "Master Baylye," page 22.

GAMMER. Chil ha him strait. Call out the boy, wese make him take the payn.
HODGE. What, Coke, I saye. Come out. What, deuill, canst not here?
COCKE. How now, Hodg? How does Gammer? Is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chaue me to doo?
GAMMER. Come hether, Cocke, anon.
Hence swythe to Doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone.
And pray hym come speke with me, cham not well at ease.
Shalt haue him at his chamber, or els at Mother Bees;
Els seeke him at Hob Fylchers shop, for, as charde it reported,
There is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most resorted.
COCKE. And shall ich brynge hym with me, Gammer?
GAMMER. Yea, by-and-by, good Cocke.
COCKE. Shalt see that shalbe here anone, els let me haue one the docke.
HODGE. Now, Gammer, shal we two go in, and tary for hys commynge?
What deuill, woman, plucke vp your hart, and leue of al this glomming.
Though she were stronger at the first, as ich thinke ye did find her,
Yet there ye drest the dronken sow, what time ye cam behind her.
GAMMER. Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for, set thend to the beginning,
And ich doubt not but she will make small bost of her winning.

THE iii. ACTE. THE iiii. SCEANE.

TYB. HODGE. GAMMER. COCKE.

TYB. Se, Gammer, Gammer, Gib, our cat, cham afraid what she ayleth.
She standes me gasping behind the door, as though her winde her faileth.
Now let ich doubt what Gib shuld mean, that now she doth so dote.
HODGE. Hold hether. Ichould twenty pound your neele is in her throte.
Grope her, ich say. Me thinkes ich feele it. Does not pricke your hand?
GAMMER. Ich can feele nothing.
HODGE. No? Ich know thars not within this land
A muryner Cat then Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne;
Shase as much wyt in her head almost as chaue in mine.
TYB. Faith, shase eaten something that wil not easely downe.
Whether she gat it at home or abrode in the towne
Iche can not tell.
GAMMER. Alas, ich feare it be some croked pyn.
And then farewell Gyb, she is vndone, and lost al saue the skyn.
HODGE. Tys your neele, woman, I say! Gogs soule, geue me a knyfe,
And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe.
GAMMER. What, nay, Hodg, fy, kil not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.
HODGE. By the masse, Dame Chat hays me so moued iche care not what I kyll, ma God avowe.
Go to then, Tyb, to this geare; holde vp her tayle, and take her.
Chil see what deuil is in her guts, chil take the paines to rake her.
GAMMER. Rake a Cat, Hodge? what woldst thou do?
HODGE. What, thinckst that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his Curtal toure day, standing in the stable?
GAMMER. Soft, be content, lets here what newes Cocke bringeth from Maister Rat.

68. **the payn,** the pains. 72. **swythe,** see footnote on line 13, page 26. 77. **by-and-by,** at once. 78. **haue one the docke,** catch [it] on the rump. 80. **glomming,** glooming, sulking. 82. **drest.** See footnote on line 39, page 35.

The iiii. Sceane. The neutral stage near Gammer's cottage. Tyb, Hodge, and Gammer come out; Cocke joins them later.

4. **Hold hether,** hand her here. 5. **Grope,** run your hand over her throat. 7. **muryner,** plaguier, more vexatious; cf. footnote on line 30, page 25. **Tems,** Thames. 8. **Shase,** she has. Hodge's unintentional humor lies frequently in the quite unconscious truth of some of his statements. 10. **towne.** See footnote on line 36, page 25. 16. **ma,** [I] make. 18. **what deuil,** what the devil. **rake,** scrape her body with my hands. 20. **Curtal.** See footnote on line 4, page 36. Hodge welcomes the opportunity to do for the cat what he has seen his hero Tom Tankard do for his horse. 21. **Cocke bringeth.** Cocke returns at this point from his errand to Dr. Rat.

COCKE. Gammer, chaue ben ther-as you bad, you wot wel about what.
Twill not be long before he come, ich durst sweare of a booke.
He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.
GAMMER. Where didst thou find him, boy, was he not wher I told thee?
COCKE. Yes, yes, euen at Hob Filchers house, by him that bought and solde me;
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer.
Chad much ado to go and come, al was so ful of myer.
And, Gammer, one thing I can tel, Hob Filchers naule was loste,
And Doctor Rat found it againe, hard beside the doore-poste.
I chould a penny can say something your neele againe to fet.
GAMMER. Cham glad to heare so much, Cocke, then trust he wil not let
To helpe vs herein best he can; therfore, tyl time he come,
Let vs go in. If there be aught to get, thou shalt haue some.

THE iiii. ACTE. THE i. SCEANE.

DOCTOR RAT. GAMMER GURTON.

D. RAT. A man were better twenty times be a bandog and barke
Then here among such a sort be parish-priest or clarke.
Where he shal neuer be at rest one pissing-while a day
But he must trudge about the towne this way and that way:
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to teare and rent,
And, that which is worst of al, at euery knaues commaundement.

I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of ale
But Gammer Gurtons sory boy was straite-way at my taile,
And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not what.
If once her fingers-end but ake, trudge, call for Doctor Rat.
And when I come not at their call, I only therby loose;
For I am sure to lacke therfore a tythe-pyg or a goose.
I warrant you, when truth is knowen, and told they haue their tale,
The matter where-about I come is not worth a half-peny-worth of ale.
Yet must I talke so sage and smothe as though I were a glosier,
Els, or the yere come at an end, I shalbe sure the loser.
What worke ye, Gammer Gurton? Hoow, here is your frend M Rat.
GAMMER. A, good M Doctor, cha trobled, cha trobled you, chwot wel that.
D. RAT. How do ye, woman? be ye lustie, or be ye not wel at ease?
GAMMER. By Gys, master, cham not sick, but yet chaue a disease.
Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you, by Gigs.
D. RAT. Hath your browne cow cast her calfe or your sandy sow her pigs?
GAMMER. No; but chad ben as good they had as this ich wot weel.

26. by him . . . solde me. A reference to Jesus; Cocke's *solde me* is his own nonsensical contribution to the oath. **27. crab.** See footnote on line 18, page 28. **31. fet,** fetch. **33. tyl time he come.** This phrase provides for the necessary time interval between the acts; it was probably filled in with music or other entertainment. **34. Let ve go in.** Thus the stage is cleared for the next act.

The i. Sceane. The street near Gammer Gurton's cottage. Dr. Rat comes in, complaining to the audience of his hard lot; then he calls Gammer Gurton to her door.

Doctor. See footnote on names of speakers, page 22.

1. bandog, a watch-dog kept on a chain. **2. sort,** kind of people.

11. loose, lose. **12. tythe-pyg.** The tithe pig was the tenth in the litter—usually the worst one—set aside as the contribution to the priest, who was supported in part by farm products instead of direct gifts of money. **15. glosier,** one who glosses things over, an oily talker. **17. What worke ye,** etc. Adams prints this, "What! worke ye, Gammer Gurton!" with the idea, perhaps, of expressing Dr. Rat's astonishment at finding Gammer—whom he thought sick—at her customary tasks. The present editors prefer the original punctuation. It seems probable (especially in view of the rest of this line, which is obviously Dr. Rat's announcement of himself) that after complaining to the audience he calls to Gammer, who is in the cottage, somewhat as follows: "What are you doing now, Gammer Gurton? How now; here's your friend Master Rat." The "What worke ye" seems practically equivalent to the modern German "Was treiben Sie?" "What are you doing?" Adams suggests that Dr. Rat catches sight of Gammer at work in her house. Manly's suggestion that Gammer is on the stage at the beginning of the scene and engages in pantomime during the whole of Dr. Rat's speech to the audience does not seem tenable, since such a device at the beginning of an act is not characteristic of Tudor dramatic technique and occurs nowhere else in the present play. **Hoow, ho[w n]ow;** Dr. Rat calls out to her. **M,** for *Master.* **20. Gys,** corruption of Jesus; so also Gigs in the next line. **21. foule turne,** dreadful experience. **22. cast,** dropped [prematurely]. Dr. Rat's mind is still on his tithe pig.

D. RAT. What is the matter?
GAMMER. Alas, alas, cha lost my good neele.
My neele, I say. And, wot ye what? a drab came by and spied it,
And, when I asked hir for the same, the filth flatly denied it.
D. RAT. What, was she that?
GAMMER. A dame, ich warrant you. She began to scold and brawle.
Alas, alas. Come hether, Hodge. This wretche can tell you all.

THE iiii. ACTE. THE ii. SCEANE.

HODGE. DOCTOR RAT. GAMMER. DICCON. CHAT.

HODGE. God morow, Gaffer Vicar.
D. RAT. Come on, fellow, let vs heare.
Thy dame hath sayd to me thou knowest of all this geare;
Lets see what thou canst saie.
HODGE. Bym fay, sir, that ye shall.
What matter so-euer here was done, ich can tell your maship all.
My Gammer Gurton heare, see now,
Sat her downe at this doore, see now,
And, as she began to stirre her, see now,
Her neele fell in the floore, see now;
And, while her staffe shee tooke, see now,
At Gyb, her cat, to flynge, see now,
Her neele was lost in the floore, see now.
Is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
Then came the queane, Dame Chat, see now,
To aske for hir blacke cup, see now;
And euen here at this gate, see now,
She tooke that neele vp, see now.
My gammer then she yeede, see now,
Hir neele againe to bring, see now,
And was caught by the head, see now.
Is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
She tare my gammers cote, see now,
And scratched hir by the face, see now;
Chad thought shad stopt hir throte, see now.
Is not this a wondrous case, see now?
When ich saw this, ich was wrothe, see now,
And start betwene them twaine, see now;
Els, ich durst take a booke-othe, see now,
My gammer had bene slaine, see now.
GAMMER. This is euen the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde,
And chould faine be quiet for my part, that chould.
But helpe vs, good master, beseech ye that ye do,
Els shall we both be beaten and lose our neele too.
D. RAT. What wold ye haue me to doo? Tel me, that I were gone;
I will do the best that I can, to set you both at one.
But be ye sure Dame Chat hath this your neele founde?
GAMMER. Here comes the man that see hir take it vp of the ground;
Aske him your-selfe, Master Rat, if ye beleue not me.
And helpe me to my neele, for Gods sake and saint charite.
D. RAT. Come nere, Diccon, and let vs heare what thou can expresse.
Wilt thou be sworne thou seest Dame Chat this womans neele haue?
DICCON. Nay, by S. Benit, wil I not; then might ye thinke me raue.
GAMMER. Why, didst not thou tel me so euen here? Canst thou for shame deny it?
DICCON. I, mary, Gammer; but I said I wold not abide by it.
D. RAT. Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it?

The ii. Sceane. The same place.
Chat. So in Colwell's edition because in that quarto this scene is printed as the last one in this act. But see footnote on next scene, page 42.
1. **Gaffer,** grandfather; like *Gammer* for *grandmother,* a customary title implying no disrespect. 3. **Bym fay,** by my faith. 4. **maship,** mastership. 5. **see now** (etc., to line 28). This comical combination of fact and fiction, with its short lines, alternate rimes, and repetitious endings, was probably uttered by Hodge as a child might say a "piece," rapidly and in one breath, with swaying body and much eager gesticulation. Gammer's short "This is euen the whole matter," forms a delightful contrast with it.

17. **yeede,** went. 38. **saint charite.** Gammer has canonized one of the Christian virtues. 41. **S. Benit,** Saint Benedict. 43. **mary,** [by the Virgin] Mary.

DICCON. "Stick to it," quoth you, Master Rat? mary, sir, I defy it.
Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne
In his freindes eares, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne.
If such a toy be vsed oft among the honestie,
It may be-seme a simple man of your and my degree.
D. RAT. Then we be neuer the nearer, for all that you can tell.
DICCON. Yes, mary, sir, if ye will do by mine aduise and counsaile.
If Mother Chat se al vs here, she knoweth how the matter goes;
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe close,
And I will into Dame Chats house, and so the matter vse,
That, or you cold go twise to church, I warant you here news.
She shall looke wel about hir, but, I durst lay a pledge,
Ye shal of Gammers neele haue shortly better knowledge.
GAMMER. Now, gentle Diccon, do so; and, good sir, let vs trudge.
D. RAT. By the masse, I may not tarry so long to be your iudge.
DICCON. Tys but a litle while, man; what, take so much paine.
If I here no newes of it, I will come sooner againe.
HODGE. Tary so much, good Master Doctor, of your gentlenes.
D. RAT. Then let vs hie vs inward; and, Diccon, speede thy busines.

THE iiii. ACT. THE iii. SCEANE.

DICCON. Now, sirs, do you no more, but kepe my counsaile iuste,
And Doctor Rat shall thus catch some good, I trust.
But Mother Chat, my gossop, talke first with-all I must;
For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the dust.
God deuen, Dame Chat, in faith, and wel met in this place.
CHAT. God deuen, my friend Diccon; whether walke ye this pace?
DICCON. By my truthe, euen to you, to learne how the world goeth.
Hard ye no more of the other matter, say me now, by your troth?
CHAT. O yes, Diccon, here the olde hoore and Hodge, that great knaue,
But, in faith, I would thou hadst sene, O Lord, I drest them braue.
She bare me two or three souses behind in the nape of the necke,
Till I made hir olde wesen to answere againe, "kecke."
And Hodge, that dirty dastard that at hir elbow standes,
If one paire of legs had not bene worthe two paire of hands,
He had had his bearde shauen, if my nayles wold haue serued.
And not without a cause, for the knaue it well deserued.
DICCON. By the masse, I can the thank, wench, thou didst so wel acquite the.
CHAT. And thadst seene him, Diccon, it wold haue made the beshite the
For laughter. The horsen dolt at last caught vp a club,
As though he would haue slaine the master-deuil, Belsabub,
But I set him soone inward.
DICCON. O Lorde, there is the thing
That Hodge is so offended, that makes him starte and flyng.
CHAT. Why, makes the knaue any moyling, as ye haue sene or hard?

47. **by him were knowne,** i.e., were known as his, were attributed to him. 48. **toy,** a foolish story. **the honestie,** honorable people; decent folks. 53. **red,** advise. 55. **or,** ere, before. **cold,** could. 62. **gentlenes,** i.e., if you will be so kind. 63. **let vs hie vs inward.** They go into Gammer's cottage and so clear the stage. Diccon remains behind for his usual aside to the audience.

The iiii. Act. The iii. Sceane. See footnote on Act II, Scene iv, page 34. In the Colwell quarto there is no further scene division in Act IV. Hazlitt would begin a scene at line 5. The present editors follow Manly's division, since elsewhere Diccon's asides begin the scene instead of ending it; for uniformity, however, they have used the Colwell spelling of the word *scene.* As Diccon talks to the audience, he strolls to the door of Dame Chat's alehouse and summons her.

1. **sirs,** the gentlemen of the audience. 5. **God deuen,** good evening. 6. **whether,** whither. **pace,** way, course. Dame Chat asks, "Where are you going?" 11. **souses,** cuffs, "cracks." 12. **wesen,** weasand, windpipe. **"kecke,"** the noise made by Gammer's windpipe. Actually, it will be remembered, it was Gammer who operated on Dame Chat's windpipe; but the fighters are all brave as they recount their exploits. 19. **a club.** See footnote on line 40, page 38. Dame Chat is exaggerating the size and weight of Hodge's staff. 23. **moyling,** fidgeting, worrying.

DICCON. Euen now I sawe him last; like a mad-man he farde,
And sware by heauen and hell he would a-wreake his sorowe,
And leue you neuer a hen on-liue by viii. of the clock tomorow.
Therfore marke what I say, and my wordes see that ye trust.
Your hens be as good as dead if ye leaue them on the ruste.
CHAT. The knaue dare as wel go hang himself as go vpon my ground.
DICCON. Wel, yet take hede, I say. I must tel you my tale round.
Haue you not about your house, behind your furnace or leade
A hole where a crafty knaue may crepe in for neade?
CHAT. Yes, by the masse, a hole broke down euen within these ii. dayes.
DICCON. Hodge he intendes this same night to slip in there-a-wayes.
CHAT. O Christ, that I were sure of it, in faith, he shuld haue his mede.
DICCON. Watch wel, for the knaue wil be there as sure as is your crede.
I wold spend my-selfe a shilling to haue him swinged well.
CHAT. I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell.
By Gogs bones, when he commeth, now that I know the matter,
He shal sure at the first skip to leape in scalding water,
With a worse turne besides. When he will, let him come.
DICCON. I tell you as my sister, you know what meaneth mum.

THE iiii. ACT. THE iiii. SCEANE.

Now lacke I but my doctor to play his part againe.
And lo, where he commeth towards, per aduenture, to his paine.

24. **farde**, fared. 25. **a-wreake**, avenge. 26. **on-liue**, alive. 28. **ruste**, roost. 31. **furnace**, the kitchen fireplace. **leade**, a leaden caldron or pot probably swung on a crane in the kitchen fireplace. 35. **mede**, desert, reward, "what's coming to him." 41. **turne**, trick.

The iiii. Act. The iiii. Sceane. See footnote on scene iii, page 42. Manly's division is followed with the adoption of the Colwell spelling of *scene*. Dame Chat has retired to her alehouse to prepare for Hodge's visit; Diccon remains behind for his usual aside to the audience and his conference with Dr. Rat.

D. RAT. What good newes, Diccon, fellow? is Mother Chat at home?
DICCON. She is, syr, and she is not, but it please her to whome.
Yet dyd I take her tardy, as subtle as she was.
D. RAT. The thing that thou wentst for, hast thou brought it to passe?
DICCON. I haue done that I haue done, be it worse, be it better.
And Dame Chat at her wyts ende I haue almost set her.
D. RAT. Why, hast thou spied the neele? Quickly, I pray thee, tell.
DICCON. I haue spyed it, in faith, sir, I handled my-selfe so well.
And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe.
But, or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe.
D. RAT. How so, I pray thee, Diccon?
DICCON. Mary, syr, will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backside, by Cocks Mother dere,
And there she sat sewing a halter or a bande,
With no other thing saue Gammers nedle in her hande.
As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out.
Now I, sir, knowing of euery doore the pin,
Came nycely, and said no worde till time I was within;
And there I sawe the neele, euen with these two eyes.
Who-euer say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.
D. RAT. O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade.
DICCON. Well, if ye will be ordred and do by my reade,
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,

4. **she is not**, i.e., she is not "at home" to those whom she does not wish to see. 5. **take her tardy**, catch her off guard. 11. **trumpe**, the trump card; cf. footnote on line 23, page 32. 12. **or**, ere, before. 14. **on the backside**, at the rear of the house where the kitchen was; cf. Act V, Scene i, line 29. **Cocks Mother**, God's Mother, the Virgin Mary. 15. **halter**, a neckband. 19. **pin**, probably not the tirling-pin or notched bar with metal ring used as a door-knocker, but the bolt itself. Diccon probably means that there is not a door in town of which he has not slipped the bolt. 20. **nycely**, neatly, slickly; he drew the bolt without knocking. 24. **reade**, advice.

Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in hir handes.
D. RAT. For Gods sake, do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
To geue thee a full pot of the best ale in the towne.
DICCON. Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say;
Lay downe your gown beside you; go to, come on your way.
Se ye not what is here? a hole wherin ye may creepe
Into the house, and sodenly vnwares among them leape.
There shal ye finde the bitchfox and the neele together.
Do as I bid you, man, come on your wayes hether.
D. RAT. Art thou sure, Diccon, the swil-tub standes not here-aboute?
DICCON. I was within my-selfe, man, euen now, there is no doubt.
Go softly, make no noyse, giue me your foote, sir John.
Here will I waite vpon you tyl you come out anone.
D. RAT. Helpe, Diccon, out, alas, I shal be slaine among them.
DICCON. If they giue you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them.
Ware that. Hoow, my wenches! haue ye caught the foxe
That vsed to make reuel among your hennes and cocks?
Saue his life yet for his order, though he susteine some paine.
Gogs bread, I am afraide, they wil beate out his braine.
D. RAT. Wo worth the houre that I came heare.
And wo worth him that wrought this geare.
A sort of drabs and queanes haue me blest.
Was euer creature halfe so euill drest?
Who-euer it wrought and first did inuent it,
He shall, I warrant him, erre long repent it.
I will spend all I haue, without my skinne,
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in.
Master Bayly, I trow, and he be worth his eares,
Will snaffle these murderers and all that them beares.
I will surely neither byte nor suppe
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take vp.

37. **sir John,** stock name for a priest; so in John Heywood's play *Johan Johan*. 39. **Helpe, Diccon.** Dr. Rat has crept into Dame Chat's alehouse and is being thoroughly beaten by her and the maid. 41. **Hoow,** an exclamation, *How now;* see footnote on line 17, page 40. 43. **for his order,** the priestly order of which he was a member. 45. **Wo worth,** etc. Diccon has decamped; Dr. Rat hobbles in and complains to the audience.

THE v. ACTE. THE i. SCEANE.

MASTER BAYLY. DOCTOR RAT.

BAILIE. I can perceiue none other, I speke it from my hart,
But either ye ar in al the fault or els in the greatest part.
D. RAT. If it be counted his fault, besides all his greeues,
When a poore man is spoyled and beaten among theeues,
Then I confesse my fault herein, at this season;
But I hope you wil not iudge so much against reason.
BAILY. And me thinkes, by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the theefe, you were the very same.
The women they did nothing, as your words make probation,
But stoutly withstood your forcible inuasion.

54. **beares,** support, uphold. 56. **fetch him hether.** Thus Dr. Rat provides the interval between the acts and leads up to the *dénouement*.

The i. Sceane. It is possible that Dr. Rat did not "fetch him hether" (unless by this is meant not into the street, but upon the stage), but went to the house of the bailiff. The setting for the last act, therefore, may be a room which has become for the nonce a courtroom and not the neutral street scene. With the help of his tattered officer, Scapethryft, Master Bayly summons successively all of the characters of the play until at the conclusion of the act he has unraveled the tangled skein, restored peace, and joined the company in a friendly pot of ale. It need not be supposed that, excepting for a chair for the bailiff, any attempt was made to create the delusion of a court scene. The skillful acceleration of the act from the beginning to the climax is worth noting.

Master Bayly, as the name implies, the bailiff or officer either of the king or of the nobleman on whose estates the village was located; besides collecting rents and taxes he acted as local justice-of-the-peace. Save for the scapegrace Diccon he is the only person of any intelligence in the play; he acts as the *deus ex machina* and solves the problem by maintaining his dignity and observing that Diccon was the common denominator in the equations.

If that a theefe at your window to enter should begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand and helpe to pull him in?
Or wold you kepe him out? I pray you, answere me.
D. RAT. Mary, kepe him out, and a good cause why.
But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest learned Clarke.
BAILY. Yea, but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke.
I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose.
Was it any maruaile though the poore woman arose
And start vp, being afraide of that was in her purse?
Me thinke you may be glad that your lucke was no worse.
D. RAT. Is not this euill ynough, I pray you, as you thinke?

Showing his broken head

BAILY. Yea, but a man in the darke, of chaunces do wincke,
As soone he smites his father as any other man,
Because for lacke of light discerne him he ne can.
Might it not haue ben your lucke with a spit to haue ben slaine?
D. RAT. I thinke I am litle better, my scalpe is clouen to the braine.
If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the knockes.
BAILY. By my troth, and well worthy besides to kisse the stockes,
To come in on the backe-side, when ye might go about.
I know non such, vnles they long to haue their braines knockt out.
D. RAT. Well, wil you be so good, sir, as talke with Dame Chat,
And know what she intended? I aske no more but that.
BAYLY. Let her be called, fellow, because of Master Doctor.

17. **shines not out at your nose.** Master Bayly refers to Dr. Rat's "jolly red nose," acquired from much good ale drinking. 22. **of chaunces do wincke** [a man in the darke], is blind to what may happen. 25. **a spit.** See footnote on line 4, page 23. 29. **on the backe-side.** See footnote on line 14, page 43. 33. **fellow.** He sends his officer Scapethryft to arrest Dame Chat.

I warrant in this case she wil be hir owne proctor;
She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy and so go wype your nose.

THE v. ACTE. THE ii. SCEANE.

M. BAYLY. CHAT. D. RAT. GAMMER. HODGE. DICCON.

BAYLY. Dame Chat, Master Doctor vpon you here complained
That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,
And taketh many an oth that no word he fained,
Laying to your charge how you thought him to murder;
And, on his part againe, that same man saith furder
He neuer offended you in word nor intent:
To heare you answer hereto, we haue now for you sent.
CHAT. That I wold haue murdered him? fye on him, wretch.
And euil mought he thee for it, our Lord I besech.
I will swere on al the bookes that opens and shuttes,
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes;
For this seuen weekes with me, I am sure, he sat not downe.
Nay, ye haue other minions, in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch such a blow
Then any-where els, as farre as I know.
BAILY. Be-like then, Master Doctor, your stripe there ye got not.
D. RAT. Thinke you I am so mad that where I was bet I wot not?

34. **be hir owne proctor,** be her own advocate, speak for herself. 36. **go wype your nose,** equivalent to our "go sit on a tack." The bailiff has little respect for the meddlesome Dr. Rat.

The ii. Sceane. The same setting. The scene opens with Master Bayly, Dr. Rat, and Dame Chat; the others come before the bailiff as summoned.

2. **shuld,** showed. 9. **euil mought he thee,** evil [i.e., ill] may he thrive. 11. **faineth this tale,** etc., as we should say, "he cuts the story out of whole cloth." 13. **minions,** darlings, mistresses. Dame Chat expresses her resentment because Dr. Rat has been patronizing other ale-wives. 17. **bet,** beaten.

Will ye beleue this queane before she hath tryd it?
It is not the first dede she hath done and afterward denide it.
CHAT. What, man, will you say I broke your head?
D. RAT. How canst thou proue the contrary?
CHAT. Nay, how prouest thou that I did the deade?
D. RAT. To plainly, by S. Mary.
This profe, I trow, may serue though I no word spoke.

Showing his broken head

CHAT. Bicause thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within this fortnight.
D. RAT. No, mary, thou sawest me not, for-why thou hadst no light;
But I felt thee, for al the darke, beshrew thy smothe cheekes.
And thou groped me, this wil declare any day this six weekes.

Showing his heade

BAILY. Answere me to this, M. Rat, when caught you this harme of yours?
D. RAT. A-while a-go, sir, God he knoweth, with-in les then these ii. houres.
BAILY. Dame Chat, was there none with you (confesse, I faith) about that season?
What, woman, let it be what it wil, tis neither felony nor treason.
CHAT. Yes, by my faith, Master Bayly, there was a knaue not farre
Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dore-barre,
And well was he worthy, as it semed to mee;
But what is that to this man, since this was not hee?
BAILY. Who was it then? Lets here.
D. RAT. Alas, sir, aske you that?
Is it not made plain inough by the owne mouth of Dame Chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong can not lye;
Onely vpon a bare nay she saith it was not I.
CHAT. No, mary, was it not indeede; ye shal here by this one thing:
This after-noone a frend of mine for good wil gaue me warning,
And bad me wel loke to my ruste and al my capons pennes,
For, if I toke not better heede, a knaue wold haue my hennes;
Then I, to saue my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch,
And, as good fortune serued me, it was my chaunce him for to catch.
What strokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines,
I wot not, but sure I am he had something for his paines.
BAILY. Yet telles thou not who it was.
CHAT. Who it was? a false theefe,
That came like a false Foxe my pullaine to kil and mischeefe.
BAILY. But knowest thou not his name?
CHAT. I know it. But what than?
It was that crafty cullyon, Hodge, my Gammer Gurtons man.
BAILIE. Call me the knaue hether, he shal sure kysse the stockes;
I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens or cocks.
D. RAT. I meruaile, Master Bayly, so bleared be your eyes;
An egge is not so ful of meate as she is ful of lyes.
When she hath playd this pranke to excuse al this geare,
She layeth the fault in such a one as I know was not there.
CHAT. Was he not thear? Loke on his pate, that shalbe his witnes.
D. RAT. I wold my head were half so hole, I wold seeke no redresse.

29. **groped**, found me in the dark by groping. 30. **M.**, abbreviation for *Master*. 35. **philup**, fillip, blow. **dore-barre**, the light beam used to secure the door; it fitted into brackets in the door-posts.

41. **a bare nay**, a simple denial. 44. **ruste**, roost. 51. **pullaine**, poultry. 53. **cullyon**, cullion, cowardly fellow. 54. **kysse the stockes**, to be put into the stocks. Scapethryft goes after Hodge. 59. **in**, for *on*.

BAILY. God blesse you, Gammer Gurton.
GAMMER. God dylde you, master mine.
BAILY. Thou hast a knaue with-in thy ho[u]se,—Hodge, a seruant of thine.
They tel me that busy knaue is such a filching one
That hen, pig, goose or capon thy neighbour can haue none.
GAMMER. By God, cham much ameued to heare any such reporte.
Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to baue him in that sort.
CHAT. A theeuisher knaue is not on-liue, more filching nor more false;
Many a truer man then he hase hanged vp by the halse.
And thou, his dame, of al his theft thou art the sole receauer.
For Hodge to catch and thou to kepe I neuer knew none better.
GAMMER. Sir reuerence of your masterdome, and you were out adoore,
Chold be so bolde, for al hir brags, to cal hir arrant whoore.
And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow, ich wish me endlesse sorow
And chould not take the pains to hang him vp before tomorow.
CHAT. What haue I stolne from the or thine, thou il-fauored olde trot?
GAMMER. A great deale more (by Gods blest) then cheuer by the got.
That thou knowest wel, I neade not say it.
BAILY. Stoppe there, I say.
And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce Hodge is not here? Him wolde I faine haue had.
GAMMER. Alas, sir, heel be here anon; ha be handled to bad.

62. **Gammer Gurton.** Gammer enters; her appearance before Scapethryft enters with Hodge creates the situation explained in the printer's aside after line 83. **dylde,** yield, reward; a form of greeting. 66. **ameued,** moved. 67. **baue,** Gammer's contraction for *behave.* 69. **halse,** neck; cf. German *Hals.* 72. **Sir reuerence,** saving your reverence; a polite apology to the court for what she is about to say to Dame Chat. **out adoore,** outdoors. Either this is an interior scene and Gammer realizes that she cannot quarrel in the court-room, or she is alluding to the hall in which the play is being produced just as Hodge did in Act II, Scene i, line 106; see footnote, line 106, page 31. 74. **tow,** thou. 79. **by the way,** in passing, incidentally. The Baily wishes to divert them from their quarrel to the more important matter of Hodge's absence. 81. **be handled to bad.** Gammer alludes to the state of Hodge's breeches, which

CHAT. Master Bayly, sir, ye be not such a foole, wel I know,
But ye perceiue by this lingring there is a pad in the straw.

Thinking that HODG *his head was broke, and that* GAMMER *wold not let him come before them*

GAMMER. Chil shew you his face, ich warrant the; lo now where he is.
BAILIE. Come on, fellow. It is tolde me thou art a shrew, iwysse.
Thy neighbours hens thou takest, and playes the two-legged foxe;
Their chikens and their capons to, and now and then their cocks.
HODGE. Ich defy them al that dare it say; cham as true as the best.
BAILY. Wart not thou take within this houre in Dame Chats hens nest?
HODGE. Take there? No, master, chold not do't for a houseful of gold.
CHAT. Thou, or the deuil in thy cote, sweare this I dare be bold.
D. RAT. Sweare me no swearing, quean, the deuill he geue the sorow.
Al is not worth a gnat thou canst sweare till to-morow.
Where is the harme he hath? Shew it, by Gods bread.
Ye beat him, with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head.
HODGE. Bet me? Gogs blessed body, chold first, ich trow, haue burst the.
Ich thinke, and chad my hands loose, callet, chould haue crust the.
CHAT. Thou shitten knaue, I trow thou knowest the ful weight of my fist;
I am fowly deceiued onles thy head and my doore-bar kyste.
HODGE. Hold thy chat, whore, thou criest so loude can no man els be hard.
CHAT. Well, knaue, and I had the alone, I wold surely rap thy costard.

he is trying to patch with the thong that he got from Sym Glover so as to make a decent appearance in court. Dame Chat thinks she alludes to his broken head. 83. **pad in the straw,** a paddock or toad in the straw; as we should say, "a nigger in the woodpile"—something concealed. 84. **where he is.** Scapethryft brings in Hodge, who is wearing the breeches which Gammer was mending when she lost the cause of all the rumpus. 85. **shrew,** a wicked rascal; in Tudor times and earlier the word was not applied solely to women. 89. **take,** taken, apprehended. 97. **crust,** crushed. 101. **costard,** the head.

BAYLY. Sir, answer me to this, is thy head whole or broken?
CHAT. Yea, Master Bayly, blest be euery good token.
HODGE. Is my head whole? Ich warrant you tis neither scuruy nor scald.
What, you foule beast, does think tis either pild or bald?
Nay, ich thanke God, chil not, for al that thou maist spend,
That chad one scab on my narse as brode as thy fingers end.
BAYLY. Come nearer heare.
HODGE. Yes, that iche dare.
BAYLY. By Our Lady, here is no harme
Hodges head is hole ynough, for al Dame Chats charme.
CHAT. By Gogs blest, howeuer the thing he clockes or smolders,
I know the blowes he bare away either with head or shoulders.
Camest thou not, knaue, within this houre creping into my pens,
And there was caught within my hous groping among my hens?
HODGE. A plage both on thy hens and the. A carte, whore, a carte.
Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree and chware as false as thou art.
Geue my Gammer again her washical thou stole away in thy lap.
GAMMER. Yea, Maister Baily, there is a thing you know not on, may hap,
This drab she kepes away my good, the deuil he might her snare.
Ich pray you that ich might haue a right action on her.
CHAT. Haue I thy good, old filth, or any such old sowes?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin betwene thy browes.
GAMMER. Many a truer hath ben hanged, though you escape the daunger.
CHAT. Thou shalt answer, by Gods pity, for this thy foule slaunder.
BAILY. Why, what can ye charge hir withal? To say so ye do not well.
GAMMER. Mary, a vengeance to hir hart, the whore hase stoln my neele.
CHAT. Thy nedle, old witch? how so? It were almes thy skul to knock.
So didst thou say the other day that I had stolne thy cock
And rosted him to my breakfast, which shal not be forgotten,
The deuil pul out thy lying tong and teeth that be so rotten.
GAMMER. Geue me my neele. As for my cocke, chould be very loth
That chuld here tel he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.
BAILY. Your talke is such I can scarse learne who shuld be most in fault.
GAMMER. Yet shal ye find no other wight saue she, by bred and salt.
BAILY. Kepe ye content awhile, se that your tonges ye holde;
Me thinkes you shuld remembre this is no place to scolde.
How knowest thou, Gammer Gurton, Dame Chat thy nedle had?
GAMMER. To name you, sir, the party, chould not be very glad.
BAILY. Yea, but we must nedes heare it, and therfore say it boldly.
GAMMER. Such one as told the tale full soberly and coldly,
Euen he that loked on, wil sweare on a booke,
What time this drunken gossip my faire long neele vp tooke:
Diccon (Master) the bedlam, cham very sure ye know him.
BAILIE. A false knaue, by Gods pitie; ye were but a foole to trow him.
I durst auenture wel the price of my best cap
That, when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a iape.
Tolde he not you that, besides, she stole your cocke that tyde?
GAMMER. No, master, no indede; for then he shuld haue lyed.
My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and wel a-fine.
CHAT. Yea, but that ragged colt, that whore, that Tyb of thine,

105. **pild**, peeled; the word usually means *bald*, but here apparently *close-cropped*. 108. **Come nearer heare.** Master Bayly inspects Hodge's head for wounds—an excellent opportunity for a bit of comic stage business. 110. **clockes or smolders**, cloaks or smothers. 114. **A carte.** See footnote on line 23, page 37. 116. **washical**, contraction for *what shall I call [it]*.

126. **almes**, alms, charity [to society]. 128. **to**, for. 135. **this is no place**, etc. Either another evidence that the scene is in the courtroom with the bailiff warning Gammer not to be guilty of contempt of court or another allusion to the hall in which the play was being presented. 143. **trow**, trust. 145. **iape**, trick, joke. 146. **tyde**, tide, time. 148. **a-fine**, in fine, in conclusion.

Said plainly thy cocke was stolne, and in my house was eaten.
That lying cut is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten,
And yet for al my good name it were a small amendes.
I picke not this geare, hearst thou, out of my fingers endes;
But he that hard it, told me, who thou of late didst name,
Diccon, whom al men knowes, it was the very same.
BAILY. This is the case: you lost your nedle about the dores,
And she answeres againe she hase no cocke of yours;
Thus, in your talke and action, from that you do intend
She is whole fiue mile wide from that she doth defend.
Will you saie she hath your cocke?
GAMMER. No, mery, sir, that chil not.
BAYLY. Will you confesse hir neele?
CHAT. Will I? no, sir, will I not.
BAYLY. Then there lieth all the matter.
GAMMER. Soft, master, by the way.
Ye know she could do little and she cold not say nay.
BAYLY. Yea, but he that made one lie about your cock-stealing,
Wil not sticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing.
I weene the ende wil proue this brawle did first arise
Upon no other ground but only Diccons lyes.
CHAT. Though some be lyes, as you belike haue espyed them,
Yet other some be true; by proof I haue wel tryed them.
BAYLY. What other thing beside this, Dame Chat.
CHAT. Mary, syr, euen this:
The tale I tolde before, the selfe same tale it was his;
He gaue me, like a frende, warning against my losse,
Els had my hens be stolne eche one, by Gods crosse.
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede;
But, as the matter chaunsed, with greater hast then speede.

151. **cut**, nag, a term of abuse for a woman; cf. footnote on line 25, page 37. 160. **mery**, the Virgin Mary.

This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.
BAYLY. If Doctor Rat be not deceiued, it was of another sort.
D. RAT. By Gods Mother, thou and he be a cople of suttle foxes.
Betweene you and Hodge I beare away the boxes.
Did not Diccon apoynt the place wher thou shuldst stand to mete him?
CHAT. Yes, by the masse, and, if he came, bad me not sticke to speet hym.
D. RAT. Gods sacrament, the villain knaue hath drest vs round about,
He is the cause of all this brawle, that dyrty, shitten loute.
When Gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,
I heard him sweare that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone;
And this to try, he furder said, he was ful loth, howbeit
He was content with small adoe to bring me where to see it.
And where ye sat, he said ful certain, if I wold folow his read,
Into your house a priuy way he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, sewing about a clowte;
And set me in the backe-hole, therby to finde you oute.
And, whiles I sought a quietnes, creping vpon my knees,
I found the weight of your dore-bar for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that some men gets while they begin to mel
In setting at one such as were out, minding to make al wel.
HODGE. Was not wel blest, Gammer, to scape that scoure? And chad ben there,
Then chad ben drest, belike, as ill, by the masse, as Gaffar Vicar.
BAYLY. Mary, sir, here is a sport alone. I loked for such an end.
If Diccon had not playd the knaue, this had ben sone amend.

181. **sticke to speet**, refrain from spitting him. 188. **read**, see footnote on line 24, page 43. 194. **mel**, meddle. 195. **In setting . . . wel.** In setting out to right something wrong, intending to make all well. 196. **Was not**, was I not. **scoure**, perhaps a misprint for *stoure*, a tumult, commotion; possibly, however, *scouring*, a drubbing or dressing down. 197. **Gaffar**, contraction for *grandfather*.

My Gammer here he made a foole, and drest hir as she was;
And goodwife Chat he set to scole, till both parties cried alas;
And D Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare;
I wold the knaue had ben starke blind, if Hodg had not his share.
HODGE. Cham meetly wel sped alredy amongs, cham drest like a coult.
And chad not had the better wit, chad bene made a doult.
BAYLY. Sir knaue, make hast Diccon were here; fetch him where euer he bee.
CHAT. Fie on the villaine, fie, fie, that makes vs thus agree.
GAMMER. Fie on him knaue, with al my hart, now fie, and fie againe.
D. RAT. Now fie on him, may I best say, whom he hath almost slaine.
BAYLY. Lo where he commeth at hand; belike he was not fare.
Diccon, heare be two or three thy company can not spare.
DICCON. God blesse you, and you may be blest, so many al at once.
CHAT. Come, knaue, it were a good deed geld the, by Cockes bones.
Seest not thy handiwarke? Sir Rat, can ye forbeare him?
DICCON. A vengeance on those hands lite, for my hands cam not nere hym.
The horsen priest hath lift the pot in some of these alewyues chayres,
That his head wolde not serue him, belyke, to come downe the stayres.
BAILY. Nay, soft, thou maist not play the knaue and haue this language to.
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maist thou do.
Confesse the truth, as I shall aske, and cease a while to fable;
And for thy fault, I promise the, thy handling shalbe reasonable.
Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the eares?
DICCON. What if I haue? fiue hundred such haue I seene within these seuen yeares.
I am sory for nothing else but that I see not the sport
Which was betwene them when they met, as they themselues report.
BAYLY. The greatest thing, Master Rat, ye se how he is drest.
DICCON. What deuil nede he be groping so depe in goodwife Chats hens nest?
BAYLY. Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him into the briars.
DICCON. Gods bread, hath not such an old foole wit to saue his eares?
He showeth himselfe herein, ye see, so very a coxe
The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe
To run into the snares was set for him, doubtlesse;
For he leapt in for myce, and this sir Iohn for madnes.
D. RAT. Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel, lyther and lasye,
I will go neare, for this, to make ye leape at a dasye.
In the kings name, Master Bayly, I charge you set him fast.
DICCON. What, fast at cardes, or fast on-slepe? It is the thing I did last.
D. RAT. Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet, according to thy deedes.
BAYLY. Master doctor, ther is no remedy, I must intreat you, needes,
Some other kinde of punishment.
D. RAT. Nay, by all halowes.
His punishment, if I may iudg, shalbe naught els but the gallous.
BAYLY. That ware to sore, a spiritual man to be so extreame.
D. RAT. Is he worthy any better, sir? how do ye iudge and deame?
BAYLY. I graunt him worthie punishment, but in no wise so great.
GAMMER. It is a shame, ich tel you plaine, for such false knaues intreat.

206. **Sir knaue.** Addressed to Scapethryft, who goes out to arrest Diccon. 210. **fare,** far. 215. **lite,** light.

228. **drift,** scheme, plot. 230. **coxe,** coxcomb, jackass; the cock's comb was the emblem of the court jester or fool. 231. **The cat was not,** etc. An allusion to the fable of the cat who was tricked by a fox into falling into the trap set for the fox. 233. **sir Iohn,** the stock name for a priest; cf. footnote on line 37, page 44. 234. **losel, lyther and lasye,** rascal, worthless, and lazy. 235. **leape at a dasye,** be hanged; from a familiar story of a criminal who jumped off the hangman's ladder, rope around his neck, with the grim remark, "Have at yon daisy yonder." 236. **In the kings name.** Evidence that although Colwell printed *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* in 1575, the play was written and probably produced in the reign of Edward VI, 1547–1553; see headnote, and footnote on "God Saue," etc., page 22. 237. **on-slepe,** asleep. 240. **all halowes,** All Saints.

He has almost vndone vs al, that is as true as steele.
And yet, for al this great ado, cham neuer the nere my neele.
BAYLY. Canst thou not say anything to that, Diccon, with least or most?
DICCON. Yea, mary, sir, thus much I can say: wel, the nedle is lost.
BAYLY. Nay, canst not thou tel which way that nedle may be found?
DICCON. No, by my fay, sir, though I might haue an hundred pound.
HODGE. Thou lier lickdish, didst not say the neele wold be gitten?
DICCON. No, Hodge, by the same token, you were that time beshittene
For feare of Hobgobling, you wot wel what I meane;
As long as it is sence, I feare me yet ye be scarce cleane.
BAYLY. Wel, Master Rat, you must both learne, and teach vs, to forgeue.
Since Diccon hath confession made and is so cleane shreue,
If ye to me conscent, to amend this heauie chaunce,
I wil inioyne him here some open kind of penaunce,
Of this condition: where ye know my fee is twenty pence
For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to dispence,
Ye shal go quite, so that ye graunt the matter now to run
To end with mirth among vs al, euen as it was begun.
CHAT. Say yea, Master Vicar, and he shal sure confes to be your detter,
And al we that be heare present wil loue you much the better.
D. RAT. My part is the worst; but, since you al hereon agree,
Go euen to, Master Bayly, let it be so for mee.
BAYLY. How saiest thou, Diccon, art content this shal on me depend?
DICCON. Go to, M. Bayly, say on your mind, I know ye are my frende.
BAYLY. Then marke ye wel: to recompence this thy former action,
Because thou hast offended al, to make them satisfaction,
Before their faces here kneele downe, and, as I shal the teach,
For thou shalt take on othe of Hodges leather breache:
First, for Master Doctor, vpon paine of his cursse,
Where he wil pay for al, thou neuer draw thy pursse,
And, when ye meete at one pot, he shall haue the first pull,
And thou shalt neuer offer him the cup but it be full;
To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworne, euen on the same wyse,
If she refuse thy money once, neuer to offer it twise,
Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it,
When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou neuer forsake it;
For Gammer Gurtons sake, againe, sworne shalt thou bee
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe, if it do lie in thee,
And likewise be bound by the vertue of that
To be of good abering to Gib, hir great cat;
Last of al, for Hodge the othe to scanne,
Thou shalt neuer take him for fine gentleman.
HODGE. Come on, fellow Diccon, chalbe euen with thee now.
BAYLY. Thou wilt not sticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?
DICCON. No, by my fathers skin, my hand downe I lay it;
Loke, as I haue promised, I wil not denay it.
But, Hodge, take good heede now thou do not beshite me.

And gaue him a good blow on the buttocke

HODGE. Gogs hart, thou false villaine, dost thou bite mee?
BAYLY. What, Hodge, doth he hurt the or euer he begin?
HODGE. He thrust me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin.
I saie, Gammer, Gammer.

251. **fay**, faith. 252. **lier lickdish**, liar, parasite. **gitten**, gotten. 255. **sence**, since. 262. **quite**, quit or free of the fee due the bailiff for handling the case. 267. **Go euen to**, go ahead. 269. **M.**, abbreviation for *Master*.

273. **on**, probably a misprint for *an*. 285. **abering**, bearing, deportment.

GAMMER. How now, Hodge, how now?
HODGE. Gods malt, Gammer Gurton.
GAMMER. Thou art mad, ich trow.
HODGE. Will you see the deuil, Gammer?
GAMMER. The deuil, sonne? God blesse vs.
HODGE. Chould iche were hanged, Gammer.
GAMMER. Mary, se ye might dresse vs.
HODGE. Chaue it, by the masse, Gammer.
GAMMER. What, not my neele, Hodge?
HODGE. Your neele, Gammer! your neele.
GAMMER. No, fie, dost but dodge.
HODGE. Cha found your neele, Gammer, here in my hand be it.
GAMMER. For al the loues on earth, Hodge, let me see it.
HODGE. Soft, Gammer.
GAMMER. Good Hodge.
HODGE. Soft, ich say; taric a while.
GAMMER. Nay, sweete Hodge, say truth, and do not me begile.
HODGE. Cham sure on it, ich warrant you; it goes no more astray.
GAMMER. Hodge, when I speake so faire, wilt stil say me nay?
HODGE. Go neare the light, Gammer; tis wel, in faith, good lucke.
Chwas almost vndone, twas so far in my buttocke.
GAMMER. Tis min owne deare neele, Hodge, sykerly I wot.
HODGE. Cham I not a good sonne, Gammer? cham I not?
GAMMER. Christs blessing light on thee, hast made me foreuer.
HODGE. Ich knew that ich must finde it els choud a had it neuer.
CHAT. By my troth, Gossyp Gurton, I am euen as glad
As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had.
BAYLY. And I, by my conscience, to see it so come forth,
Reioyce so much at it as three nedles be worth.
D. RAT. I am no whit sory to see you so reioyce.

301. **dodge**, fool me. 304. **tarie a while.** Hodge is busily engaged in e....acting the needle. 310. **sykerly**, surely.

DICCON. Nor I much the gladder for al this noyce.
Yet say, gramercy, Diccon, for springing of the game.
GAMMER. Gramercy, Diccon, twenty times. O how glad cham.
If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come hether,
Master Rat, goodwife Chat and Diccon, together,
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not rest this night till ich bestow it;
If euer ye loue me, let vs go in and drinke.
BAYLY. I am content, if the rest thinke as I thinke.
Master Rat, it shalbe best for you if we so doo;
Then shall you warme you and dresse your-self too.
DICCON. Soft, syrs, take vs with you, the company shalbe the more.
As proude coms behinde, they say, as any goes before.
But now, my good masters, since we must be gone
And leaue you behinde vs here all alone,
Since at our last ending thus mery we bee,
For Gammer Gurtons nedle sake let vs haue a plaudytie.

320. **springing of the game**, a hunting term meaning to start the game from its covert. 322. **to come hether.** Apparently Gammer is starting for the door and beckons the rest of the company to go with her to the alehouse, where she wishes to "bestow" her half-penny in drinks for the whole crowd. 326. **let vs go in.** Gammer means "let us go into the alehouse." 329. **dresse your-self too**, i.e., dress your wounds. 331. **coms behinde.** The rest of the company have left the stage in the order of their social rank. Diccon, alone on the stage, remarks, "last but not least," and then turns to the audience to dismiss them with the usual epilogue request for applause. 332. **my good masters**, a title of respect, like "sirs"; it will be remembered that the audience contained no women. 335. **plaudytie**, a clapping of the hands in applause; from the Latin word *plaudite* addressed to the audience by the epilogue speaker in the Roman comedies.

FINIS. GVRTON. PERVSED AND ALOWED, &C.

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(c. 1553)

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

By John Webster (1580?–1625)

NOTE

The greatest dramatic period in English literature—and perhaps in all literature—is that of the Elizabethan Age. Protected and patronized by an enlightened court, and stimulated by the demands of a public eager for spectacle and novelty, the drama underwent in scarce three generations an amazing development in variety, range, and power. It is customary to date the period from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 to the closing of the theaters in England by Puritan edict in 1642; and the eighty-four years that center around 1600 witnessed a wide variety in dramatic production. Roughly speaking, the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign were decades of experimentation in the drama; the last ten years of her life—she died in 1603—and the first ten of the reign of her successor, James I, saw the drama at its greatest; and the last thirty years of the period, until the closing of the theaters in 1642, saw its decline. The period of Shakespeare's professional life coincides with the two decades of greatest dramatic activity and power. Shakespeare, however, was but one of a remarkable group of dramatists, *primus inter pares*, and the greatness of his period lies not alone in his dramas, but also in the productions of the most notable company of playwrights who ever lived in one country within so few decades. In this remarkable group were Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, and Marlowe, among Shakespeare's early associates, and Jonson, Dekker, Chapman, Marston, Heywood, Webster, Tourneur, Beaumont, and Fletcher, who carried on the dramatic tradition in the reign of James I. The variety of dramatic production in the Elizabethan Age appears in Polonius's description of the actors in *Hamlet* (Act II, Scene ii): "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comedy, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited." This is burlesque satire, of course, but it is not far from truth, for the Elizabethan playwrights drew their material from many sources and poured it into varied molds. Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* is given as an example of a dominant type—the Elizabethan tragedy.

Like so much of the literature of the English Renaissance, tragedy developed mainly from classical models. Most of the early Elizabethan playwrights were university graduates who were saturated with classical learning; they wrote, moreover, under the direct or indirect influence of a court in which a genuine love of letters was curiously intermingled with pedantry and an affectation of scholarship. The ten tragedies written on Greek models by Seneca, a Roman philosopher of the first century, or by his imitators, were accepted by many early Elizabethans as the perfect examples of tragic drama, and even where playwrights made no attempt to copy them exactly, they revealed in numerous ways the influence of the Latin master. Thus the Senecan revenge plot, the Senecan moralizing, the Senecan division into five acts, and even the Senecan ghost came to be conventions of Elizabethan tragedy. Excepting for a few very early plays, however, this imitation of Seneca was not slavish; few English playwrights felt the necessity, for example, of sticking to a single scene, or of keeping all dramatic action, such as a murder, off the stage. On the contrary, the current of Elizabethan life flowed so strong that it is difficult to find an English tragedy that is purely classical; in practically all, the Senecan elements, stiffly suggestive of borrowed forms, are not strong enough to submerge the more sturdy and virile Elizabethan stuff. In one notable particular, however, the Elizabethans adhered to the classical models. Excepting in a few domestic tragedies, like the anonymous *Arden of Feversham*, they accepted without question the conception that tragedy must depict the losing struggle of a king, a prince, a general, or some one high in the social scale. Perhaps

this classical idea of tragedy happened to coincide with that of a people whose social philosophy made it impossible for them to think of real tragedy as involving a man who had not sat on the top of Fortune's wheel. At any rate, loss of life and loss of kingdom or high position seem to have been the accepted symbols of Elizabethan tragedy not only in the early, but also in the later decades of the period. The hero or hero-villain who crashed to a mighty ruin was the victim of some tragic flaw in his character—like the "vaulting ambition" of Macbeth, which put him at odds with society—or of some unscrupulous rascal whose intrigues undermined and brought him down, as Iago's did Othello. The tragedies of the earlier Elizabethan decades, though bloody enough, do not depend for their effects, as the later tragedies frequently do, upon slimy court intrigues and charnel house devices. Practically all Elizabethan tragedies are moral, however, in the circumstance that they do not present villainy as long triumphant; and they are usually wholesome in their introduction at the end of the play of a clean, honest world of men to replace the rotten world that has gone to smash.

Although *The Duchess of Malfi* was not published until 1623, the year made famous in literary annals by the appearance of the first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays, it was apparently written and produced about ten years earlier. This date would place it in the period of Shakespeare's last plays and at the end, therefore, of the greatest decades of Elizabethan dramatic production. Of the life of John Webster next to nothing is known. He was born early in the last quarter of the sixteenth century; we find no mention of him after 1625, the year of the accession of Charles I. In his too-brief dramatic career, he collaborated with Marston in *The Malcontent* and wrote, besides *The Duchess of Malfi*, an almost equally great tragedy, *The White Devil* (published 1612), and two plays of less importance, *The Devil's Law-Case* and *Appius and Virginia*. These four plays are enough, however, to reveal clearly the character and craftsmanship of the author, his moral elevation, his fondness for satirizing social climbers, lewd women, pedants, and quacks of all kinds, the intensity and power of his dramatic situations, his grim humor, horrifying imagery, and charnel house scenes. Of all these characteristics *The Duchess of Malfi* has a full share.

Like most Elizabethan dramatists, including Shakespeare, Webster took no pains to invent his plots, but borrowed his stories from various popular sources. The sad tale of the Duchess of Malfi appeared first in 1554 as a novella of the Italian story-teller Bandello. In 1565 a Frenchman, Belle-Forest, adapted it for one of his *Histoires Tragiques*, and two years later it appeared in English as the twenty-third tale in the second volume of William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*. It was from this English version, in all probability, that Webster drew his material. He followed the original story in the main, but made some changes to secure greater dramatic effects.[1]

The Duchess of Malfi has some elements in common with the highly popular blood-revenge tragedy of *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Hamlet* type. In these dramas, however, there is a murder which imposes upon the nearest of kin the obligation of revenge. In Webster's tragedy the murder of the unhappy Duchess and her children is prompted by no blood-revenge motive, but arises solely from the avarice and family pride of two savage brothers, a wolf and a fox, who are stirred by her secret marriage with one whom they did not select for her. The revenge element appears, indeed, only in the last acts where Bosola, the tool of the brothers, seeks to avenge on them his own slight and the cruel death of the unhappy lady whom he has helped harry to destruction. The strength of the tragedy lies not so much in its unity of plot as in the dramatic vigor and passion of certain of its scenes. The play contains several rather obvious inconsistencies in structure. These may have arisen from the circumstance that in dramatizing Painter's story, Webster modified some of the details, but failed to make the corresponding changes elsewhere. They are more likely to have come, however, from the fact that he lost sight of the unity of the whole structure in his much greater interest in producing certain dramatic effects in some of the episodes. It can hardly be said, moreover, that the characters are entirely consist-

[1] A record of these changes may be found in M. W. Sampson's excellent edition of the play in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath, 1904) and in that of F. L. Lucas (Houghton Mifflin, 1928).

ent. The resolution of the Duchess, for example, and the firmness of purpose which she displays in several of the scenes do not seem to accord with her passivity under the persecutions of her beastly brothers. Both she and Antonio appear, indeed, rather as victims than as vigorous agents for their own well-being, a circumstance, it should be added, however, which does not detract from her nobility or from his fine virtue. Webster's wide acquaintance with all types of Elizabethan drama, including the rich and varied entertainments at court, is shown repeatedly in this tragedy, but as these influences are pointed out in the footnotes, they need not be elaborated here. With all of his obligations to his literary forbears and contemporaries, Webster remains one of the most powerful, vigorous, and original of the later Elizabethan playwrights.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FERDINAND, *Duke of Calabria*

THE CARDINAL, *his Brother*

ANTONIO BOLOGNA, *Steward of the household to the Duchess*

DELIO, *his Friend*

DANIEL DE BOSOLA, *Gentleman of the horse to the Duchess*

CASTRUCCIO

MARQUIS OF PESCARA

COUNT MALATESTE

SILVIO, *a Lord, of Milan*
RODERIGO
} *Gentlemen attending on the Duchess*

GRISOLAN

Doctor

Several Madmen, Pilgrims, Executioners, Officers, Attendants, &c.

DUCHESS OF MALFI, *sister of Ferdinand and the Cardinal*

CARIOLA, *her Woman*

JULIA, *Castruccio's Wife, and the Cardinal's Mistress*

Old Lady, Ladies and Children

SCENE.—AMALFI, ROME, and MILAN.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I.—*Amalfi. The Presence-chamber in the* DUCHESS'S *Palace*

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO

DELIO. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio;
You have been long in France, and you return
A very formal Frenchman in your habit.
How do you like the French court?
ANTONIO. I admire it.
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fixed order, their judicious king
Begins at home; quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons—which he sweetly terms
His master's masterpiece, the work of Heaven,
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if't chance
Some cursed example poison't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though some o' th' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.—Here comes Bosola,

Stage Direction. **Antonio and Delio.** In Elizabethan drama the antecedent action and early characterizations are frequently presented in a dialogue in the first scene. For an example of this device in Shakespeare see *The Winter's Tale*, Act I, Scene i.

4. **I admire it.** Antonio's praise of good government is a characteristic element in Elizabethan drama, which contains much conventional political philosophy, directed principally against flatterers, headless mobs, foreign political influences, disunion among statesmen, disloyalty of the people, extravagance of the rulers, and other disruptive elements. Shakespeare's *King John* is one of many plays which gives expression to such political philosophy.

22. **foresee,** avoid doing.

The only court-gall; yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so.—Here's the Cardinal.

Enter the CARDINAL *and* BOSOLA

BOSOLA. I do haunt you still.

CARDINAL. So.

BOSOLA. I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well is the doing of it.

CARDINAL. You enforce your merit too much.

BOSOLA. I fell into the galleys in your service, where, for two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted thus! I will thrive some way: blackbirds fatten best in hard weather; why not I in these dog-days?

CARDINAL. Would you could become honest!

BOSOLA. With all your divinity do but direct me the way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves always along with them. [*Exit* CARDINAL.] Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.

ANTONIO. He hath denied thee some suit?

BOSOLA. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pools; they are rich and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanced tomorrow? what creature ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that hoped for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs when they have done us service; but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.

DELIO. Geometry?

BOSOLA. Aye, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honorable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us; for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. [*Exit.*

DELIO. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder; and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborned it: he was released
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recovered Naples.

ANTONIO. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected; I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action

23. **his railing.** Bosola—next to the Duchess the most important character in the tragedy—is a typical Elizabethan ironist or outspoken cynic. He sees through all sham, and his caustic tongue burns like acid. Nobody is safe from his excoriating analyses. The evil that he does comes not from an inherent love of wrongdoing, but rather from a bitter rebellion against society and his own fate. He is not the blind tool of the wicked brothers, and he is capable of profound remorse for his own evil deeds. The caustic misanthrope was a favorite Elizabethan dramatic type, employed by Greene in Bohun of *James IV*, by Shakespeare in Timon of *Timon of Athens*, by Marston and Webster in Malevole of *The Malcontent*, and in numerous other plays.

28. *Stage Direction*: **the Cardinal.** The wicked Cardinal, like the malcontent, was a favorite stage type. In a country which had recently changed its religious creed, his scarlet robe became the symbol of hypocrisy and evil. Most of these Machiavellian priests were represented, for obvious reasons, as being French or Italian. An outstanding example of the type appears in Shirley's *The Cardinal*.

63. **pies, magpies.** 71. **Tantalus,** a legendary Greek king punished in the lower world by being starved within reach of water and fruit that constantly receded from his grasp. 77. **supportation,** maintenance. 90. **Gaston de Foix** (1489–1512), hero of the victory at Ravenna over the Papal and Spanish armies. The capture of Naples, however, took place in 1501, and he did not take part in this event.

Breeds all black malcontents; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

SCENE II.—*The same*

DELIO. The presence 'gins to fill; you promised me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.
ANTONIO. The lord Cardinal's,
And other strangers' that are now in court?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO, GRISOLAN, *and Attendants*

FERDINAND. Who took the ring oftenest?

SILVIO. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

FERDINAND. Our sister duchess's great-master of her household? give him the jewel. When shall we leave this sportive action, and fall to action indeed?

CASTRUCCIO. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

FERDINAND. Now for some gravity:—why, my lord?

CASTRUCCIO. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captain.

FERDINAND. No?

CASTRUCCIO. No, my lord; he were far better do it by a deputy.

FERDINAND. Why should he not as well sleep or eat by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honor.

CASTRUCCIO. Believe my experience, that realm is never long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

FERDINAND. Thou told'st me thy wife could not endure fighting.

CASTRUCCIO. True, my lord.

FERDINAND. And of a jest she broke of a captain she met full of wounds; I have forgot it.

CASTRUCCIO. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of Ishmael, all in tents.

FERDINAND. Why, there's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up.

CASTRUCCIO. That she would, my lord. How do you like my Spanish gennet?

RODERIGO. He is all fire.

FERDINAND. I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballassed with quicksilver.

SILVIO. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt often.

RODERIGO AND GRISOLAN. Ha, ha, ha!

FERDINAND. Why do you laugh? methinks you that are courtiers should be my touchwood, take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

CASTRUCCIO. True, my lord; I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it.

FERDINAND. But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.

CASTRUCCIO. He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces; my lady cannot abide him.

FERDINAND. No?

CASTRUCCIO. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too much laughing, and too much company, fills her too full of the wrinkle.

FERDINAND. I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass.—I shall shortly visit you at Milan, Lord Silvio.

SILVIO. Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

FERDINAND. You are a good horseman, Antonio; you have excellent riders in France. What do you think of good horsemanship?

Scene ii. 1. **presence,** i.e., presence-chamber. 6. **took the ring,** a reference to the knightly sport of riding with a lance at an iron ring suspended by a cord from a crossbar; the object was to carry off the ring on the point of the lance. 35–36. **broke of,** made at the expense of. 40. **tents,** in surgery, rolls of lint or linen bandages. 49. **gennet,** a small horse. 51. **Pliny's opinion.** Pliny the Elder (23–79 A.D.) was a Roman naturalist who described how very swift foals were sired by the west wind on Portuguese mares. 53. **ballassed,** ballasted. 59. **touchwood,** decayed and dried wood used for tinder. 68. **He cannot speak.** Deaf-mutes, dwarfs, and idiots were frequently employed as court-jesters.

ANTONIO. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

FERDINAND. You have bespoke it worthily.

SILVIO. Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister duchess.

Re-enter CARDINAL, *with* DUCHESS, CARIOLA, *and* JULIA

CARDINAL. Are the galleys come about?

GRISOLAN. They are, my lord.

FERDINAND. Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

DELIO [*aside to* ANTONIO]. Now, sir, your promise; what's that Cardinal?
I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,
Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

ANTONIO. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatter[er]s, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the Church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without Heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done——

DELIO. You have given too much of him. What's his brother?

ANTONIO. The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature:
What appears in him mirth is merely outside;
If he laughs heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

DELIO. Twins?

ANTONIO. In quality.
He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits
With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death by information;
Rewards by hearsay.

DELIO. Then the law to him
Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider—
He makes it his dwelling and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him.

ANTONIO. Most true:
He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,
And those he will confess that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother there, the Cardinal,
They that do flatter him most say oracles
Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them,
For the devil speaks in them.
But for their sister, the right noble duchess,
You never fixed your eye on three fair medals
Cast in one figure, of so different temper.
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,
She held it less vain-glory to talk much,
Than your penance to hear her; whilst she speaks,
She throws upon a man so sweet a look
That it were able to raise one to a galliard
That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
On that sweet countenance; but in that look
There speaketh so divine a continence
As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.

90. **Grecian horse**, the wooden horse which concealed the Greek warriors at the fall of Troy. 100. **your promise**. The dialogue which follows, and which is a continuation of that at the beginning of the play, is not dramatic, but expository. The more modern method of characterization is to reveal persons through their words and deeds. 107–109. **spring . . . toads**. Antonio expresses his loathing of the Cardinal by likening his complexion to a slimy spring or pool in which toads are bred. 110-111. **plots . . . Hercules**. In Greek myth Hercules, the son of Zeus and Alcmene, was plotted against by the angry Hera and by Eurystheus, at whose commands he performed the "twelve labors." 112. **intelligencers**, spies, informers. 114. **political**, scheming, artful. 121. **What's his brother?** Ferdinand is the crass, his brother, the subtle villain. The ultimate violent insanity of the former appears early in his blustering lack of self-control; the Cardinal, on the other hand, retains self-possession to the end. 134. **shrewd turns**, clever and malicious repayments. 149. **galliard**, a lively dance.

Her days are practiced in such noble virtue,
That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.
DELIO. Fie, Antonio,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.
ANTONIO. I'll case the picture up: only thus much;
All her particular worth grows to this sum—
She stains the time past, lights the time to come.
CARIOLA. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some half an hour hence.
ANTONIO. I shall.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* DELIO.
FERDINAND. Sister, I have a suit to you.
DUCHESS. To me, sir?
FERDINAND. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the galleys—
DUCHESS. Yes, I know him.
FERDINAND. A worthy fellow he is; pray, let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.
DUCHESS. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.
FERDINAND. Call him hither.
[*Exit Attendant.*
We [are] now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.
SILVIO. Sir, I shall.
DUCHESS. You are for Milan?
SILVIO. I am.
DUCHESS. Bring the caroches. We'll bring you down
To the haven. [*Exeunt all but* FERDINAND *and the* CARDINAL.
CARDINAL. Be sure you entertain that Bosola

156. **shrifts**, deathbed confessions. 159. **play the wire-drawer**, spin the commendations out too long as a drawer of wire might do with a piece of metal. 162. **stains**, makes dark. 171. **now upon parting**, about to part. 173. **leaguer**, a military camp. 174. **caroches**, coaches. 175. **entertain**, use.

For your intelligence: I would not be seen in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.
FERDINAND. Antonio, the great-master of her household,
Had been far fitter.
CARDINAL. You are deceived in him;
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BOSOLA

BOSOLA. I was lured to you.
FERDINAND. My brother, here, the Cardinal, could never
Abide you.
BOSOLA. Never since he was in my debt.
FERDINAND. Maybe some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.
BOSOLA. Doth he study physiognomy?
There's no more credit to be given to th' face
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call
The physician's whore because she cozens him.
He did suspect me wrongfully.
FERDINAND. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceived;
You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at root.
BOSOLA. Yet, take heed;
For to suspect a friend unworthily
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.
FERDINAND [*giving him money*]. There's gold.
BOSOLA. So;
What follows? never rained such showers as these
Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them; whose throat must I cut?

176. **for your intelligence**, as a spy. 189. **cozens**, cheats.

FERDINAND. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' th' court here, and observe the duchess;
To note all the particulars of her behavior,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects. She's a young widow;
I would not have her marry again.
BOSOLA. No, sir?
FERDINAND. Do not you ask the reason; but be satisfied
I say I would not.
BOSOLA. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.
FERDINAND. Familiar? what's that?
BOSOLA. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,
An intelligencer.
FERDINAND. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and ere long thou may'st arrive
At a higher place by 't.
BOSOLA. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels; these cursed gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me [to] hell.
FERDINAND. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given;
There is a place that I procured for you
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse;
Have you heard on 't?
BOSOLA. No.
FERDINAND. 'Tis yours; is't not worth thanks?
BOSOLA. I would have you curse yourself now, that your bounty,
Which makes men truly noble, e'er should make me
A villain. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile,
That names he complimental.
FERDINAND. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em. This will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—
BOSOLA. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my place?
The provisorship o' th' horse? say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung; I am your creature.
FERDINAND. Away!
[*Exit.*
BOSOLA. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame;
Sometimes the devil doth preach.
[*Exit.*

200. **rides post**, travels with post-horses, hence rapidly. 211. **intelligencer**, spy. 214. **angels**, gold coins stamped with the image of the archangel Michael and worth about three dollars and a half in current United States money.

SCENE III.—*Amalfi. Gallery in the* DUCHESS'S *Palace*

Enter FERDINAND, DUCHESS, CARDINAL, *and* CARIOLA

CARDINAL. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.
FERDINAND. You are a widow;
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

227. **complimental**, merely formal.

CARDINAL. No,
Nor any thing without the addition, honor,
Sway your high blood.
FERDINAND. Marry! they are most luxurious
Will wed twice.
CARDINAL. Oh, fie!
FERDINAND. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.
DUCHESS. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have passed through most jeweler's hands.
FERDINAND. Whores by that rule are precious.
DUCHESS. Will you hear me?
I'll never marry.
CARDINAL. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass; the funeral sermon
And it end both together.
FERDINAND. Now hear me:
You live in a rank pasture, here, i' th' court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Aye, and give the devil suck.
DUCHESS. This is terrible good counsel.
FERDINAND. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine; yet, believe 't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.
CARDINAL. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night—
FERDINAND. Think 't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right
Because it goes its own way; but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.
CARDINAL. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
FERDINAND. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do forerun man's mischief.
CARDINAL. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end; remember it.
[*Exit.*
DUCHESS. I think this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.
FERDINAND. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loath to see 't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you to give o'er these chargeable revels;
A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness;—fare ye well;—
And women like that part which, like the lamprey,
Hath never a bone in 't.
DUCHESS. Fie, sir!
FERDINAND. Nay,
I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [*Exit.*
DUCHESS. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps; and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achieved
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),

6. **luxurious**, lustful. 8. **Laban's sheep**, see *Genesis* xxx, verses 31-42. 12. **motion**, inclination. 22. **Vulcan's engine.** In Greek myth Vulcan, the god of fire, caught his wife Venus and her paramour Mars in a net.

37. **so roundly off**, so briskly and smoothly, as though it had been practiced. 40. **chargeable**, expensive, costly.

So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I winked and chose a husband.—Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life—my fame.
CARIOLA. Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.
DUCHESS. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty; I believe it.
Is Antonio come?
CARIOLA. He attends you.
DUCHESS. Good dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide. [CARIOLA *goes behind the arras.*

Enter ANTONIO

I sent for you. Sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write; are you ready?
ANTONIO. Yes.
DUCHESS. What did I say?
ANTONIO. That I should write somewhat.
DUCHESS. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for tomorrow.
ANTONIO. So please your beauteous excellence.
DUCHESS. Beauteous?
Indeed, I thank you; I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.
ANTONIO. I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.

DUCHESS. Oh, you are an upright treasurer, but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for tomorrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
ANTONIO. Where?
DUCHESS. In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?
ANTONIO. Oh, much better.
DUCHESS. If I had a husband now, this care were quit;
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.
ANTONIO. Begin with that first good deed began i' th' world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
DUCHESS. All?
ANTONIO. Yes, your excellent self.
DUCHESS. In a winding-sheet?
ANTONIO. In a couple.
DUCHESS. Saint Winifred,
That were a strange will!
ANTONIO. 'Twere strange[r] if there were no will in you
To marry again.
DUCHESS. What do you think of marriage?
ANTONIO. I take't, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or Heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.
DUCHESS. How do you affect it?
ANTONIO. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus——
DUCHESS. Pray, let's hear it.

62. **Ingenious**, ingenuous. 64. **arras**, drapery used to conceal the bare walls; the earliest specimens were manufactured in Arras, France. 72. **triumphs**, court masques and other dramatic entertainments; Webster's play shows the influence of court "triumphs" as will be pointed out in later footnotes. 73. **husbands**, housekeepers.

87. **procured**, produced. 96. **Saint Winifred**, Dyce's emendation for *Winfred*. Winifred was a virgin saint beheaded by her lover Cradocus for refusing to marry him.

ANTONIO. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
DUCHESS. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't—
They say 'tis very sovereign; 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
ANTONIO. You have parted with it now.
DUCHESS. Yes, to help your eyesight.
ANTONIO. You have made me stark blind.
DUCHESS. How?
ANTONIO. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
DUCHESS. Remove him.
ANTONIO. How?
DUCHESS. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it—thus; is it fit?
[She puts the ring upon his finger; he kneels.
ANTONIO. What said you?
DUCHESS. Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you—so. *[Raises him.*
ANTONIO. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favors tend; but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' th' fire
To warm them.
DUCHESS. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
ANTONIO. O my unworthiness!
DUCHESS. You were ill to sell yourself:
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' th' city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
ANTONIO. Were there nor heaven
Nor hell, I should be honest; I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.
DUCHESS. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble;
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident;
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

108. **little wanton**, little rascal, a term of endearment applied to a child. 112. **sovereign**, curative. The curative power of the wedding-ring is still a widespread superstition. The Duchess alludes, of course, to Antonio's blindness to her love for him.

129. **aim**, guess.

Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.
ANTONIO. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
DUCHESS. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est.* This you should have begged now;
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
ANTONIO. But for your brothers?
DUCHESS. Do not think of them;
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared.
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
ANTONIO. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.
DUCHESS. Kneel.
[CARIOLA *comes from behind the arras.*
ANTONIO. Ha!
DUCHESS. Be not amazed; this woman's of my counsel:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba [*de*] *presenti* is absolute marriage. [*She and* ANTONIO *kneel.*
Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!
ANTONIO. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!
DUCHESS. Quickening, and make
The like soft music!
ANTONIO. That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage, that ne'er
Bore fruit, divided!
DUCHESS. What can the Church force more?
ANTONIO. That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!
DUCHESS. How can the Church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but echo this.—Maid, stand apart;
I now am blind.
ANTONIO. What's your conceit in this?
DUCHESS. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed
(You speak in me this, for we now are one);
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,
Like the old tale in *Alexander and Lodowick*,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
Oh, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* ANTONIO.
CARIOLA. Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman

167. **Quietus est,** "[the account] is discharged," the legal phrase for settling an obligation. 179. **Per verba [de] presenti,** "with words of the present time," i.e., "I *take* you" instead of "I *will take* you," which implies a promise rather than an act. The Duchess's marriage with Antonio was, therefore, legally absolute. Cariola served, of course, as witness. In Elizabethan drama the steward who aspires to the hand of his mistress is usually represented either as a scheming villain or as a conceited fool, like Malvolio in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night.* Here, however, Antonio is shown not as an impoverished social climber, but as a wealthy and accomplished gentleman, who loves the Duchess with dignity and restraint and who well merits the honor which she accords him.

180. **gordian,** a knot—in reference to the Gordian knot, in Greek myth a very complicated one tied by Gordius, King of Phrygia; it was cut by Alexander the Great with his sword. 185. **the loving palms,** an allusion to the palm trees described by Pliny; the female trees are naturally barren, but bear dates if they grow near the male tree. 190. **faster,** more solidly. 193. **conceit,** whim or fanciful idea. 198. **humorous,** ill-humored. 199. **Alexander and Lodowick,** a sixteenth century ballad which tells the story of two faithful friends.

Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness. I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.—*Amalfi. A Room in the Palace of the* DUCHESS

Enter BOSOLA *and* CASTRUCCIO

BOSOLA. You say you would fain be taken for an eminent courtier?

CASTRUCCIO. 'Tis the very main of my ambition.

BOSOLA. Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your nightcap expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would have you learn to twirl the strings of your band with a good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of every sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose till it smart again, to recover your memory. When you come to be a president in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him, but if you frown upon him and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallows.

CASTRUCCIO. I would be a very merry president.

BOSOLA. Do not sup o' nights; 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

CASTRUCCIO. Rather it would make me have a good stomach to quarrel; for they say, your roaring boys eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?

BOSOLA. I will teach a trick to know it: give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime nightcaps.

Enter an Old Lady

You come from painting now.

OLD LADY. From what?

BOSOLA. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near a miracle; these in thy face here were deep ruts and foul sloughs the last progress. There was a lady in France that, having had the small-pox, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level; and whereas before she looked like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

OLD LADY. Do you call this painting?

BOSOLA. No, no, but you call [it] careening of an old morphewed lady, to make her disembogue again; there's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.

OLD LADY. It seems you are well acquainted with my closet.

BOSOLA. One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure; and all these for the face. I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague than kiss one of you fasting. Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth with the spring, and change his high-priced courtesan with the fall of the leaf. I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now.

What thing is in this outward form of man
To be beloved? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from't as a prodigy;
Man stands amazed to see his deformity
In any other creature but himself.
But in our own flesh, though we bear diseases
Which have their true names only ta'en from beasts—

Act II, Scene i. 3. **main**, chief part. 7–9. **nightcap . . . ears . . . band.** The nightcap was a white skull-cap worn as the emblem of the lawyer; Castruccio's made his ears stick out. The bands or tabs were a part of the legal dress which hung down below the wearer's chin. 24. **stomach**, temper, spirit. 25. **roaring boys**, young town bullies, a cant phrase. 32–33. **prime nightcaps**, another current cant name for bullies. 34. **from painting.** Bosola's savage attack upon contemporary methods of regaining youth and beauty should be compared with that of *Hamlet* (Act III, Scene i, lines 111–116).

40. **progress**, a stage pageant or procession. 49. **careening**, calking or otherwise repairing a ship that has been turned on its side. **morphewed**, afflicted with morphea, an unsightly skin eruption. 50. **disembogue**, to come out of the river harbor and put to sea again. Bosola is carrying on his figure of the old lady as a battered ship that puts to sea again after having been repaired in the docks. 50–51. **there's rough-cast . . . plastic**, there's the plain, unvarnished truth about your face-modeling. 64–65. **foot-cloth**, an ornamental covering for a horse.

As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measle—
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue; all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is lest our physician
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.—
Your wife's gone to Rome; you two couple, and get you
To the wells at Lucca to recover your aches.
I have other work on foot.
[*Exeunt* CASTRUCCIO *and* Old Lady.
I observe our duchess
Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming blue,
She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th' flank,
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown; there's somewhat in 't.
I have a trick may chance discover it,
A pretty one; I have brought some apricocks,
The first our spring yields.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO, *talking together apart*

DELIO. And so long since married? You amaze me.
ANTONIO. Let me seal your lips forever;
For, did I think that anything but th' air
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all.—Now, sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow?
BOSOLA. Oh, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul tetter that runs all over a man's body: if simplicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us to a happy being; for the subtlest folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom: let me be simply honest.
ANTONIO. I do understand your inside.
BOSOLA. Do you so?
ANTONIO. Because you would not seem to appear to th' world
Puffed up with your preferment, you continue
This out-of-fashion melancholy; leave it, leave it.
BOSOLA. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any compliment whatsoever. Shall I confess myself to you? I look no higher than I can reach; they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule of a slow pace will both suit my disposition and business; for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.
ANTONIO. You would look up to heaven, but I think
The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your light.
BOSOLA. Oh, sir, you are lord of the ascendant, chief man with the duchess; a duke was your cousin-german removed. Say you were lineally descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of water. Some would think the souls of princes were brought forth by some more weighty cause than those of meaner persons, they are deceived—there's the same hand to them; the like passions sway them; the same reason that makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-pig, and undo his neighbors, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

Enter DUCHESS *and* Ladies

79. **ulcerous wolf and swinish measle**, respectively, the lupus, or ulcer, and a disease of cattle caused by the larvae of tapeworms. 86. **Your wife's gone.** Here Bosola addresses Castruccio. 87. **the wells at Lucca**, medicinal baths in Lucca, Tuscany; see page 82. 90. **fins . . . blue.** Her eyelids show the discoloration that usually accompanies pregnancy.

103. **tetter**, a skin disease. 125-126. **lord of the ascendant**, a person of commanding position—an astrological figure of speech. 127. **cousin-german**, first cousin. 129. **King Pepin**, King of the Franks, 752–768. 139. **tithe-pig**, a pig paid as a tax to be used for religious or charitable purposes.

DUCHESS. Your arm, Antonio; do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded.—Bosola,
I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.
BOSOLA. The duchess used one when she was great with child.
DUCHESS. I think she did.—Come hither, mend my ruff;
Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lemon peels,—would thou hadst done!
Shall I swoon under thy fingers?
I am so troubled with the mother!
BOSOLA [*aside*]. I fear too much.
DUCHESS. I have heard you say that the French courtiers
Wear their hats on 'fore the king.
ANTONIO. I have seen it.
DUCHESS. In the presence?
ANTONIO. Yes.
DUCHESS. Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o' th' court;
Put on your hat first.
ANTONIO. You must pardon me;
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction
Methought show'd reverently.
BOSOLA. I have a present for your grace.
DUCHESS. For me, sir?
BOSOLA. Apricocks, madam.
DUCHESS. Oh, sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to-year.
BOSOLA [*aside*]. Good; her color rises.
DUCHESS. Indeed, I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones.

150. **lemon peels**, candied and eaten to perfume the breath. 152. **mother**, hysteria. 155. **presence**, presence-chamber or audience-room. 165. **Apricocks**, a fruit difficult to grow in England (see Bosola's pun on grafting below) and supposed to be especially desired by pregnant women. 166. **to-year**, this year.

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!
We shall have none this month.
BOSOLA. Will not your grace pare them?
DUCHESS. No; they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.
BOSOLA. I know not; yet I wish your grace had pared 'em.
DUCHESS: Why?
BOSOLA. I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,
Only to raise his profit by them the sooner,
Did ripen them in horse-dung.
DUCHESS. O, you jest.—
You shall judge; pray taste one.
ANTONIO. Indeed, madam,
I do not love the fruit.
DUCHESS. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties. 'Tis a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative.
BOSOLA. 'Tis a pretty art,
This grafting.
DUCHESS. 'Tis so; a bettering of nature.
BOSOLA. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A damson on a blackthorn.—[*Aside.*] How greedily she eats them!
A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales!
For, but for that and the loose-bodied gown,
I should have discovered apparently
The young springal cutting a caper in her belly.
DUCHESS. I thank you, Bosola; they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sick.
ANTONIO. How now, madam?
DUCHESS. This green fruit and my stomach are not friends;
How they swell me!
BOSOLA [*aside*]. Nay, you are too much swelled already.
DUCHESS. Oh, I am in an extreme cold sweat!
BOSOLA. I am very sorry.

182. **farthingales**, hoop skirts, fashionable in the Elizabethan Age. 184. **apparently**, clearly. 185. **springal**, a stripling.

DUCHESS. Lights to my chamber!—
O good Antonio,
I fear I am undone!
DELIO. Lights there, lights!
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* Ladies.—*Exit, on the other side*, BOSOLA.
ANTONIO. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I fear she's fall'n in labor; and there's left
No time for her remove.
DELIO. Have you prepared
Those ladies to attend her? and procured
That politic safe conveyance for the midwife
Your duchess plotted?
ANTONIO. I have.
DELIO. Make use, then, of this forced occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poisoned her
With these apricocks; that will give some color
For her keeping close.
ANTONIO. Fie, fie, the physicians
Will then flock to her.
DELIO. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepared antidote of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her.
ANTONIO. I am lost in amazement; I know not what to think on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Amalfi. A Hall in the Same Palace*

Enter BOSOLA *and* Old Lady

BOSOLA. So, so, there's no question but her techiness and most vulturous eating of the apricocks are apparent signs of breeding. Now?
OLD LADY. I am in haste, sir.
BOSOLA. There was a young waiting-woman had a monstrous desire to see the glass-house——
OLD LADY. Nay, pray let me go.
BOSOLA. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly.
OLD LADY. I will hear no more of the glass-house. You are still abusing women!
BOSOLA. Who, I? no; only, by the way now and then, mention your frailties. The orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all together; and some of you give entertainment for pure love, but more for more precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but drooping autumn tastes well. If we have the same golden showers that rained in the time of Jupiter the thunderer, you have the same Danaës still, to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the mathematics?
OLD LADY. What's that, sir?
BOSOLA. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one center. Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel; tell them that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes. [*Exit* Old Lady.

Enter ANTONIO, DELIO, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN

ANTONIO. Shut up the court-gates.
RODERIGO. Why, sir? what's the danger?
ANTONIO. Shut up the posterns presently, and call
All the officers o' th' court.
GRISOLAN. I shall instantly. [*Exit.*
ANTONIO. Who keeps the key o' th' park gate?
RODERIGO. Forobosco.
ANTONIO. Let him bring't presently.

Re-enter GRISOLAN *with* Servants

FIRST SERVANT. O gentlemen o' the court, the foulest treason!
BOSOLA [*aside*]. If that these apricocks should be poisoned now,
Without my knowledge!
FIRST SERVANT. There was taken even now
A Switzer in the duchess' bed chamber—
SECOND SERVANT. A Switzer?
FIRST SERVANT. With a pistol in his great cod-piece.
BOSOLA. Ha, ha, ha!
FIRST SERVANT. The cod-piece was the case for't.
SECOND SERVANT. There was

197. **politic**, secret.
Scene ii. 8. **the glass-house**, a glass factory where glass blowers might be seen at work.
25–26. **Jupiter . . . Danaës.** In Greek myth Jupiter gained access to the imprisoned Danaë by taking the form of a shower of gold; the child of this union was Perseus, who slew the Gorgon Medusa. 49. **cod-piece**, a flap-like appendage to the front of a man's breeches.

A cunning traitor; who would have searched his cod-piece?

FIRST SERVANT. True, if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers. And all the molds of his buttons were leaden bullets.

SECOND SERVANT. O wicked cannibal! A fire-lock in 's cod-piece!

FIRST SERVANT. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

SECOND SERVANT. To see what the devil can do!

ANTONIO. [Are] all the officers here?

SERVANTS. We are.

ANTONIO. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.
Are the gates shut?

SERVANT. Yes.

ANTONIO. 'Tis the duchess' pleasure
Each officer be locked into his chamber
Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys
Of all their chests and of their outward doors
Into her bed-chamber. She is very sick.

RODERIGO. At her pleasure.

ANTONIO. She entreats you tak 't not ill; the innocent
Shall be the more approved by it.

BOSOLA. Gentleman o' th' wood-yard, where 's your Switzer now?

FIRST SERVANT. By this hand, 'twas credibly reported by one o' th' black guard.

[*Exeunt all except* ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

DELIO. How fares it with the duchess?

ANTONIO. She 's exposed
Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.

DELIO. Speak to her all happy comfort.

ANTONIO. How I do play the fool with mine own danger!
You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome;
My life lies in your service.

DELIO. Do not doubt me.

ANTONIO. Oh, 'tis far from me; and yet fear presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

DELIO. Believe it,
'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more;
How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well;
I wish you all the joys of a blessed father;
And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast—
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. [*Exit.*

Enter CARIOLA

CARIOLA. Sir, you are the happy father of a son;
Your wife commends him to you.

ANTONIO. Blessèd comfort!—
For Heaven' sake tend her well; I'll presently
Go set a figure for 's nativity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Courtyard of the same Palace*

Enter BOSOLA, *with a dark lantern*

BOSOLA. Sure I did hear a woman shriek; list, ha!
And the sound came, if I received it right,
From the duchess' lodgings. There 's some stratagem
In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards. I must have part of it;
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again!
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that screamed so.—Ha! Antonio?

Enter ANTONIO *with a Candle, his Sword drawn*

ANTONIO. I heard some noise.—
Who 's there? what art thou? speak.

BOSOLA. Antonio? put not your face nor body

75–76. **th' black guard**, the kitchen menials.

96. **presently**, immediately. 97. **set a figure for 's nativity**, have his horoscope cast.

To such a forced expression of fear;
I am Bosola, your friend.
ANTONIO. Bosola?—
[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me.
—Heard you not
A noise even now?
BOSOLA. From whence?
ANTONIO. From
the duchess' lodging.
BOSOLA. Not I; did you?
ANTONIO. I did, or else I dreamed.
BOSOLA. Let's walk toward it.
ANTONIO. No; it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind.
BOSOLA. Very likely.
Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat;
You look wildly.
ANTONIO. I have been setting a figure
For the duchess' jewels.
BOSOLA. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radical?
ANTONIO. What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be questioned what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker.
BOSOLA. In sooth, I'll tell you;
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil
Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.
ANTONIO [*aside*]. This fellow will undo me.—
You gave the duchess apricocks today;
Pray Heaven they were not poisoned!
BOSOLA. Poisoned? A Spanish fig
For the imputation!
ANTONIO. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discovered. There were jewels stol'n too;
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than yourself.
BOSOLA. You are a false steward.
ANTONIO. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.

20–21. **setting . . . jewels**, making an astrological calculation to discover the jewels. 22. **radical**, capable of solution. 31. **Spanish fig**, an insulting gesture of contempt made with thumb and fingers.

BOSOLA. Maybe the ruin will crush you to pieces.
ANTONIO. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir;
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting?
You libel well, sir.
BOSOLA. No sir; copy it out,
And I will set my hand to't.
ANTONIO [*aside*]. My nose bleeds.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance;
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name,
Are drowned in blood!
Mere accident.—For you, sir, I'll take order
I' th' morn you shall be safe—[*Aside.*] 'tis that must color
Her lying-in—sir, this door you pass not;
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—
[*Aside.*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame. [*Exit.*
BOSOLA. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper;
Some of your help, false friend.—Oh, here it is.
What's here? a child's nativity calculated? [*Reads.*
"The duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504"—that's this year—"decimo nono Decembris"—that's this night—"taken according to the meridian of Malfi"—that's our duchess; happy discovery!—"The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being

40. **copy it out.** Bosola offers to sign any statement of his innocence that Antonio may write. 54. **false friend.** He addresses the dark lantern as he opens it. 62–63. **The lord of the first house**, etc., the jargon of an astrological "calculation" properly drafted, and with all signs prognosticating an early and violent death to Antonio's first child, a son. This doleful prophecy of the boy's fate adds to the tragic atmosphere at this point, but is entirely inconsistent with subsequent events in the play. Antonio's elder son is not represented as being killed as are his younger brother and sister; on the contrary, the last scene (see page 110) leaves "this young hopeful gentleman" well established "in's mother's rights." From this and other inconsistencies (for example, the one pointed out in the footnote on page 74) it would seem that Webster's interests lay more in the creation of tragic effects than in careful development of plot.

in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Caetera non scrutantur."
Why, now 'tis most apparent; this precise fellow
Is the duchess' bawd—I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency
Our courtiers were cased up for; it needs must follow
That I must be committed on pretense
Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruccio
I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace of the* CARDINAL *at Rome*

Enter CARDINAL *and* JULIA

CARDINAL. Sit; thou art my best of wishes. Prithee, tell me
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband.
JULIA. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here for devotion.
CARDINAL. Thou art a witty false one—
I mean, to him.
JULIA. You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts! I would not now
Find you inconstant.
CARDINAL. Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.
JULIA. How, my lord?
CARDINAL. You fear
My constancy, because you have approved
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.
JULIA. Did you e'er find them?
CARDINAL. Sooth, generally for women;
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixed.
JULIA. So, my lord.
CARDINAL. We had need go borrow that fantastic glass
Invented by Galileo the Florentine
To view another spacious world i' th' moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.
JULIA. This is very well, my lord.
CARDINAL. Why do you weep?
Are tears your justification? the self-same tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely,
That 's jealously; since I am very certain
You cannot make me cuckold.
JULIA. I'll go home
To my husband.
CARDINAL. You may thank me, lady,
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and showed you game,
And let you fly at it.—I pray thee, kiss me.—

67-68. **Caetera non scrutantur**, other matters were not investigated. 71. **parcel of intelligency**, a package of news. 72. **cased up**, shut up. 79. **thrifty**, clever. 80. **Though lust**, etc. The Elizabethans were inveterately fond of sententious speeches and aphorisms. These were frequently put into the mouth of some ironist at the end of a scene and were often emphasized by being cast into a rimed couplet, in which form they served as an actor's cue. *The Duchess of Malfi* has rather more than its share of such moralizings. In the first quarto (1623) they are usually labeled by being printed in italics or between quotation marks.

Scene IV. *Stage Direction:* **Cardinal and Julia.** The Cardinal's intrigue with the wanton Julia forms a subplot that involves characters made familiar to the Elizabethan audience through dozens of plays. The frail and sometimes wicked court beauty, her stupid gull of a husband, and the fox-like prelate appear, for example, either together or separately, in Webster's *The White Devil*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, and many other dramas of this period.

28. **I have taken you**, etc. The Cardinal applies to Julia terms taken from the sport of falconry.

When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watched
Like a tame elephant—still you are to thank me—
Thou hadst only kisses from him and high feeding;
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingering on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it—still you are to thank me.
JULIA. You told me of a piteous wound i' th' heart
And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,
And spake like one in physic.
CARDINAL. Who's that?—

Enter SERVANT

Rest firm, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't.
SERVANT. Madam, a gentleman,
That's come post from Malfi, desires to see you.
CARDINAL. Let him enter; I'll withdraw. [*Exit.*
SERVANT. He says
Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to Rome,
Most pitifully tired with riding post. [*Exit.*

Enter DELIO

JULIA. Signior Delio! [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of my old suitors.
DELIO. I was bold to come and see you.
JULIA. Sir, you are welcome.
DELIO. Do you lie here?
JULIA. Sure, your own experience
Will satisfy you no; our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.
DELIO. Very well;
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.
JULIA. I hear he's come to Rome.
DELIO. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
So weary of each other; if he had had a good back,
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore.
JULIA. Your laughter
Is my pity.
DELIO. Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some.
JULIA. From my husband?
DELIO. No, from mine own allowance.
JULIA. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.
DELIO. Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a fine color?
JULIA. I have a bird more beautiful.
DELIO. Try the sound on't.
JULIA. A lute-string far exceeds it;
It hath no smell, like cassia or civet;
Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors
Persuade us seethe't in cullises. I'll tell you,
This is a creature bred by——

Re-enter Servant

SERVANT. Your husband's come,
Hath delivered a letter to the Duke of Calabria
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits. [*Exit.*
JULIA. Sir, you hear;
Pray, let me know your business and your suit
As briefly as can be.
DELIO. With good speed; I would wish you,
At such time as you are non-resident
With your husband, my mistress.
JULIA. Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall,
And straight return your answer. [*Exit.*
DELIO. Very fine!
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly moved
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear
Antonio is betrayed; how fearfully

39. **in physic**, being treated for sickness. 45. **riding post**, i.e., posthaste. 48. **lie**, lodge. 52. **none by**, nobody near.

65. **physical**, medicinal. **fond**, foolish, ignorant. 66. **seethe't in cullises**, boil it in broths.

Shows his ambition now! unfortunate fortune!
They pass through whirlpools, and deep woes do shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action's done. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same Palace*

Enter CARDINAL, *and* FERDINAND *with a letter*

FERDINAND. I have this night digged up a mandrake.
CARDINAL. Say you?
FERDINAND. And I am grown mad with't.
CARDINAL. What's the prodigy?
FERDINAND. Read there—a sister damn'd; she's loose i' th' hilts;
Grown a notorious strumpet.
CARDINAL. Speak lower.
FERDINAND. Lower?
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them. Oh, confusion seize her!
She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,
And more secure conveyances for lust
Than towns of garrison for service.
CARDINAL. Is't possible?
Can this be certain?
FERDINAND. Rhubarb, oh, for rhubarb
To purge this choler! here's the cursèd day
To prompt my memory; and here't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out.
CARDINAL. Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest?
FERDINAND. Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste
As she hath done her honors.
CARDINAL. Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?
FERDINAND. Apply desperate physic;
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.
There is a kind of pity in mine eye—
I'll give it to my handkercher; and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.
CARDINAL. What to do?
FERDINAND. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds,
When I have hewed her to pieces.
CARDINAL. Cursed creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So far upon the left side!
FERDINAND. Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honor in a bark
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman,
Apt every minute to sink it!
CARDINAL. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchased honor,
It cannot wield it.
FERDINAND. Methinks I see her laughing—
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shameful act of sin.
CARDINAL. With whom?

1. **mandrake**, a forked root, suggestive of a human form, once believed by the superstitious to utter, when uprooted, shrieks which drove all hearers mad. 3. **loose i' th' hilts**, unchaste. 12. **Rhubarb**, etc. This artificial ranting was a favorite device in the early English drama. It appears in the raving of Herod of the nativity plays, Hieronimo of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, Tamburlaine of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, and dozens of raging hero-villains of later plays. The Elizabethan fondness for such rhetorical flights was probably increased by the influence of the Senecan tragedies and the Italian and English dramas written in imitation of them.

25. **cupping-glass**, a glass vessel used in bleeding, or letting blood—an old-fashioned surgical operation. 32–33. **women's hearts . . . the left side**, thought to be an indication of folly.

FERDINAND. Happily with some strong-thighed bargeman,
Or one o' the woodyard that can quoit the sledge
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.
CARDINAL. You fly beyond your reason.
FERDINAND. Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my wild fire,
But your whore's blood.
CARDINAL. How idly shows this rage, which carries you,
As men conveyed by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.
FERDINAND. Have not you
My palsy?
CARDINAL. Yes, [but] I can be angry
Without this rupture; there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet expressed
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.
FERDINAND. So; I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself; for I do think
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge
By her.
CARDINAL. Are you stark mad?
FERDINAND. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopped,
That their cursed smoke might not ascend to heaven;
Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or sulphur,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match;
Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,
And give't his lecherous father to renew
The sin of his back.
CARDINAL. I'll leave you.
FERDINAND. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I been damned in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat. In, in; I'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir;
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,
And fix her in a general eclipse.

[*Exeunt.*

42. **Happily, haply, perhaps.** 43. **quoit the sledge,** throw the hammer.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I.—*Amalfi. A Room in the Palace of the* DUCHESS

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO

ANTONIO. Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio!
Oh, you have been a stranger long at court;
Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?
DELIO. I did, sir; and how fares your noble duchess?
ANTONIO. Right fortunately well; she's an excellent
Feeder of pedigrees; since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and daughter.
DELIO. Methinks 'twas yesterday; let me but wink,

71. **cullis,** broth.

Act III, Scene i. 7. **two children more.** It is difficult to account for the delay of the two brothers in carrying out their plans against the Duchess, unless the reader is to take literally Ferdinand's statement at the end of the preceding act that until he knows the paternity of the Duchess's first child, he will not stir. In Act III, Scene ii, however, he acts before receiving such information. Possibly this delay may be taken as another indication of Webster's relative carelessness for consistency in his plot (see pages 70 and 89). 8. **wink,** close my eyes.

And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream
It were within this half-hour.
ANTONIO. You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor begged the reversion of some great man's place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten.
DELIO. Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arrived yet to the ear
Of the lord cardinal?
ANTONIO. I fear it hath;
The Lord Ferdinand, that 's newly come to court,
Doth bear himself right dangerously.
DELIO. Pray, why?
ANTONIO. He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter;
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up.
DELIO. What say the common people?
ANTONIO. The common rabble do directly say
She is a strumpet.
DELIO. And your graver heads
Which would be politic, what censure they?
ANTONIO. They do observe I grow to infinite purchase,
The left hand way, and all suppose the duchess
Would amend it, if she could; for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfinèd means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people; for other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of.
DELIO. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, *and* BOSOLA

FERDINAND. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary.—I am to bespeak
A husband for you.
DUCHESS. For me, sir? pray who is't?
FERDINAND. The great Count Malateste.
DUCHESS. Fie upon him!
A count? he's a mere stick of sugar-candy;
You may look quite through him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honor.
FERDINAND. You shall do well in't.—How is't, worthy Antonio?
DUCHESS. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honor.
FERDINAND. Let me be ever deaf to't;
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets, court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purged of. Yet, say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom, my fixed love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocency.
DUCHESS [*aside*]. O blessed comfort!
This deadly air is purged.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS, ANTONIO, *and* DELIO.
FERDINAND. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.—Now, Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?
BOSOLA. Sir, uncertainly

27. **censure**, think. 28. **purchase**, property. 29. **The left hand way**, by secret, unfair methods.

49. **Pasquil's paper-bullets.** Pasquin was a caustic Roman cobbler who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Near his shop stood a broken statue upon which the Romans pasted anonymous satirical verses and lampoons. Hence, such public lampoons came to be called *pasquils* or *pasquinades*. 57. **coulters**, plowshares, a reference to the medieval test of innocence. 58. **intelligence**, spying.

'Tis rumored she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' th' stars.
FERDINAND. Why, some
Hold opinion all things are written there.
BOSOLA. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Used on the duchess.
FERDINAND. Sorcery? to what purpose?
BOSOLA. To make her dote on some desertless fellow
She shames to acknowledge.
FERDINAND. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?
BOSOLA. Most certainly.
FERDINAND. Away! these are mere gulleries, horrid things,
Invented by some cheating mountebanks
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Swears by equivocation they are in love.
The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false key
Into her bedchamber.
BOSOLA. I have.
FERDINAND. As I would wish.
BOSOLA. What do you intend to do?
FERDINAND. Can you guess?
BOSOLA. No.
FERDINAND. Do not ask, then;
He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quicksands.
BOSOLA. I do not
Think so.
FERDINAND. What do you think, then, pray?
BOSOLA. That you
Are your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.
FERDINAND. Give me thy hand; I thank thee;
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Amalfi. The Bedchamber of the* DUCHESS

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, *and* CARIOLA

DUCHESS. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here tonight, my lord.
ANTONIO. Indeed, I must persuade one.
DUCHESS. Very good;
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.
ANTONIO. I must lie here.
DUCHESS. Must! you are a lord of misrule.
ANTONIO. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
DUCHESS. To what use will you put me?
ANTONIO. We'll sleep together.
DUCHESS. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find in sleep?

Scene ii. The dramatic device of creating contrast by introducing a quiet, playful scene before a grim and tragic one is frequent in Elizabethan drama; for an accessible example read Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Act II, Scenes i and ii. The "teasing" scenes were also popular; perhaps the liveliest in Shakespeare are provided by the witty banter of Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

75. **lenitive**, soothing.

7. **lord of misrule**, the title given to the elected master of unbridled revels; a madcap.

CARIOLA. My lord, I lie with her often; and I know
She'll much disquiet you.
ANTONIO. See, you are complain'd of.
CARIOLA. For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow.
ANTONIO. I shall like her the better for that.
CARIOLA. Sir, shall I ask you a question?
ANTONIO. I pray thee, Cariola.
CARIOLA. Wherefore still when you lie with my lady
Do you rise so early?
ANTONIO. Laboring men
Count the clock oftenest, Cariola,
Are glad when their task's ended.
DUCHESS. I'll stop your mouth.
[*Kisses him.*
ANTONIO. Nay, that's but one; Venus had two soft doves
To draw her chariot; I must have another—
[*She kisses him again.*
When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
CARIOLA. Never, my lord.
ANTONIO. Oh, fie upon this single life! forgo it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree; Syrinx turned
To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble; whereas those
Which married, or proved kind unto their friends,
Were by a gracious influence transhaped
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.
CARIOLA. This is a vain poetry; but. I pray you tell me,
If there were proposed me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,
In three several young men, which should I choose?

ANTONIO. 'Tis a hard question; this was Paris' case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause;
For how was't possible he could judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.
Now I look on both your faces so well formed,
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.
CARIOLA. What is't?
ANTONIO. I do wonder why hard-favored ladies,
For the most part, keep worse-favored waiting-women
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.
DUCHESS. Oh, that's soon answered.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him. I prithee,
When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.
ANTONIO. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself; I have divers times
Served her the like, when she hath chafed extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* CARIOLA.
DUCHESS. Doth not the color of my hair 'gin to change?
When I wax gray, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras, to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I entered you into my heart

25–27. **Daphne . . . Syrinx . . . Anaxarete.** In Greek myth Daphne escaped from Apollo by being changed into a laurel-bush; Syrinx, a nymph beloved by Pan, became the reed from which he made his pipes; Anaxarete was so unmoved at the funeral of her rejected lover Iphis, who had hanged himself for love of her, that Venus in anger turned her into a marble statue.

36. **Paris' case,** a reference to the "judgment of Paris," who awarded the golden apple of Discord to Venus as the most beautiful goddess, thereby offending Juno and Minerva, the rival claimants of the prize. 40. **motion,** show, applied usually to puppets. 60. **arras,** powder of orris-root.

Enter FERDINAND *unseen*

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping;
Methinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll say
Love mixed with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome;
For know, whether I am doomed to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.
FERDINAND. Die, then, quickly! [*Giving her a poniard.*
Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?
DUCHESS. Pray, sir, hear me.
FERDINAND. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?
DUCHESS. Sir—
FERDINAND. Do not speak.
DUCHESS. No, sir;
I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.
FERDINAND. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st [us] so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them; there's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.
DUCHESS. I pray, sir, hear me; I am married.
FERDINAND. So!
DUCHESS. Happily, not to your liking; but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?
FERDINAND. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.
DUCHESS. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.
FERDINAND. The howling of a wolf
Is music to thee, screech-owl; prithee, peace.—
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoyed my sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake
Let me not know thee. I came hither prepared
To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee; therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition.—And for thee, vile woman,
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun
Shine on him till he's dead; let dogs and monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use to sound his name;
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,
Lest it bewray him.
DUCHESS. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.
FERDINAND. Thou art undone;
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead

66. **gossips**, godfathers for the children. 75. **no essential thing**, a creature having no actual being or existence.

88. **basilisk**, a fabulous lizard or dragon that turned mortals to stone with its deadly glance. 110. **bewray**, betray.

That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.
DUCHESS. Mine bleeds for't.
FERDINAND. Thine? thy heart?
What should I name't unless a hollow bullet
Filled with unquenchable wild-fire?
DUCHESS. You are in this
Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful; my reputation
Is safe.
FERDINAND. Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee—to small purpose, since the instruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents: "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me; for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again." And so for you;
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So, fare you well;
I will never see you more.
DUCHESS. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.
FERDINAND. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with a pistol; and* CARIOLA

DUCHESS. You saw this apparition?
ANTONIO. Yes; we are
Betrayed. How came he hither?—I should turn
This to thee, for that.
CARIOLA. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.
DUCHESS. That gallery gave him entrance.
ANTONIO. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love.—
[*She shows the poniard.*
Ha! what means this?
DUCHESS. He left this with me.
ANTONIO. And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself.
DUCHESS. His action seemed
To intend so much.
ANTONIO. This hath a handle to't.
As well as a point; turn it toward him, and
So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?
DUCHESS. I stand
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready.
To be blown up.
CARIOLA. 'Tis Bosola.
DUCHESS. Away!
O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.
You must instantly part hence; I have fashioned it already.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Enter BOSOLA

BOSOLA. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind,
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome.
DUCHESS. So late?
BOSOLA. He told me, as he mounted into th' saddle,
You were undone.

144. **This, etc.** He points his pistol at Cariola.

DUCHESS. Indeed, I am very near it.
BOSOLA. What's the matter?
DUCHESS. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts;
My brother stood engaged with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.
BOSOLA. Strange!—[*Aside.*] This is cunning.
DUCHESS. And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against.—Call up our officers.
BOSOLA. I shall. [*Exit.*
Re-enter ANTONIO
DUCHESS. The place that you must fly to is Ancona;
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon enginous wheels; short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feignèd crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honors.—Hark! they are coming.
Re-enter BOSOLA *and* Officers
ANTONIO. Will your grace hear me?
DUCHESS. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss; I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had signed your quietus; and that cured you
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favor; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas, you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish.—Use your fortune elsewhere.

169. **Ta'en up**, taken up, borrowed. 177. **enginous wheels**, i.e., we must now depend upon craft. 187. **quietus**, certificate that the account has been audited and found correct.

ANTONIO. I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow;
As commonly men bear with a hard year,
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humor. Oh, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A-loth to part from't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.
DUCHESS. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.
ANTONIO. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.
DUCHESS. So, sir, you have your pass.
ANTONIO. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soul. [*Exit.*
BOSOLA. Here's an example for extortion; what moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea again.
DUCHESS. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.
SECOND OFFICER. He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping; I thought your grace would find him a Jew.
THIRD OFFICER. I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.
FOURTH OFFICER. You would have had more money.
FIRST OFFICER. He stopped his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.
SECOND OFFICER. Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could not abide a woman.
FOURTH OFFICER. How scurvy proud he would look when the treasury was full! Well, let him go!
FIRST OFFICER. Yes, and the chip-

pings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain!

DUCHESS. Leave us. [*Exeunt officers.*]

What do you think of these?

BOSOLA. That these are rogues that in's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,
And followed after's mule, like a bear in a ring;
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;
Made their first-born intelligencers; thought none happy
But such as were born under his blest planet,
And wore his livery; and do these lice drop off now?
Well, never look to have the like again;
He hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him;
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money; flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.
Alas, poor gentleman!

DUCHESS. Poor? he hath amply filled his coffers.

BOSOLA. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.
Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel
You have in a wanton humor thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it
As beastly to know his own value too little
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune;
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show itself;
His breast was filled with all perfection,
And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,
It made so little noise of 't.

DUCHESS. But he was basely descended.

BOSOLA. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?
You shall want him;
For know an honest statesman to a prince
Is like a cedar planted by a spring;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow; you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string
Than depend on so changeable a prince's favor.
Fare thee well, Antonio! Since the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee,
Considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

DUCHESS. Oh, you render me excellent music!

BOSOLA. Say you?

DUCHESS. This good one that you speak of is my husband.

BOSOLA. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer
A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honors? possible?

234. **gold chain**, the steward's badge of authority. 247–248. **their vices, And they dissemble**; both pronouns refer to *Princes*. **they dissemble their lies**, i.e., the Princes ignore the flatterers' lies. 251. **Pluto**, probably an error for Plutus, Greek god of wealth. 255. **scuttles**, short, quick steps.

270. **want**, miss. 275. **Bermoothes**, Bermudas. 283. **excellent music**. Fate plays an ironic rôle in many of the Elizabethan tragedies. Bosola's scorn of Antonio's fair-weather associates betrays the innocent Duchess into revealing to her brothers' spy the secret which she has kept for years. Thus misunderstanding and love of virtue are made ironically to operate for her undoing, for she places herself in Bosola's power.

DUCHESS. I have had three children by him.
BOSOLA. Fortunate lady!
For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbeneficed scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no dowries shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honor of this trophy of a man,
Raised by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thank you, in your grave, for't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.
DUCHESS. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.
BOSOLA. Oh, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart!
DUCHESS. You shall take charge of all my coin and jewels,
And follow him; for he retires himself
To Ancona.
BOSOLA. So.
DUCHESS. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.
BOSOLA. Let me think:
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues

316. **our Lady of Loretto**, a famous shrine of the Virgin Mary.

From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honor, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.
DUCHESS. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.
CARIOLA. In my opinion, she were better progress
To the baths at Lucca, or go visit the Spa
In Germany; for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feigned pilgrimage.
DUCHESS. Thou art a superstitious fool;
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* CARIOLA.
BOSOLA. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard; he may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof. What rests but I reveal
All to my lord? Oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i' th' world
Prefers but gain or commendation;
Now for this act I am certain to be raised,
And men that paint weeds to the life are praised. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Rome. A Room in the* CARDINAL'S *Palace*

Enter CARDINAL, FERDINAND, MALATESTE, PESCARA, SILVIO, *and* DELIO

CARDINAL. Must we turn soldier, then?
MALATESTE. The emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, ere you attained

319. **princely progress**, a royal procession or journey. 323. **Lucca**, see note page 66. **Spa**, a spring of mineral water. 331. **politician**, spy. **quilted**, muffled. 334. **rests**, remains to be done. 335–336. **quality Of intelligencer**, profession of spy. 337. **Prefers**, produces.

This reverend garment, joins you in commission
With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lannoy.
CARDINAL. He that had the honor
Of taking the French king prisoner?
MALATESTE. The same.
Here's a plot drawn for a new fortification
At Naples.
FERDINAND. This great Count Malateste, I perceive,
Hath got employment?
DELIO. No employment, my lord;
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary lord.
FERDINAND. He's no soldier?
DELIO. He has worn gunpowder in's hollow tooth for the toothache.
SILVIO. He comes to the leaguer with a full intent
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to court.
DELIO. He hath read all the late service
As the city chronicle relates it;
And keeps two pewterers going, only to express
Battles in model.
SILVIO. Then he'll fight by the book.
DELIO. By the almanac, I think,
To choose good days and shun the critical;
That's his mistress's scarf.
SILVIO. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffeta.
DELIO. I think he would run away from a battle,
To save it from taking prisoner.
SILVIO. He is horribly afraid
Gunpowder will spoil the perfume on't.
DELIO. I saw a Dutchman break his pate once
For calling him pot-gun; he made his head
Have a bore in't like a musket.
SILVIO. I would he had made a touchhole to't.
He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth,
Only for the remove of the court.

Enter BOSOLA

PESCARA. Bosola arrived? what should be the business?
Some falling-out amongst the cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes; when their heads are divided,
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country
About them goes to wrack for't.
SILVIO. What's that Bosola?
DELIO. I knew him in Padua—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what color Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the toothache. He hath studied himself half blear-ey'd to know the true symmetry of Caesar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.
PESCARA. Mark Prince Ferdinand;
A very salamander lives in's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.
SILVIO. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones; he lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.
PESCARA. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.
DELIO. Like a deadly cannon
That lightens ere it smokes.
PESCARA. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statemen.
DELIO. In such a deformed silence witches whisper
Their charms.
CARDINAL. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?

5. **Lannoy**, Charles de, viceroy of Naples, to whom Francis I surrendered after his defeat at Pavia in 1525. 7. **plot**, sketch, plan. 12. **a voluntary lord**, not a professional soldier; a volunteer. **He's no soldier?** The Duchess has characterized Count Malateste as a "mere stick of sugar-candy" (Act III, Scene i). The "tin soldier" has always been an object of dramatic satire, and in the Elizabethan plays he appears repeatedly, as, for example, in the character of Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry V*. 14. **leaguer**, a military camp. 26. **taking**, being taken.

31. **touchhole**, the hole in the breech of a cannon to which fire was applied in discharging the weapon. 32. **guarded sumpter-cloth**, a decorated covering for a horse, used only when the court went on a journey. 37–38. **Foxes . . . carry fire**, etc.; see *Judges*, xv. 4–5. 49. **speculative man**, a scholar. 51. **salamander**, a small amphibian, once believed able to live in fire.

FERDINAND. That, that damns her.
Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.
CARDINAL. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banished.
FERDINAND. You are for Loretto?
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mother's honesty.
BOSOLA. I will.
FERDINAND. Antonio!
A slave that only smelled of ink and counters,
And never in's life looked like a gentleman,
But in the audit-time.—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse.
And meet me at the fort-bridge.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Shrine of Our Lady of Loretto*

Enter Two Pilgrims

FIRST PILGRIM. I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this;
Yet I have visited many.
SECOND PILGRIM. The Cardinal of Arragon
In this day to resign his cardinal's hat;
His sister duchess likewise is arrived
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.
FIRST PILGRIM. No question.—They come.

[*Here the ceremony of the* CARDINAL'S *installment, in the habit of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs; then* ANTONIO, *the* DUCHESS, *and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the* CARDINAL *and the state of Ancona, banished; during all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen; and then exeunt* (*all except the Two Pilgrims*).

Arms and honors deck thy story,
To thy fame's eternal glory!
Adverse fortune ever fly thee;
No disastrous fate come nigh thee!

I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honor virtue raises;
And thy study, that divine is.
Bent to martial discipline is.
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee;
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner!
Oh, mayst thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers;
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!

FIRST PILGRIM. Here's a strange turn of state! who would have thought
So great a lady would have matched herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the Cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.
SECOND PILGRIM. They are banished.

Scene iv. Stage Direction: **in dumb-show.** The dumb-show, or pantomime, was a device frequently used in Elizabethan drama. It was probably borrowed from similar practices in the Italian drama of the time and figured extensively in Tudor and Stuart court masques. Hamlet condemns "inexplicable dumb-shows" as fit only for the "groundlings" (Act III, Scene ii, lines 9–16), but a little later in the same scene the players whom he has been addressing present in dumb-show a complete outline of their play. Webster uses the dumb-show here to cover an episode which he does not care to present in a scene. He uses the same device twice in *The White Devil*, Act II, Scene ii.

7–22. **Arms . . . showers.** The quarto of 1623 has the following marginal note: "The Author disclaims this Ditty to be his."

FIRST PILGRIM. But I would ask what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?
SECOND PILGRIM. They are a free state, sir, and her brother showed
How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her looseness,
Hath seized into th' protection of the Church
The dukedom which she held as dowager.
FIRST PILGRIM. But by what justice?
SECOND PILGRIM. Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.
FIRST PILGRIM. What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?
SECOND PILGRIM. 'Twas her wedding-ring;
Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.
FIRST PILGRIM. Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Near Loretto*

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, *and* Servants

DUCHESS. Banished Ancona?
ANTONIO. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.
DUCHESS. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?
ANTONIO. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune; but your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledged, are gone.
DUCHESS. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death; physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.
ANTONIO. Right the fashion of the world:
From decayed fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.
DUCHESS. I had a very strange dream tonight.
ANTONIO. What was't?
DUCHESS. Methought I wore my coronet of state
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were changed to pearls.
ANTONIO. My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.
DUCHESS. The birds that live
I' th' field on the wild benefit of nature live
Happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring.

Enter BOSOLA *with a letter*

BOSOLA. You are happily o'erta'en.
DUCHESS. From my brother?
BOSOLA. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your brother
All love and safety.
DUCHESS. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*
"Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business."
A politic equivocation!
He doth not want your counsel, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.
And here's another pitfall that's strewed o'er
With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one: [*Reads.*
"I stand engaged for your husband

5. **buntings**, a species of finch.

for several debts at Naples: let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart than his money"—
And I believe so too.
BOSOLA. What do you believe?
DUCHESS. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it; the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
BOSOLA. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you?
DUCHESS. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin; tell them so.
BOSOLA. And what from you?
ANTONIO. Thus tell him; I will not come.
BOSOLA. And what of this?
ANTONIO. My brothers have dispersed
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzled,
No truce, though hatched with ne'er such politic skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
I'll not come at them.
BOSOLA. This proclaims your breeding;
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir
You shall shortly hear from's. [*Exit.*
DUCHESS. I suspect some ambush;
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.
ANTONIO. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part.

55. **adamant**, loadstone, magnet. 60. **bottom**, i.e., ship; a current proverb like "Do not put all your eggs into one basket."

Heaven hath a hand in't, but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring't in better order.
DUCHESS. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you.—Farewell, boy.
Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow.—In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.
ANTONIO. Oh, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used;
Man, like to cassia, is proved best being bruised.
DUCHESS. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compared myself to't; naught made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.
ANTONIO. Do not weep;
Heaven fashioned us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful.—If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger; fare you well.
DUCHESS. Let me look upon you once more; for that speech
Came from a dying father.—Your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

63. **curious**, careful, skillful. 75. **cassia**, a lauraceous tree yielding cassia bark, which when ground makes an aromatic spice. 79. **scourge his top**, spin the top with a whip.

ANTONIO. My heart is turned to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger; fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and his* Son.
DUCHESS. My laurel is all withered.
CARIOLA. Look, madam, what a troop of armèd men
Make toward us.
DUCHESS. Oh, they are very welcome;
When Fortune's wheel is over-charged with princes,
The weight makes it move swift. I would have my ruin
Be sudden.

Re-enter BOSOLA, *visarded, with a* Guard

I am your adventure, am I not?
BOSOLA. You are; you must see your husband no more.
DUCHESS. What devil art thou that counterfeits heaven's thunder?
BOSOLA. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearkened to the last too much.
DUCHESS. Oh, misery! like to a rusty o'er-charged cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces?—Come, to what prison?
BOSOLA. To none.
DUCHESS. Whither, then?
BOSOLA. To your palace.
DUCHESS. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.
BOSOLA. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.
DUCHESS. Pity!
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.

98. **adventure,** the object of your search.

BOSOLA. These are your children?
DUCHESS. Yes.
BOSOLA. Can they prattle?
DUCHESS. No;
But I intend, since they were born accursed,
Curses shall be their first language.
BOSOLA. Fie, madam!
Forget this base, low fellow,—
DUCHESS. Were I a man
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.
BOSOLA. One of no birth.
DUCHESS. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.
BOSOLA. A barren, beggarly virtue!
DUCHESS. I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe; I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language: "Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?"
"Oh!" quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace;
Thank Jupiter we both have passed the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
'Till in the fisher's basket we be shown;

117. **this base, low fellow.** With what Bosola says here about Antonio contrast his praises of the Duchess's husband in Act III, Scene ii; the spy's duplicity is clearly revealed to the audience, but not, since he wears a mask, to the Duchess. 118. **counterfeit face,** the mask worn by Bosola. 124. **Sad tales befit my woe.** A typical Elizabethan dramatic convention for creating harmony of mood. The story by which the Duchess illustrates her situation is another frequent device, didactic and heavy; Webster uses the same method earlier in the play in Ferdinand's allegory of Reputation, Love, and Death (Act III, Scene ii). Compare also the scene between Desdemona and her maid in *Othello* (Act IV, Scene iii), and especially Desdemona's story of "poor Barbara" (lines 26–56).

I' th' market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire."
So to great men the moral may be stretchèd;
Men oft are valued high, when they're most wretched.—
But come, whither you please. I am armed 'gainst misery,
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will;
There's no deep valley but near some great hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I.—*Amalfi. A Room in the* DUCHESS's *Palace*

Enter FERDINAND *and* BOSOLA

FERDINAND. How doth our sister duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?
BOSOLA. Nobly; I'll describe her.
She's sad as one long used to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behavior so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity.
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles;
She will muse four hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.
FERDINAND. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.
BOSOLA. 'Tis so; and this restraint,
Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from.
FERDINAND. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you. [*Exit.*

Enter DUCHESS *and* Attendants

BOSOLA. All comfort to your grace!
DUCHESS. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned pills
In gold and sugar?
BOSOLA. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber. He will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.
DUCHESS. At his pleasure.—
Take hence the lights.—He's come.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with lights.*

Enter FERDINAND

FERDINAND. Where are you?
DUCHESS. Here sir.
FERDINAND. This darkness suits you well.
DUCHESS. I would ask you pardon.
FERDINAND. You have it;
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
DUCHESS. Whom?
FERDINAND. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
DUCHESS. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' Church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.
FERDINAND. It had been well
Could you have lived thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*

41. **too much i' th' light**, too much in the public gaze —a pun on *light*. Cf. *Hamlet* (Act I, Scene ii, line 67), "I am too much i' the sun." 42. *Stage Direction*: **a dead man's hand.** These charnel house devices for creating dramatic terror are, on the whole, an element of deca-

To which you have vowed much love; the ring upon't
You gave.
DUCHESS. I affectionately kiss it.
FERDINAND. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too. When you need a friend,
Send it to him that owned it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
DUCHESS. You are very cold;
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights!——Oh, horrible!
FERDINAND. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
DUCHESS. What witchcraft doth he practice, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?
[*Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of* ANTONIO *and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*]
BOSOLA. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
DUCHESS. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this; it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashioned out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yon's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
BOSOLA. What's that?
DUCHESS. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.
BOSOLA. Come, you must live.
DUCHESS. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
BOSOLA. Oh, fie, despair? remember
You are a Christian.
DUCHESS. The church enjoins fasting;
I'll starve myself to death.
BOSOLA. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend; the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eyelid.
DUCHESS. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must dispatch me?
I account this world a tedious theater,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
BOSOLA. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
DUCHESS. Indeed,
I have not leisure to tend so small a business.

dence in the later Elizabethan tragedy. They appeared occasionally in the blood-and-thunder plays of the type of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, but are much more frequent in the Stuart than in the Tudor plays. A notable employment of the device appears in Ford's *The Broken Heart* (Act IV, Scene iv and Act V, Scene iii). Shakespeare's good taste usually kept him from presenting such dramatic horrors, unless, perchance, certain scenes in *Titus Andronicus* may be correctly ascribed to him. The presentation in waxworks of the dead bodies of Antonio and his children is a further carrying out of this chamber of horrors motive. The Elizabethan ancestors of the modern rabble who pay their shillings for a thrill in Madame Tussaud's museum of murderers probably enjoyed Webster's device, but it must have caused the dramatically judicious to grieve.

54. *Stage Direction:* **traverse**, curtain. **his children.** So printed in the first quarto. Yet we know that there are only three children, two sons and a daughter (Act III, Scene i and Scene ii); in Act III, Scene v, the Duchess instructs Antonio to "take your eldest [i.e., elder] son, and fly towards Milan"; and in Act IV, Scene ii, she leaves final orders before her execution for the care of her little boy and girl. Since she obviously knew these two to be alive at the time, it is apparent that Webster either must have meant to show in waxworks only Antonio and the older son or was so eager to multiply the horrors of this scene that he was careless of the inconsistency involved.

62. **picture**, image. It was once believed that a witch could cause her enemy to waste away by melting a wax image of him or by sticking it full of pins and needles. For a modern treatment of this theme read D. G. Rossetti's *Sister Helen*. 70. **Portia**, the wife of Marcus Brutus, who killed herself by swallowing fire after he had been driven from Rome; cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Act IV, Scene iii.

BOSOLA. Now, by my life, I pity you.
DUCHESS. Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant

What are you?
SERVANT. One that wishes you long life.
DUCHESS. I would thou wert hanged for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me; I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray—
No, I'll go curse.
BOSOLA. Oh, fie!
DUCHESS. I could curse the stars—
BOSOLA. Oh, fearful!
DUCHESS. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter; nay, the world
To its first chaos.
BOSOLA. Look you, the stars shine still.
DUCHESS. Oh, but you must
Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families
Consume them!—
BOSOLA. Fie, lady!
DUCHESS. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remembered but for the ill they have done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!—
BOSOLA. Oh, uncharitable!
DUCHESS. Let Heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!—
Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed;
It is some mercy when men kill with speed.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* Servant.

Re-enter FERDINAND

FERDINAND. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagued in art.
These presentations are but framed in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.
BOSOLA. Why do you do this?
FERDINAND. To bring her to despair.
BOSOLA. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty;
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.
FERDINAND. Damn her! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, called a soul.
I will send her masks of common courtesans,
Have her meat served up by bawds and ruffians,
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolved
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad-folk and place them near her lodging;
There let them practice together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' th' moon.
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.
BOSOLA. Must I see her again?
FERDINAND. Yes.
BOSOLA. Never.
FERDINAND. You must.
BOSOLA. Never in mine own shape;
That's forfeited by my intelligence
And this last cruel lie; when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort.
FERDINAND. Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
Lurks about Milan; thou shalt shortly thither
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which ne'er will slack till it have spent his fuel;
Intemperate agues make physicians cruel. [*Exeunt.*

103. **mortified**, practicing penance. 109. **in art**, by artificial means. 111. **curious**, skillful. **quality**, material. 131. **intelligence**, acting as spy.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the* DUCHESS'S *Lodging*

Enter DUCHESS *and* CARIOLA

DUCHESS. What hideous noise was that?
CARIOLA. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging; this tyranny,
I think, was never practiced till this hour.
DUCHESS. Indeed, I thank him—nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
CARIOLA. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.
DUCHESS. Thou art deceived;
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
CARIOLA. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
DUCHESS. Thou art a fool;
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
CARIOLA. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
DUCHESS. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.
CARIOLA. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
DUCHESS. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In th' other world?
CARIOLA. Yes, out of question.
DUCHESS. Oh, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow;
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
CARIOLA. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
DUCHESS. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy.—How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant

SERVANT. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke; the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.
DUCHESS. Let them come in.
SERVANT. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' th' month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing of 't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' th' brain

1–2. **consort Of madmen.** Insanity was presented on the Elizabethan stage to produce horror, and, strange as it may seem now, also to create amusement. The insanity of Isabella in Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, of Ophelia in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and of Ferdinand in *The Duchess of Malfi* illustrate the first use. An illustration of the second appears in Dekker's *The Honest Whore, Part I* (Act V, Scene ii). Webster seems to have used his consort (or group) of madmen for both purposes; they add to the chamber of horrors scenes and also entertain the audience by providing a satirical presentation of familiar London types.

41. **sorts,** bands. 43. **Imposthume,** abscess. 47. **astrologian,** astrologer.

With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation;
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

DUCHESS. Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen

Here this Song is sung by a Madman to a dismal kind of music.

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears
And corrosived your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

FIRST MADMAN. Doomsday not come yet? I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

SECOND MADMAN. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

THIRD MADMAN. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night; I will tithe them over like haycocks.

FOURTH MADMAN. Shall my pothecary out-go me because I am a cuckold? I have found out his roguery; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining.

FIRST MADMAN. I have skill in heraldry.

SECOND MADMAN. Hast?

FIRST MADMAN. You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

THIRD MADMAN. Greek is turned Turk; we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.

FIRST MADMAN. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

SECOND MADMAN. Oh, rather lay a corrosive; the law will eat to the bone.

THIRD MADMAN. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

FOURTH MADMAN. If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

FIRST MADMAN. What's he? a rope-maker?

SECOND MADMAN. No, no, no, a snuffling knave that, while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

THIRD MADMAN. Woe to the caroche that brought home my wife from the masque at three o'clock in the morning! it had a large feather-bed in it.

FOURTH MADMAN. I have pared the

55. **In grain,** a pun on *ingrain*, i.e., dyed in the grain. 56. **hindered transportation,** kept from marketing his produce. 57. **broker,** a go-between in love-affairs. 60. *Stage Direction:* **a dismal kind of music.** Another example of Webster's use of instrumental and vocal music to produce dramatic effects; cf. the music which accompanies the dumb-show in Act III, Scene iv. In the Elizabethan drama, both comedy and tragedy, music was employed even more than in modern drama. Shakespeare's dramas average nearly two songs to a play besides instrumental music without song, and the court entertainments, such as those of John Lyly, contain a higher percentage. The musicians probably made use of the upper stage; see footnote to Act V, Scene v, page 108. 66. **bell,** bellow. 69. **quire,** choir. 71. **sing, like swans,** an allusion to the fable that swans sing just before they die. 74. **perspective,** a telescope. 75. **glass,** etc.; the reference is to a burning-glass.

85. **tithe . . . haycocks.** The "secular priest," described by the servant, is speaking; his mind is running on his "tithes" or the tenth part of the farm produce assigned to him for his fee. Cf. footnote in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, page 40. 90. **sore throats,** from psalm-singing or preaching—a conventional attack upon Puritans. 99–100. **Greek . . . Turk.** The priest, who is satirized as a Puritan, means that the Greek text of the Bible has been used by infidels. Cf. the following note. 101. **Helvetian translation,** the translation of the Bible made by English refugees and printed at Geneva in 1560. 108. **my glass,** a magic crystal or mirror that reflected distant or future events. Greene makes use of the device in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Scenes vi and xiii, and Shakespeare uses it in *Macbeth*, Act IV, Scene i. 117. **caroche,** coach.

devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

THIRD MADMAN. Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

FOURTH MADMAN. All the college may throw their caps at me; I have made a soap-boiler costive; it was my masterpiece.

[*Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereunto; after which,* BOSOLA, *like an Old Man, enters.*]

DUCHESS. Is he mad too?

SERVANT. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Madmen.

BOSOLA. I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCHESS. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath; dost thou perceive me sick?

BOSOLA. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

DUCHESS. Thou art not mad, sure; dost know me?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Who am I?

BOSOLA. Thou art a box of wormseed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body; this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCHESS. Am not I thy duchess?

BOSOLA. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleep'st worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear; a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCHESS. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

BOSOLA. That makes thy sleeps so broken;
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright.
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCHESS. Thou art very plain.

BOSOLA. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living; I am a tomb-maker.

DUCHESS. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Let me be a little merry—of what stuff wilt thou make it?

BOSOLA. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

DUCHESS. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? Do we affect fashion in the grave?

BOSOLA. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache. They are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCHESS. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

BOSOLA. Now I shall

Enter Executioners, *with a coffin, cords, and a bell*

Here is a present from your princely brothers;

125. **possets**, a beverage of hot milk curdled and spiced. 127. **college**, etc., the College of Physicians may honor me. 130. *Stage Direction:* **the dance.** Here Webster introduces a device borrowed from the court masques or entertainments. Lively or grotesque dances by reapers, dairymaids, satyrs, madmen, clowns, etc., were introduced to provide contrast with the more stately and dainty elements in the entertainment. These interludes were called antimasques from the *antics* or grotesque characters who figured in them. 139. **salvatory**, a box of salves. 140. **mummy**, medicinal powder made from ground-up mummies. 141. **crudded**, curdled.

193. **charnel**, a charnel house or place for the deposit of human bones.

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
DUCHESS. Let me see it;
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
BOSOLA. This is your last presence-chamber.
CARIOLA. O my sweet lady!
DUCHESS. Peace; it affrights not me.
BOSOLA. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.
DUCHESS. Even now
Thou said'st thou wast a tomb-maker.
BOSOLA. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

CARIOLA. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.
DUCHESS. To whom? to our next neighbors? they are mad-folks.
BOSOLA. Remove that noise.
DUCHESS. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.
CARIOLA. I will die with her.
DUCHESS. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.
[CARIOLA *is forced out by the* Executioners.
Now what you please;
What death?
BOSOLA. Strangling; here are your executioners.
DUCHESS. I forgive them;
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
BOSOLA. Doth not death fright you?
DUCHESS. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?
BOSOLA. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.
DUCHESS. Not a whit;
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways.—Any way, for heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.

200. **bellman.** It was an old practice for the bellman to be given a fee for delivering an exhortation to condemned prisoners at Newgate the night before they were to be executed.

226. **Remove that noise.** Bosola refers to the vociferous Cariola, who here is courageous and faithful to her mistress, but who does not show later the same nobility in her attitude toward death as does the Duchess. 244. **cassia,** a variety of cinnamon.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.
FIRST EXECUTIONER. We are ready.
DUCHESS. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
FIRST EXECUTIONER. Yes.
DUCHESS. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me—
Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*]—
Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her.*
BOSOLA. Where's the waiting woman?
Fetch her; some other strangle the children.

Enter CARIOLA

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.
CARIOLA. Oh, you are damned
Perpetually for this! My turn is next;
Is't not so ordered?
BOSOLA. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.
CARIOLA. You are deceived, sir;
I am not prepared for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.
BOSOLA. Come, dispatch her.—
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.
CARIOLA. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.
FIRST EXECUTIONER. Here's your wedding-ring.
CARIOLA. Let me but speak with the duke; I'll discover
Treason to his person.
BOSOLA. Delays—throttle her.
FIRST EXECUTIONER. She bites and scratches.

261. **mandragora**, a narcotic drug. 271. **answer**, a statement of facts in reply to the charge made against an accused person.

CARIOLA. If you kill me now,
I am damned; I have not been at confession
This two years.
BOSOLA. [*To* Executioners.] When?
CARIOLA. I am quick with child.
BOSOLA. Why, then,
Your credit is saved.
[*They strangle* CARIOLA.
Bear her into th' next room;
Let this lie still.
[*Exeunt the* Executioners *with the body of* CARIOLA.

Enter FERDINAND

FERDINAND. Is she dead?
BOSOLA. She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity;
[*Shows the* Children *strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended?
FERDINAND. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
BOSOLA. Fix
Your eye here.
FERDINAND. Constantly.
BOSOLA. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
FERDINAND. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.
BOSOLA. I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.
FERDINAND. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.
BOSOLA. It seems she was born first;
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
FERDINAND. Let me see her face

290. **Cover her face.** Elizabethan tragedy presents few criminals who are absolutely without remorse. Retribution begins to overtake the wolfish Ferdinand at the moment when he first gazes on the dead face of his twin sister, and his guilty conscience drives him relentlessly to madness and to death. Thus is the Duchess avenged, and the essential morality of the play is firmly established.

Again. Why didst not thou pity her? what
An excellent honest man might'st thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advancèd sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.
For let me but examine well the cause;
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gained
An infinite mass of treasure by her death;
And that was the main cause; her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for 't.
And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill well.

BOSOLA. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude; I challenge
The reward due to my service.

FERDINAND. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.

BOSOLA. Do.

FERDINAND. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.

BOSOLA. Ha!

FERDINAND. Yes, and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?

BOSOLA. By yours.

FERDINAND. Mine? Was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment registered,
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,
Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for 't.

BOSOLA. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this?

FERDINAND. Oh, I'll tell thee;
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.

BOSOLA. You, not I, shall quake for 't.

FERDINAND. Leave me.

BOSOLA. I will first receive my pension.

FERDINAND. You are a villain.

BOSOLA. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.

FERDINAND. Oh, horror,
That not the fear of him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience!
Never look upon me more.

BOSOLA. Why, fare thee well.
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
Like two chained bullets, still goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream;
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.

322. **By what authority, etc.** The repudiation of a murderer by the ruler who commanded the execution is a recurrent device in Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare uses it, for example, in *King John* (Act IV, Scene ii) and again in *Richard II* (Act V, Scene vi). This ingratitude of a monarch to those who have carried out his bloody behest may sometimes have been suggested to the dramatists by Queen Elizabeth's notorious mistreatment of the ministers who performed her command to execute Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1587. 333. **The wolf . . . grave.** Webster gives here an effective anticipation of the horrible fate that overtakes the savage nobleman; see Act V, Scene ii.

FERDINAND. Get thee into some unknown part o' th' world,
That I may never see thee.
BOSOLA. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
I served your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world,
And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man.
FERDINAND. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness. [*Exit.*
BOSOLA. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honor!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe.—She stirs; here's life—
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell—she's warm, she breathes—
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh color—Who's there!
Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call;
So pity would destroy pity.—Her eye opes.
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.
DUCHESS. Antonio!
BOSOLA. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feigned statues.
He's reconciled to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought
The atonement.
DUCHESS. Mercy! [*Dies.*

365. **She stirs.** This revival of the strangled Duchess for the purpose of calling upon Antonio and pricking the conscience of the now contrite Bosola may have been borrowed from the similar scene in Shakespeare's *Othello*, in which Desdemona revives to forgive her husband (Act V. Scene ii). Of the two scenes Webster's is in many respects the more effective. 377. **atonement**, the *at one ment*, or reconciliation.

BOSOLA. Oh, she's gone again! there the cords of life broke.
Oh, sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffered
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk; my estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father.
Come, I'll bear thee hence,
And execute thy last will—that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women; that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.
[*Exit with the body.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I.—*A Public Place in Milan*

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO

ANTONIO. What think you of my hope of reconcilement
To the Arragonian brethren?
DELIO. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe-conduct
For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been moved

380. **turtles'**, turtle-doves'. 382. **perspective**, telescope.
Act V. Scene i. 6. **In cheat**, in escheat, under a provision by which the property is forfeited to an overlord or the state if the tenant is outlawed.

To seize those lands; and some of his dependants
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues.
I cannot think they mean well to your life
That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living.
ANTONIO. You are still an heretic
To any safety I can shape myself.
DELIO. Here comes the marquis; I will make myself
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying.
ANTONIO. I pray do.
[*Withdraws.*

Enter PESCARA

DELIO. Sir, I have a suit to you.
PESCARA. To me?
DELIO. An easy one;
There is the citadel of Saint Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna—please you bestow them on me.
PESCARA. You are my friend; but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.
DELIO. No, sir?
PESCARA. I will give you ample reason for't
Soon in private—here's the Cardinal's mistress.

Enter JULIA

JULIA. My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here, the Cardinal's,
To court you in my favor.
[*Gives a letter.*
PESCARA. He entreats for you
The citadel of Saint Bennet, that belonged
To the banished Bologna.
JULIA. Yes.
PESCARA. I could not have thought of a friend I could
Rather pleasure with it; 'tis yours.
JULIA. Sir, I thank you;
And he shall know how doubly I am engaged
Both in your gift and speediness of giving,
Which makes your grant the greater.
[*Exit.*
ANTONIO [*aside*]. How they fortify
Themselves with my ruin!
DELIO. Sir, I am
Little bound to you.
PESCARA. Why?
DELIO. Because you denied this suit to me, and gave't
To such a creature.
PESCARA. Do you know what it was?
It was Antonio's land; not forfeited
By course of law, but ravished from his throat
By the Cardinal's entreaty. It were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend; 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents
To make these followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,
Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.
DELIO. You instruct me well.
ANTONIO [*aside*]. Why, here's a man now would fright impudence
From sauciest beggars.
PESCARA. Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;
But some say 'tis a frenzy. I am going
To visit him.
[*Exit.*
ANTONIO. 'Tis a noble old fellow.
DELIO. What course do you mean to take, Antonio?
ANTONIO. This night I mean to venture all my fortune,

Which is no more than a poor lingering life,
To the Cardinal's worst of malice. I have got
Private access to his chamber; and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble duchess.
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger—for I'll go in mine own shape—
When he shall see it fraight with love and duty,
May draw the poison out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement. If it fail,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once than be ever falling.
DELIO. I'll second you in all danger; and, howe'er,
My life keeps rank with yours.
ANTONIO. You are still my loved and best friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in the* CARDINAL'S *Palace at Milan*

Enter PESCARA *and* Doctor

PESCARA. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?
DOCTOR. If 't please your lordship; but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.
PESCARA. Pray, thee, what's his disease?
DOCTOR. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call [it] lycanthropia.
PESCARA. What's that?
I need a dictionary to't.
DOCTOR. I'll tell you.
In those that are possessed with 't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humor they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howled fearfully;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try. Straight I was sent for,
And, having ministered to him, found his grace
Very well recovered.
PESCARA. I am glad on 't.
DOCTOR. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dreamed of; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Stand aside; he comes.

Enter FERDINAND, CARDINAL, MALATESTE, *and* BOSOLA

FERDINAND. Leave me.
MALATESTE. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?
FERDINAND. Eagles commonly fly alone; they are crows, daws, and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows me?
MALATESTE. Nothing, my lord.
FERDINAND. Yes.
MALATESTE. 'Tis your shadow.
FERDINAND. Stay it; let it not haunt me.
MALATESTE. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.
FERDINAND. I will throttle it.
[*Throws himself on the ground.*
MALATESTE. O my lord, you are angry with nothing.
FERDINAND. You are a fool; how is't possible I should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon 't? When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for, look you,

69. **fraight, fraught.**
19. **try, prove his statement.** 25. **Paracelsus, a Swiss alchemist and physician (1493–1541).**

good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.

PESCARA. Rise, good my lord.

FERDINAND. I am studying the art of patience.

PESCARA. 'Tis a noble virtue.

FERDINAND. To drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time—the patient'st man i' th' world match me for an experiment—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.

CARDINAL. Force him up.

[*They raise him.*

FERDINAND. Use me well, you were best. What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing.

DOCTOR. Now let me come to him. Are you mad, my lord?
Are you out of your princely wits?

FERDINAND. What's he?

PESCARA. Your doctor.

FERDINAND. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows filed more civil.

DOCTOR. I must do mad tricks with him, for that's the only way on't.—I have brought your grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sunburning.

FERDINAND. I have cruel sore eyes.

DOCTOR. The white of a cockatrix's egg is present remedy.

FERDINAND. Let it be a new laid one, you were best.—
Hide me from him; physicians are like kings—
They brook no contradiction.

DOCTOR. Now he begins to fear me; now let me alone with him.

CARDINAL. How now! put off your gown!

DOCTOR. Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water; he and I'll go pelt one another with them.—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk, sir?—Let him go, let him go, upon my peril. I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

56. **sheep-biter,** a dog used for driving sheep. 66–67. **filed more civil,** trimmed more decently. 70. **salamander,** see note on line 51, page 83. 73. **cockatrix,** or cockatrice, a fabulous serpent which could kill with a glance. 74. **present,** immediate. 86. **fetch a frisk,** cut a caper.

FERDINAND. Can you fetch your frisks, sir?—I will stamp him into a cullis, flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i' th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's hall.—Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice. [*Throws the* DOCTOR *down and beats him.*] There's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery. [*Exit.*

PESCARA. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

DOCTOR. True; I was somewhat too forward.

BOSOLA. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment
Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!

PESCARA. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

CARDINAL [*aside*]. I must feign somewhat.—Thus they say it grew.
You have heard it rumored, for these many years
None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murdered
By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's book,
Appeared to him; when crying out for help,
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, altered much in face
And language; since which apparition,

92. **cullis,** broth. 93. **anatomies,** skeletons. 94. **Barber-Chirurgeon,** barber-surgeon. In the Elizabethan Age barbers acted not only as hair-cutters, but also as blood-letters and dentists, a function still revealed in the stripe of red and the modified cup—now spherical—of the modern barber's-pole. 96–97. *Stage Direction:* **Throws the Doctor down.** The physician's self-assurance meets a comic rebuff. For a similar situation read Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors,* Act IV, Scene iv. Ben Jonson and other classical scholars of his time objected to the mixture of tragic and comic of the sort that appears in this scene of Webster's. This stage direction, like most of the others, was not printed in the first published version of the play. 102. **what a fatal judgment.** Into the mouth of Bosola, the ironist, is put the expression of the Elizabethan convention that retribution will invariably overtake the offender. In respect to its insistence that the wages of sin is death the Elizabethan drama is highly moral; criminals, however clever, are not represented as escaping their just deserts, and the lesson of their fate is usually pointed out clearly, as it is in *The Duchess of Malfi.*

He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.
BOSOLA. Sir, I would speak with you.
PESCARA. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.
CARDINAL. You are most welcome.
[*Exeunt* PESCARA, MALATESTE, *and* DOCTOR.
Are you come? so.—[*Aside.*] This fellow must not know
By any means I had intelligence
In our duchess' death; for, though I counselled it,
The full of all th' engagement seemed to grow
From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft-dyed garment; she shall now
Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?
Oh, the fortune of your master here the prince
Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,
Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,
I'd make you what you would be.
BOSOLA. Anything;
Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to't;
They that think long small expedition win,
For musing much o' th' end cannot begin.

Enter JULIA

JULIA. Sir, will you come in to supper?
CARDINAL. I am busy; leave me.
JULIA [*aside*]. What an excellent shape hath that fellow! [*Exit.*
CARDINAL. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan;
Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me
Thy advancement.
BOSOLA. But by what means shall I find him out?
CARDINAL. There is a gentleman called Delio
Here in the camp, that hath been long approved
His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;
Follow him to mass; maybe Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a school-name, for fashion of the world
May accompany him; or else go inquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
A man might find to trace him; as to know
What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learn
Who bought her picture lately; some of these
Happily may take.
BOSOLA. Well, I'll not freeze i' th' business;
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sights i' th' world.
CARDINAL. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
BOSOLA. This fellow doth breed basilisks in 's eyes,
He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
Not to have notice of the duchess' death.
'Tis his cunning. I must follow his example;
There cannot be a surer way to trace
Than that of an old fox.

Re-enter JULIA, *with a pistol*

JULIA. So, sir, you are well met.

143. **style**, name. 162. **basilisks**, see footnote on line 88, page 78.

BOSOLA. How now?
JULIA. Nay, the doors are fast enough;
Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery.
BOSOLA. Treachery?
JULIA. Yes; confess to me
Which of my women 'twas you hired to put
Love-powder into my drink?
BOSOLA. Love-powder?
JULIA. Yes, when I was at Malfi.
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffered for thee so much pain,
The only remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.
BOSOLA. Sure, your pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes or kissing-comfits. Excellent lady!
You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arm you thus; yet this is wondrous strange.
JULIA. Compare thy form and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle. Now you'll say
I am wanton; this nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar
That haunts them.
BOSOLA. Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.
JULIA. The better;
Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks
Of roughness.
BOSOLA. And I want compliment.
JULIA. Why, ignorance
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well.
BOSOLA. You are very fair.
JULIA. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.
BOSOLA. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them sharper
Than sunbeams.
JULIA. You will mar me with commendation;
Put yourself to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.
BOSOLA [*aside*]. I have it, I will work upon this creature.—
Let us grow most amorously familiar;
If the great Cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain?
JULIA. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offense on you;
For if I see and steal a diamond,
The fault is not i' th' stone, but in me the thief
That purloins it. I am sudden with you;
We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together. Had you been i' th' street,
Under my chamber window, even there
I should have courted you.
BOSOLA. Oh, you are an excellent lady!
JULIA. Bid me do somewhat for you presently
To express I love you.
BOSOLA. I will; and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it.
The Cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy;
Demand the cause; let him not put you off
With feigned excuse; discover the main ground on't.
JULIA. Why would you know this?
BOSOLA. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace
With the emperor; if he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependence.
JULIA. You shall not need
Follow the wars; I'll be your maintenance.

178. **kissing-comfits**, perfumed candy for sweetening the breath. 185. **familiar**, i.e., familiar spirit. 189. **want compliment**, lack the ability to make pretty speeches.

BOSOLA. And I your loyal servant;
But I cannot leave my calling.
JULIA. Not leave an
Ungrateful general for the love of a sweet lady?
You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows.
BOSOLA. Will you do this?
JULIA. Cunningly.
BOSOLA. Tomorrow I'll expect th' intelligence.
JULIA. Tomorrow? get you into my cabinet;
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more than I do you. I am like one
That is condemned; I have my pardon promised,
But I would see it sealed. Go, get you in;
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
Like a skein of silk. [*Exit* BOSOLA.

Re-enter CARDINAL

CARDINAL. Where are you?

Enter Servants

SERVANTS. Here.
CARDINAL. Let none, upon your lives, have conference
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it.—
[*Aside.*] In this distraction he may reveal
The murder. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Yond's my lingering consumption;
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of.
JULIA. How now, my lord? what ails you?
CARDINAL. Nothing.
JULIA. Oh, you are much altered;
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosom. What's the matter?
CARDINAL. I may not tell you.
JULIA. Are you so far in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?
CARDINAL. Satisfy thy longing—
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is, not to tell thee.
JULIA. Tell your echo this,
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear though most imperfect, and not me;
For if that you be true unto yourself,
I'll know.
CARDINAL. Will you rack me?
JULIA. No; judgment shall
Draw it from you; it is an equal fault,
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.
CARDINAL. The first argues folly.
JULIA. But the last tyranny.
CARDINAL. Very well; why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed which I desire the world
May never hear of.
JULIA. Therefore may not I know it?
You have concealed for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now; sir, I beseech you——
CARDINAL. You'll repent it.
JULIA. Never.
CARDINAL. It hurries thee to ruin; I'll not tell thee.
Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets: they that do
Had need have their breasts hooped with adamant
To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfied;
Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them; 'tis a secret
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence.
JULIA. Now you dally with me.
CARDINAL. No more; thou shalt know it.

By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
And two of her young children, four nights since,
Were strangled.
JULIA. O Heaven! sir, what have you done!
CARDINAL. How now? how settles this? think you your bosom
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?
JULIA. You have undone yourself, sir.
CARDINAL. Why?
JULIA. It lies not in me to conceal it.
CARDINAL. No?
Come, I will swear you to't upon this book.
JULIA. Most religiously.
CARDINAL. Kiss it. [*She kisses it.*
Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poisoned with that book;
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to't by death.

Re-enter BOSOLA

BOSOLA. For pity sake, hold!
CARDINAL. Ha! Bosola?
JULIA. I forgive you
This equal piece of justice you have done;
For I betrayed your counsel to that fellow.
He overheard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.
BOSOLA. O foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poisoned him?
JULIA. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done. I go,
I know not whither. [*Dies.*
CARDINAL. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
BOSOLA. That I might find a great man like yourself,
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service,
CARDINAL. I'll have thee hewed in pieces.
BOSOLA. Make not yourself such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.
CARDINAL. Who placed thee here?
BOSOLA. Her lust, as she intended.
CARDINAL. Very well;
Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.
BOSOLA. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colors
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' th' graves
Of those were actors in't?
CARDINAL. No more; there is
A fortune attends thee.
BOSOLA. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.
CARDINAL. I have honors in store for thee.
BOSOLA. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming
Honor, and some of them very dirty ones.
CARDINAL. Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?
BOSOLA. Yes.
CARDINAL. Take up that body.
BOSOLA. I think I shall
Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards.
CARDINAL. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
To aid thee in the murder.
BOSOLA. Oh, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off their tails, that the blood may run through them the faster; let me have no train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have a greater when I ride to the gallows.
CARDINAL. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove
That body to her own lodging. I'll give out
She died o' th' plague; 'twill breed the less inquiry
After her death.
BOSOLA. Where's Castruccio her husband?

CARDINAL. He's rode to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel.
BOSOLA. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.
CARDINAL. Fail not to come; there is the master-key
Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.
BOSOLA. You shall find me ready.
[*Exit* CARDINAL.
O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
To thy estate as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing;
In such slippery ice-pavements men had need
To be frost-nailed well, they may break their necks else;
The precedent's here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well;
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruel biters that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge;
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
Haunts me; there, there, 'tis nothing but my melancholy.
O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down only to raise them up! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Milan. A Fortification*

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO. ECHO *from the* DUCHESS'S *Grave*

DELIO. Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it is a spirit
That answers.
ANTONIO. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.
ECHO. *Like death that we have.*
DELIO. Now the echo hath caught you.
ANTONIO. It groaned, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.
ECHO. *Deadly accent.*
DELIO. I told you 'twas a pretty one; you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.
ECHO. *A thing of sorrow.*
ANTONIO. Aye, sure, that suits it best.
ECHO. *That suits it best.*
ANTONIO. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
ECHO. *Aye, wife's voice.*
DELIO. Come, let's walk further from 't.
I would not have you go to the Cardinal's tonight.
Do not.
ECHO. *Do not.*
DELIO. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time. Take time for 't; be mindful of thy safety.
ECHO. *Be mindful of thy safety.*

Scene iii. Stage Direction: **Echo.** This scene contains a device which was a favorite in the contemporary court masques and entertainments. In many of these, words spoken or sung were repeated by "Echo," usually, as in the present scene, with some significant emphasis.

ANTONIO. Necessity compels me;
Make scrutiny throughout the passes
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.
ECHO. *Oh, fly your fate.*
DELIO. Hark! The dead stones seem to have pity on you
And give you good counsel.
ANTONIO. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.
ECHO. *Thou art a dead thing.*
ANTONIO. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly; O Heaven,
Shall I never see her more?
ECHO. *Never see her more.*
ANTONIO. I marked not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
DELIO. Your fancy merely.
ANTONIO. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life.
I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.
DELIO. Your own virtue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you;
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none;
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Milan. A Room in the Residence of the* CARDINAL *and* FERDINAND

Enter CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN

CARDINAL. You shall not watch tonight by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recovered.
MALATESTE. Good my lord, suffer us.
CARDINAL. Oh, by no means;
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him. I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.
PESCARA. So, sir; we shall not.
CARDINAL. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoined to't
By himself; and he seemed to urge it sensibly.
PESCARA. Let our honors bind this trifle.
CARDINAL. Nor any of your followers.
MALATESTE. Neither.
CARDINAL. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.
MALATESTE. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.
CARDINAL. Why, I thank you.
GRISOLAN. 'Twas a foul storm tonight.
RODERIGO. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.
MALATESTE. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
To rock his own child.
[*Exeunt all except the* CARDINAL.
CARDINAL. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. Oh, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body; when he hath served my turn
He dies. [*Exit.*

Enter BOSOLA

BOSOLA. Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND

FERDINAND. Strangling is a very quiet death.
BOSOLA [*aside*]. Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.
FERDINAND. What say to that? whisper softly; do you agree to't? So; it must be done i' th' dark; the Cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*
BOSOLA. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.
We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cured with death.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Servant

SERVANT. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray;
I'll fetch you a dark lantern. [*Exit.*
ANTONIO. Could I take him
At his prayers, there were hope of pardon.
BOSOLA. Fall right, my sword!—
[*Stabs him.*
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.
ANTONIO. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.
BOSOLA. What art thou?
ANTONIO. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant *with a lantern*

SERVANT. Where are you, sir?
ANTONIO. Very near my home.—Bosola?
SERVANT. Oh, misfortune!
BOSOLA. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—Antonio?
The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life!

40. **My death is plotted.** The dramatic "pity and fear" in this scene arises out of the ironic mistake of Bosola in misconceiving the situation and killing the man whom he most wished to save.

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied
Which way please them.—O good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess
And two sweet children——
ANTONIO. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.
BOSOLA. Are murdered.
ANTONIO. Some men have wished to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do't in sadness. I would not now
Wish my wounds balmed nor healed, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.
BOSOLA. Break, heart!
ANTONIO. And let my son fly the courts of princes. [*Dies.*
BOSOLA. Thou seem'st to have loved Antonio.
SERVANT. I brought him hither,
To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.
BOSOLA. I do not ask thee that.
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—Oh, my fate moves swift;
I have this Cardinal in the forge already;
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful misprision!

54. **the stars' tennis-balls.** The conception that man's fate is controlled by supernatural forces beyond his own reach or even knowledge is frequently expressed in Elizabethan drama; occasionally, however, the idea that man is "captain of his soul" appears, as, for example, in the words of Cassius to Brutus (*Julius Caesar*, Act I, Scene ii, lines 140–141):

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

62. **in sadness,** in all seriousness. 70. **The process,** etc., i.e., how I came to meet my death. 81. **misprision,** mistake.

I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same*

Enter CARDINAL, *with a book*

CARDINAL. I am puzzled in a question about hell;
He says in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, *and* Servant *bearing* ANTONIO'S *body*

Now, art thou come?
Thou look'st ghastly;
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mixed with some fear.
BOSOLA. Thus it lightens into action;
I am come to kill thee.
CARDINAL. Ha!—Help! our guard!
BOSOLA. Thou art deceived; they are out of thy howling.
CARDINAL. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.
BOSOLA. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
CARDINAL. Raise the watch!
We are betrayed!
BOSOLA. I have confined your flight;
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.
CARDINAL. Help! we are betrayed!

Enter, above, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODERIGO *and* GRISOLAN

MALATESTE. Listen.
CARDINAL. My dukedom for rescue!
RODERIGO. Fie upon his counterfeiting!
MALATESTE. Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.
RODERIGO. Yes, yes, 'tis he:
But I'll see him hanged ere I'll go down to him.
CARDINAL. Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted; I am lost,
Unless some rescue.
GRISOLAN. He doth this pretty well;
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honor.
CARDINAL. The sword's at my throat!
RODERIGO. You would not bawl so loud then.
MALATESTE. Come, come, let's go to bed; he told us this much aforehand.
PESCARA. He wished you should not come at him; but, believe't,
The accent of the voice sounds not in jest.
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors. [*Exit above.*
RODERIGO. Let's follow him aloof,
And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.
[*Exeunt, above,* MALATESTE, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN
BOSOLA. There's for you first,

4. **a guilty conscience.** Very few Elizabethan villains, however black, are represented as being conscienceless. Iago, in Shakespeare's *Othello*, displays no remorse, but Macbeth and King Claudius, on the other hand, are horror-stricken at their own crimes.

18. *Stage Direction:* **Enter, above.** The Elizabethan stage consisted of a platform, open on three sides, projecting into that part of the theater which we call the orchestra, but which the Elizabethans called the pit. The projecting part of this platform was not concealed by a curtain, but it is probable that an alcove to the rear was so equipped. It was perhaps this rear or alcove stage that was used in the public production of *The Duchess of Malfi* for the dumb-show (Act III, Scene iv) and for Ferdinand's display of the wax models of Antonio and the children (Act IV, Scene i). Some distance back from the front edge of the main platform were two pillars which supported an upper or balcony stage that may also have been equipped with a curtain. It was apparently from this balcony stage that Pescara and his companions listened to the calls for help that came from the Cardinal. If the Cardinal and Bosola were acting on the rear or alcove stage, as is probable, since this part of the platform was frequently employed for interior scenes, they would be directly beneath and so out of the line of vision of those in the balcony. 21. **his counterfeiting.** In a great many Elizabethan tragedies the villains are represented as being caught in their own traps. Notable examples of this device appear in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Act V, and in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act V, Scene ii. 33. **engines,** any instruments for forcing the door.

'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue. [*Kills the Servant.*
CARDINAL. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
BOSOLA. Look there.
CARDINAL. Antonio?
BOSOLA. Slain by my hand unwittingly.
Pray, and be sudden; when thou killed'st thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her sword.
CARDINAL. Oh, mercy!
BOSOLA. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time; there! [*Stabs him.*
CARDINAL. Thou hast hurt me.
BOSOLA. Again! [*Stabs him again.*
CARDINAL. Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any resistance?—Help, help, help!
I am slain!

Enter FERDINAND

FERDINAND. Th' alarum? give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost.
Yield, yield! I give you the honor of arms,
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?
CARDINAL. Help me; I am your brother!
FERDINAND. The devil!
My brother fight upon the adverse party?
[*He wounds the* CARDINAL, *and, in the scuffle, gives* BOSOLA *his death-wound.*
There flies your ransom.
CARDINAL. O justice!
I suffer now for what hath former bin;
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.
FERDINAND. Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both died in the field. The pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out; there's philosophy for you.
BOSOLA. Now my revenge is perfect.
—Sink, thou main cause
[*Kills* FERDINAND.
Of my undoing!—the last part of my life
Hath done me best service.
FERDINAND. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures beyond death.
BOSOLA. He seems to come to himself,
Now he's so near the bottom.
FERDINAND. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust. [*Dies.*
CARDINAL. Thou hast thy payment too.
BOSOLA. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN

PESCARA. How now, my lord?
MALATESTE. O sad disaster!
RODERIGO. How comes this?

47. **leveret,** a young hare. 50. **vaunt-guard,** vanguard. 59–60. **Caesar's fortune . . . Pompey's.** Julius Caesar was killed by a band of conspirators in 44 B.C. when his fortunes were at flood tide. His enemy, Pompey the Great, perished miserably in 48 B.C., murdered by one of his own centurions as he sought refuge in Egypt after his disastrous defeat by Caesar in Thessaly. 66. **barber,** see footnote on line 94, page 100. 71. **wet hay . . . broken-winded.** The insane Ferdinand still imagines himself a brute animal and calls for the remedy usually given to horses afflicted with broken wind, the common name for the heaves. 73. **vault credit,** do deeds beyond belief.

BOSOLA. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murdered
By th' Arragonian brethren; for Antonio
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia
Poisoned by this man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all,
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' th' end
Neglected.
PESCARA. How now, my lord?
CARDINAL. Look to my brother;
He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i' th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by, and never thought of. [*Dies.*
PESCARA. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue!
MALATESTE. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
BOSOLA. In a mist; I know not how;
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. Oh, I am gone!
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruined, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. Oh, this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth, womanish and fearful, mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just;
Mine is another voyage. [*Dies.*
PESCARA. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and showed me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO *and* ANTONIO'S *Son*

MALATESTE. O sir, you come too late!
DELIO. I heard so, and
Was armed for 't ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruin; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In 's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth;
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end. [*Exeunt.*

(1623.)

86. **Revenge,** etc. Here follows the conventional tragic roll call of the dead. For another example see Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, Act IV, Scene iv. 94. **rushes,** used in Elizabethan times as a covering for the floor.

125. **Integrity of life,** etc. The final scene, like most of the others, concludes with a sermon, applicable here to the lesson to be learned from the play as a whole. Since the ironist Bosola is dead, the philosophy is put into the mouth of the rather colorless Delio.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816)

NOTE

At the time when John Webster was writing his Elizabethan tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfi*, a contemporary playwright, Ben Jonson, was busy with his "comedy of humors," which expressed his rebellion against the "romantic" comedy of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. The "comedy of humors" aimed at realistic social satire; it represented contemporary life and manners and satirized men and women for those whims and crotchets that led them to make fools of themselves. After the Restoration of Charles II in 1660 this satirical tradition was carried on in the "comedy of manners," which did for its generation some of the things that Jonson's plays had done for the Elizabethan period. A century after the Restoration period the same general type of satirical drama reappeared in the work of Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose *School for Scandal* is an admirable example of the type. Like Ben Jonson, Sheridan was a rebel against the dramatic conventions of his time. His dramas are notable, therefore, not only because of their absolute merit, but also because the literature of revolt is usually more distinguished than that of convention, in that it is written with more spirit and in that it stands out from the mass of the usual. *The School for Scandal* is a reaction against the conventional, wooden, sentimental, and insipid plays of the late eighteenth century. Taken as a whole the drama of this period was artificial and dull. The dramatist aimed usually at instructing his audience, with the inevitable result that the didactic purpose lumbered heavily through the lines, and a play was as entertaining as a Georgian sermon. The moral irresponsibility and the sparkling dialogue of the Restoration comedy of manners were lacking. The characters were types, the movement was sluggish, the lines were heavy. The acting, in curious contrast, was brilliant; few ages have produced such artists as Garrick and his great associates. But the high art of the actors does not seem to have inspired the playwrights to write better plays. It was left to the two remarkable Irish playwrights to relieve the flatness of the period; this Goldsmith did in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Sheridan in *The School for Scandal*.

Just as many of the Restoration comic playwrights drew their inspiration from the work of Ben Jonson, so Sheridan was indebted to the Restoration comedies. Like them his play is a social satire. In his dramatic mirror he shows the clear reflection of a high society group, idle, polished, sparkling, but corrupt, hard as steel, and bleakly cold, selfish, and inhuman—sleek cats and hyenas banded to prey on the society of which they are a part. Like Jonson and the Restoration dramatists Sheridan used tag-names for this precious crew—Surface, Sneerwell, Backbite, Snake, and others. Like Jonson, again, but unlike many of the Restoration dramatists, he is moral in his conclusions. The plot is based on intrigue, but there is no cynical victory for the intriguers. In the end hypocrisy and evil doing are exposed, the bloodsuckers are sent packing, and right triumphs. The differences between *The School for Scandal* and the typical Restoration comedy spring principally from the difference in the social backgrounds in which the earlier playwrights and Sheridan lived and worked. Each dramatist wrote for his own audience. To the Restoration audience trickery and even viciousness were commendable if clever. Wit transcended virtue. To the Georgian audience the only proper conclusion of a play was with the triumph of virtue; and misdirected cleverness must be found out in the end and properly exposed to shame and ridicule.

To the general morality of the Georgian period Sheridan readily subscribed. In certain respects, however, his morality was no more that of the Georgians than it was that of the Restoration period. Georgian morality distorted life; the didacticism of the eighteenth century was heavy and unreal, and the

sentimentality thick and sweetish. Sheridan was not a realist in the sense of making an exact copy of life, but his characters do not have the characteristic distortion of the Georgian dramatic types. As has already been said, he rebelled against the insipidity of Georgian comedy, and without abandoning the essential morality of the period, he attacked its mawkish sentimentality. In Lady Sneerwell and her associates he attacks the vicious and corrosive gossip of high society; in Joseph Surface he assails hypocrisy, mock morality, and posturing sentimentalism. The man of sentiment in the time of George III was the man of fashion; on the stage and off he was much admired. His mouth was filled with philosophical platitudes; he agreed with everybody and studiously avoided even the appearance of opposition; he felt easy sympathies; he suffered much for others, and was readily moved to tears. In the contemporary novels and dramas the man of sentiment was universally applauded. But in Joseph Surface, Sheridan presents him as a soft, loathsome poseur and ingrate. In this oily hypocrite Sheridan is attacking not only the social type, but also the dramatic representation of him; he is stripping the accepted idol of all claim to merit, and this he does with repeated blows until there is nothing for Joseph to do but slink away, "moral to the last drop," out of the company of the benevolent and the honest.

The greatness of Sheridan's social comedy does not lie primarily in the plot. The plot, as a matter of fact, has been woven out of old stuff. Romantic and social comedies both represent, naturally enough, the progress of events from a disturbed state of affairs to a final stability. "The course of true love never did run smooth"; if it did, indeed, it would be quite flat and unfit for dramatic use. In *The School for Scandal*, therefore, the central plot involves the conventional triangle. Like most Restoration comedies, moreover, the play is a comedy of intrigue. The misunderstandings are created by the machinations of Joseph Surface, Lady Sneerwell, and their hired accomplice Snake. Because of his greed for evil-doing Joseph overreaches himself and is caught in his own trap. Lady Sneerwell's plots are overthrown by the double-dealing of Snake. But malevolent intrigues are not the only ones in the play; some have a benevolent, or at least legitimate, object. With the help of Rowley, an old servant of the Surface family, and Moses, a money-lender, Sir Oliver Surface, the rich uncle of the two young men, visits them separately in disguise and discovers for himself that Rowley's estimate of them is correct, and Sir Peter's wrong. Rowley and Sir Oliver are thus active intriguers. Inasmuch as neither side is aware, however, of the plots of the other, there is no deliberate counter-plotting such as is found in some comedies. Nevertheless, Sir Oliver's investigations into the characters of his nephews form part of the revelations that bring about the dénouement.

In all of the intrigues Sheridan follows Shakespeare in admitting his audience into the conspiracies. The humor comes, therefore, not from surprise, but from expectation. The audience are as gods, knowing all of the forces at work, and watching all the puppets act and speak under various misunderstandings and misinterpretations. In this respect the comedy is like an analytical study of a section of life; the hidden springs of human motives and the blindness of men and women are pitilessly revealed. For the audience there are no surprises; the pleasure of the gallery gods is in watching the surprises and astonishments of the human creatures in the microcosm of the stage.

Time-worn as are most of the dramatic devices, the story is skillfully worked out, and the "great scenes" are especially animated. Where Sheridan fails, perhaps, is in filling in between his climaxes. In the plains and valleys of the play the action tends to drag. The slow opening would be hardly tolerable to a modern audience, and in certain of the scenes, as, for example, the earlier ones in which Rowley figures, Sheridan is noticeably winding up his machinery. For this sluggishness he is not entirely responsible; the eighteenth century was notably a "talking age," and dialogues prolonged while the action halted could not have been as unacceptable to Sheridan's audience as they are ordinarily to us. In the climaxes, however, the action moves swiftly and surely. The great scenes, at least from the point of view of the plot, are those in which Charles Surface "knocks down" his ancestral portraits to his uncle in disguise, and in which the duplicity of Joseph Surface is revealed not only to Sir Peter

Teazle, but also to Sir Peter's erring lady. The second of these is worth an added word. "Screen scenes" are not novel; Shakespeare, for example, has made effective use of them in *Love's Labor's Lost* and in *Twelfth Night*. But seldom is the dramatic pattern—Lady Teazle behind the screen, Sir Peter in the closet opposite, and the desperate Joseph flitting between—so perfectly designed. Sheridan was sometimes indolent in perfecting his plays; in *The School for Scandal* his craftsmanship is masterly.

The characters of the play, like the plot, are not unique; some of them Sheridan had himself used before. "Mr." Surface and his brother Charles are the familiar elder and younger brother of numerous plays and prose romances. The uncle is the typical Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, the investigator in disguise. Rowley is the faithful old servant, familiar to the Elizabethan audience, and, indeed, still with us on the stage if not in life. Since he must pull some of the strings in the plots to smoke out the two brothers, to his typical virtues Sheridan has added an aptness for intrigue that tends to put him in the class of the Brainworms and other clever servants of the Jonson and Restoration plays. His foil is the flippant Trip, who has copied the vices of his master, Charles Surface, without attempting to imitate the virtues. In Sir Peter Teazle and his Lady appear elementally the stock old man and young wife. Lady Teazle plays a double rôle, however. Not only is she an old husband's tormentor, but she belongs also to the group of country dames who long to be fashionable in the city. The members of the scandal college are types, high society idlers who amuse themselves with empty gossip in their best moods, and meddle viciously in the affairs of others in their worst.

The plot, then, is not novel, but is very skillfully and effectively worked out, especially in the climaxes. The characters are usually old friends, but the best of them are so carefully etched as to seem highly individual. The real flavor of the play lies, however, not so much in these elements as in the sparkling and witty dialogue which has made it possible to classify the drama among the very greatest of social comedies.

Wit combats form much of the stuff of which social comedies are composed. Where social intercourse is sluggish and repartee slow and pointless, the social comedy fails, for to this type of drama witty conversation is the breath of life. No Georgian comedy, certainly, and perhaps none in any other period, can equal Sheridan's play in the cleverness, lightness, and sparkle of the dialogue. The witty and vivid characterizations of the scandal college are vitriolic, to be sure, but they are also highly entertaining and brilliant. But they are not so bubbling, light, and quick as the exchange of compliments between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle—dazzling verbal sword-play; thrust and parry with hit after hit! The lady's mind flashes, her perception of an opening under her opponent's guard is immediate, and her tongue is like barbed lightning. Beatrice and even Katharina the Shrew would be amateurs in her company; during her brief membership in the scandal club she out-tongued the veterans. It is Sheridan's wit and wisdom rather than his plot which have kept the drama on the stage for a century and a half.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, MAY 8, 1777

SIR PETER TEAZLE	*Mr. King*
SIR OLIVER SURFACE	*Mr. Yates*
SIR HARRY BUMPER	*Mr. Gawdry*
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE	*Mr. Dodd*
JOSEPH SURFACE	*Mr. Palmer*
CHARLES SURFACE	*Mr. Smith*
CARELESS	*Mr. Farren*
SNAKE	*Mr. Packer*
CRABTREE	*Mr. Parsons*
ROWLEY	*Mr. Aickin*
MOSES	*Mr. Baddeley*
TRIP	*Mr. Lamash*
LADY TEAZLE	*Mrs. Abington*
LADY SNEERWELL	*Miss Sherry*
MRS. CANDOUR	*Miss Pope*
MARIA	*Miss P. Hopkins*

Gentlemen, Maid, *and* Servants

SCENE—*London*

A PORTRAIT

ADDRESSED TO MRS. CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Tell me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,
Lives there no character, so tried, so known,
So decked with grace, and so unlike your own,
That even you assist her fame to raise,
Approve by envy, and by silence praise!
Attend!—a model shall attract your view—
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
Ye matron censors of this childish age,
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
A fixed antipathy to young and fair;
By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold—
In maiden madness, virulently bold!—
Attend, ye skilled to coin the precious tale,
Creating proof, where innuendoes fail!
Whose practiced memories, cruelly exact,
Omit no circumstance, except the fact!—
Attend, all ye who boast—or old or young—
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!
So shall my theme as far contrasted be
As saints by fiends or hymns by calumny.
Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name
In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame);
Come—for but thee who seek the Muse? and while
Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,
With timid grace and hesitating eye,
The perfect model which I boast supply:—

Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch create
Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—
Could thy blest strain in kindred colors trace
The faintest wonder of her form and face—
Poets would study the immortal line,
And Reynolds own his art subdued by thine;
That art, which well might added luster give
To nature's best and heaven's superlative;
On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise,
Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes!
Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,
Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery pays!
But praising Amoret we cannot err;
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her!
Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her own!
Adorning fashion, unadorned by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:
No state has Amoret; no studied mien;
She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;
It justly suits the expression of her face—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!
On her pure cheek the native hue is such
That, formed by Heaven to be admired so much,

A Portrait: **Mrs. Crewe,** Frances Anne Greville, daughter of Fulke Greville and wife of Lord Crewe; a much admired entertainer of politicians, artists, and men of letters. 25. **Amoret,** etc., a pastoral name under which Mrs. Crewe had been praised in verses by Charles Fox.

36. **Reynolds,** Sir Joshua, a famous English portrait painter (1723–1792), who had painted a portrait of Mrs. Crewe. 39. **Granby,** the Marchioness of Granby, a famous beauty who sat four times to Sir Joshua Reynolds. 40. **Devon,** Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the subject of one of Sir Joshua Reynold's best known portraits.

The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fixed a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast—
Inshrined Modesty—supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint?
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint!
But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, though denied to rule her speech;
And thou who seest her speak, and dost not hear,
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear;
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretense
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense:
Clothed with such grace, with such expression fraught,
They move in meaning, and they pause in thought!
But dost thou farther watch, with charmed surprise,
The mild irresolution of her eyes,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close—
Ah! seest thou not an ambushed Cupid there,
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight?
Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,
In pard'ning dimples hope a safe retreat.
What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow
Subduing frowns to arm her altered brow,
By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
More fatal still the mercy of her smiles!
Thus lovely, thus adorned, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,
The height of vanity, might well be thought
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.
Yet gentle Amoret, in mind supreme
As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme;
And, half mistrustful of her beauty's store,
She barbs with wit those darts too keen before:—
Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,
Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to teach,
Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern
How far it is a woman's grace to learn;
In Millar's dialect she would not prove
Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,
Graced by those signs which truth delights to own,
The timid blush, and mild submitted tone:
Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,
Displays the tender hue of female doubt;
Decked with that charm, how lovely wit appears,
How graceful science, when that robe she wears!
Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined:
A taste for mirth, by contemplation schooled,
A turn for ridicule, by candor ruled,
A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide;
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride!
Peace, idle Muse! no more thy strain prolong,
But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong;
Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise
Thy feeble verse, behold th' acknowledged praise
Has spread conviction through the envious train,
And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign!
And lo! each pallid hag, with blistered tongue,

96. **Greville**, Mrs. Crewe's mother, to whom Sheridan dedicated *The Critic*. 99. **Millar**, Lady, a pretender to poetical skill, who conducted poetry contests in her "Villa" at Bath. Of these meetings Walpole writes (*Letters*, ix, 134): ". . . since folly . . . ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull."

Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—
Owns all the colors just—the outline true:
Thee my inspirer, and my model—CREWE!

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK

A school for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing
Strong tea and scandal—"Bless me, how refreshing!
Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! [*Sips.*
Last night Lord L. [*sips*] *was caught with Lady D.*
For aching heads what charming sal volatile! [*Sips.*
If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll DRAW, *or we'll* UNDRAW *the curtain.*
Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,
But, by ourselves [*sips*], our praise we can't refuse it.
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star."
"Yes, ma'am—*A certain Lord had best beware,*
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;
For should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter"—"Oh! that's me! the villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestowed,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through—
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

Prologue: **Garrick,** David (1717–1779), English actor, theatrical manager, and writer of satirical comedies and farces notable for their clever intrigue and suitability for acting. In writing the present rimed prologue he followed the fashion which led playwrights to get their friends to contribute introductions to their plays. 8. **quantum sufficit,** a sufficient quantity. 9–13. **Wormwood . . . Lisp.** Garrick follows here the usual practice of tag-naming his characters. 15. **sal volatile,** ammonium carbonate, used as smelling salts. 18. **poz,** a colloquial abbreviation for *positively.*

20. **dash and star.** The contemporary scandal sheets protected themselves by printing initials followed by dashes and asterisks instead of the full names. 22. **Grosvenor Square,** a fashionable section of London, east of Hyde Park.

ACT I

SCENE I.—LADY SNEERWELL'S *Dressing-room*

LADY SNEERWELL *discovered at her toilet;* SNAKE *drinking chocolate*

LADY SNEER. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

SNAKE. They were, madam; and, as I

copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

LADY SNEER. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

SNAKE. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

LADY SNEER. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

SNAKE. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the *Town and Country Magazine*, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

LADY SNEER. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

SNAKE. 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her coloring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

LADY SNEER. You are partial, Snake.

SNAKE. Not in the least; everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or look than many can with the most labored detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

LADY SNEER. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

SNAKE. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

LADY SNEER. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbor, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

SNAKE. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favorite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

LADY SNEER. Then, at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

SNAKE. No!

LADY SNEER. His real attachment is to Maria or her fortune; but, finding in his brother a favored rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

25. **Town and Country Magazine**, a contemporary scandal sheet notorious especially for its "*tête-à-tête* portraits."

60–61. **Sir Peter Teazle.** In many well-constructed plays the leading characters are not discovered upon the stage when the curtain goes up for the first scene. Usually, as here, they are referred to in the conversation of other characters, and thus their first appearance is prepared for, as, for example, in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. A conventional opening is the "talking servants" introduction; Sheridan does better by bringing on at once a couple who are connected with the major action. Snake's detailed account of the relationships of the Teazles and Surfaces can hardly be supposed to give Lady Sneerwell any new information; but the audience has to be enlightened, and Lady Sneerwell provides a convenient pair of ears into which Snake's exposition may be poured. This introduction is a little slow for modern tastes that prefer more action; on this point consult the headnote. 79–80. **Mr. Surface**, i.e., Joseph. It was the fashion to reserve for the elder son the courtesy title of *Mister*.

SNAKE. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

LADY SNEER. Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess that Charles—that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation—that he it is for whom I am thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

SNAKE. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

LADY SNEER. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

SNAKE. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England; and, above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

LADY SNEER. True; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house—though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter SERVANT

SER. Mr. Surface.

LADY SNEER. Show him up.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE

Jos. SURFACE. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do today? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

LADY SNEER. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us; and, believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.

Jos. SURF. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

LADY SNEER. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

Jos. SURF. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

LADY SNEER. Ah, my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you. But do your brother's distresses increase?

Jos. SURF. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

LADY SNEER. Poor Charles!

Jos. SURF. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

LADY SNEER. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Jos. SURF. Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

SNAKE. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming; I'll go and copy

17. **I have found him out.** It should be noted that for the audience there are no surprises in the play; we know the true nature of every character and derive our pleasure from watching other characters fooled. The same omniscience in Shakespeare's audience led Coleridge to the dictum that expectation is a higher form of dramatic art than surprise. From one point of view the action may be said to spring from a succession of disguises, for, although the only actual case of deliberate disguise involves Sir Oliver Surface's successive impersonations of Mr. Premium and Mr. Stanley, nevertheless every character is supposed by other characters to be different from what he really is, until the dénouement clears up all misunderstandings. The climax, however, brings no enlightenment to an audience that has been "in" on all secrets from the very beginning. 26–27. **a man of sentiment.** Cf. the headnote, page 112. In Joseph Surface, Sheridan satirizes the popular moralizing hero of his period. It is also possible that he borrowed some of Joseph's traits from Molière's *Tartuffe* (1667).

40. **your most obedient,** fashionable contraction for "your most obedient *servant*." 63. **execution,** legal seizure of household goods for debt. 76–79. **Lud . . . Egad.** These and similar expressions are mild oaths formed usually by corrupting the name of the deity.

the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

Jos. Surf. Sir, your very devoted.—[*Exit* Snake.] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady Sneer. Why so?

Jos. Surf. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Jos. Surf. Nothing more likely; take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villainy. Ah, Maria!

Enter Maria

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Mar. Oh! there's that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady Sneer. Is that all?

Jos. Surf. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady Sneer. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

Mar. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Jos. Surf. Aye, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend, and his uncle's as bad.

Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance; Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Mar. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

Jos. Surf. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady Sneer. Pshaw! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature; the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Jos. Surf. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Mar. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Re-enter Servant

Ser. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and, if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit* Servant.] Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for, though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

Mar. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Jos. Surf. I' faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defense.

Lady Sneer. Hush!—here she is!

Enter Mrs. Candour

Mrs. Can. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Jos. Surf. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Oh, Maria! child—what, is the whole affair off between you and

9. **old Rowley.** The faithful old servant has always been a popular sentimental type from Shakespeare's *As You Like It* to Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard.* Usually, as here, he favors the younger brother.

Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

MAR. Indeed! I am very sorry, ma'am, the town is not better employed.

MRS. CAN. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

MAR. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

MRS. CAN. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

MAR. Such reports are highly scandalous.

MRS. CAN. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

MAR. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

MRS. CAN. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

JOS. SURF. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

MAR. 'Tis so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

MRS. CAN. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? Today, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things? No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

JOS. SURF. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good nature!

MRS. CAN. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance I own I always love to think the best. By-the-by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

JOS. SURF. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

MRS. CAN. Ah!—I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way: Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

JOS. SURF. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Re-enter SERVANT

SER. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. [*Exit.*

LADY SNEER. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE

CRAB. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too. Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

SIR BEN. Oh, fie, uncle!

CRAB. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rimer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

SIR BEN. Uncle, now—prithee——

CRAB. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

LADY SNEER. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

SIR BEN. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and, as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favored with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

[*Pointing to* MARIA.

CRAB. [*to* MARIA]. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

SIR BEN. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

CRAB. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

MRS. CAN. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

CRAB. No, ma'am, that's not it.—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

MRS. CAN. Impossible!

CRAB. Ask Sir Benjamin.

SIR BEN. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

CRAB. Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

LADY SNEER. Why, I have heard something of this before.

MRS. CAN. It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

SIR BEN. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

MRS. CAN. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

SIR BEN. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

MRS. CAN. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

CRAB. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

SIR BEN. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

LADY SNEER. How was it, pray?

CRAB. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, "I have known instances of it; for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins." "What!" cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who, you know, is as deaf as a post), "has Miss Piper had twins?" This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole

8–9. **conversazione**, a social gathering for the discussion of literature and art. 19. **vulgar to print.** The notion that to commit one's writing to the printed page is "not genteel" existed in some form or other from the Elizabethan Age to the Victorian Era. 30. **Petrarch's Laura**, either a real or fictitious woman whose beauty and virtue are praised in the sonnets of the Italian poet Petrarch (1304–1374). **Waller's Sacharissa**, the name given in his poems to the lady Dorothea Sidney by Edmund Waller, English poet (1606–1687).

82. **Tunbridge**, a summer resort in Kent, famous for its mineral springs.

company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

LADY SNEER. Strange, indeed!

CRAB. Matter of fact, I assure you. O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

JOS. SURF. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

CRAB. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

JOS. SURF. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

SIR BEN. To be sure he may; for my part I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

CRAB. That's true, egad, nephew. If the old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman; no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

SIR BEN. Yet no man lives in greater splendor. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

JOS. SURF. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

MAR. [*aside*]. Their malice is intolerable!—[*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning; I'm not very well. [*Exit.*

MRS. CAN. O dear! she changes color very much.

LADY SNEER. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her; she may want assistance.

MRS. CAN. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit.*

LADY SNEER. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

SIR BEN. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

CRAB. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that; follow her, and put her into good humor. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

SIR BEN. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

CRAB. O Lud, aye! undone as ever man was—can't raise a guinea.

SIR BEN. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

CRAB. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

SIR BEN. And I'm very sorry also to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going.*

CRAB. Oh, he has done many mean things, that's certain.

SIR BEN. But, however, as he's your brother—— [*Going.*

CRAB. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt* CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN.

LADY SNEER. Ha, ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

JOS. SURF. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than to Maria.

29. **nobody . . . Jews**, because, of course, they were the money-lenders. 31. **the old Jewry**, a section of London formerly occupied by Jewish money-lenders. 34–35. **Irish tontine**. A tontine annuity (so-called from Tonti, the Italian inventor of the plan) is one by which the survivors enjoy the share of each beneficiary who dies. Under acts of the Irish parliament in 1773, 1775, and 1777, the British government secured money on the tontine principle in connection with government life annuities; these were called the Irish tontines to distinguish them from other government tontines. 41. **securities**, sureties, persons who had pledged themselves for him and gone his bond. 43. **an officer**, etc., probably a reference to a similar scene in Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, Act III.

LADY SNEER. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing further; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE

SIR PET. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY

ROW. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

SIR PET. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

ROW. What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

SIR PET. A good question to a married man!

ROW. Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

SIR PET. Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

ROW. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

SIR PET. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

ROW. Indeed!

SIR PET. Aye; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

ROW. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

SIR PET. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but, for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the

1. **I doubt,** for "I do not doubt." 35. *Stage Direction:* **Enter Rowley.** Rowley is a mixture of the typical old servant, faithful to the prodigal son of the family, and the intriguing god of the machine whose manipulations of the strings result in the final exposures.

rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

ROW. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

SIR PET. What! let me hear.

ROW. Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

SIR PET. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

ROW. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

SIR PET. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met. We have had many a day together; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

ROW. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

SIR PET. Ah! There needs no art to discover their merits—he shall have his way; but, pray, does he know I am married?

ROW. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

SIR PET. What, as we drink health to a friend in consumption! Ah, Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

ROW. By no means.

SIR PET. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

ROW. I understand you—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

SIR PET. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Room in* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE

SIR PET. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

LADY TEAZ. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR PET. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY TEAZ. Authority! No, to be sure—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

SIR PET. Old enough!—aye, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

LADY TEAZ. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

SIR PET. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

LADY TEAZ. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year

24. **some trial, etc.** A typical dramatic device by which the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid of the play makes his investigations in disguise. For parallels read Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. 42. **Noll,** nickname for Oliver.

Act II, Scene i. Stage Direction: **Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.** The old man married to the sprightly and intriguing young wife is the favorite *mésalliance* in primitive farce. Usually the husband does not have the sympathy of the audience, but Sir Peter is an exception. 84. **Pantheon,** a London concert hall named after the Roman Pantheon. 85. **fête champêtre,** an out-of-door entertainment or festival.

round, and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR PET. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY TEAZ. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

LADY TEAZ. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

LADY TEAZ. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not the materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the Curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

SIR PET. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse?

LADY TEAZ. No—I swear I never did that; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR PET. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY TEAZ. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is——

SIR PET. My widow, I suppose?

LADY TEAZ. Hem! hem!

SIR PET. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill-conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

LADY TEAZ. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

SIR PET. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

LADY TEAZ. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

SIR PET. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY TEAZ. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR PET. Aye—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

LADY TEAZ. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR PET. Aye, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

LADY TEAZ. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

SIR PET. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle

3. **Oons,** a contraction of the oath *God's wounds.* 14. **tambour,** a circular frame to hold cloth for embroidering. 31. **Pope Joan,** an elaborate card game named after the fictitious female pope. 39. **coach—vis-à-vis,** a coach in which two or four could sit face to face. 41. **chair,** i.e., sedan chair; cf. footnote on line 34, page 144. 42. **white cats.** Sir Peter probably refers to white ponies; cf. Backbite's jingle at the beginning of the following scene. 42–43. **Kensington Gardens,** a park in London.

who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

LADY TEAZ. What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

SIR PET. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

LADY TEAZ. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR PET. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

LADY TEAZ. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LADY SNEERWELL'S *House*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *discovered*

LADY SNEER. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

JOS. SURF. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

SIR BEN. Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

CRAB. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

SIR BEN. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I am sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

CRAB. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

JOS. SURF. A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

SIR BEN. Oh dear, sir!—trifles—trifles.—

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA

MRS. CAN. I must have a copy.

LADY SNEER. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

LADY TEAZ. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

LADY SNEER. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

MAR. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

LADY TEAZ. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

MRS. CAN. Now, I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

44. **Hyde Park,** the most famous of London Parks. 44–45. **duodecimo phaeton,** a "pocket-edition" four-wheeled carriage. Duodecimo is one of the smaller sizes of books; the comparison comes very appropriately from the literary Sir Benjamin. 47. **pocket-book,** a memorandum book. 50. **macaronies,** fops, or dandies who aspired to slender figures. The name comes probably from the fondness of these high-toned gentry for the Italian paste which is still popular. The *macaroni* was a popular stage type. He was known to colonial Americans through the derisive *Yankee Doodle:*

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called him *macaroni.*"

66. **piquet,** a card game for two.

LADY TEAZ. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

MRS. CAN. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

LADY SNEER. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

CRAB. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

MRS. CAN. She has a charming fresh color.

LADY TEAZ. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

MRS. CAN. Oh, fie! I'll swear her color is natural; I have seen it come and go.

LADY TEAZ. I dare swear you have, ma'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

SIR BEN. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

MRS. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

CRAB. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

MRS. CAN. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

SIR BEN. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

LADY SNEER. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

SIR BEN. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique!

CRAB. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

MRS. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

SIR BEN. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

LADY TEAZ. Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

MRS. CAN. How can you be so ill-natured?

LADY TEAZ. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

LADY SNEER. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

LADY TEAZ. In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE

SIR PET. Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set—a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*

MRS. CAN. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

SIR PET. It must be very distressing to you, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

MRS. CAN. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

LADY TEAZ. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

MRS. CAN. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and, when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

LADY SNEER. That's very true, indeed.

LADY TEAZ. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited

76–77. **a character dead at every word.** Probably a paraphrase from Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*, iii, 16: "At ev'ry word a reputation dies." 96. **small whey,** the watery part of milk, diluted—not a very fattening beverage!

up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

MRS. CAN. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

SIR PET. Yes, a good defense, truly.

MRS. CAN. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

CRAB. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

MRS. CAN. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

LADY SNEER. Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

MRS. CAN. True; and then as to her manner, upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

SIR BEN. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

SIR PET. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

MRS. CAN. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill-spoken of.

SIR PET. No, to be sure!

SIR BEN. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

LADY TEAZ. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

MRS. CAN. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

CRAB. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

SIR BEN. So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

CRAB. Caledonian locks——

SIR BEN. Dutch nose——

CRAB. Austrian lips——

SIR BEN. Complexion of a Spaniard—

CRAB. And teeth *à la Chinoise*——

SIR BEN. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation——

CRAB. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

MRS. CAN. Ha! ha! ha!

SIR PET. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

LADY SNEER. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

MRS. CAN. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle——

SIR PET. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

LADY SNEER. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

SIR PET. Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

LADY TEAZ. True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

SIR BEN. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

LADY TEAZ. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

SIR PET. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe

2. **the Ring**, a circular drive in Hyde Park.

61. **à la Chinoise**, like those of a Chinaman. 63. **Spa**, a Belgian watering-place.

there are many would thank them for the bill.

LADY SNEER. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

SIR PET. Aye, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

LADY SNEER. Go, you monster!

MRS. CAN. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

SIR PET. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

CRAB. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

SIR PET. Oh, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation.

LADY SNEER. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers* SIR PETER

SIR PET. I'll be with them directly.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*

LADY SNEER. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

SIR PET. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*

SIR BEN. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being; I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

LADY TEAZ. Oh, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them.

[*Exeunt all but* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* MARIA.

JOS. SURF. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

MAR. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

JOS. SURF. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are—they have no malice at heart.

MAR. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

JOS. SURF. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

MAR. Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

JOS. SURF. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favored rival.

MAR. Ungenerously urged! But, whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

JOS. SURF. Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown; by all that's honest, I swear—— [*Kneels.*

Re-enter LADY TEAZLE *behind*

[*Aside.*] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle.—[*Aloud to* MARIA.] You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle——

MAR. Lady Teazle!

JOS. SURF. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect——

LADY TEAZ. [*coming forward*]. What is this, pray? Do you take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit* MARIA.] What is all this, pray?

JOS. SURF. Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavoring to reason with her when you came in.

LADY TEAZ. Indeed! but you seemed

14. **law merchant**, law dealing with business relationships.

to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

Jos. Surf. Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast——but, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady Teaz. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

Jos. Surf. True—a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to.

Lady Teaz. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left that, though Sir Peter's ill humor may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to——

Jos. Surf. The only revenge in your power. Well, I applaud your moderation.

Lady Teaz. Go—you are an insinuating wretch. But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

Jos. Surf. But we had best not return together.

Lady Teaz. Well, don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. [*Exit.*

Jos. Surf. A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*A Room in* Sir Peter Teazle's *House*

Enter Sir Oliver Surface *and* Rowley

Sir Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! so my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last!

13–14. **Platonic cicisbeo**, a dispassionate gallant moved by pure chivalric etiquette.

Row. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliv. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles—never sees him, hey?

Row. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighborhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favorite.

Sir Oliv. Aye, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. No, no; if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Row. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him, and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliv. What! shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

Row. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliv. Egad, so he does. Mercy on me, he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

Enter Sir Peter Teazle

Sir Pet. Ha! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliv. Thank you, thank you, Sir

Peter! and i' faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

SIR PET. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

SIR OLIV. Aye, I have had my share. But, what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy? Well, well, it can't be helped; and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

SIR PET. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

SIR OLIV. True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting. No, no, no.

ROW. [*aside to* SIR OLIVER]. Take care, pray, sir.

SIR OLIV. Well, so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

SIR PET. Wild! Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be—everybody in the world speaks well of him.

SIR OLIV. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

SIR PET. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

SIR OLIV. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

SIR PET. Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

SIR OLIV. Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter—I don't mean to defend Charles's errors; but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

ROW. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

SIR PET. Oh, my life on Joseph's honor!

SIR OLIV. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

SIR PET. *Allons*, then!

SIR OLIV. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little. For my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Room in* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, *and* ROWLEY

SIR PET. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards. But how is this, Master Rowley? I don't see the jest of your scheme.

ROW. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles. From the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavoring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

SIR OLIV. Ah! he is my brother's son.

SIR PET. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to——

ROW. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends; and, as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair

5. **Cross accident**, unexpected bit of misfortune.

60. **Allons**, French for "let us go"; here merely an exclamation.

opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—

"a heart to pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

SIR PET. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well, make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

ROW. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence.—This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

SIR PET. Pray let us have him in.

ROW. [*apart to* SERVANT]. Desire Mr. Moses to walk upstairs.

SIR PET. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

ROW. Oh, I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices.

SIR PET. I have heard too much on that subject.

ROW. Here comes the honest Israelite.

Enter MOSES

—This is Sir Oliver.

SIR OLIV. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew Charles.

MOS. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

SIR OLIV. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

MOS. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

SIR OLIV. Unfortunate, indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

MOS. Yes, he knows that. This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

SIR PET. What, one Charles has never had money from before?

MOS. Yes, Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

SIR PET. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

MOS. Not at all.

SIR PET. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation; go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

SIR OLIV. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

SIR PET. True—so you may.

ROW. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure. However, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

MOS. You may depend upon me. This is near the time I was to have gone.

SIR OLIV. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses—— But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

MOS. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

SIR OLIV. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a moneylender?

SIR PET. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character if you went in your own carriage—would it, Moses?

MOS. Not in the least.

7. **"a heart to pity," etc.** Misquoted from Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV*, *IV*, iv, 31–32. The original reads: "He hath a *tear* for pity," etc.

65–66. **Crutched Friars,** a street in London.

SIR OLIV. Well, but how must I talk? There's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

SIR PET. Oh, there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands. Hey, Moses?

MOS. Yes, that's a very great point.

SIR OLIV. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent on the loan, at least.

MOS. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

SIR OLIV. Hey! what, the plague! how much then?

MOS. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

SIR PET. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

SIR OLIV. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

MOS. Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

SIR OLIV. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

MOS. And your friend is an unconscionable dog, but you can't help that.

SIR OLIV. My friend an unconscionable dog?

MOS. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

SIR OLIV. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

SIR PET. I'faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean—you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

MOS. Very much.

ROW. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

MOS. Aye, great pity!

SIR PET. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious grip of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

SIR OLIV. So, so—Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

SIR PET. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

SIR OLIV. Oh, never fear! my tutor appears so able that, though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

SIR PET. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced; you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

ROW. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

SIR PET. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and want to speak with her.—[*Exit* ROWLEY.] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

MAR. No, sir; he was engaged.

SIR PET. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

MAR. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

SIR PET. So—here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you

45. **run out,** expatiate. 46. **the Annuity Bill,** a bill which became a law in 1777. It was designed to protect minors and provided that "all Contracts for the Purchase of Annuities with any Person under twenty-one years of age were to be void." Sir Peter's point is that because of this law young prodigals had a harder time borrowing money on annuities and so ruining themselves.

would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

MAR. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him; I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

SIR PET. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

MAR. Never to his brother!

SIR PET. Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

MAR. I can only say you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Was ever man so crossed as I am? Everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE

LADY TEAZ. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

SIR PET. Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

LADY TEAZ. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

SIR PET. Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humor without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

LADY TEAZ. Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well.[*Offering her hand.*

SIR PET. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

LADY TEAZ. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

SIR PET. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

LADY TEAZ. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

SIR PET. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

LADY TEAZ. Aye, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

SIR PET. Indeed!

LADY TEAZ. Aye, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR PET. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

LADY TEAZ. And never differ again?

SIR PET. No, never—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

53. **seal me a bond.** Sir Peter is playfully asking for a kiss, and his lady replies with another play on words. Sheridan may possibly have had in mind Shylock's words, "seal me . . . your bond," (*Merchant of Venice*, I, iii, 145–146).

LADY TEAZ. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

SIR PET. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

LADY TEAZ. Then don't you begin it, my love!

SIR PET. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

LADY TEAZ. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

SIR PET. There! now you want to quarrel again.

LADY TEAZ. No, I'm sure I don't, but if you will be so peevish——

SIR PET. There now! who begins first?

LADY TEAZ. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

SIR PET. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

LADY TEAZ. Aye, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR PET. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

LADY TEAZ. You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

SIR PET. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

LADY TEAZ. So much the better.

SIR PET. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

LADY TEAZ. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

SIR PET. Aye, aye, madam, but you were pleased enough to listen to me; you never had such an offer before.

LADY TEAZ. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR PET. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are, not without grounds——

LADY TEAZ. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

SIR PET. Very well, madam! very well! a separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

LADY TEAZ. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye! bye! [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper; no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CHARLES SURFACE'S *House*

Enter TRIP, MOSES, *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE

TRIP. Here, Master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

SIR OLIV. Mr. Moses, what is my name? [*Aside to* MOSES.

MOS. Mr. Premium.

TRIP. Premium—very well.

[*Exit, taking snuff.*

SIR OLIV. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

MOS. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

SIR OLIV. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP

TRIP. My master says you must wait, gentlemen; he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

SIR OLIV. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

TRIP. Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium—no, no, no.

SIR OLIV. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

TRIP. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

SIR OLIV. Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

TRIP. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

SIR OLIV. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*

TRIP. And *à propos*, Moses, have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

SIR OLIV. Wants to raise money too! —mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*

MOS. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

TRIP. Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

MOS. No, 'twouldn't do.

TRIP. A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by the way of annuity?

SIR OLIV. An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*

MOS. Well, but you must insure your place.

TRIP. Oh, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

SIR OLIV. It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*

MOS. But is there nothing you could deposit?

TRIP. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow?

MOS. Well, well. [*Bell rings.*

TRIP. Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same*

CHARLES SURFACE, SIR HARRY BUMPER, CARELESS, *and* GENTLEMEN, *at a table with wine, etc.*

CHAS. SURF. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true! —there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but plague on't, they won't drink.

CARE. It is so, indeed, Charles! they give in to all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh, certainly society suffers by it intolerably; for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne, without the spirit or flavor.

25. **bags and bouquets**, respectively, a silk pouch to hold the back hair of a wig, and the perfume for the wig. Sir Oliver's ejaculation indicates clearly that such style was not usual for men servants.

61–62. **equity of redemption**, the right of reclaiming them (before winter sets in) by payment of principal and interest. 63. **reversion**, right of future possession. 64. **post-obit**, payable after the death of his master (cf. page 139, line 31). "Like master, like man"; Trip is trying to borrow money on his expectations.

1 GENT. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

CARE. True! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

CHAS SURF. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I'm never so successful as when I am a little merry; let me throw on a bottle of champagne, and I never lose—at least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2 GENT. Aye, that I believe.

CHAS SURF. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

CARE. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favorite.

CHAS SURF. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

CARE. Oh, then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

CHAS. SURF. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria—

SIR HAR. Maria who?

CHAS. SURF. Oh, damn the surname! —'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar—but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

CARE. Nay, never study, Sir Harry; we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

SIR HAR. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady. [*Sings.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

ALL. Bravo! bravo!

Enter TRIP, *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE

CHAS. SURF. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you?

CARE. Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropped in by chance?

CHAS. SURF. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

CARE. Oh, damn it! let's have the Jew in.

1 GENT. Aye, and the broker too, by all means.

2 GENT. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in.—[*Exit* TRIP.] Though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

CARE. Charles, let us give them some

5. **hazard regimen**, a course of dieting to improve his chances at hazard, an old game played with dice.

generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Re-enter TRIP, *with* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES

CHAS. SURF. So, honest Moses, walk in; pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

MOS. Yes, sir.

CHAS. SURF. Set chairs, Trip.—Sit down, Mr. Premium.—Glasses, Trip.—Sit down, Moses.—Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

MOS. Success to usury! [*Drinks.*

CARE. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

SIR OLIV. Then—here's all the success it deserves! [*Drinks.*

CARE. No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1 GENT. A pint bumper, at least.

MOS. Oh, pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

CARE. And therefore loves good wine.

2 GENT. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

CARE. Here, now for 't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

SIR OLIV. Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

CHAS. SURF. No, hang it, you shan't; Mr. Premium's a stranger.

SIR OLIV. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company. [*Aside.*

CARE. Plague on 'em then! if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room.—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

CHAS. SURF. I will! I will!—[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY BUMPER *and* GENTLEMEN, CARELESS *following.*] Careless.

CARE. [*returning*]. Well!

CHAS. SURF. Perhaps I may want you.

CARE. Oh, you know I am always ready; word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit.*

MOS. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honor and secrecy and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium this is——

CHAS. SURF. Pshaw! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression; he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

SIR OLIV. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

SIR OLIV. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses?

MOS. But you can't help that.

SIR OLIV. And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses?

MOS. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

CHAS. SURF. Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for 't!

SIR OLIV. Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

CHAS. SURF. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

101. **bough-pots**, window-vases for plants.

SIR OLIV. Nor any stock, I presume?

CHAS. SURF. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

SIR OLIV. Why, to say the truth, I am.

CHAS. SURF. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

SIR OLIV. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

SIR OLIV. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

MOS. Oh, yes! I'll swear to't.

SIR OLIV. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*

CHAS. SURF. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

SIR OLIV. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, yes, you would! the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

SIR OLIV. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

CHAS. SURF. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

SIR OLIV. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

CHAS. SURF. There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations don't know him.

SIR OLIV. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations don't know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

CHAS. SURF. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

SIR OLIV. No, no, I'm not.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

SIR OLIV. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he has actually arrived.

CHAS. SURF. Pshaw! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

MOS. Oh, yes, certainly.

SIR OLIV. Very true, as you say; you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

MOS. Yes, most undoubted!

SIR OLIV. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

CHAS. SURF. How do you mean?

SIR OLIV. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

CHAS. SURF. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation-bowls! —[*Aloud.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

31. **post-obit**; cf. footnote, page 136.

94. **corporation-bowls**, the "loving-cups" presented to former members of the Surface family who had served on the corporation, or board of aldermen or burgesses of a corporate town.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom!—[*Aloud.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

CHAS. SURF. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

MOS. I know nothing of books.

SIR OLIV. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

CHAS. SURF. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

SIR OLIV. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

CHAS. SURF. Every man of them to the best bidder.

SIR OLIV. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

CHAS. SURF. Aye, and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. Now I give him up. [*Aloud.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

CHAS. SURF. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth?

SIR OLIV. Well, I'll be the purchaser; I think I can dispose of the family canvas.—[*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

Re-enter CARELESS

CARE. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

CHAS. SURF. I can't come yet. I'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

CARE. Oh, burn your ancestors!

CHAS. SURF. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you; egad, you shall be auctioneer—so come along with us.

CARE. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. [I can] handle a hammer as well as a dice box!

SIR OLIV. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*

CHAS. SURF. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

SIR OLIV. Oh, yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—[*Aside.*] Oh, the prodigal!

CHAS. SURF. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Picture Room in* CHARLES SURFACE'S *House*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS

CHAS. SURF. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

SIR OLIV. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière grâce* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

SIR OLIV. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHAS. SURF. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

CARE. Aye, aye, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

73. **volontière grâce**, French for "unintended charm."

CHAS. SURF. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking pedigree down.*] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

SIR OLIV. What an unnatural rogue! —an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*

CARE. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

CHAS. SURF. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

MOS. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHAS. SURF. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

CHAS. SURF. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! —[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

CHAS. SURF. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

SIR OLIV. Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHAS. SURF. Well, take that couple for the same.

MOS. 'Tis a good bargain.

CHAS. SURF. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOS. Four guineas.

CHAS. SURF. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

SIR OLIV. By all means.

CARE. Gone!

CHAS. SURF. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

SIR OLIV. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

CARE. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

CHAS. SURF. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester. Take him at eight pounds.

SIR OLIV. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

CHAS. SURF. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

SIR OLIV. They're mine.

11. **ex post facto**, retroactive. 23. **Duke of Marlborough**, John Churchill, English general, 1650–1722. The battle of Malplaquet was fought in France in 1709. 28. **clipped**, with hair cut short. 43. **Kneller**, Sir Godfrey, German-English portrait-painter, 1646–1723.

73. **woolsack**, the English judicial court, so called from the sack of wool, shaped like a divan, on which the Lord Chancellor sat in the House of Lords. 95. **make it guineas**. The guinea is worth twenty-one shillings, the pound only twenty.

CHAS. SURF. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale—what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

CARE. Aye, aye, that will be the best way.

SIR OLIV. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

CARE. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

SIR OLIV. Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHAS. SURF. What, that? Oh, that's my uncle Oliver! 'Twas done before he went to India.

CARE. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

SIR OLIV. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

CHAS. SURF. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

CHAS. SURF. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

CHAS. SURF. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

SIR OLIV. [*aside*]. How like his father the dog is!—[*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done.—[*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—[*Aloud.*] Here is a draught for your sum.

CHAS. SURF. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

SIR OLIV. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

CHAS. SURF. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

SIR OLIV. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

SIR OLIV. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

CHAS. SURF. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

SIR OLIV. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

CHAS. SURF. Aye, all but the little nabob.

SIR OLIV. You're fixed on that?

CHAS. SURF. Peremptorily.

SIR OLIV. [*aside.*] A dear extravagant rogue!—[*Aloud.*] Good day!—Come, Moses,—[*Aside*]. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!

[*Exit with* MOSES.

CARE. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw!

CHAS. SURF. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. —Ha! here's Rowley.—Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

CARE. I will—but don't let that old

20–21. **before he went to India.** With this remark and with Sir Peter's "'Tis fifteen years since we met" (Act I, line 19, page 124) Sheridan takes pains to account for the fact that Joseph and Charles Surface do not recognize their uncle.

85. **nabob,** originally an Indian ruler; applied later to any one who returned from the East with great wealth, or, indeed, to any rich man.

blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

CHAS. SURF. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

CARE. Nothing else.

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, never fear.—[*Exit* CARELESS.] So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see, two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

Enter ROWLEY

Ha! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

ROW. Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

CHAS. SURF. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting; but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

ROW. There's no making you serious a moment.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

ROW. A hundred pounds! Consider only——

CHAS. SURF. Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and, if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

ROW. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb——

CHAS. SURF. *Be just before you're generous.*—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

ROW. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection——

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, it's very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by Heaven I'll give; so damn your economy! and now for hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The parlor*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES

MOS. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

SIR OLIV. True, but he would not sell my picture.

MOS. And loves wine and women so much.

SIR OLIV. But he would not sell my picture.

MOS. And games so deep.

SIR OLIV. But he would not sell my picture. Oh, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY

ROW. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase——

SIR OLIV. Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

ROW. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase-money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

MOS. Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

ROW. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

SIR OLIV. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

ROW. Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP

TRIP. Oh, gentlemen, I beg pardon

60. **hazard**, cf. footnote on line 5, page 137.

for not showing you out; this way—Moses, a word. [*Exit with* MOSES.

SIR OLIV. There's a fellow for you! Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master!

ROW. Indeed!

SIR OLIV. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah, Master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now they have their vices, like their birthday clothes, with the gloss on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Library in* JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* SERVANT

JOS. SURF. No letter from Lady Teazle?

SER. No, sir.

JOS. SURF. [*aside*]. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor.

[*Knocking without.*

SER. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

JOS. SURF. Hold! See whether it is or not before you go to the door; I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

SER. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

JOS. SURF. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do; —my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper.—[SERVANT *draws the screen, and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE

LADY TEAZ. What sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

JOS. SURF. Oh, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

LADY TEAZ. Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

JOS. SURF. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

LADY TEAZ. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

JOS. SURF. [*aside*]. Indeed I do not.—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

LADY TEAZ. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

JOS. SURF. Aye, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

LADY TEAZ. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!

JOS. SURF. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless

34. leaves her chair, etc. Her ladyship's reason for this precaution is obvious. For *chair* see footnote on line 41, page 125. **39. so anxious a temper,** so inquisitive a disposition.

suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to outwit him.

LADY TEAZ. Indeed! So that if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

JOS. SURF. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

LADY TEAZ. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence——

JOS. SURF. Ah, my dear madam, there is the great mistake; 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

LADY TEAZ. 'Tis very true!

JOS. SURF. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

LADY TEAZ. Do you think so?

JOS. SURF. Oh, I'm sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for—in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

LADY TEAZ. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

JOS. SURF. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

LADY TEAZ. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

JOS. SURF. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

LADY TEAZ. Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

JOS. SURF. Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes—Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

LADY TEAZ. Don't you think we may as well leave *honor* out of the question? [*Rises.*

JOS. SURF. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

LADY TEAZ. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill-usage sooner than your *honorable logic*, after all.

JOS. SURF. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—— [*Taking her hand.*

Re-enter SERVANT

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

SER. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

JOS. SURF. Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

LADY TEAZ. Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

SER. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

LADY TEAZ. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again——

[*Goes behind the screen.*

JOS. SURF. Give me that book.

[*Sits down.* SERVANT *pretends to adjust his chair.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE

SIR PET. Aye, ever improving himself. Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface——

JOS. SURF. Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I

89. *Stage Direction:* **behind the screen.** Eavesdropping is a favorite device with comic playwrights. Its psychological advantage lies in the circumstance that the audience is aware that other ears are listening, whereas at least some of the speakers are not; everything spoken, therefore, takes on a double significance. The present scene is one of the most famous screen-scenes in comedy. It is a perfect climax of disillusionment in which the physical screen becomes the symbol of other screens of concealment that are thrown down.

beg your pardon. [*Gaping, throws away the book.*] I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

SIR PET. 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps.

JOS. SURF. Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

SIR PET. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

JOS. SURF. Aye, or to hide anything in a hurry either. [*Aside.*

SIR PET. Well, I have a little private business——

JOS. SURF. You need not stay.

[*To the* SERVANT.

SER. No, sir. [*Exit.*

JOS. SURF. Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg——

SIR PET. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

JOS. SURF. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

SIR PET. Aye, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

JOS. SURF. Indeed! you astonish me!

SIR PET. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

JOS. SURF. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

SIR PET. Aye, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

JOS. SURF. Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

SIR PET. I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

JOS. SURF. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

SIR PET. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

JOS. SURF. My brother! impossible!

SIR PET. Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

JOS. SURF. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

SIR PET. True; but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

JOS. SURF. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

SIR PET. Aye; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

JOS. SURF. That's very true.

SIR PET. And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

JOS. SURF. That's true, to be sure—they *would* laugh.

SIR PET. Laugh! aye, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

JOS. SURF. No—you must never make it public.

SIR PET. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

JOS. SURF. Aye, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

SIR PET. Aye—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

JOS. SURF. Oh, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it

should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

SIR PET. What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

JOS. SURF. Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

SIR PET. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

JOS. SURF. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [*Aside.*

SIR PET. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

JOS. SURF. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

SIR PET. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

JOS. SURF. [*softly*]. Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

SIR PET. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

JOS. SURF. [*softly*]. I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!— [*Aside.*

SIR PET. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

JOS. SURF. Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

Re-enter SERVANT

Well, sir?

SER. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

JOS. SURF. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

SIR PET. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me—you shall be at home.

JOS. SURF. Well, well, let him up.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

SIR PET. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

JOS. SURF. Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?

SIR PET. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me; here, behind the screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

JOS. SURF. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

SIR PET. Ah! a rogue—— But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

80. **trepan**, variant of *trapan*, to trap or snare.
95. **an absolute Joseph**. A reference to the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife told in *Genesis* xxxix.

JOS. SURF. Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it!

SIR PET. No! then, faith, let her hear it out.—Here's a closet will do as well.

JOS. SURF. Well, go in there.

SIR PET. Sly rogue! sly rogue!

[*Going into the closet.*

JOS. SURF. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

LADY TEAZ. [*peeping*]. Couldn't I steal off?

JOS. SURF. Keep close, my angel!

SIR PET. [*peeping*]. Joseph, tax him home.

JOS. SURF. Back, my dear friend!

LADY TEAZ. [*peeping*]. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

JOS. SURF. Be still, my life!

SIR PET. [*peeping*]. You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

JOS. SURF. In, in, my good Sir Peter! —'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE

CHAS. SURF. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

JOS. SURF. Neither, brother, I assure you.

CHAS. SURF. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

JOS. SURF. He *was*, brother; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

CHAS. SURF. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

JOS. SURF. No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

CHAS. SURF. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

JOS. SURF. To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

CHAS. SURF. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

JOS. SURF. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

CHAS. SURF. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

JOS. SURF. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

[*Aloud.*

CHAS. SURF. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

JOS. SURF. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

CHAS. SURF. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

JOS. SURF. Well!

CHAS. SURF. Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for i' faith, I always understood *you* were her favorite.

JOS. SURF. Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

CHAS. SURF. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

JOS. SURF. Nay, nay, sir; this is no jest.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, I'm serious. Don't you remember one day, when I called here——

JOS. SURF. Nay, prithee, Charles——

CHAS. SURF. And found you together——

JOS. SURF. Zounds, sir, I insist——

CHAS. SURF. And another time, when your servant——

JOS. SURF. Brother, brother, a word with you!—[*Aside.*] Gad, I must stop him.

CHAS. SURF. Informed, I say, that—

JOS. SURF. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

CHAS. SURF. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

JOS. SURF. Softly; there!

[*Points to the closet.*

CHAS. SURF. Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

JOS. SURF. No, no——

CHAS. SURF. I say, Sir Peter, come into court.—[*Pulls in* SIR PETER.] What! my old guardian!—What!—turn inquisitor, and take evidence, incog.?

SIR PET. Give me your hand, Charles —I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

CHAS. SURF. Indeed!

SIR PET. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did. What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

CHAS. SURF. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph?

SIR PET. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, that was a joke.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, I know his honor too well.

CHAS. SURF. But you might as well have suspected *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph?

SIR PET. Well, well, I believe you.

JOS. SURF. Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*

SIR PET. And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Re-enter SERVANT *and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE

JOS. SURF. Gentlemen, I beg pardon —I must wait on you downstairs; here's a person come on particular business.

CHAS. SURF. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

JOS. SURF. [*aside*]. They must not be left together.—[*Aloud.*] I'll send this man away, and return directly.—[*Aside to* SIR PETER.] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

SIR PET. [*aside to* JOSEPH SURFACE]. I! not for the world!—[*Exit* JOSEPH SURFACE.] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

CHAS. SURF. Pshaw! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

SIR PET. No, no—come, come—you wrong him. No, no, Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—[*Aside.*] I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph.

CHAS. SURF. Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

SIR PET. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him; he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

CHAS. SURF. Why, you won't tell him?

SIR PET. No—but—this way.—[*Aside.*] Egad, I'll tell him. [*Aloud.*] Hark'ee, have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

CHAS. SURF. I should like it of all things.

SIR PET. Then, i' faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

CHAS. SURF. What! Joseph? you jest.

SIR PET. Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

CHAS. SURF. The devil she is!

SIR PET. Hush! I tell you.

[*Points to the screen.*

CHAS. SURF. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

SIR PET. No, no, he's coming—you shan't, indeed!

CHAS. SURF. Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

SIR PET. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me.

CHAS. SURF. I'll stand by you——

SIR PET. Odds, here he is—

[JOSEPH SURFACE *enters just as* CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*

CHAS. SURF. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

SIR PET. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

CHAS. SURF. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves. —[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit* CHARLES. *They stand for some time looking at each other.*

JOS. SURF. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

SIR PET. If you please, sir.

JOS. SURF. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming —being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

SIR PET. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

LADY TEAZ. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

SIR PET. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

LADY TEAZ. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

SIR PET. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

JOS. SURF. [*aside to* LADY TEAZLE]. 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

LADY TEAZ. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

SIR PET. Aye, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

LADY TEAZ. Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

SIR PET. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

JOS. SURF. The woman's mad!

LADY TEAZ. No, sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [*Exit.*

JOS. SURF. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows——

SIR PET. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

JOS. SURF. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you *shall* hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

[*Exeunt* SIR PETER *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *talking.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Library in* JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* SERVANT

JOS. SURF. Mr. Stanley! and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

SER. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

JOS. SURF. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

SER. I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady——

JOS. SURF. Go, fool!—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humor to listen to other people's distresses! I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY

SIR OLIV. What! does he avoid us? That was he, was it not?

ROW. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

SIR OLIV. Oh, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

ROW. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

SIR OLIV. Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

ROW. Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

SIR OLIV. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

ROW. I doubt you'll find it so; —but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

SIR OLIV. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

ROW. Without losing a moment. [*Exit.*

SIR OLIV. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE

JOS. SURF. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting.—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

SIR OLIV. At your service.

JOS. SURF. Sir, I beg you will do me the honor to sit down—I entreat you, sir.

SIR OLIV. Dear sir—there's no occasion.—[*Aside.*] Too civil by half!

JOS. SURF. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

SIR OLIV. I was, sir; so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

JOS. SURF. Dear sir, there needs no apology; he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

SIR OLIV. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

JOS. SURF. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart; you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

SIR OLIV. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Jos. Surf. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliv. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Jos. Surf. Oh, dear sir, nothing of the kind! No, no; a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir Oliv. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! [*Aside.*

Jos. Surf. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother; there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliv. Not I, for one! [*Aside.*

Jos. Surf. The sums I have lent him! Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliv. [*aside*]. Dissembler!—[*Aloud.*] Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Jos. Surf. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliv. I am extremely sorry——

Jos. Surf. Not more than I, believe me; to pity without the power to relieve is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliv. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Jos. Surf. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley.—William, be ready to open the door.

[*Calls to* Servant.

Sir Oliv. Oh, dear sir, no ceremony.

Jos. Surf. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliv. Sir, your most obsequious.

Jos. Surf. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliv. Sweet sir, you are too good.

Jos. Surf. In the meantime I wish you health and spirits.

Sir Oliv. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Jos. Surf. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliv. [*aside*]. Charles, you are my heir. [*Exit.*

Jos. Surf. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Enter Rowley

Row. Mr. Surface, your servant; I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Jos. Surf. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley. [*Reads the letter.*]—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Row. He is, indeed; we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Jos. Surf. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone. [*Calls to* Servant.

Row. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

Jos. Surf. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Row. I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Jos. Surf. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—[*Aside.*] Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky!

12. **pagodas**, gold or silver coins of India. 15. **congou tea**, a black tea from China. 15–16. **avadavats**, usually spelled *amadavat* (from the city of Ahmadabad), a small Indian song-bird. 16. **Indian crackers**, probably fire-crackers.

Row. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Jos. Surf. Oh! I'm overjoyed to hear it.—[*Aside.*]—Just at this time!

Row. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

Jos. Surf. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.—[*Exit* Rowley.] Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruelest piece of ill fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*

Enter MRS. CANDOUR *and* MAID

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. Can. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

Maid. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. Can. Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress.—[*Exit* Maid.] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE

Oh, Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose——

Sir Ben. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface——

Mrs. Can. And Sir Peter's discovery——

Sir Ben. Oh, the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. Can. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir Ben. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Can. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir Ben. No, no, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. Can. No such thing! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir Ben. I tell you I had it from one——

Mrs. Can. And I have it from one——

Sir Ben. Who had it from one, who had it——

Mrs. Can. From one immediately ——but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL

Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle.

Mrs. Can. Aye, my dear friend, who would have thought——

Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting appearances; though indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young!

Lady Sneer. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. Can. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady Sneer. No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface——

Sir Ben. Aye, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. Can. No, no; indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Can. Yes, yes; he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

Sir Ben. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not——

Mrs. Can. Sir Peter's wound! Oh, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Ben. No! what, no mention of the duel?

Mrs. Can. Not a word.

Sir Ben. Oh, yes; they fought before they left the room.

43. **Mr. Surface**, i.e., Joseph; see footnote on line 79-80, page 117.

LADY SNEER. Pray let us hear.

MRS. CAN. Aye, do oblige us with the duel.

SIR BEN. "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

MRS. CAN. Aye, to Charles——

SIR BEN. No, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

MRS. CAN. Aye, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

SIR BEN. 'Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"giving me immediate satisfaction." —On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords——

Enter CRABTREE

CRAB. With pistols, nephew—pistols! I have it from undoubted authority.

MRS. CAN. Oh, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

CRAB. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded——

SIR BEN. By a thrust in second quite through his left side——

CRAB. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

MRS. CAN. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

CRAB. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

MRS. CAN. I knew Charles was the person.

SIR BEN. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

CRAB. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude——

SIR BEN. That I told you, you know——

CRAB. Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate——

SIR BEN. Just as I said——

CRAB. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

SIR BEN. I heard nothing of this.

CRAB. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

SIR BEN. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

LADY SNEER. [*aside*]. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Exit.*

SIR BEN. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

CRAB. Yes, yes, they certainly do say —but that's neither here nor there.

MRS. CAN. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

CRAB. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

MRS. CAN. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

CRAB. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

SIR BEN. Hey! who comes here?

CRAB. Oh, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

MRS. CAN. Oh, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE

CRAB. Well, doctor, what hopes?

20–21. **hartshorn and water**, smelling salts made of spirits of hartshorn or aqua ammonia. 29. **a thrust in second**. In fencing the *seconde* was one of the positions in parrying.

53–54. **Salthill . . . Montem**. Salthill was a place near Eton where the schoolboys from Eton College held an annual festival, called the *processus ad Montem*, or procession to the hill, during which they begged money for scholarships. The festival was abolished in 1847. 68. **double letter**, a letter requiring double postage. 86–87. **the faculty**, i.e., the medical faculty or body of men learned in medicine and surgery. In this scene Sir Oliver, the champion disguiser of the play, has a disguise thrust upon him.

MRS. CAN. Aye, doctor, how's your patient?

SIR BEN. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword?

CRAB. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

SIR OLIV. Doctor! a wound with a small-sword! and a bullet in the thorax! —Oons! are you mad, good people?

SIR BEN. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

SIR OLIV. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

CRAB. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

SIR OLIV. Not a word!

CRAB. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

SIR OLIV. The devil he is!

SIR BEN. Run through the body——

CRAB. Shot in the breast——

SIR BEN. By one Mr. Surface——

CRAB. Aye, the younger.

SIR OLIV. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts; however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

SIR BEN. Oh, yes, we agree there.

CRAB. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

SIR OLIV. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we have just given you over.

SIR BEN. [*aside to* CRABTREE]. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

SIR OLIV. Why, man! what do you out of bed with a small-sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

SIR PET. A small-sword and a bullet?

SIR OLIV. Aye; these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

SIR PET. Why, what is all this?

SIR BEN. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

SIR PET. So, so; all over the town already. [*Aside.*

CRAB. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

SIR PET. Sir, what business is that of yours?

MRS. CAN. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

SIR PET. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

SIR BEN. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

SIR PET. Sir, sir! I desire to be master in my own house.

CRAB. 'Tis no uncommon case; that's one comfort.

SIR PET. I insist on being left to myself; without ceremony, I insist on your leaving my house directly!

MRS. CAN. Well, well, we are going; and depend on't, we'll make the best report of it we can. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Leave my house!

CRAB. And tell how hardly you've been treated. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Leave my house!

SIR BEN. And how patiently you bear it. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

SIR OLIV. They are very provoking indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY

ROW. I heard high words; what has ruffled you, sir?

SIR PET. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

ROW. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

SIR OLIV. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

SIR PET. A precious couple they are!

ROW. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

SIR OLIV. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

ROW. Aye, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

SIR OLIV. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

ROW. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

SIR OLIV. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age! But how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

SIR PET. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

ROW. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

SIR PET. Pshaw! plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

ROW. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

SIR PET. And does Sir Oliver know all this?

SIR OLIV. Every circumstance.

SIR PET. What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

SIR OLIV. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story! ha! ha! ha!

SIR PET. 'Twas very pleasant.

SIR OLIV. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: ha! ha! ha!

SIR PET. Oh, vastly diverting! ha! ha! ha!

ROW. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments! ha! ha! ha!

SIR PET. Yes, yes, his sentiments! ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

SIR OLIV. Aye, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet; ha! ha! ha!

SIR PET. Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

SIR OLIV. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down; ha! ha!

SIR PET. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down; ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

SIR OLIV. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

SIR PET. Oh, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account; it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. Oh, yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining!

ROW. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools. But I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

SIR OLIV. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

SIR PET. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

ROW. We'll follow.

[*Exit* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

SIR PET. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

ROW. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

SIR PET. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

ROW. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

SIR PET. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

ROW. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

SIR PET. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a re-

68. Mr. S——, etc. See footnote on line 20, page 116.

markably elegant turn of the head she has. Rowley, I'll go to her.

Row. Certainly.

Sir Pet. Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Row. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir Pet. I'faith, so I will! and if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Row. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion——

Sir Pet. Hold, Master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment; I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Library in* Joseph Surface's *House*

Enter Joseph Surface *and* Lady Sneerwell

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Jos. Surf. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning neither. Oh, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Jos. Surf. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

Lady Sneer. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

Jos. Surf. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

Lady Sneer. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavor to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Jos. Surf. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Jos. Surf. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us?

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Jos. Surf. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honor to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

Lady Sneer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Jos. Surf. Come, come; it is not too late yet.—[*Knocking at the door.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver—retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he's gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if *he* should find you out too.

Jos. Surf. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady Sneer. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

Jos. Surf. I will, I will.—[*Exit* Lady Sneerwell.] So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events my character is so much better than Charles's that I certainly— hey!—what—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and——

Enter Sir Oliver Surface

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

Jos. Surf. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg——Come

any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

SIR OLIV. No; Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

JOS. SURF. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

SIR OLIV. Nay, sir——

JOS. SURF. Sir, I insist on 't—Here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE

CHAS. SURF. Heyday! what's the matter now? What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother, don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

JOS. SURF. So! he has been with you too, has he?

CHAS. SURF. To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little—— But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

JOS. SURF. Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every——

CHAS. SURF. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

JOS. SURF. Yet Mr. Stanley insists——

CHAS. SURF. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

JOS. SURF. No, sir, Stanley.

CHAS. SURF. No, no, Premium.

JOS. SURF. Well, no matter which—but——

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house. [*Knocking.*

JOS. SURF. 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley——

CHAS. SURF. Aye, aye, and I beg, Mr. Premium——

SIR OLIV. Gentlemen——

JOS. SURF. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

CHAS. SURF. Aye, out with him, certainly.

SIR OLIV. This violence——

JOS. SURF. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

CHAS. SURF. Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing* SIR OLIVER *out.*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE, MARIA, *and* ROWLEY

SIR PET. My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder!—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

LADY TEAZ. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

ROW. Truly it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

SIR OLIV. Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

JOS. SURF. Charles!

CHAS. SURF. Joseph!

JOS. SURF. 'Tis now complete!

CHAS. SURF. Very!

SIR OLIV. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him. Judge, then, my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude!

SIR PET. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

LADY TEAZ. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

SIR PET. Then, I believe, we need add no more; if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment that he is known to the world.

CHAS. SURF. If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to *me*, by-and-by? [*Aside.*

40. A. B. Initials used for disguising his identity, when he was "paged" at a coffeehouse; a usual Georgian practice.

88-89. let him call me, etc., let him ask me for a testimonial as to his character.

[SIR PETER, LADY TEAZLE, *and* MARIA *retire.*

SIR OLIV. As for that prodigal, his brother, there——

CHAS. SURF. Aye, now comes my turn; the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

JOS. SURF. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honor me with a hearing?

CHAS. SURF. Now, if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

SIR OLIV. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely?

[*To* JOSEPH SURFACE.

JOS. SURF. I trust I could.

SIR OLIV. [*To* CHARLES SURFACE.] Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

CHAS. SURF. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

SIR OLIV. What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

CHAS. SURF. True, sir; but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

ROW. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

SIR OLIV. Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

CHAS. SURF. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

SIR OLIV. Charles, I believe you. Give me your hand again; the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

CHAS. SURF. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

LADY TEAZ. Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

SIR OLIV. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush——

SIR PET. Well, child, speak your sentiments.

MAR. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me, whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

CHAS. SURF. How, Maria!

SIR PET. Heyday! what's the mystery now? While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

MAR. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

CHAS. SURF. Lady Sneerwell!

JOS. SURF. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. [*Opens the door.*

Enter LADY SNEERWELL

SIR PET. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

LADY SNEER. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

CHAS. SURF. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

JOS. SURF. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

SIR PET. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

ROW. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE

I thought his testimony might be

1. *Stage Direction:* **Sir Peter . . . retire,** to the back of the stage only; see below.

wanted; however, it happens unluckily that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

LADY SNEER. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! Speak, fellow, have you too conspired against me?

SNAKE. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons. You paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

SIR PET. Plot and counterplot, egad!

LADY SNEER. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all! [*Going.*

LADY TEAZ. Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college of which you are president, and inform them that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

LADY SNEER. You too, madam!—provoking—insolent! May your husband live these fifty years! [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Oons! what a fury!

LADY TEAZ. A malicious creature, indeed!

SIR PET. Hey! not for her last wish?

LADY TEAZ. Oh, no!

SIR OLIV. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

JOS. SURF. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say; however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. Moral to the last drop!

SIR OLIV. Aye, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Oil and Vinegar!—egad! you'll do very well together.

ROW. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

SNAKE. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

SIR PET. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

SNAKE. But I must request of the company that it shall never be known.

SIR PET. Hey! what the plague! are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

SNAKE. Ah, sir, consider—I live by the badness of my character; I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and, if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

SIR OLIV. Well, well—we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear. [*Exit* SNAKE.

SIR PET. There's a precious rogue!

LADY TEAZ. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

SIR OLIV. Aye, aye, that's as it should be, and, egad, we'll have the wedding tomorrow morning.

CHAS. SURF. Thank you, dear uncle!

SIR PET. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

CHAS. SURF. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked *yes.*

MAR. For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

SIR OLIV. Well, then, the fewer the better; may your love for each other never know abatement.

SIR PET. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

CHAS. SURF. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

SIR OLIV. You do indeed, Charles.

ROW. If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt—but deserve to be happy—and you overpay me.

SIR PET. Aye, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

CHAS. SURF. Why as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it. But here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide.—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst waive
thy beauty's sway,
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:
An humble fugitive from Folly view,
No sanctuary near but Love and you:
[*To the audience.*
You can, indeed, each anxious fear
remove,
For even Scandal dies if you approve.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE

By Mr. Colman

SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all
one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my
vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock—my
spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley
Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!
Old bachelors who marry smart young
wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your
lives;
Each bring his dear to town, all faults
upon her—
London will prove the very source of
honor.
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it
serves,
When principles relax, to brace the
nerves.
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.
And say, ye fair! was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemned to such a dismal
doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to
waste it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early crowing
cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock;
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling
brats surrounded?
With humble curate can I now retire
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the
squire),
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main! Dear sound that must
expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas
fire;
The transient hour of fashion too soon
spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell
content!
Farewell the plumèd head, the cushioned
tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper
seat!
That spirit-stirring drum!—card drums
I mean,
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king
and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen
throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glori-
ous Town!
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and
said 'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his
play,
And in these solemn periods stalked away:
"Blessed were the fair like you; her
faults who stopped,
And closed her follies when the curtain
dropped!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great
stage."

(1777)

4. **To the audience.** The usual bid for applause familiar in plays from Shakespeare to Sheridan.

Epilogue: **Mr. Colman.** Mr. George Colman, the Elder (1732–1794), was a dramatist and manager of the Covent Garden Theater and, later, of the Haymarket Theater. 5. **Bayes,** a caricature of Dryden in Buckingham's *Rehearsal.* The word is used here in a generic sense.

23. **pounded,** impounded, imprisoned. 28. **loo,** a card game played for stakes. **vole,** a "grand slam" made by winning all the cards in a deal. 29. **Seven's the main,** seven is the high card. 30. **hot cockles,** a children's game in which one who is blind-folded guesses who has struck him. 32–41. **Farewell . . . more.** Paraphrased in parts from *Othello,* III, iii, 349–358. 35. **card drums,** a noisy group of fashionable people at a card party. 36. **Spadille,** the ace of spades. **pam,** the jack of clubs in the game of loo. **basto,** the ace of clubs in the games of quadrille and ombre.

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THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY*

By Arthur Wing Pinero (1855–)

NOTE

Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* is the tragedy of a widow who is killed by her two brothers for remarrying in opposition to their wishes; Shakespeare's *Othello* is the tragedy of a successful general who becomes insanely jealous of his wife, accuses her of infidelity, kills her, and kills himself on learning that she was innocent. So presented, *The Duchess of Malfi* and *Othello* are "domestic" tragedies. And yet they cannot properly be characterized as "domestic." "Domestic" is a pedestrian word with little connotation of the heroic; it suggests the petty round of routine living within four walls, and its tragedies are on a lower social level than those with which Webster and Shakespeare dealt. The Aristotelian hero who appears in the typical Elizabethan tragedies could never have been a banker, a lawyer, a tradesman, or a craftsman—or even a gentleman of leisure. His passions, unlike theirs, are on a grand scale. His fortunes are often deeply rooted in the soil of national and social life; he is more than an individual—he is the representative of the dominant social group. The passion that led the Duchess of Malfi to brave the anger of her fiery brothers is of a grand type. Her attitude toward life is noble; her actions are heroic; her language is the language befitting great actions.

For domestic tragedy we must step from the heights of the heroic to the plane of daily living. This the Elizabethans frequently did. To such levels, however, Shakespeare's tragedies did not descend. This is, perhaps, the best reason for denying him the authorship of the anonymous *Arden of Feversham* (1592), for this play is a genuine domestic tragedy, a bourgeois *Agamemnon*, in which a guilty wife and her paramour kill the husband at his fireside just as Clytemnestra and Ægisthus slay the returning Greek hero at his family altar. The story of the murder of Arden by his wife and her lover was taken from life. It presented to the Elizabethans a tragedy of a home wrecked by lust and murder; it preached to the audience that the wages of sin is death. So also did Thomas Heywood's bourgeois tragedy *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1607). This play contains no murder, but the home is wrecked by sin, and remorse of conscience slays the adulteress. In both of these plays and in numerous other Elizabethan tragedies like them the leading characters are drawn from the middle classes, the tragedy is on the level of domestic unhappiness, and the language is prose and not the sounding blank verse of the tragedies which deal with kings and queens.

The didacticism of the Elizabethan domestic tragedies reappears in the eighteenth century. The warning for wives in *Arden of Feversham* is not unlike that contained in the ballad accounts of the confessions and repentance of condemned criminals in the same century. The sermonizing of William Hogarth in his pictures of *The Rake's Progress*, *The Harlot's Progress*, and *Industry and Idleness* appeared again in such plays as George Lillo's *The London Merchant, or The History of George Barnwell* (1731). To problems of family life and marital relationships the eighteenth century domestic tragedy adds those of parental authority, relations of master and apprentice, and similar associations of interest to the middle and the lower classes. The sermonizing is even more direct than in most of the Elizabethan plays of this type, and the characters are constantly stepping out of rôle to address to the audience words of admonition and warning. In *The London Merchant* George Barnwell, having been led by a beautiful but unprincipled woman from simple disobedience of his master through successive crimes to murder, goes to his fate only after a lengthy harangue addressed to "any youth . . . or tender maid"; and the play concludes with the following

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moral couplets, which show clearly enough the author's conception of the stage as a pulpit:

With bleeding hearts and weeping eyes we show
A human, gen'rous sense of others' woe,
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And, by avoiding that, prevent our own.

With these Elizabethan and Georgian examples of domestic tragedy in evidence, it is not correct to think of this type of drama as entirely modern. Modern domestic tragedies show some changes in content, structure, and purpose, but the *genre* is much the same. With this fact in mind we shall examine the domestic tragedy of the nineteenth century, of which Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is so notable an example.

"Problem plays," as has been just pointed out, can hardly be said to have originated in the Victorian period, but toward the end of the nineteenth century there was a distinct renewal of interest in them. This interest was stimulated, although not created, by the work of Ibsen, whose *A Doll's House* (1879), *Ghosts* (1881), *Hedda Gabler* (1890), and other social tragedies aroused much discussion and some sharp opposition to the content of the plays and to his treatment of social problems. To many late Victorian theater-goers Ibsen's introduction of middle-class heroes and heroines and his frank treatment of subjects tabooed in the stiff drawing-rooms of London were intolerable because unconventional and "vulgar." But the *genre* had returned to stay for a while. Soon Oscar Wilde, Arthur Wing Pinero, and others were producing English domestic dramas, and opposition to the type died before the end of the nineties.

The English plays, like those of Ibsen, deal with the living social problems of the period and principally with domestic and social relationships. In England the type ran largely to the treatment of marital problems or to problems growing out of contacts of men and women. In many of these plays the woman with a past has a prominent rôle; this is the part played by the heroine of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. The late Victorian social tragedies do not have the obvious morality and didacticism of their eighteenth century prototypes. The playwright usually presents his problem as though he were himself detached from it. He shows no apparent fear that his audience will not be properly instructed and improved; he seems indifferent to their understanding of his problem or their acceptance of his solution. Moreover, the Victorian social tragedies are not always so bourgeois as were the earlier ones. Perhaps as a concession to the distaste of the drawing-room for vulgarity and "suburban" life and atmosphere, their social *milieu* is often higher than that of Ibsen's dramas. Their action, however, is not elevated to the heroic; there is in them little suggestion of the loftiness of Dryden's world tragedy. If a phrase may be coined for them, they may be characterized as "upper democratic."

Arthur Wing Pinero's long popular play is entirely typical of the *genre*. It was first produced in London on May 27, 1893, just three years after the first London production of *Hedda Gabler*. In spite of the tenseness of the action, especially in its high moments, and the vivid personality of Paula, the focus of the play is in the problem. The problem is deeper than that arising from a conventional social *mésalliance;* it presents the question as to whether or not a woman with a past, however strong her desire to become socially conventional, can lay the ghosts of her earlier mistakes. Pinero's answer to this puzzle is that she can never outlive her past.

If Paula had been a soulless creature as empty of spirituality as her vulgar friend Lady Orreyed, the tragedy could not have been so moving. But her soul is deep, and her longing to forget and to be loved is intense. Her gradual realization, therefore, that the woman with a past carries the horrid stigma of her vicious living and can never return to respectable society, is highly tragic, for she suffers and writhes in the torture-chambers of a growing despair that ultimately makes suicide a welcome escape from an intolerable mental and spiritual agony. We may not believe that Pinero's solution of the problem is the only solution. However, it harmonizes with the social backgrounds and philosophies in which the play is set, and any solution which would present Paula as triumphant and not defeated would be melodramatic—not tragic.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray resembles the great Elizabethan tragedies in one respect; it has a single outstanding figure in the wretched heroine struggling against the Nemesis of a social code that she cannot break. Although

it is true that Aubrey and Ellean show some development throughout the play, or reveal, at least, a succession of changes in attitude toward other characters, all of the characters excepting Paula are essentially static. Her own nature is changed and developed by clashes with Aubrey, Ellean, and Mrs. Cortelyon; each clash results in a dramatic change, and a removal of the action to new ground. The real character development is centered in Paula, and the action moves through her successive experiences, discoveries, and disillusionments. And because of her capacity for suffering, the play is a true tragedy.

PERSONS

AUBREY TANQUERAY
PAULA
ELLEAN
CAYLEY DRUMMLE
MRS. CORTELYON
CAPTAIN HUGH ARDALE
GORDON JAYNE, M.D.
FRANK MISQUITH, Q.C., M.P.
SIR GEORGE ORREYED, BART.
LADY ORREYED
MORSE

The Present Day

The Scene of the First Act is laid at MR. TANQUERAY'S *rooms, No. 2 x, The Albany, in the month of November; the occurrences of the succeeding Acts take place at his house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surrey, during the early part of the following year.*

THE FIRST ACT

AUBREY TANQUERAY'S *Chambers in the Albany—a richly and tastefully decorated room, elegantly and luxuriously furnished; on the right a large pair of doors opening into another room, on the left at the further end of the room a small door leading to a bed-chamber. A circular table is laid for a dinner for four persons, which has now reached the stage of dessert and coffee. Everything in the apartment suggests wealth and refinement. The fire is burning brightly.*

AUBREY TANQUERAY, MISQUITH, *and* JAYNE *are seated at the dinner-table.* AUBREY *is forty-two, handsome, winning in manner, his speech and bearing retaining some of the qualities of young manhood.* MISQUITH *is about forty-seven, genial and portly.* JAYNE *is a year or two* MISQUITH'S *senior; soft-speaking and precise—in appearance a type of the prosperous town physician.* MORSE, AUBREY'S *servant, places a little cabinet of cigars and the spirit-lamp on the table beside* AUBREY *and goes out.*

MISQUITH. Aubrey, it is a pleasant yet dreadful fact to contemplate, but it's nearly fifteen years since I first dined with you. You lodged in Piccadilly in those days, over a hat-shop. Jayne, I met you at that dinner, and Cayley Drummle.

JAYNE. Yes, yes. What a pity it is that Cayley isn't here tonight.

AUBREY. Confound the old gossip! His empty chair has been staring us in the face all through dinner. I ought to have told Morse to take it away.

MISQUITH. Odd, his sending no excuse.

AUBREY. I'll walk round to his lodgings later on and ask after him.

Persons: Q. C., Queen's Counsel. This rank is conferred upon distinguished English barristers by the Lord Chancellor; these counsels usually represent the Crown in court pleadings. M. P., member of Parliament. Bart., baronet.

Scene: The Albany. Situated on the north side of Piccadilly, and fitted up with bachelor apartments, the Albany has numbered among its illustrious tenants Macaulay, Canning, and Byron.

Stage Direction: Aubrey Tanqueray's Chambers in the Albany. The dramatic technique of this opening scene is interesting in itself, but is even more so when compared with that exhibited in the opening scenes of the other plays in this collection. The object of the dramatist is to convey to the audience as quickly as possible the information necessary to an understanding of the plot and characters, and as far as possible to avoid mere exposition. Common dramatic devices for conveying such information are: a quarrel between two or more of the characters, a dialogue between servants, or a telephone conversation. Here, as the purpose of the dramatist is first to establish Aubrey's social status in London, he uses a small bachelor dinner at which Jayne and Misquith furnish the atmosphere of Aubrey's world. Having provided this atmosphere and served as stage listeners to whom Drummle may relate the circumstances of Aubrey's first marriage, Jayne and Misquith drop out of the play. It is interesting to notice how their remarks emphasize important points in the speeches of Aubrey and Drummle. Economy of effect might have been served by the omission of the scene with Jayne and Misquith, and the use of Drummle instead; but the rather leisurely opening, with certain repetitions in the second scene of material from the first, is typical of drama in the era in which the play was written.

MISQUITH. I'll go with you.

JAYNE. So will I.

AUBREY [*opening the cigar-cabinet*]. Doctor, it's useless to tempt you, I know. Frank—[MISQUITH *and* AUBREY *smoke*.] I particularly wished Cayley Drummle to be one of us tonight. You two fellows and Cayley are my closest, my best friends——

MISQUITH. My dear Aubrey!

JAYNE. I rejoice to hear you say so.

AUBREY. And I wanted to see the three of you round this table. You can't guess the reason.

MISQUITH. You desired to give us a most excellent dinner.

JAYNE. Obviously.

AUBREY [*hesitatingly*]. Well — I — [*glancing at the clock*]—Cayley won't turn up now.

JAYNE. H'm, hardly.

AUBREY. Then you two shall hear it. Doctor, Frank, this is the last time we are to meet in these rooms.

JAYNE. The last time?

MISQUITH. You're going to leave the Albany?

AUBREY. Yes. You've heard me speak of a house I built in the country years ago, haven't you?

MISQUITH. In Surrey.

AUBREY. Well, when my wife died I cleared out of that house and let it. I think of trying the place again.

MISQUITH. But you'll go raving mad if ever you find yourself down there alone.

AUBREY. Ah, but I sha'n't be alone, and that's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going to be married.

JAYNE. Going to be married?

MISQUITH. Married?

AUBREY. Yes—tomorrow.

JAYNE. Tomorrow?

MISQUITH. You take my breath away! My dear fellow, I—I—of course, I congratulate you.

JAYNE. And—and—so do I—heartily.

AUBREY. Thanks—thanks.

[*There is a moment or two of embarrassment.*]

MISQUITH. Er—ah—this is an excellent cigar.

JAYNE. Ah—um—your coffee is remarkable.

AUBREY. Look here; I dare say you two old friends think this treatment very strange, very unkind. So I want you to understand me. You know a marriage often cools friendships. What's the usual course of things? A man's engagement is given out, he is congratulated, complimented upon his choice; the church is filled with troops of friends, and he goes away happily to a chorus of good wishes. He comes back, sets up house in town or country, and thinks to resume the old associations, the old companionships. My dear Frank, my dear good doctor, it's very seldom that it can be done. Generally, a worm has begun to eat its way into those hearty, unreserved, pre-nuptial friendships; a damnable constraint sets in and acts like a wasting disease; and so, believe me, in nine cases out of ten a man's marriage severs for him more close ties than it forms.

MISQUITH. Well, my dear Aubrey, I earnestly hope——

AUBREY. I know what you're going to say, Frank. I hope so, too. In the meantime let's face dangers. I've reminded you of the *usual* course of things, but my marriage isn't even the conventional sort of marriage likely to satisfy society. Now, Cayley's a bachelor, but you two men have wives. By-the-by, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne when you get home—don't forget that. Well, your wives may not—like—the lady I'm going to marry.

JAYNE. Aubrey, forgive me for suggesting that the lady you are going to marry may not like our wives—mine at least; I beg your pardon, Frank.

AUBREY. Quite so; then I must go the way my wife goes.

MISQUITH. Come, come, pray don't let us anticipate that either side will be called upon to make such a sacrifice.

AUBREY. Yes, yes, let us anticipate it. And let us make up our minds to have no slow bleeding-to-death of our friendship. We'll end a pleasant chapter here tonight, and after tonight start afresh. When my wife and I settle down

at Willowmere, it's possible that we shall all come together. But if this isn't to be, for Heaven's sake let us recognize that it is simply because it *can't* be, and not wear hypocritical faces and suffer and be wretched. Doctor, Frank—[*holding out his hands, one to* MISQUITH, *the other to* JAYNE]—good luck to all of us!

MISQUITH. But—but—do I understand we are to ask nothing? Not even the lady's name, Aubrey?

AUBREY. The lady, my dear Frank, belongs to the next chapter, and in that her name is Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray.

JAYNE [*raising his coffee-cup*]. Then, in an old-fashioned way, I propose a toast. Aubrey, Frank, I give you "The Next Chapter!"

[*They drink the toast, saying, "The Next Chapter!"*]

AUBREY. Doctor, find a comfortable chair; Frank, you, too. As we're going to turn out by-and-by, let me scribble a couple of notes now while I think of them.

MISQUITH AND JAYNE. Certainly—yes, yes.

AUBREY. It might slip my memory when I get back.

[AUBREY *sits at a writing-table at the other end of the room, and writes.*]

JAYNE [*to* MISQUITH *in a whisper*]. Frank—— [MISQUITH *quietly leaves his chair, and sits nearer to* JAYNE.] What is all this? Simply a morbid crank of Aubrey's with regard to ante-nuptial acquaintances?

MISQUITH. H'm! Did you notice *one* expression he used?

JAYNE. Let me think——

MISQUITH. "My marriage is not even the conventional sort of marriage likely to satisfy society."

JAYNE. Bless me, yes! What does that suggest?

MISQUITH. That he has a particular rather than a general reason for anticipating estrangement from his friends, I'm afraid.

JAYNE. A horrible *mésalliance!* A dairymaid who has given him a glass of milk during a day's hunting, or a little anæmic shopgirl! Frank, I'm utterly wretched!

MISQUITH. My dear Jayne, speaking in absolute confidence, I have never been more profoundly depressed in my life.

MORSE *enters*

MORSE [*announcing*]. Mr. Drummle.

[CAYLEY DRUMMLE *enters briskly. He is a neat little man of about five-and-forty, in manner bright, airy, debonair, but with an undercurrent of seriousness.* MORSE *retires.*]

DRUMMLE. I'm in disgrace; nobody realizes that more thoroughly than I do. Where's my host?

AUBREY [*who has risen*]. Cayley.

DRUMMLE [*shaking hands with him*]. Don't speak to me till I have tendered my explanation. A harsh word from anybody would unman me.

[MISQUITH *and* JAYNE *shake hands with* DRUMMLE.]

AUBREY. Have you dined?

DRUMMLE. No—unless you call a bit of fish, a cutlet, and a pancake dining.

AUBREY. Cayley, this is disgraceful.

JAYNE. Fish, a cutlet, and a pancake will require a great deal of explanation.

MISQUITH. Especially the pancake. My dear friend, your case looks miserably weak.

DRUMMLE. Hear me! hear me!

JAYNE. Now then!

MISQUITH. Come!

AUBREY. Well!

DRUMMLE. It so happens that tonight I was exceptionally early in dressing for dinner.

MISQUITH. For which dinner—the fish and cutlet?

DRUMMLE. For *this* dinner, of course—really, Frank! At a quarter to eight, in fact, I found myself trimming my nails, with ten minutes to spare. Just then enter my man with a note—would

22-23. **scribble a couple of notes.** This is a rather awkward device to provide Jayne and Misquith another opportunity to show the audience the proper emotional reaction of high society to unexpected and unexplained marriages. Notice how every important statement of Aubrey is repeated by Jayne and Misquith lest the audience should lose the significance.

I hasten, as fast as cab could carry me, to old Lady Orreyed in Bruton Street?—"sad trouble." Now, recollect, please, I had ten minutes on my hands, old Lady Orreyed was a very dear friend of my mother's, and was in some distress.

AUBREY. Cayley, come to the fish and cutlet!

MISQUITH *and* JAYNE. Yes, yes, and the pancake!

DRUMMLE. Upon my word! Well, the scene in Bruton Street beggars description; the women servants looked scared, the men drunk; and there was poor old Lady Orreyed on the floor of her boudoir like Queen Bess among her pillows.

AUBREY. What's the matter?

DRUMMLE [*to everybody*]. You know George Orreyed?

MISQUITH. Yes.

JAYNE. I've met him.

DRUMMLE. Well, he's a thing of the past.

AUBREY. Not dead!

DRUMMLE. Certainly, in the worst sense. He's married Mabel Hervey.

MISQUITH. What!

DRUMMLE. It's true—this morning. The poor mother showed me his letter—a dozen curt words, and some of those ill-spelled.

MISQUITH [*walking up to the fireplace*]. I'm very sorry.

JAYNE. Pardon my ignorance—who *was* Mabel Hervey?

DRUMMLE. You don't——? Oh, of course not. Miss Hervey—Lady Orreyed, as she now is—was a lady who would have been, perhaps has been, described in the reports of the Police or the Divorce Court as an actress. Had she belonged to a lower stratum of our advanced civilization she would, in the event of judicial inquiry, have defined her calling with equal justification as that of a dressmaker. To do her justice, she is a type of a class which is immortal. Physically, by the strange caprice of creation, curiously beautiful; mentally, she lacks even the strength of deliberate viciousness. Paint her portrait, it would symbolize a creature perfectly patrician; lance a vein of her superbly-modeled arm, you would get the poorest *vin ordinaire!* Her affections, emotions, impulses, her very existence—a burlesque! Flaxen, five-and-twenty, and feebly frolicsome; anybody's, in less gentle society I should say everybody's, property! That, doctor, was Miss Hervey who is the new Lady Orreyed. Dost thou like the picture?

MISQUITH. Very good, Cayley! Bravo!

AUBREY [*laying his hand on* DRUMMLE'S *shoulder*]. You'd scarcely believe it, Jayne, but none of us really know anything about this lady, our gay young friend here, I suspect, least of all.

DRUMMLE. Aubrey, I applaud your chivalry.

AUBREY. And perhaps you'll let me finish a couple of letters which Frank and Jayne have given me leave to write. [*Returning to the writing-table.*] Ring for what you want, like a good fellow! [AUBREY *resumes his writing.*]

MISQUITH [*to* DRUMMLE]. Still, the fish and cutlet remain unexplained.

DRUMMLE. Oh, the poor old woman was so weak that I insisted upon her taking some food, and felt there was nothing for it but to sit down opposite her. The fool! the blackguard!

MISQUITH. Poor Orreyed! Well, he's gone under for a time.

DRUMMLE. For a time! My dear Frank, I tell you he has absolutely ceased to be. [AUBREY, *who has been writing busily, turns his head toward the speakers and listens. His lips are set, and there is a frown upon his face.*] For all practical purposes you may regard him as the late George Orreyed. Tomorrow the very characteristics of his speech, as we remember them, will have become obsolete.

JAYNE. But surely, in the course of years, he and his wife will outlive——

DRUMMLE. No, no, doctor, don't try to upset one of my settled beliefs. You may dive into many waters, but there is *one* social Dead Sea——!

JAYNE. Perhaps you're right.

DRUMMLE. Right! Good God! I

wish you could prove me otherwise! Why, for years I've been sitting, and watching and waiting.

MISQUITH. You're in form tonight, Cayley. May we ask where you've been in the habit of squandering your useful leisure?

DRUMMLE. Where? On the shore of that same sea.

MISQUITH. And, pray, what have you been waiting for?

DRUMMLE. For some of my best friends *to come up.* [AUBREY *utters a half-stifled exclamation of impatience; then he hurriedly gathers up his papers from the writing-table. The three men turn to him.*] Eh?

AUBREY. Oh, I—I'll finish my letters in the other room if you'll excuse me for five minutes. Tell Cayley the news. [*He goes out.*]

DRUMMLE [*hurrying to the door*]. My dear fellow, my jabbering has disturbed you! I'll never talk again as long as I live!

MISQUITH. Close the door, Cayley. [DRUMMLE *shuts the door.*]

JAYNE. Cayley——

DRUMMLE [*advancing to the dinner table*]. A smoke, a smoke, or I perish! [*Selects a cigar from the little cabinet.*]

JAYNE. Cayley, marriages are in the air.

DRUMMLE. Are they? Discover the bacillus, doctor, and destroy it.

JAYNE. I mean, among our friends.

DRUMMLE. Oh, Nugent Warrinder's engagement to Lady Alice Tring. I've heard of that. They're not to be married till the spring.

JAYNE. Another marriage that concerns us a little takes place tomorrow.

DRUMMLE. Whose marriage?

JANE. Aubrey's.

DRUMMLE. Aub——! [*Looking towards* MISQUITH.] Is it a joke?

MISQUITH. No.

DRUMMLE [*looking from* MISQUITH *to* JAYNE]. To whom?

MISQUITH. He doesn't tell us.

JAYNE. We three were asked here tonight to receive the announcement. Aubrey has some theory that marriage is likely to alienate a man from his friends, and it seems to me he has taken the precaution to wish us good-by.

MISQUITH. No, no.

JAYNE. Practically, surely.

DRUMMLE [*thoughtfully*]. Marriage in general, does he mean, or *this* marriage?

JAYNE. That's the point. Frank says——

MISQUITH. No, no, no; I feared it suggested——

JAYNE. Well, well. [*To* DRUMMLE.] What do you think of it?

DRUMMLE [*after a slight pause*]. Is there a light there? [*Lighting his cigar.*] He—wraps the lady—in mystery—you say?

MISQUITH. Most modestly.

DRUMMLE. Aubrey's—not—a very—young man.

JAYNE. Forty-three.

DRUMMLE. Ah! *L'âge critique!*

MISQUITH. A dangerous age—yes, yes.

DRUMMLE. When you two fellows go home, do you mind leaving me behind here?

MISQUITH. Not at all.

JAYNE. By all means.

DRUMMLE. All right. [*Anxiously.*] Deuce take it, the man's second marriage mustn't be another mistake! [*With his head bent he walks up to the fireplace.*]

JAYNE. You knew him in his short married life, Cayley. Terribly unsatisfactory, wasn't it?

DRUMMLE. Well—[*Looking at the door.*] I quite closed that door?

MISQUITH. Yes. [*Settles himself on the sofa;* JAYNE *is seated in an armchair.*]

DRUMMLE [*smoking with his back to the fire.*] He married a Miss Herriott; that was in the year eighteen—confound dates—twenty years ago. She was a lovely creature—by Jove, she was; by religion a Roman Catholic. She was one of your cold sort, you know—all marble arms and black velvet. I remember her with painful distinctness as the only woman who ever made me nervous.

MISQUITH. Ha, ha!

DRUMMLE. He loved her—to distraction, as they say. Jupiter, how fervently that poor devil courted her!

But I don't believe she allowed him even to squeeze her fingers. She *was* an iceberg! As for kissing, the mere contact would have given him chapped lips. However, he married her and took her away, the latter greatly to my relief.

JAYNE. Abroad, you mean?

DRUMMLE. Eh? Yes. I imagine he gratified her by renting a villa in Lapland, but I don't know. After a while they returned, and then I saw how wofully Aubrey had miscalculated results.

JAYNE. Miscalculated——?

DRUMMLE. He had reckoned, poor wretch, that in the early days of marriage she would thaw. But she didn't. I used to picture him closing his doors and making up the fire in the hope of seeing her features relax. Bless her, the thaw never set in! I believe she kept a thermometer in her stays and always registered ten degrees below zero. However, in time a child came—a daughter.

JAYNE. Didn't that ——?

DRUMMLE. Not a bit of it; it made matters worse. Frightened at her failure to stir up in him some sympathetic religious belief, she determined upon strong measures with regard to the child. He opposed her for a miserable year or so, but she wore him down, and the insensible little brat was placed in a convent, first in France, then in Ireland. Not long afterwards the mother died, strangely enough, of fever, the only warmth, I believe, that ever came to that woman's body.

MISQUITH. Don't, Cayley!

JAYNE. The child is living, we know.

DRUMMLE. Yes, if you choose to call it living. Miss Tanqueray—a young woman of nineteen now—is in the Loretto convent at Armagh. She professes to have found her true vocation in a religious life, and within a month or two will take final vows.

MISQUITH. He ought to have removed his daughter from the convent when the mother died.

DRUMMLE. Yes, yes, but absolutely at the end there was reconciliation between husband and wife, and she won his promise that the child should complete her conventual education. He reaped his reward. When he attempted to gain his girl's confidence and affection he was too late; he found he was dealing with the spirit of the mother. You remember his visit to Ireland last month?

JAYNE. Yes.

DRUMMLE. That was to wish his girl good-by.

MISQUITH. Poor fellow!

DRUMMLE. He sent for me when he came back. I think he must have had a lingering hope that the girl would relent—would come to life, as it were—at the last moment, for, for an hour or so, in this room, he was terribly shaken. I'm sure he'd clung to that hope from the persistent way in which he kept breaking off in his talk to repeat one dismal word, as if he couldn't realize his position without dinning this damned word into his head.

JAYNE. What word was that?

DRUMMLE. "Alone"—"alone."

AUBREY *enters*

AUBREY. A thousand apologies!

DRUMMLE [*gaily*]. We are talking about you, my dear Aubrey.

[*During the telling of the story,* MISQUITH *has risen and gone to the fire, and* DRUMMLE *has thrown himself full-length on the sofa.* AUBREY *now joins* MISQUITH *and* JAYNE.]

AUBREY. Well, Cayley, are you surprised?

DRUMMLE. Surp——! I haven't been surprised for twenty years.

AUBREY. And you're not angry with me?

DRUMMLE. Angry! [*Rising.*] Because you considerately withhold the name of a lady with whom it is now the object of my life to become acquainted? My dear fellow, you pique my curiosity, you give zest to my existence! And as for a wedding, who on earth wants to attend that familiar and probably drafty function? Ugh! My cigar's out.

AUBREY. Let's talk about something else.

MISQUITH [*looking at his watch*]. Not tonight, Aubrey.

AUBREY. My dear Frank!

MISQUITH. I go up to Scotland tomorrow, and there are some little matters——

JAYNE. I am off, too.

AUBREY. No, no.

JAYNE. I must; I have to give a look to a case in Clifford Street on my way home.

AUBREY [*going to the door*]. Well! [MISQUITH *and* JAYNE *exchange looks with* DRUMMLE. *Opening the door and calling.*] Morse, hats and coats! I shall write to you all next week from Genoa or Florence. Now, doctor, Frank, remember, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne!

MORSE *enters with hats and coats*

MISQUITH *and* JAYNE. Yes, yes—yes, yes.

AUBREY. And your young people!

[*As* MISQUITH *and* JAYNE *put on their coats, there is the clatter of careless talk.*]

JAYNE. Cayley, I meet you at dinner on Sunday.

DRUMMLE. At the Stratfields'. That's very pleasant.

MISQUITH [*putting on his coat with* AUBREY'S *aid*]. Ah-h!

AUBREY. What's wrong?

MISQUITH. A twinge. Why didn't I go to Aix in August?

JAYNE [*shaking hands with* DRUMMLE]. Good-night, Cayley.

DRUMMLE. Good-night, my dear doctor!

MISQUITH [*shaking hands with* DRUMMLE]. Cayley, are you in town for long?

DRUMMLE. Dear friend, I'm nowhere for long. Good-night.

MISQUITH. Good-night.

[AUBREY, JAYNE, *and* MISQUITH *go out, followed by* MORSE; *the hum of talk is continued outside.*]

AUBREY. A cigar, Frank?

MISQUITH. No, thank you.

AUBREY. Going to walk, doctor?

JAYNE. If Frank will.

MISQUITH. By all means.

AUBREY. It's a cold night.

[*The door is closed.* DRUMMLE *remains standing with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand.*]

DRUMMLE [*to himself, thoughtfully*]. Now then! What the devil!——

[AUBREY *returns.*]

AUBREY [*eyeing* DRUMMLE *a little awkwardly*]. Well, Cayley?

DRUMMLE. Well, Aubrey?

[AUBREY *walks up to the fire and stands looking into it.*]

AUBREY. You're not going, old chap?

DRUMMLE [*sitting*]. No.

AUBREY [*after a slight pause, with a forced laugh*]. Hah! Cayley, I never thought I should feel—shy—with you.

DRUMMLE. Why do you?

AUBREY. Never mind.

DRUMMLE. Now, I can quite understand a man wishing to be married in the dark, as it were.

AUBREY. You can?

DRUMMLE. In your place I should very likely adopt the same course.

AUBREY. You think so?

DRUMMLE. And if I intended marrying a lady not prominently in society, as I presume you do—as I presume you do——

AUBREY. Well?

DRUMMLE. As I presume you do, I'm not sure that *I* should tender her for preliminary dissection at afternoon tea-tables.

AUBREY. No?

DRUMMLE. In fact, there is probably only one person—were I in your position tonight—with whom I should care to chat the matter over.

AUBREY. Who's that?

DRUMMLE. Yourself, of course. [*Going to* AUBREY *and standing beside him.*] Of course, yourself, old friend.

AUBREY [*after a pause*]. I must seem a brute to you, Cayley. But there are some acts which are hard to explain, hard to defend——

DRUMMLE. To defend——

AUBREY. Some acts which one must trust to time to put right.

29. **Aix**, a little French town nestled in a valley of the lower Alps, famous for its medicinal waters.

[DRUMMLE *watches him for a moment, then takes up his hat and coat.*]

DRUMMLE. Well, I'll be moving.

AUBREY. Cayley! Confound you and your old friendship! Do you think I forget it? Put your coat down! Why did you stay behind here? Cayley, the lady I am going to marry is the lady—who is known as—Mrs. Jarman. [*There is a pause.*]

DRUMMLE [*in a low voice*]. Mrs. Jarman! Are you serious? [*He walks up to the fireplace, where he leans upon the mantelpiece uttering something like a groan.*]

AUBREY. As you've got this out of me, I give you leave to say all you care to say. Come, we'll be plain with each other. You know Mrs. Jarman?

DRUMMLE. I first met her at—what does it matter?

AUBREY. Yes, yes, everything! Come!

DRUMMLE. I met her at Homburg, two—three seasons ago.

AUBREY. Not as Mrs. Jarman?

DRUMMLE. No.

AUBREY. She was then——?

DRUMMLE. Mrs. Dartry.

AUBREY. Yes. She has also seen you in London, she says.

DRUMMLE. Certainly.

AUBREY. In Alford Street. Go on.

DRUMMLE. Please!

AUBREY. I insist.

DRUMMLE [*with a slight shrug of the shoulders*]. Some time last year I was asked by a man to sup at his house, one night after the theater.

AUBREY. Mr. Selwyn Ethurst—a bachelor.

DRUMMLE. Yes.

AUBREY. You were surprised therefore to find Mr. Ethurst aided in his cursed hospitality by a lady.

DRUMMLE. I was unprepared.

AUBREY. The lady you had known as Mrs. Dartry? [DRUMMLE *inclines his head silently.*] There is something of a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean too, is there not?

DRUMMLE. I joined Peter Jarman's yacht at Marseilles, in the spring, a month before he died.

AUBREY. Mrs. Jarman was on board?

DRUMMLE. She was a kind hostess.

AUBREY. And an old acquaintance?

DRUMMLE. Yes.

AUBREY. You have told your story.

DRUMMLE. With your assistance.

AUBREY. I have put you to the pain of telling it to show you that this is not the case of a blind man entrapped by an artful woman. Let me add that Mrs. Jarman has no legal right to that name; that she is simply Miss Ray—Miss Paula Ray.

DRUMMLE [*after a pause*]. I should like to express my regret, Aubrey, for the way in which I spoke of George Orreyed's marriage.

AUBREY. You mean you compare Lady Orreyed with Miss Ray? [DRUMMLE *is silent.*] Oh, of course! To you, Cayley, all women who have been roughly treated, and who dare to survive by borrowing a little of our philosophy, are alike. You see in the crowd of the ill-used only one pattern; you can't detect the shades of goodness, intelligence, even nobility there. Well, how should you? The crowd is dimly lighted! And, besides, yours is the way of the world.

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, I *live* in the world.

AUBREY. The name we give our little parish of St. James's.

DRUMMLE [*laying a hand on* AUBREY's *shoulder*]. And you are quite prepared, my friend, to forfeit the esteem of your little parish?

AUBREY. I avoid mortification by shifting from one parish to another. I give up Pall Mall for the Surrey hills; leave off varnishing my boots, and double the thickness of the soles.

DRUMMLE. And your skin—do you double the thickness of that also?

AUBREY. I know you think me a fool, Cayley—you needn't infer that I'm a coward into the bargain. No! I know what I'm doing, and I do it deliberately, defiantly. I'm alone: I injure no living soul by the step I'm going to take; and so you can't urge the one argument which might restrain me. Of course, I

19. **Homburg**, a town in Prussia famous for its mineral springs.

83. **St. James's**, a church in Piccadilly, London.

don't expect you to think compassionately, fairly even, of the woman whom I—whom I am drawn to——

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, I assure you I consider Mrs.—Miss Jarman—Mrs. Ray—Miss Ray—delightful. But I confess there is a form of chivalry which I gravely distrust, especially in a man of—our age.

AUBREY. Thanks. I've heard you say that from forty till fifty a man is at heart either a stoic or a satyr.

DRUMMLE [*protestingly*]. Ah! now——

AUBREY. I am neither. I have a temperate, honorable affection for Mrs. Jarman. She has never met a man who has treated her well—I intend to treat her well. That's all. And in a few years, Cayley, if you've not quite forsaken me, I'll prove to you that it's possible to rear a life of happiness, of good repute, on a—miserable foundation.

DRUMMLE [*offering his hand*]. Do prove it!

AUBREY [*taking his hand*]. We have spoken too freely of—of Mrs. Jarman. I was excited—angry. Please forget it!

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, when we next meet I shall remember nothing but my respect for the lady who bears your name.

MORSE *enters, closing the door behind him carefully*

AUBREY. What is it?

MORSE [*hesitatingly*]. May I speak to you, sir? [*In an undertone.*] Mrs. Jarman, sir.

AUBREY [*softly to* MORSE]. Mrs. Jarman! Do you mean she is at the lodge in her carriage?

MORSE. No, sir—here. [AUBREY *looks toward* DRUMMLE, *perplexed.*] There's a nice fire in your—in that room, sir. [*Glancing in the direction of the door leading to the bedroom.*]

AUBREY [*between his teeth, angrily*]. Very well.

[MORSE *retires.*]

DRUMMLE [*looking at his watch*]. A quarter to eleven—horrible! [*Taking up his hat and coat.*] Must get to bed—up late every night this week. [AUBREY *assists* DRUMMLE *with his coat.*] Thank you. Well, good-night, Aubrey. I feel I've been dooced serious, quite out of keeping with myself; pray overlook it.

AUBREY [*kindly*]. Ah, Cayley!

DRUMMLE [*putting on a neck-handkerchief*]. And remember that, after all, I'm merely a spectator in life; nothing more than a man at a play, in fact; only, like the old-fashioned playgoer, I love to see certain characters happy and comfortable at the finish. You understand?

AUBREY. I think I do.

DRUMMLE. Then, for as long as you can, old friend, will you—keep a stall for me?

AUBREY. Yes, Cayley.

DRUMMLE [*gaily*]. Ah, ha! Good-night! [*Bustling to the door.*] Don't bother! I'll let myself out! Good-night! God bless yer!

[*He goes out;* AUBREY *follows him.* MORSE *enters by the other door, carrying some unopened letters, which after a little consideration he places on the mantelpiece against the clock.* AUBREY *returns.*]

AUBREY. Yes?

MORSE. You hadn't seen your letters that came by the nine o'clock post, sir; I've put 'em where they'll catch your eye by-and-by.

AUBREY. Thank you.

MORSE [*hesitatingly*]. Gunter's cook and waiter have gone, sir. Would you prefer me to go to bed?

AUBREY [*frowning*]. Certainly not.

MORSE. Very well, sir. [*He goes out.*]

AUBREY [*opening the upper door*]. Paula! Paula!

[PAULA *enters and throws her arms round his neck. She is a young woman of about twenty-seven: beautiful, fresh, innocent-looking. She is in superb evening dress.*]

PAULA. Dearest!

AUBREY. Why have you come here?

PAULA. Angry?

AUBREY. Yes—no. But it's eleven o'clock.

PAULA [*laughing*]. I know.

AUBREY. What on earth will Morse think?

PAULA. Do you trouble yourself about what servants *think?*

AUBREY. Of course.

PAULA. Goose! They're only machines made to wait upon people—and to give evidence in the Divorce Court. [*Looking around.*] Oh, indeed! A snug little dinner!

AUBREY. Three men.

PAULA [*suspiciously*]. Men?

AUBREY. Men.

PAULA [*penitently*]. Ah! [*Sitting at the table*]. I'm so hungry.

AUBREY. Let me get you some game pie, or some——

PAULA. No, no, hungry for this. What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive. [*He clears a space on the table, places a plate before her, and helps her to fruit.*] I haven't dined, Aubrey dear.

AUBREY. My poor girl! Why?

PAULA. In the first place, I forgot to order any dinner, and my cook, who has always loathed me, thought he'd pay me out before he departed.

AUBREY. The beast!

PAULA. That's precisely what I——

AUBREY. No, Paula!

PAULA. What I told my maid to call him. What next will you think of me?

AUBREY. Forgive me. You must be starved.

PAULA [*eating fruit*]. *I* didn't care. As there was nothing to eat, I sat in my best frock, with my toes on the dining-room fender, and dreamt, oh, such a lovely dinner party.

AUBREY. Dear lonely little woman!

PAULA. It was perfect. I saw you at the end of a very long table, opposite me, and we exchanged sly glances now and again over the flowers. We were host and hostess, Aubrey, and had been married about five years.

AUBREY [*kissing her hand*]. Five years.

PAULA. And on each side of us was the nicest set imaginable—you know, dearest, the sort of men and women that can't be imitated.

AUBREY. Yes, yes. Eat some more fruit.

PAULA. But I haven't told you the best part of my dream.

AUBREY. Tell me.

PAULA. Well, although we had been married only such a few years, I seemed to know by the look on their faces that none of our guests had ever heard anything — anything — anything peculiar about the fascinating hostess.

AUBREY. That's just how it will be, Paula. The world moves so quickly. That's just how it will be.

PAULA [*with a little grimace*]. I wonder! [*Glancing at the fire.*] Ugh! Do throw another log on.

AUBREY [*mending the fire*]. There. But you mustn't be here long.

PAULA. Hospitable wretch! I've something important to tell you. No, stay where you are. [*Turning from him, her face averted.*] Look here, that was my dream, Aubrey; but the fire went out while I was dozing, and I woke up with a regular fit of the shivers. And the result of it all was that I ran upstairs and scribbled you a letter.

AUBREY. Dear baby!

PAULA. Remain where you are. [*Taking a letter from her pocket.*] This is it. I've given you an account of myself, furnished you with a list of my adventures since I—you know. [*Weighing the letter in her hand.*] I wonder if it would go for a penny. Most of it you're acquainted with; *I've* told you a good deal, haven't I?

AUBREY. Oh, Paula!

PAULA. What I haven't told you I dare say you've heard from others. But in case they've omitted anything—the dears—it's all here.

AUBREY. In Heaven's name, why must you talk like this tonight?

PAULA. It may save discussion by-and-by, don't you think? [*Holding out the letter.*] There you are.

AUBREY. No, dear, no.

PAULA. Take it. [*He takes the letter.*] Read it through after I've gone, and then—read it again, and turn the mat-

29. **pay me out**, get even with me; avenge himself.

ter over in your mind finally. And if, even at the very last moment, you feel you—oughtn't to go to church with me, send a messenger to Pont Street, any time before eleven tomorrow, telling me that you're afraid and I—I'll take the blow.

AUBREY. Why, what—what do you think I am?

PAULA. That's it. It's because I know you're such a dear good fellow that I want to save you the chance of ever feeling sorry you married me. I really love you so much, Aubrey, that to save you that, I'd rather you treated me as—as the others have done.

AUBREY [*turning from her with a cry*]. Oh!

PAULA [*after a slight pause*]. I suppose I've shocked you. I can't help it if I have.

[*She sits, with assumed languor and indifference. He turns to her, advances, and kneels by her.*]

AUBREY. My dearest, you don't understand me. I—I can't bear to hear you always talking about—what's done with. I tell you I'll never remember it; Paula, can't you dismiss it? Try. Darling, if we promise each other to forget, to forget, we're bound to be happy. After all, it's a mechanical matter; the moment a wretched thought enters your head, you quickly think of something bright—it depends on one's will. Shall I burn this, dear? [*Referring to the letter he holds in his hand.*] Let me, let me!

PAULA [*with a shrug of the shoulders*]. I don't suppose there's much that's new to you in it,—just as you like. [*He goes to the fire and burns the letter.*]

AUBREY. There's an end of it. [*Returning to her.*] What's the matter?

PAULA [*rising, coldly*]. Oh, nothing! I'll go and put my cloak on.

AUBREY [*detaining her*]. What *is* the matter?

PAULA. Well, I think you might have said, "You're very generous, Paula," or at least, "Thank you, dear," when I offered to set you free.

AUBREY [*catching her in his arms*]. Ah!

PAULA. Ah! ah! Ha! ha! It's all very well, but you don't know what it cost me to make such an offer. I do so want to be married.

AUBREY. But you never imagined ——?

PAULA. Perhaps not. And yet I *did* think of what I'd do at the end of our acquaintance if you had preferred to behave like the rest. [*Taking a flower from her bodice.*]

AUBREY. Hush!

PAULA. Oh, I forgot!

AUBREY. What would you have done when we parted?

PAULA. Why, killed myself.

AUBREY. Paula, dear!

PAULA. It's true. [*Putting the flower in his buttonhole.*] Do you know, I feel certain I should make away with myself if anything serious happened to me.

AUBREY. Anything serious! What, has nothing ever been serious to you, Paula?

PAULA. Not lately; not since a long while ago. I made up my mind then to have done with taking things seriously. If I hadn't, I——However, we won't talk about that.

AUBREY. But now, now, life will be different to you, won't it—quite different? Eh, dear?

PAULA. Oh, yes, now. Only, Aubrey, mind you keep me always happy.

AUBREY. I will try to.

PAULA. I know I couldn't swallow a second big dose of misery. I know that if ever I felt wretched again—truly wretched—I should take a leaf out of Connie Tirlemont's book. You remember? They found her— [*With a look of horror.*]

AUBREY. For God's sake, don't let your thoughts run on such things!

PAULA [*laughing*]. Ha, ha, how scared you look! There, think of the time! Dearest, what will my coachman say? My cloak!

[*She runs off, gaily, by the upper door.* AUBREY *looks after her for a moment, then he walks up to the fire and stands warming his feet at the bars. As he does so he raises his head and observes the letters upon the mantelpiece. He takes one down quickly.*]

AUBREY. Ah! Ellean! [*Opening the letter and reading.*] "My dear father,—A great change has come over me. I believe my mother in Heaven has spoken to me, and counseled me to turn to you in your loneliness. At any rate, your words have reached my heart, and I no longer feel fitted for this solemn life. I am ready to take my place by you. Dear father, will you receive me?—ELLEAN."

[PAULA *re-enters, dressed in a handsome cloak. He stares at her as if he hardly realized her presence.*]

PAULA. What are you staring at? Don't you admire my cloak?

AUBREY. Yes.

PAULA. Couldn't you wait till I'd gone before reading your letters?

AUBREY [*putting the letter away*]. I beg your pardon.

PAULA. Take me downstairs to the carriage. [*Slipping her arm through his.*] How I tease you! Tomorrow! I'm so happy! [*They go out.*]

THE SECOND ACT

A morning-room in AUBREY TANQUERAY'S *house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surrey—a bright and prettily furnished apartment of irregular shape, with double doors opening into a small hall at the back, another door on the left, and a large recessed window through which is obtained a view of extensive grounds. Everything about the room is charming and graceful. The fire is burning in the grate, and a small table is tastefully laid for breakfast. It is a morning in early spring, and the sun is streaming in through the window.*

AUBREY *and* PAULA *are seated at breakfast, and* AUBREY *is silently reading his letters. Two servants, a man and a woman, hand dishes and then retire. After a little while* AUBREY *puts his letters aside and looks across to the window.*

AUBREY. Sunshine! Spring!

PAULA [*glancing at the clock*]. Exactly six minutes.

AUBREY. Six minutes?

PAULA. Six minutes, Aubrey dear, since you made your last remark.

AUBREY. I beg your pardon; I was reading my letters. Have you seen Ellean this morning?

PAULA [*coldly*]. Your last observation but one was about Ellean.

AUBREY. Dearest, what shall I talk about?

PAULA. Ellean breakfasted two hours ago, Morgan tells me, and then went out walking with her dog.

AUBREY. She wraps up warmly, I hope; this sunshine is deceptive.

PAULA. I ran about the lawn last night, after dinner, in satin shoes. Were you anxious about me?

AUBREY. Certainly.

PAULA [*melting*]. Really?

AUBREY. You make me wretchedly anxious; you delight in doing incautious things. You are incurable.

PAULA. Ah, what a beast I am! [*Going to him and kissing him, then glancing at the letters by his side.*] A letter from Cayley?

AUBREY. He is staying very near here, with Mrs.—— Very near here.

PAULA. With the lady whose chimneys we have the honor of contemplating from our windows?

AUBREY. With Mrs. Cortelyon—yes.

PAULA. Mrs. Cortelyon! The woman who might have set the example of calling on me when we first threw out roots in this deadly-lively soil! Deuce take Mrs. Cortelyon!

AUBREY. Hush! my dear girl!

PAULA [*returning to her seat*]. Oh, I know she's an old acquaintance of yours—and of the first Mrs. Tanqueray. And she joins the rest of 'em in slapping the second Mrs. Tanqueray in the face. However, I have my revenge—she's

The Second Act. The first act has defined the main issues of the action and has introduced us to all of the principal characters, excepting Ellean, who remains, for the time being, an unknown factor in the situation. The second act carries the action to the point where Paula, rejected by Aubrey's world, and unsupported by him in her desire to keep Ellean near her, definitely gives up any hope of being received by her husband's set and decides to return to her own social world. With this in mind she invites the Orreyeds to visit her, thereby creating dramatic suspense for the third act.

six-and-forty, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any woman.

AUBREY. Well, she's going to town, Cayley says here, and his visit's at an end. He's coming over this morning to call on you. Shall we ask him to transfer himself to us? Do say yes.

PAULA. Yes.

AUBREY [*gladly*]. Ah, ha! old Cayley.

PAULA [*coldly*]. He'll amuse *you*.

AUBREY. And you too.

PAULA. Because you find a companion, shall I be boisterously hilarious?

AUBREY. Come, come! He talks London, and you know you like that.

PAULA. London! London or Heaven! which is farther from me!

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA. Oh! Oh, I am so bored, Aubrey!

AUBREY [*gathering up his letters and going to her, leaning over her shoulder*]. Baby, what can I do for you?

PAULA. I suppose, nothing. You have done all you can for me.

AUBREY. What do you mean?

PAULA. You have married me.

[*He walks away from her thoughtfully, to the writing table. As he places his letters on the table he sees an addressed letter, stamped for the post, lying on the blotting-book; he picks it up.*]

AUBREY [*in an altered tone*]. You've been writing this morning before breakfast?

PAULA [*looking at him quickly, then away again*]. Er—that letter.

AUBREY [*with the letter in his hand*]. To Lady Orreyed. Why?

PAULA. Why not? Mabel's an old friend of mine.

AUBREY. Are you—corresponding?

PAULA. I heard from her yesterday. They've just returned from the Riviera. She seems happy.

AUBREY [*sarcastically*]. That's good news.

PAULA. Why are you always so cutting about Mabel? She's a kind-hearted girl. Everything's altered; she even thinks of letting her hair go back to brown. She's Lady Orreyed. She's married to George. What's the matter with her?

AUBREY [*turning away*]. Oh!

PAULA. You drive me mad sometimes with the tone you take about things! Great goodness, if you come to that, George Orreyed's wife isn't a bit worse than yours! [*He faces her suddenly.*] I suppose I needn't have made that observation.

AUBREY. No, there was scarcely a necessity. [*He throws the letter on to the table, and takes up the newspaper.*]

PAULA. I am very sorry.

AUBREY. All right, dear.

PAULA [*trifling with the letter*]. I—I'd better tell you what I've written. I meant to do so, of course. I—I've asked the Orreyeds to come and stay with us. [*He looks at her, and lets the paper fall to the ground in a helpless way.*] George was a great friend of Cayley's; I'm sure *he* would be delighted to meet them here.

AUBREY [*laughing mirthlessly*]. Ha, ha, ha! They say Orreyed has taken to tippling at dinner. Heavens above.

PAULA. Oh! I've no patience with you! You'll kill me with this life! [*She selects some flowers from a vase on the table, cuts and arranges them, and fastens them in her bodice.*] What is my existence, Sunday to Saturday? In the morning, a drive down to the village, with the groom, to give my orders to the tradespeople. At lunch, you and Ellean. In the afternoon, a novel, the newspapers: if fine, another drive—*if* fine! Tea—you and Ellean. Then two hours of dusk; then dinner—you and Ellean. Then a game of Bésique, you and I, while Ellean reads a religious book in a dull corner. Then a yawn from me, another from you, a sigh from Ellean; three figures suddenly rise—"Good-night, good-night, good-night!" [*Imitating a kiss.*] "God bless you!" Ah!

AUBREY. Yes, yes, Paula—yes, dearest—that's what it is *now*. But, by-and-by, if people begin to come round us—

PAULA. Hah! That's where we've made the mistake, my friend Aubrey! [*Pointing to the window.*] Do you believe these people will *ever* come round us?

Your former crony, Mrs. Cortelyon? Or the grim old vicar, or that wife of his whose huge nose is positively indecent? Or the Ullathornes, or the Gollans, or Lady William Petres? I know better! And when the young ones gradually take the place of the old, there will still remain the sacred tradition that the dreadful person who lives at the top of the hill is never, under any circumstances, to be called upon! And so we shall go on here, year in and year out, until the sap is run out of our lives, and we're stale and dry and withered from sheer, solitary respectability. Upon my word, I wonder we didn't see that we should have been far happier if we'd gone in for the devil-may-care, *café*-living sort of life in town! After all, *I* have a set, and you might have joined it. It's true, I did want, dearly, dearly, to be a married woman, but where's the pride in being a married woman among married women who are—married! If —— [*Seeing that* AUBREY'S *head has sunk into his hands.*] Aubrey! My dear boy! You're not—crying?

[*He looks up, with a flushed face.* ELLEAN *enters, dressed very simply for walking. She is a low-voiced, grave girl of about nineteen, with a face somewhat resembling a Madonna. Toward* PAULA *her manner is cold and distant.*]

AUBREY [*in an undertone*]. Ellean!

ELLEAN. Good-morning, papa. Good-morning, Paula.

[PAULA *puts her arms round* ELLEAN *and kisses her.* ELLEAN *makes little response.*]

PAULA. Good-morning. [*Brightly.*] We've been breakfasting this side of the house, to get the sun.

[*She sits at the piano and rattles at a gay melody. Seeing that* PAULA'S *back is turned to them,* ELLEAN *goes to* AUBREY *and kisses him; he returns the kiss almost furtively. As they separate, the servants re-enter, and proceed to carry out the breakfast table.*]

AUBREY [*to* ELLEAN]. I guess where you've been; there's some gorse clinging to your frock.

ELLEAN [*removing a sprig of gorse from her skirt*]. Rover and I walked nearly as far as Black Moor. The poor fellow has a thorn in his pad; I am going upstairs for my tweezers.

AUBREY. Ellean! [*She returns to him.*] Paula is a little depressed—out of sorts. She complains that she has no companion.

ELLEAN. I am with Paula nearly all the day, papa.

AUBREY. Ah, but you're such a little mouse. Paula likes cheerful people about her.

ELLEAN. I'm afraid I am naturally rather silent; and it's so difficult to seem to be what one is not.

AUBREY. I don't wish that, Ellean.

ELLEAN. I will offer to go down to the village with Paula this morning—shall I?

AUBREY [*touching her hand gently*]. Thank you—do.

ELLEAN. When I've looked after Rover, I'll come back to her.

[*She goes out;* PAULA *ceases playing, and turns on the music-stool, looking at* AUBREY.]

PAULA. Well, have you and Ellean had your little confidence?

AUBREY. Confidence?

PAULA. Do you think I couldn't feel it, like a pain between my shoulders?

AUBREY. Ellean is coming back in a few minutes to be with you. [*Bending over her.*] Paula, Paula dear, is this how you keep your promise?

PAULA. Oh! [*Rising impatiently, and crossing swiftly to the settee, where she sits, moving restlessly.*] I *can't* keep my promise; I *am* jealous; it won't be smothered. I see you looking at her, watching her; your voice drops when you speak to her. I know how fond you are of that girl, Aubrey.

AUBREY. What would you have? I've no other home for her. She is my daughter.

PAULA. She is your saint. Saint Ellean!

AUBREY. You have often told me how good and sweet you think her.

PAULA. Good!—yes! Do you imagine *that* makes me less jealous? [*Going to him and clinging to his arm.*] Aubrey, there are two sorts of affection—the love for a woman you respect, and the love for the woman you—love. She gets the first from you; I never can.

AUBREY. Hush, hush! you don't realize what you say.

PAULA. If Ellean cared for me only a little, it would be different. I shouldn't be jealous then. Why doesn't she care for me?

AUBREY. She—she—she will, in time.

PAULA. You can't say that without stuttering.

AUBREY. Her disposition seems a little unresponsive; she resembles her mother in many ways; I can see it every day.

PAULA. She's marble. It's a shame. There's not the slightest excuse; for all she knows, I'm as much a saint as she—only married. Dearest, help me to win her over!

AUBREY. Help you?

PAULA. You can. Teach her that it is her duty to love me; she hangs on to every word you speak. I'm sure, Aubrey, that the love of a nice woman who believed me to be like herself would do me a world of good. You'd get the benefit of it as well as I. It would soothe me; it would make me less horribly restless; it would take this—this — mischievous feeling from me. [*Coaxingly.*] Aubrey!

AUBREY. Have patience; everything will come right.

PAULA. Yes, if you help me.

AUBREY. In the meantime you will tear up your letter to Lady Orreyed, won't you?

PAULA [*kissing his hand*]. Of course I will—anything!

AUBREY. Ah, thank you, dearest! [*Laughing.*] Why, good gracious!—ha, ha!—just imagine "Saint Ellean" and that woman side by side!

PAULA [*going back with a cry*]. Ah!

AUBREY. What?

PAULA [*passionately*]. It's Ellean you're considering, not me? It's all Ellean with you! Ellean! Ellean!

ELLEAN *re-enters*

ELLEAN. Did you call me, Paula? [*Clenching his hands,* AUBREY *turns away and goes out.*] Is papa angry?

PAULA. I drive him distracted sometimes. There, I confess it!

ELLEAN. Do you? Oh, why do you?

PAULA. Because I—because I'm jealous.

ELLEAN. Jealous?

PAULA. Yes—of you. [ELLEAN *is silent.*] Well, what do you think of that?

ELLEAN. I knew it; I've seen it. It hurts me dreadfully. What do you wish me to do? Go away?

PAULA. Leave us! [*Beckoning her with a motion of the head.*] Look here! [ELLEAN *goes to* PAULA *slowly and unresponsively.*] You could cure me of my jealousy very easily. Why don't you—like me?

ELLEAN. What do you mean by—like you? I don't understand.

PAULA. Love me.

ELLEAN. Love is not a feeling that is under one's control. I shall alter as time goes on, perhaps. I didn't begin to love my father deeply till a few months ago, and then I obeyed my mother.

PAULA. Ah, yes, you dream things, don't you—see them in your sleep? You fancy your mother speaks to you?

ELLEAN. When you have lost your mother, it is a comfort to believe that she is dead only to this life, that she still watches over her child. I do believe that of my mother.

PAULA. Well, and so you haven't been bidden to love *me?*

ELLEAN [*after a pause, almost inaudibly*]. No.

PAULA. Dreams are only a hash-up of one's day-thoughts, I suppose you know. Think intently of anything, and it's bound to come back to you at night. I don't cultivate dreams myself.

ELLEAN. Ah, I knew you would only sneer!

PAULA. I'm not sneering; I'm speaking the truth. I say that if you cared for me in the daytime I should soon

make friends with those nightmares of yours. Ellean, why don't you try to look on me as your second mother? Of course there are not many years between us, but I'm ever so much older than you—in experience. I shall have no children of my own, I know that; it would be a real comfort to me if you would make me feel we belonged to each other. Won't you? Perhaps you think I'm odd—not nice. Well, the fact is I've two sides to my nature, and I've let the one almost smother the other. A few years ago I went through some trouble, and since then I haven't shed a tear. I believe if you put your arms round me just once I should run upstairs and have a good cry. There, I've talked to you as I've never talked to a woman in my life. Ellean, you seem to fear me. Don't! Kiss me!

[*With a cry, almost of despair,* ELLEAN *turns from* PAULA *and sinks on to the settee, covering her face with her hands.*]

PAULA [*indignantly*]. Oh! Why is it! How dare you treat me like this? What do you mean by it? What do you mean?

A SERVANT *enters*

SERVANT. Mr. Drummle, ma'am.

[CAYLEY DRUMMLE, *in riding-dress, enters briskly. The* SERVANT *retires.*]

PAULA [*recovering herself*]. Well, Cayley!

DRUMMLE [*shaking hands with her cordially*]. How are you? [*Shaking hands with* ELLEAN, *who rises.*] I saw you in the distance an hour ago, in the gorse near Stapleton's.

ELLEAN. I didn't see you, Mr. Drummle.

DRUMMLE. My dear Ellean, it is my experience that no charming young lady of nineteen ever does see a man of forty-five. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!

ELLEAN [*going to the door*]. Paula, papa wishes me to drive down to the village with you this morning. Do you care to take me?

PAULA [*coldly*]. Oh, by all means. Pray tell Watts to balance the cart for three. [ELLEAN *goes out.*]

DRUMMLE. How's Aubrey?

PAULA. Very well—when Ellean's about the house.

DRUMMLE. And you? I needn't ask.

PAULA [*walking away to the window*]. Oh, a dog's life, my dear Cayley, mine.

DRUMMLE. Eh?

PAULA. Doesn't that define a happy marriage? I'm sleek, well-kept, well-fed, never without a bone to gnaw and fresh straw to lie upon. [*Gazing out of the window.*] Oh, dear me!

DRUMMLE. H'm! Well, I heartily congratulate you on your kennel. The view from the terrace here is superb.

PAULA. Yes; I can see London.

DRUMMLE. London! Not quite so far, surely?

PAULA. *I* can. Also the Mediterranean, on a fine day. I wonder what Algiers looks like this morning from the sea! [*Impulsively.*] Oh, Cayley, do you remember those jolly times on board Peter Jarman's yacht when we lay off——? [*Stopping suddenly, seeing* DRUMMLE *staring at her.*] Good gracious! What are we talking about!

AUBREY *enters*

AUBREY [*to* DRUMMLE]. Dear old chap! Has Paula asked you?

PAULA. Not yet.

AUBREY. We want you to come to us, now that you're leaving Mrs. Cortelyon—at once, today. Stay a month, as long as you please—eh, Paula?

PAULA. As long as you can possibly endure it—do, Cayley.

DRUMMLE [*looking at* AUBREY]. Delighted. [*To* PAULA.] Charming of you to have me.

PAULA. My dear man, you're a blessing. I must telegraph to London for more fish! A strange appetite to cater for! Something to do, to do, to do!

45–46. **balance the cart for three.** The usual English cart is a two-wheel affair which balances fore and aft on one axle. This it does nicely with an even number of passengers, but with an odd number the groom has to arrange the balance of his passengers by distributing their weight carefully or by adding luggage.

[*She goes out in a mood of almost childish delight.*]

DRUMMLE [*eyeing* AUBREY]. Well?

AUBREY [*with a wearied anxious look*]. Well, Cayley?

DRUMMLE. How are you getting on?

AUBREY. My position doesn't grow less difficult. I told you, when I met you last week, of this feverish, jealous attachment of Paula's for Ellean?

DRUMMLE. Yes. I hardly know why, but I came to the conclusion that you don't consider it an altogether fortunate attachment.

AUBREY. Ellean doesn't respond to it.

DRUMMLE. These are early days. Ellean will warm toward your wife by-and-by.

AUBREY. Ah, but there's the question, Cayley!

DRUMMLE. What question?

AUBREY. The question which positively distracts me. Ellean is so different from—most women; I don't believe a purer creature exists out of heaven. And I—I ask myself, am I doing right in exposing her to the influence of poor Paula's light, careless nature?

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey!

AUBREY. That shocks you! So it does me. I assure you I long to urge my girl to break down the reserve which keeps her apart from Paula, but somehow I can't do it—well, I don't do it. How can I make you understand? But when you come to us you'll understand quickly enough. Cayley, there's hardly a subject you can broach on which poor Paula hasn't some strange, out-of-the-way thought to give utterance to; some curious, warped notion. They are not mere worldly thoughts—unless, good God! they belong to the little hellish world which our blackguardism has created; no, her ideas have too little calculation in them to be called worldly. But it makes it the more dreadful that such thoughts should be ready, spontaneous; that expressing them has become a perfectly natural process; that her words, acts even, have almost lost their proper significance for her, and seem beyond her control. Ah, and the pain of listening to it all from the woman one loves, the woman one hoped to make happy and contented, who is really and truly a good woman, as it were, maimed! Well, this is my burden, and I shouldn't speak to you of it but for my anxiety about Ellean. Ellean! What is to be her future? It is in my hands; what am I to do? Cayley, when I remember how Ellean comes to me, from another world I always think—when I realize the charge that's laid on me, I find myself wishing, in a sort of terror, that my child were safe under the ground!

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, aren't you making a mistake?

AUBREY. Very likely. What is it?

DRUMMLE. A mistake, not in regarding your Ellean as an angel, but in believing that, under any circumstances, it would be possible for her to go through life without getting her white robe—shall we say, a little dusty at the hem? Don't take me for a cynic. I am sure there are many women upon earth who are almost divinely innocent; but being on earth, they must send their robes to the laundry occasionally. Ah, and it's right that they should have to do so, for what can they learn from the checking of their little washing-bills but lessons of charity? Now I see but two courses open to you for the disposal of your angel.

AUBREY. Yes?

DRUMMLE. You must either restrict her to a paradise which is, like every earthly paradise, necessarily somewhat imperfect, or treat her as an ordinary flesh-and-blood young woman, and give her the advantages of that society to which she properly belongs.

AUBREY. Advantages?

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, of all forms of innocence mere ignorance is the least admirable. Take my advice, let her walk and talk and suffer and be healed with the great crowd. Do it, and hope that she'll some day meet a good, honest fellow who'll make her life complete, happy, secure. Now you see what I'm driving at.

AUBREY. A sanguine programme, my

dear Cayley! Oh, I'm not pooh-poohing it. Putting sentiment aside, of course I know that a fortunate marriage for Ellean would be the best—perhaps the only—solution of my difficulty. But you forget the danger of the course you suggest.

DRUMMLE. Danger?

AUBREY. If Ellean goes among men and women, how can she escape from learning, sooner or later, the history of—poor Paula's—old life?

DRUMMLE. H'm! You remember the episode of the Jeweler's Son in the Arabian Nights? Of course you don't. Well, if your daughter lives, she *can't* escape—what you're afraid of. [AUBREY *gives a half-stifled exclamation of pain.*] And when she does hear the story, surely it would be better that she should have some knowledge of the world to help her to understand it.

AUBREY. To understand!

DRUMMLE. To understand, to—philosophize.

AUBREY. To philosophize?

DRUMMLE. Philosophy is toleration, and it is only one step from toleration to forgiveness.

AUBREY. You're right, Cayley; I believe you always are. Yes, yes. But, even if I had the courage to attempt to solve the problem of Ellean's future in this way, I—I'm helpless.

DRUMMLE. How?

AUBREY. What means have I now of placing my daughter in the world I've left?

DRUMMLE. Oh, some friend—some woman friend.

AUBREY. I have none; they're gone.

DRUMMLE. You're wrong there; I know one——

AUBREY [*listening*]. That's Paula's cart. Let's discuss this again.

DRUMMLE [*going up to the window and looking out*]. It isn't the dog-cart. [*Turning to* AUBREY.] I hope you'll forgive me, old chap.

AUBREY. What for?

DRUMMLE. Whose wheels do you think have been cutting ruts in your immaculate drive?

A SERVANT *enters*

SERVANT [*to* AUBREY]. Mrs. Cortelyon, sir.

AUBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon! [*After a short pause.*] Very well. [*The* SERVANT *withdraws.*] What on earth is the meaning of this?

DRUMMLE. Ahem! While I've been our old friend's guest, Aubrey, we have very naturally talked a good deal about you and yours.

AUBREY. Indeed, have you?

DRUMMLE. Yes; and Alice Cortelyon has arrived at the conclusion that it would have been far kinder had she called on Mrs. Tanqueray long ago. She's going abroad for Easter before settling down in London for the season, and I believe she has come over this morning to ask for Ellean's companionship.

AUBREY. Oh, I see! [*Frowning.*] Quite a friendly little conspiracy, my dear Cayley!

DRUMMLE. Conspiracy! Not at all, I assure you. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!

[ELLEAN *enters from the hall with* MRS. CORTELYON, *a handsome, good-humored, spirited woman of about forty-five.*]

ELLEAN. Papa——

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* AUBREY, *shaking hands with him heartily*]. Well, Aubrey, how are you? I've just been telling this great girl of yours that I knew her when she was a sad-faced, pale baby. How is Mrs. Tanqueray? I have been a bad neighbor, and I'm here to beg forgiveness. Is she indoors?

AUBREY. She's upstairs putting on a hat, I believe.

MRS. CORTELYON [*sitting comfortably*]. Ah! [*She looks round:* DRUMMLE *and* ELLEAN *are talking together in the hall.*] We used to be very frank with each other, Aubrey. I suppose the old footing is no longer possible, eh?

AUBREY. If so, I'm not entirely to blame, Mrs. Cortelyon.

MRS. CORTELYON. Mrs. Cortelyon?

14. **episode of the Jeweler's Son.** In this story a jeweler, wishing to protect his son from the sins of the world, shuts him up in a tower, only to discover that the world could reach the boy in spite of his imprisonment.

H'm! No, I admit it. But you must make some little allowance for me, *Mr. Tanqueray*. Your first wife and I, as girls, were like two cherries on one stalk, and then I was the confidential friend of your married life. That post, perhaps, wasn't altogether a sinecure. And now—well, when a woman gets to my age I suppose she's a stupid, prejudiced, conventional creature. However, I've got over it and—[*giving him her hand*]—I hope you'll be enormously happy and let me be a friend once more.

AUBREY. Thank you, Alice.

MRS. CORTELYON. That's right. I feel more cheerful than I've done for weeks. But I suppose it would serve me right if the second Mrs. Tanqueray showed me the door. Do you think she will?

AUBREY [*listening*]. Here is my wife. [MRS. CORTELYON *rises, and* PAULA *enters, dressed for driving; she stops abruptly on seeing* MRS. CORTELYON.] Paula, dear, Mrs. Cortelyon has called to see you.

[PAULA *starts, looks at* MRS. CORTELYON *irresolutely, then after a slight pause barely touches* MRS. CORTELYON'S *extended hand.*]

PAULA [*whose manner now alternates between deliberate insolence and assumed sweetness*]. Mrs. ——? What name, Aubrey?

AUBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon.

PAULA. Cortelyon? Oh, yes. Cortelyon.

MRS. CORTELYON [*carefully guarding herself throughout against any expression of resentment*]. Aubrey ought to have told you that Alice Cortelyon and he are very old friends.

PAULA. Oh, very likely he has mentioned the circumstance. I have quite a wretched memory.

MRS. CORTELYON. You know we are neighbors, Mrs. Tanqueray.

PAULA. Neighbors? Are we really? Won't you sit down? [*They both sit.*] Neighbors! That's most interesting!

MRS. CORTELYON. Very near neighbors. You can see my roof from your windows.

PAULA. I fancy I *have* observed a roof. But you have been away from home; you have only just returned.

MRS. CORTELYON. I? What makes you think that?

PAULA. Why, because it is two months since we came to Highercoombe, and I don't remember your having called.

MRS. CORTELYON. Your memory is now terribly accurate. No, I've not been away from home, and it is to explain my neglect that I am here, rather unceremoniously, this morning.

PAULA. Oh, to explain—quite so. [*With mock solicitude.*] Ah, you've been very ill; I ought to have seen that before.

MRS. CORTELYON. Ill!

PAULA. You look dreadfully pulled down. We poor women show illness so plainly in our faces, don't we?

AUBREY [*anxiously*]. Paula dear, Mrs. Cortelyon is the picture of health.

MRS. CORTELYON [*with some asperity*]. I have never *felt* better in my life.

PAULA [*looking round innocently*]. Have I said anything awkward? Aubrey, tell Mrs. Cortelyon how stupid and thoughtless I always am!

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* DRUMMLE, *who is now standing close to her*]. Really, Cayley——! [*He soothes her with a nod and smile and a motion of his finger to his lip.*] Mrs. Tanqueray, I am afraid my explanation will not be quite so satisfactory as either of those you have just helped me to. You may have heard—but, if you have heard, you have doubtless forgotten—that twenty years ago, when your husband first lived here, I was a constant visitor at Highercoombe.

PAULA. Twenty years ago—fancy! I was a naughty little child then.

MRS. CORTELYON. Possibly. Well, at that time, and till the end of her life, my affections were centered upon the lady of this house.

PAULA. Were they? That was very sweet of you.

[ELLEAN *approaches* MRS. CORTELYON, *listening intently to her.*]

MRS. CORTELYON. I will say no more on that score, but I must add this: when, two months ago, you came here, I realized, perhaps for the first time, that I was a middle-aged woman, and that it had become impossible for me to accept without some effort a breaking-in upon many tender associations. There, Mrs. Tanqueray, that is my confession. Will you try to understand it and pardon me?

PAULA [*watching* ELLEAN—*sneeringly*]. Ellean dear, you appear to be very interested in Mrs. Cortelyon's reminiscences; I don't think I can do better than make you my mouthpiece—there is such sympathy between us. What do you say—can we bring ourselves to forgive Mrs. Cortelyon for neglecting us for two weary months?

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* ELLEAN, *pleasantly*]. Well, Ellean? [*With a little cry of tenderness* ELLEAN *impulsively sits beside* MRS. CORTELYON *and takes her hand.*] My dear child!

PAULA [*in an undertone to* AUBREY]. Ellean isn't so very slow in taking to Mrs. Cortelyon!

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* PAULA *and* AUBREY]. Come, this encourages me to broach my scheme. Mrs. Tanqueray, it strikes me that you two good people are just now excellent company for each other, while Ellean would perhaps be glad of a little peep into the world you are anxious to avoid. Now, I'm going to Paris tomorrow for a week or two before settling down in Chester Square, so—don't gasp, both of you!—if this girl is willing, and you have made no other arrangements for her, will you let her come with me to Paris, and afterwards remain with me in town during the season? [ELLEAN *utters an exclamation of surprise.* PAULA *is silent.*] What do you say?

AUBREY. Paula—Paula dear. [*Hesitatingly.*] My dear Mrs. Cortelyon, this is wonderfully kind of you; I am really at a loss to—eh, Cayley?

38. **Chester Square.** No opportunity is lost to prove that Aubrey's friends belong to high society. Mrs. Cortelyon's home is in the fashionable Pimlico section of London, S. W., adjacent to Buckingham Palace, and quite near to Hyde Park.

DRUMMLE [*watching* PAULA *apprehensively*]. Kind! Now I must say I don't think so! I begged Alice to take *me* to Paris, and she declined. I am thrown over for Ellean! Ha! ha!

MRS. CORTELYON [*laughing*]. What nonsense you talk, Cayley!

[*The laughter dies out.* PAULA *remains quite still.*]

AUBREY. Paula dear.

PAULA [*slowly collecting herself*]. One moment. I—I don't quite— [*To* MRS. CORTELYON.] You propose that Ellean leaves Highercoombe almost at once, and remains with you some months?

MRS. CORTELYON. It would be a mercy to me. You can afford to be generous to a desolate old widow. Come, Mrs. Tanqueray, won't you spare her?

PAULA. Won't *I* spare her. [*Suspiciously.*] Have you mentioned your plan to Aubrey—before I came in?

MRS. CORTELYON. No; I had no opportunity.

PAULA. Nor to Ellean?

MRS. CORTELYON. Oh, no.

PAULA [*looking about her in suppressed excitement*]. This hasn't been discussed at all, behind my back?

MRS. CORTELYON. My dear Mrs. Tanqueray!

PAULA. Ellean, let us hear your voice in the matter!

ELLEAN. I should like to go with Mrs. Cortelyon——

PAULA. Ah!

ELLEAN. That is, if—if—

PAULA. If—what?

ELLEAN [*looking toward* AUBREY, *appealingly*]. Papa!

PAULA [*in a hard voice*]. Oh, of course—I forgot. [*To* AUBREY.] My dear Aubrey, it rests with you, naturally, whether I am—to lose—Ellean.

AUBREY. Lose Ellean! [*Advancing to* PAULA.] There is no question of losing Ellean. You would see Ellean in town constantly when she returned from Paris; isn't that so, Mrs. Cortelyon?

MRS. CORTELYON. Certainly.

PAULA [*laughing softly*]. Oh, I didn't know I should be allowed that privilege.

MRS. CORTELYON. Privilege, my dear Mrs. Tanqueray!

PAULA. Ha, ha! that makes all the difference, doesn't it?

AUBREY [*with assumed gayety*]. All the difference? I should think so! [*To* ELLEAN, *laying his hand upon her head tenderly.*] And you are quite certain you wish to see what the world is like on the other side of Black Moor!

ELLEAN. If you are willing, papa, I am quite certain.

AUBREY [*looking at* PAULA *irresolutely, then speaking with an effort*]. Then I—I am willing.

PAULA [*rising and striking the table lightly with her clenched hand*]. That decides it! [*There is a general movement. Excitedly to* MRS. CORTELYON, *who advances towards her.*] When do you want her?

MRS. CORTELYON. We go to town this afternoon at five o'clock, and sleep tonight at Bayliss's. There is barely time for her to make her preparations.

PAULA. I will undertake that she is ready.

MRS. CORTELYON. I've a great deal to scramble through at home too, as you may guess. Good-by!

PAULA [*turning away*]. Mrs. Cortelyon is going. [PAULA *stands looking out of the window, with her back to those in the room.*]

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* DRUMMLE]. Cayley——

DRUMMLE [*to her*]. Eh?

MRS. CORTELYON. I've gone through it, for the sake of Aubrey and his child, but I—I feel a hundred. Is that a madwoman?

DRUMMLE. Of course; all jealous women are mad. [*He goes out with* AUBREY.]

MRS. CORTELYON [*hesitatingly, to* PAULA]. Good-by, Mrs. Tanqueray.

[PAULA *inclines her head with the slightest possible movement, then resumes her former position.* ELLEAN *comes from the hall and takes* MRS. CORTELYON *out of the room. After a brief silence,* PAULA *turns with a fierce cry, and hurriedly takes off her coat and hat, and tosses them upon the settee.*]

22. **Bayliss's**, a hotel in London; apparently hypothetical or so exclusive as to have escaped listing in the guidebooks.

PAULA. Who's that? Oh! Oh! Oh! [*She drops into the chair as* AUBREY *returns; he stands looking at her.*]

AUBREY. I—you have altered your mind about going out?

PAULA. Yes. Please to ring the bell.

AUBREY [*touching the bell*]. You are angry about Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean. Let me try to explain my reasons——

PAULA. Be careful what you say to me just now! I have never felt like this—except once—in my life. Be careful what you say to me!

A SERVANT *enters*

PAULA [*rising*]. Is Watts at the door with the cart?

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am.

PAULA. Tell him to drive down to the post-office directly with this. [*Picking up the letter which has been lying upon the table.*]

AUBREY. With that?

PAULA. Yes. My letter to Lady Orreyed. [*Giving the letter to the* SERVANT, *who goes out.*]

AUBREY. Surely you don't wish me to countermand any order of yours to a servant? Call the man back—take the letter from him!

PAULA. I have not the slightest intention of doing so.

AUBREY. I must then. [*Going to the door. She snatches up her hat and coat and follows him.*] What are you going to do?

PAULA. If you stop that letter, I walk out of the house.

[*He hesitates, then leaves the door.*]

AUBREY. I am right in believing that to be the letter inviting George Orreyed and his wife to stay here, am I not?

PAULA. Oh, yes—quite right.

AUBREY. Let it go; I'll write to him by-and-by.

PAULA [*facing him*]. You dare!

AUBREY. Hush, Paula!

PAULA. Insult me again and, upon my word, I'll go straight out of the house!

AUBREY. Insult you?

PAULA. Insult me! What else is it? My God! what else is it? What do you mean by taking Ellean from me?

AUBREY. Listen——!

PAULA. Listen to *me!* And how do you take her? You pack her off in the care of a woman who has deliberately held aloof from me, who's thrown mud at me! Yet this Cortelyon creature has only to put foot here once to be entrusted with the charge of the girl you know I dearly want to keep near me!

AUBREY. Paula dear! hear me—!

PAULA. Ah! of course, of course! I can't be so useful to your daughter as such people as this; and so I'm to be given the go-by for any town friend of yours who turns up and chooses to patronize us! Hah! Very well, at any rate, as you take Ellean from me you justify my looking for companions where I can most readily find 'em.

AUBREY. You wish me to fully appreciate your reason for sending that letter to Lady Orreyed?

PAULA. Precisely—I do.

AUBREY. And could you, after all, go back to associates of that order? It's not possible!

PAULA [*mockingly*]. What, not after the refining influence of these intensely respectable surroundings? [*Going to the door.*] We'll see!

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA [*violently*]. We'll see! [*She goes out. He stands still looking after her.*]

THE THIRD ACT

The drawing-room at "Highercoombe." Facing the spectator are two large French windows, sheltered by a veranda, leading into the garden; on the right is a door opening into a small hall. The fireplace, with a large mirror above it, is on the left-hand side of the room, and higher up in the same wall are double doors recessed. The room is richly furnished, and everything betokens taste and luxury. The windows are open, and there is moonlight in the garden.

LADY ORREYED, *a pretty, affected doll of a woman, with a mincing voice and flaxen hair, is sitting on the ottoman, her head resting against the drum, and her eyes closed.* PAULA, *looking pale, worn, and thoroughly unhappy, is sitting at a table. Both are in sumptuous dinner-gowns.*

LADY ORREYED [*opening her eyes*]. Well, I never! I dropped off! [*Feeling her hair.*] Just fancy! Where are the men?

PAULA [*icily*]. Outside, smoking.

[*A* SERVANT *enters with coffee, which he hands to* LADY ORREYED. SIR GEORGE ORREYED *comes in by the window. He is a man of about thirty-five, with a low forehead, a receding chin, a vacuous expression, and an ominous redness about the nose.*]

LADY ORREYED [*taking coffee*]. Here's Dodo.

SIR GEORGE. I say, the flies under the veranda make you swear. [*The* SERVANT *hands coffee to* PAULA, *who declines it, then to* SIR GEORGE, *who takes a cup.*] Hi! wait a bit! [*He looks at the tray searchingly, then puts back his cup.*] Never mind. [*Quietly to* LADY ORREYED.] I say, they're dooced sparin' with their liqueur, ain't they?

[*The* SERVANT *goes out at window.*]

PAULA [*to* SIR GEORGE]. Won't you take coffee, George?

SIR GEORGE. No, thanks. It's gettin' near time for a whisky and potass. [*Approaching* PAULA, *regarding* LADY ORREYED *admiringly.*] I say, Birdie looks rippin' tonight, don't she?

PAULA. Your wife?

SIR GEORGE. Yaas—Birdie.

PAULA. Rippin'?

SIR GEORGE. Yaas.

PAULA. Quite—quite rippin'.

The Third Act. In this act Paula finds it impossible to retain the illusion that she can be happy with her old set, and she determines to discard them. Her only remaining hope is to become sure of Aubrey's affection by winning that of Ellean. But just as she seems to have achieved an understanding with Ellean which might have grown into affection, her past life blocks her in the appearance of Hugh Ardale, Ellean's suitor, whose mistress Paula formerly was.

Stage Direction: **Lady Orreyed.** To provide dramatic contrast with Aubrey and Paula and to furnish comic relief from the tense tragic situations, the amiable Lady Orreyed and her alcoholically saturated spouse wander through this act, too indolent and too selfish to be conscious either of the crassness of their own lives or of the impending tragedy in the house where they are guests.

54. **potass,** potash water, charged with carbonic acid gas.

[*He moves round to the settee.* PAULA *watches him with distaste, then rises and walks away.* SIR GEORGE *falls asleep on the settee.*]

LADY ORREYED. Paula love, I fancied you and Aubrey were a little more friendly at dinner. You haven't made it up, have you?

PAULA. We? Oh, no. We speak before others, that's all.

LADY ORREYED. And how long do you intend to carry on this game, dear?

PAULA [*turning away impatiently*]. I really can't tell you.

LADY ORREYED. Sit down, old girl; don't be so fidgety. [PAULA *sits on the upper seat of the ottoman, with her back to* LADY ORREYED.] Of course, it's my duty, as an old friend, to give you a good talking-to—[PAULA *glares at her suddenly and fiercely*]—but really I've found one gets so many smacks in the face through interfering in matrimonial squabbles that I've determined to drop it.

PAULA. I think you're wise.

LADY ORREYED. However, I must say that I do wish you'd look at marriage in a more solemn light—just as I do, in fact. It is such a beautiful thing—marriage, and if people in our position don't respect it, and set a good example by living happily with their husbands, what can you expect from the middle classes? When did this sad state of affairs between you and Aubrey actually begin?

PAULA. Actually, a fortnight and three days ago; I haven't calculated the minutes.

LADY ORREYED. A day or two before Dodo and I turned up—arrived.

PAULA. Yes. One always remembers one thing by another; we left off speaking to each other the morning I wrote asking you to visit us.

LADY ORREYED. Lucky for you I was able to pop down, wasn't it, dear?

PAULA [*glaring at her again*]. Most fortunate.

LADY ORREYED. A serious split with your husband without a pal on the premises—I should say, without a friend in the house—would be most unpleasant.

PAULA [*turning to her abruptly*]. This place must be horribly doleful for you and George just now. At least you ought to consider him before me. Why didn't you leave me to my difficulties?

LADY ORREYED. Oh, we're quite comfortable, dear, thank you—both of us. George and me are so wrapped up in each other, it doesn't matter where we are. I don't want to crow over you, old girl, but I've got a perfect husband.

[SIR GEORGE *is now fast asleep, his head thrown back and his mouth open, looking hideous.*]

PAULA [*glancing at* SIR GEORGE]. So you've given me to understand.

LADY ORREYED. Not that we don't have our little differences. Why, we fell out only this very morning. You remember the diamond and ruby tiara Charley Prestwick gave poor dear Connie Tirlemont years ago, don't you?

PAULA. No, I do not.

LADY ORREYED. No? Well, it's in the market. Benjamin of Piccadilly has got it in his shop window, and I've set my heart on it.

PAULA. You consider it quite necessary?

LADY ORREYED. Yes; because what I say to Dodo is this—a lady of my station must smother herself with hair ornaments. It's different with you, love—people don't look for so much blaze from you, but I've got rank to keep up; haven't I?

PAULA. Yes.

LADY ORREYED. Well, that was the cause of the little set-to between I and Dodo this morning. He broke two chairs, he was in such a rage. I forgot they're your chairs; do you mind?

PAULA. No.

LADY ORREYED. You know, poor Dodo can't lose his temper without smashing something; if it isn't a chair, it's a mirror; if it isn't that, it's china—a bit of Dresden for choice. Dear old pet! he loves a bit of Dresden when he's furious. He doesn't really throw things *at* me, dear; he simply lifts them up and

drops them, like a gentleman. I expect our room upstairs will look rather wrecky before I get that tiara.

PAULA. Excuse the suggestion; perhaps your husband can't afford it.

LADY ORREYED. Oh, how dreadfully changed you are, Paula! Dodo can always mortgage something, or borrow of his ma. What *is* coming to you!

PAULA. Ah! [*She sits at the piano and touches the keys.*]

LADY ORREYED. Oh, yes, do play! That's the one thing I envy you for.

PAULA. What shall I play?

LADY ORREYED. What was that heavenly piece you gave us last night, dear?

PAULA. A bit of Schubert. Would you like to hear it again?

LADY ORREYED. You don't know any comic songs, do you?

PAULA. I'm afraid not.

LADY ORREYED. I leave it to you.

[PAULA *plays.* AUBREY *and* CAYLEY DRUMMLE *appear outside the window; they look into the room.*]

AUBREY [*to* DRUMMLE]. You can see her face in that mirror. Poor girl, how ill and wretched she looks.

DRUMMLE. When are the Orreyeds going?

AUBREY. Heaven knows! [*Entering the room.*]

DRUMMLE. But *you're* entertaining them; what's it to do with heaven? [*Following* AUBREY.]

AUBREY. Do you know, Cayley, that even the Orreyeds serve a useful purpose? My wife actually speaks to me before our guests—think of that! I've come to rejoice at the presence of the Orreyeds!

DRUMMLE. I dare say; we're taught that beetles are sent for a benign end.

AUBREY. Cayley, talk to Paula again tonight.

DRUMMLE. Certainly, if I get the chance.

AUBREY. Let's contrive it. George is asleep; perhaps I can get that doll out of the way. [*As they advance into the room,* PAULA *abruptly ceases playing and finds interest in a volume of music.* SIR GEORGE *is now nodding and snoring apoplectically.*] Lady Orreyed, whenever you feel inclined for a game of billiards, I'm at your service.

LADY ORREYED [*jumping up*]. Charmed, I'm sure! I really thought you'd forgotten poor little me. Oh, look at Dodo!

AUBREY. No, no, don't wake him; he's tired.

LADY ORREYED. I must, he looks so plain. [*Rousing* SIR GEORGE.] Dodo! Dodo!

SIR GEORGE [*stupidly*]. 'Ullo!

LADY ORREYED. Dodo dear, you were snoring.

SIR GEORGE. Oh, I say, you could 'a told me that by-and-by.

AUBREY. You want a cigar, George; come into the billiard-room. [*Giving his arm to* LADY ORREYED.] Cayley, bring Paula. [AUBREY *and* LADY ORREYED *go out.*]

SIR GEORGE [*rising*]. Hey, what! Billiard-room! [*Looking at his watch.*] How goes the—? Phew! 'Ullo, 'Ullo! Whisky and potass!

[*He goes rapidly after* AUBREY *and* LADY ORREYED. PAULA *resumes playing.*]

PAULA [*after a pause*]. Don't moon about after me, Cayley; follow the others.

DRUMMLE. Thanks, by-and-by. [*Sitting.*] That's pretty.

PAULA [*after another pause, still playing*]. I wish you wouldn't stare so.

DRUMMLE. Was I staring? I'm sorry. [*She plays a little longer, then stops suddenly, rises, and goes to the window, where she stands looking out.* DRUMMLE *moves from the ottoman to the settee.*] A lovely night.

PAULA [*startled*]. Oh! [*Without turning to him.*] Why do you hop about like a monkey?

DRUMMLE. Hot rooms play the deuce with the nerves. Now, it would have done you good to have walked in the garden with us after dinner and made merry. Why didn't you?

PAULA. You know why.

DRUMMLE. Ah, you're thinking of the—difference between you and Aubrey?

PAULA. Yes, I *am* thinking of it.

DRUMMLE. Well, so am I. How long—?

PAULA. Getting on for three weeks.

DRUMMLE. Bless me, it must be! And this would have been such a night to have healed it! Moonlight, the stars, the scent of flowers; and yet enough darkness to enable a kind woman to rest her hand for an instant on the arm of a good fellow who loves her. Ah, ha! It's a wonderful power, dear Mrs. Aubrey, the power of an offended woman! Only realize it! Just that one touch—the mere tips of her fingers—and, for herself and another, she changes the color of the whole world.

PAULA [*turning to him calmly*]. Cayley, my dear man, you talk exactly like a very romantic old lady. [*She leaves the window and sits playing with the knick-knacks on the table.*]

DRUMMLE [*to himself*]. H'm, that hasn't done it! Well—ha, ha!—I accept the suggestion. An old woman, eh?

PAULA. Oh, I didn't intend—

DRUMMLE. But why not? I've every qualification—well, almost. And I confess it would have given this withered bosom a throb of grandmotherly satisfaction if I could have seen you and Aubrey at peace before I take my leave tomorrow.

PAULA. Tomorrow, Cayley!

DRUMMLE. I must.

PAULA. Oh, this house is becoming unendurable.

DRUMMLE. You're very kind. But you've got the Orreyeds.

PAULA [*fiercely*]. The Orreyeds! I—I hate the Orreyeds! I lie awake at night, hating them!

DRUMMLE. Pardon me, I've understood that their visit is, in some degree, owing to—hem—your suggestion.

PAULA. Heavens! that doesn't make me like them better. Somehow or another, I—I've outgrown these people. This woman—I used to think her "jolly!"—sickens me. I can't breathe when she's near me; the whiff of her handkerchief turns me faint! And she patronizes me by the hour, until I—I feel my nails growing longer with every word she speaks!

DRUMMLE. My dear lady, why on earth don't you say all this to Aubrey?

PAULA. Oh, I've been such an utter fool, Cayley!

DRUMMLE [*soothingly*]. Well, well, mention it to Aubrey!

PAULA. No, no, you don't understand. What do you think I've done?

DRUMMLE. Done! What, *since* you invited the Orreyeds?

PAULA. Yes; I must tell you—

DRUMMLE. Perhaps you'd better not.

PAULA. Look here! I've intercepted some letters from Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean to—him. [*Producing three unopened letters from the bodice of her dress.*] There are the accursed things! From Paris—two from the Cortelyon woman, the other from Ellean!

DRUMMLE. But why—why?

PAULA. I don't know. Yes, I do! I saw letters coming from Ellean to her father; not a line to me—not a line. And one morning it happened I was downstairs before he was, and I spied this one lying with his heap on the breakfast-table, and I slipped it into my pocket—out of malice, Cayley, pure deviltry! And a day or two afterwards I met Elwes the postman at the Lodge, and took the letters from him, and found these others amongst 'em. I felt simply fiendish when I saw them—fiendish! [*Returning the letters to her bodice.*] And now I carry them about with me, and they're scorching me like a mustard plaster!

DRUMMLE. Oh, this accounts for Aubrey not hearing from Paris lately!

PAULA. That's an ingenious conclusion to arrive at! Of course it does! [*With an hysterical laugh.*] Ha, ha!

DRUMMLE. Well, well! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

PAULA [*turning upon him*]. I suppose it *is* amusing!

DRUMMLE. I beg pardon.

PAULA. Heaven knows I've little enough to brag about! I'm a bad lot, but not in mean tricks of this sort. In all my life this is the most caddish thing I've done. How am I to get rid of these letters—that's what I want to know? How am I to get rid of them?

DRUMMLE. If I were you, I should

take Aubrey aside and put them into his hands as soon as possible.

PAULA. What! and tell him to his face that I—! No, thank you. I suppose *you* wouldn't like to——

DRUMMLE. No, no; I won't touch 'em!

PAULA. And you call yourself my friend?

DRUMMLE [*good-humoredly*]. No, I don't!

PAULA. Perhaps I'll tie them together and give them to his man in the morning.

DRUMMLE. That won't avoid an explanation.

PAULA [*recklessly*]. Oh, then he must miss them——

DRUMMLE. And trace them.

PAULA [*throwing herself upon the ottoman*]. I don't care!

DRUMMLE. I know you don't; but let me send him to you now, may I?

PAULA. Now! What do you think a woman's made of? I couldn't stand it, Cayley. I haven't slept for nights; and last night there was thunder, too! I believe I've got the horrors.

DRUMMLE [*taking the little hand-mirror from the table*]. You'll sleep well enough when you deliver those letters. Come, come, Mrs. Aubrey—a good night's rest! [*Holding the mirror before her face.*] It's quite time.

[*She looks at herself for a moment, then snatches the mirror from him.*]

PAULA. You brute, Cayley, to show me that!

DRUMMLE. Then—may I? Be guided by a fr—a poor old woman! May I?

PAULA. You'll kill me, amongst you!

DRUMMLE. What do you say?

PAULA [*after a pause*]. Very well. [*He nods his head and goes out rapidly. She looks after him for a moment, and calls "Cayley! Cayley!" Then she again produces the letters, deliberately, one by one, fingering them with aversion. Suddenly she starts, turning her head toward the door.*] Ah!

AUBREY *enters quickly*

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA [*handing him the letters, her face averted*]. There! [*He examines the letters, puzzled, and looks at her inquiringly.*] They are many days old. I stole them, I suppose to make you anxious and unhappy.

[*He looks at the letters again, then lays them aside on the table.*]

AUBREY [*gently*]. Paula, dear, it doesn't matter.

PAULA [*after a short pause*]. Why—why do you take it like this?

AUBREY. What did you expect?

PAULA. Oh, but I suppose silent reproaches are really the severest. And then, naturally, you are itching to open your letters. [*She crosses the room as if to go.*]

AUBREY. Paula! [*She pauses.*] Surely, surely, it's all over now?

PAULA. All over! [*Mockingly.*] Has my step-daughter returned then? When did she arrive? I haven't heard of it!

AUBREY. You can be very cruel.

PAULA. That word's always on a man's lips; he uses it if his soup's cold. [*With another movement as if to go.*] Need we—

AUBREY. I know I've wounded you, Paula. But isn't there any way out of this?

PAULA. When does Ellean return? Tomorrow? Next week?

AUBREY [*wearily*]. Oh! Why should we grudge Ellean the little pleasure she is likely to find in Paris and in London.

PAULA. I grudge her nothing, if that's a hit at me. But with that woman—?

AUBREY. It must be that woman or another. You know that at present we are unable to give Ellean the opportunity of—of—

PAULA. Of mixing with respectable people.

AUBREY. The opportunity of gaining friends, experience, ordinary knowledge of the world. If you are interested in Ellean, can't you see how useful Mrs. Cortelyon's good offices are?

PAULA. May I put one question? At the end of the London season, when Mrs. Cortelyon has done with Ellean, is it quite understood that the girl comes back to us? [AUBREY *is silent.*] Is it? Is it?

AUBREY. Let us wait till the end of the season——

PAULA. Oh! I knew it. You're only fooling me; you put me off with any trash. I believe you've sent Ellean away, not for the reasons you give, but because you don't consider me a decent companion for her, because you're afraid she might get a little of her innocence rubbed off in my company? Come, isn't that the truth? Be honest! Isn't that it?

AUBREY. Yes. [*There is a moment's silence on both sides.*]

PAULA [*with uplifted hands as if to strike him*]. Oh!

AUBREY [*taking her by the wrists*]. Sit down. Sit down. [*He puts her into a chair; she shakes herself free with a cry.*] Now listen to me. Fond as you are, Paula, of harking back to your past, there's one chapter of it you always let alone. I've never asked you to speak of it; you've never offered to speak of it. I mean the chapter that relates to the time when you were—like Ellean. [*She attempts to rise; he restrains her.*] No, no.

PAULA. I don't choose to talk about that time. I won't satisfy your curiosity.

AUBREY. My dear Paula, I have no curiosity—I know what you were at Ellean's age. I'll tell you. You hadn't a thought that wasn't a wholesome one, you hadn't an impulse that didn't tend toward good, you never harbored a notion you couldn't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. [*She makes another effort to rise; he lays his hand lightly on her shoulder.*] And this was a very few years back—there are days now when you look like a school-girl—but think of the difference between the two Paulas. You'll have to think hard, because after a cruel life, one's perceptions grow a thick skin. But, for God's sake, do think till you get these two images clearly in your mind, and then ask yourself what sort of a friend such a woman as you are today would have been for the girl of seven or eight years ago.

PAULA [*rising*]. How dare you? I could be almost as good a friend to Ellean as her own mother would have been had she lived. I know what you mean. How dare you?

AUBREY. You say that; very likely you believe it. But you're blind, Paula; you're blind. You! Every belief that a young, pure-minded girl holds sacred—that you once held sacred—you now make a target for a jest, a sneer, a paltry cynicism. I tell you, you're not mistress any longer of your thoughts or your tongue. Why, how often, sitting between you and Ellean, have I seen her cheeks turn scarlet as you've rattled off some tale that belongs by right to the club or the smoking-room! Have you noticed the blush? If you have, has the cause of it ever struck you? And this is the girl you say you love, I admit that you *do* love, whose love you expect in return! Oh, Paula, I make the best, the only, excuse for you when I tell you you're blind!

PAULA. Ellean—Ellean blushes easily.

AUBREY. You blushed as easily a few years ago.

PAULA [*after a short pause*]. Well! have you finished your sermon?

AUBREY [*with a gesture of despair*]. Oh, Paula! [*Going up to the window, and standing with his back to the room.*]

PAULA [*to herself*]. A few—years ago! [*She walks slowly toward the door, then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in a paroxysm of weeping.*] O God! A few years ago!

AUBREY [*going to her*]. Paula!

PAULA [*sobbing*]. Oh, don't touch me!

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA. Oh, go away from me! [*He goes back a few steps, and after a little while she becomes calmer and rises unsteadily; then in an altered tone.*] Look here—! [*He advances a step; she checks him with a quick gesture.*] Look here! Get rid of these people—Mabel and her husband—as soon as possible! I—I've done with them!

AUBREY [*in a whisper*]. Paula!

PAULA. And then—then—when the time comes for Ellean to leave Mrs. Cortelyon, give me—give me another

chance! [*He advances again, but she shrinks away.*] No, no!

[*She goes out by the door on the right. He sinks on to the settee, covering his eyes with his hands. There is a brief silence, then a* SERVANT *enters.*]

SERVANT. Mrs. Cortelyon, sir, with Miss Ellean.

[AUBREY *rises to meet* MRS. CORTELYON, *who enters, followed by* ELLEAN, *both being in traveling dresses. The* SERVANT *withdraws.*]

MRS. CORTELYON [*shaking hands with* AUBREY]. Oh, my dear Aubrey!

AUBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon! [*Kissing* ELLEAN.] Ellean dear!

ELLEAN. Papa, is all well at home?

MRS. CORTELYON. We're shockingly anxious.

AUBREY. Yes, yes, all's well. This is quite unexpected. [*To* MRS. CORTELYON.] You've found Paris insufferably hot?

MRS. CORTELYON. Insufferably hot! Paris is pleasant enough. We've had no letter from you!

AUBREY. I wrote to Ellean a week ago.

MRS. CORTELYON. Without alluding to the subject I had written to you upon.

AUBREY [*thinking*]. Ah, of course—

MRS. CORTELYON. And since then we've both written, and you've been absolutely silent. Oh, it's too bad!

AUBREY [*picking up the letters from the table*]. It isn't altogether my fault. Here are the letters—

ELLEAN. Papa!

MRS. CORTELYON. They're unopened.

AUBREY. An accident delayed their reaching me till this evening. I'm afraid this has upset you very much.

MRS. CORTELYON. Upset me!

ELLEAN [*in an undertone to* MRS. CORTELYON]. Never mind. Not now, dear—not tonight.

AUBREY. Eh?

MRS. CORTELYON [*to* ELLEAN, *aloud*]. Child, run away and take your things off. She doesn't look as if she'd journeyed from Paris today.

AUBREY. I've never seen her with such a color. [*Taking* ELLEAN'S *hands.*]

ELLEAN [*to* AUBREY, *in a faint voice*]. Papa, Mrs. Cortelyon has been so very, very kind to me, but I—I have come home. [*She goes out.*]

AUBREY. Come home! [*To* MRS. CORTELYON.] Ellean returns to us then?

MRS. CORTELYON. That's the very point I put to you in my letters, and you oblige me to travel from Paris to Willowmere on a warm day to settle it. I think perhaps it's right that Ellean should be with you just now, although I——My dear friend, circumstances are a little altered.

AUBREY. Alice, you're in some trouble.

MRS. CORTELYON. Well—yes, I *am* in trouble. You remember pretty little Mrs. Brereton who was once Caroline Ardale?

AUBREY. Quite well.

MRS. CORTELYON. She's a widow now, poor thing. She has the *entresol* of the house where we've been lodging in the Avenue de Friedland. Caroline's a dear chum of mine; she formed a great liking for Ellean.

AUBREY. I'm very glad.

MRS. CORTELYON. Yes, it's nice for her to meet her mother's friends. Er—that young Hugh Ardale the papers were full of some time ago—he's Caroline Brereton's brother, you know.

AUBREY. No, I didn't know. What did he do? I forget.

MRS. CORTELYON. Checked one of those horrid mutinies at some far-away station in India. Marched down with a handful of his men and a few faithful natives, and held the place until he was relieved. They gave him his company and a V.C. for it.

AUBREY. And he's Mrs. Brereton's brother?

MRS. CORTELYON. Yes. He's with his sister—*was*, rather—in Paris. He's home—invalided. Good gracious, Au-

69. **entresol**, a mezzanine, or low story between the first and second floors of a house. 71. **Avenue de Friedland.** Mrs. Cortelyon evidently stopped in what is still a favorite locality of the British colony near the Arc de Triomphe. 87. **They gave him his company**, promoted him to a captaincy. 88. V. C., Victoria Cross, an award for especial gallantry in action.

brey, why don't you help me out? Can't you guess what has occurred?

AUBREY. Alice!

MRS. CORTELYON. Young Ardale—Ellean!

AUBREY. An attachment?

MRS. CORTELYON. Yes, Aubrey. [*After a little pause.*] Well, I suppose I've got myself into sad disgrace. But really I didn't foresee anything of this kind. A serious, reserved child like Ellean, and a boyish, high-spirited soldier—it never struck me as being likely. [AUBREY *paces to and fro thoughtfully.*] I did all I could directly Captain Ardale spoke—wrote to you at once. Why on earth don't you receive your letters promptly, and when you do get them why can't you open them? I endured the anxiety till last night, and then made up my mind—home! Of course, it has worried me terribly. My head's bursting. Are there any salts about. [AUBREY *fetches a bottle from the cabinet and hands it to her.*] We've had one of those hateful smooth crossings that won't let you be properly indisposed.

AUBREY. My dear Alice, I assure you I've no thought of blaming you.

MRS. CORTELYON. That statement always precedes a quarrel.

AUBREY. I don't know whether this is the worst or the best luck. How will my wife regard it? Is Captain Ardale a good fellow?

MRS. CORTELYON. My dear Aubrey, you'd better read up the accounts of his wonderful heroism. Face to face with death for a whole week; always with a smile and a cheering word for the poor helpless souls depending on him! Of course it's that that has stirred the depths of your child's nature. I've watched her while we've been dragging the story out of him, and if angels look different from Ellean at that moment, I don't desire to meet any, that's all!

AUBREY. If you were in my position—? But you can't judge.

MRS. CORTELYON. Why, if I had a marriageable daughter of my own, and Captain Ardale proposed for her, naturally I should cry my eyes out all night—but I should thank Heaven in the morning.

AUBREY. You believe so thoroughly in him?

MRS. CORTELYON. Do you think I should have only a headache at this minute if I didn't! Look here, you've got to see me down the lane; that's the least you can do, my friend. Come into my house for a moment and shake hands with Hugh.

AUBREY. What, is he here?

MRS. CORTELYON. He came through with us, to present himself formally tomorrow. Where are my gloves. [AUBREY *fetches them from the ottoman.*] Make my apologies to Mrs. Tanqueray, please. She's well, I hope? [*Going toward the door.*] I can't feel sorry she hasn't seen me in this condition.

ELLEAN *enters*

ELLEAN [*to* MRS. CORTELYON]. I've been waiting to wish you good-night. I was afraid I'd missed you.

MRS. CORTELYON. Good night, Ellean.

ELLEAN [*in a low voice, embracing* MRS. CORTELYON]. I can't thank you. Dear Mrs. Cortelyon!

MRS. CORTELYON [*her arms round* ELLEAN, *in a whisper to* AUBREY]. Speak a word to her. [MRS. CORTELYON *goes out.*]

AUBREY [*to* ELLEAN]. Ellean, I'm going to see Mrs. Cortelyon home. Tell Paula where I am; explain, dear. [*Going to the door.*]

ELLEAN [*her head drooping*]. Yes. [*Quickly.*] Father! You are angry with me—disappointed?

AUBREY. Angry? No.

ELLEAN. Disappointed?

AUBREY [*smiling and going to her and taking her hand*]. If so, it's only because you've shaken my belief in my discernment. I thought you took after your poor mother a little, Ellean; but there's a look on your face tonight, dear, that I never saw on hers—never, never.

ELLEAN [*leaning her head on his shoulder*]. Perhaps I ought not to have gone away.

AUBREY. Hush! You're quite happy?

ELLEAN. Yes.

AUBREY. That's right. Then, as you are quite happy, there is something I particularly want you to do for me, Ellean.

ELLEAN. What is that?

AUBREY. Be very gentle with Paula. Will you?

ELLEAN. You think I have been unkind.

AUBREY [*kissing her upon the forehead*]. Be very gentle with Paula.

[*He goes out, and she stands looking after him; then, as she turns thoughtfully from the door, a rose is thrown through the window and falls at her feet. She picks up the flower wonderingly and goes to the window.*]

ELLEAN [*starting back*]. Hugh!

[HUGH ARDALE, *a handsome young man of about seven-and-twenty, with a boyish face and manner, appears outside the window.*]

HUGH. Nelly! Nelly dear!

ELLEAN. What's the matter?

HUGH. Hush! Nothing. It's only fun. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I've found out that Mrs. Cortelyon's meadow runs up to your father's plantation; I've come through a gap in the hedge.

ELLEAN. Why, Hugh?

HUGH. I'm miserable at The Warren; it's so different from the Avenue de Friedland. Don't look like that! Upon my word I meant just to peep at your home and go back, but I saw figures moving about here, and came nearer, hoping to get a glimpse of you. Was that your father? [*Entering the room.*]

ELLEAN. Yes.

HUGH. Isn't this fun! A rabbit ran across my foot while I was hiding behind that old yew.

ELLEAN. You must go away; it's not right for you to be here like this.

HUGH. But it's only fun, I tell you. You take everything so seriously. Do wish me good-night.

ELLEAN. We have said good-night.

HUGH. In the hall at The Warren, before Mrs. Cortelyon and a man-servant. Oh, it's so different from the Avenue de Friedland!

ELLEAN [*giving him her hand hastily*]. Good-night, Hugh.

HUGH. Is that all? We might be the merest acquaintances. [*He momentarily embraces her, but she releases herself.*]

ELLEAN. It's when you're like this that you make me feel utterly miserable. [*Throwing the rose from her angrily.*] Oh!

HUGH. I've offended you now, I suppose?

ELLEAN. Yes.

HUGH. Forgive me, Nelly. Come into the garden for five minutes; we'll stroll down to the plantation.

ELLEAN. No, no.

HUGH. For two minutes—to tell me you forgive me.

ELLEAN. I forgive you.

HUGH. Evidently. I shan't sleep a wink tonight after this. What a fool I am! Come down to the plantation. Make it up with me.

ELLEAN. There is somebody coming into this room. Do you wish to be seen here?

HUGH. I shall wait for you behind that yew-tree. You must speak to me, Nelly!

[*He disappears.* PAULA *enters.*]

PAULA. Ellean!

ELLEAN. You—you are very surprised to see me, Paula, of course.

PAULA. Why are you here? Why aren't you with—your friend?

ELLEAN. I've come home—if you'll have me. We left Paris this morning; Mrs. Cortelyon brought me back. She was here a minute or two ago; papa has just gone with her to The Warren. He asked me to tell you.

PAULA. There are some people staying with us that I'd rather you didn't meet. It was hardly worth your while to return for a few hours.

ELLEAN. A few hours?

PAULA. Well, when do you go to London?

ELLEAN. I don't think I go to London, after all.

PAULA [*eagerly*]. You—you've quarreled with her?

19. **plantation**, a grove of trees; an orchard.

ELLEAN. No, no, no, not that; but—Paula! [*In an altered tone.*] Paula!

PAULA [*startled*]. Eh? [ELLEAN *goes deliberately to* PAULA *and kisses her.*] Ellean!

ELLEAN. Kiss me.

PAULA. What—what's come to you?

ELLEAN. I want to behave differently to you in the future. Is it too late?

PAULA. Too—late! [*Impulsively kissing* ELLEAN *and crying.*] No—no—no! No—no!

ELLEAN. Paula, don't cry.

PAULA [*wiping her eyes.*] I'm a little shaky; I haven't been sleeping. It's all right—talk to me.

ELLEAN. There is something I want to tell you—

PAULA. Is there—is there? [*They sit together on the ottoman,* PAULA *taking* ELLEAN'S *hand.*]

ELLEAN. Paula, in our house in the Avenue de Friedland, on the floor below us, there was a Mrs. Brereton. She used to be a friend of my mother's. Mrs. Cortelyon and I spent a great deal of our time with her.

PAULA [*suspiciously*]. Oh! [*Letting* ELLEAN'S *hand fall.*] Is this lady going to take you up in place of Mrs. Cortelyon?

ELLEAN. No, no. Her brother is staying with her—*was* staying with her. Her brother——[*Breaking off in confusion.*]

PAULA. Well?

ELLEAN [*almost inaudibly*]. Paula—[*She rises and walks away,* PAULA *following her.*]

PAULA. Ellean! [*Taking hold of her.*] You're not in love! [ELLEAN *looks at* PAULA *appealingly.*] Oh, *you* in love! You! Oh, this is why you've come home! Of course, you can make friends with me now! You'll leave us for good soon, I suppose; so it doesn't much matter being civil to me for a little while!

ELLEAN. Oh, Paula!

PAULA. Why, how you have deceived us—all of us! We've taken you for a cold-blooded little saint. The fools you've made of us! Saint Ellean, Saint Ellean!

ELLEAN. Ah, I might have known you'd only mock me!

PAULA [*her tone changing*]. Eh?

ELLEAN. I—I can't talk to you. [*Sitting on the settee.*] You do nothing else but mock and sneer, nothing else.

PAULA. Ellean dear! Ellean! I didn't mean it. I'm so horribly jealous, it's a sort of curse on me. [*Kneeling beside* ELLEAN *and embracing her.*] My tongue runs away with me. I'm going to alter, I swear I am. I've made some good resolutions, and as God's above me, I'll keep them! If you are in love, if you do ever marry, that's no reason why we shouldn't be fond of each other. Come, you've kissed me of your own accord—you can't take it back. Now we're friends again, aren't we? Ellean dear! I want to know everything, everything. Ellean dear, Ellean!

ELLEAN. Paula, Hugh has done something that makes me very angry. He came with us from Paris today, to see papa. He is staying with Mrs. Cortelyon and—I ought to tell you—

PAULA. Yes, yes. What?

ELLEAN. He has found his way by The Warren meadow through the plantation up to this house. He is waiting to bid me good-night. [*Glancing toward the garden.*] He is—out there.

PAULA. Oh!

ELLEAN. What shall I do?

PAULA. Bring him in to see me! Will you?

ELLEAN. No, no.

PAULA. But I'm dying to know him. Oh, yes, you must. I shall meet him before Aubrey does. [*Excitedly running her hands over her hair.*] I'm so glad. [ELLEAN *goes out by the window.*] The mirror—mirror. What a fright I must look! [*Not finding the hand-glass on the table, she jumps on to the settee, and surveys herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, then sits quietly down and waits.*] Ellean! Just fancy! Ellean!

[*After a pause* ELLEAN *enters by the window with* HUGH.]

ELLEAN. Paula, this is Captain Ardale—Mrs. Tanqueray.

[PAULA *rises and turns, and she and*

HUGH *stand staring blankly at each other for a moment or two; then* PAULA *advances and gives him her hand.*]

PAULA [*in a strange voice, but calmly*]. How do you do?

HUGH. How do you do?

PAULA [*to* ELLEAN]. Mr. Ardale and I have met in London, Ellean. Er—Captain Ardale now?

HUGH. Yes.

ELLEAN. In London?

PAULA. They say the world's very small, don't they?

HUGH. Yes.

PAULA. Ellean, dear, I want to have a little talk about you to Mr. Ardale—Captain Ardale—alone. [*Putting her arms round* ELLEAN, *and leading her to the door.*] Come back in a little while. [ELLEAN *nods to* PAULA *with a smile and goes out, while* PAULA *stands watching her at the open door.*] In a little while—in a little—[*Closing the door and then taking a seat facing* HUGH.] Be quick! Mr. Tanqueray has only gone down to The Warren with Mrs. Cortelyon. What is to be done?

HUGH [*blankly*]. Done?

PAULA. Done — done. Something must be done.

HUGH. I understood that Mr. Tanqueray had married a Mrs.—Mrs.—

PAULA. Jarman?

HUGH. Yes.

PAULA. I'd been going by that name. You didn't follow my doings after we separated.

HUGH. No.

PAULA [*sneeringly*]. No.

HUGH. I went out to India.

PAULA. What's to be done?

HUGH. Damn this chance!

PAULA. Oh, my God!

HUGH. Your husband doesn't know, does he?

PAULA. That you and I—?

HUGH. Yes.

PAULA. No. He knows about others.

HUGH. Not about me. How long were we—?

PAULA. I don't remember, exactly.

HUGH. Do you—do you think it matters?

PAULA. His—his daughter. [*With a muttered exclamation he turns away, and sits with his head in his hands.*] What's to be done?

HUGH. I wish I could think.

PAULA. Oh! Oh! What happened to that flat of ours in Ethelbert Street?

HUGH. I let it.

PAULA. All that pretty furniture?

HUGH. Sold it.

PAULA. I came across the key of the escritoire the other day in an old purse! [*Suddenly realizing the horror and hopelessness of her position, and starting to her feet with an hysterical cry of rage.*] What am I maundering about?

HUGH. For God's sake, be quiet! Do let me think.

PAULA. This will send me mad! [*Suddenly turning and standing over him.*] You—you beast, to crop up in my life again like this!

HUGH. I always treated you fairly.

PAULA [*weakly*]. Oh! I beg your pardon—I know you did—I—[*She sinks on to the settee crying hysterically.*]

HUGH. Hush!

PAULA. She kissed me tonight! I'd won her over! I've had such a fight to make her love me! And now—just as she's beginning to love me, to bring this on her!

HUGH. Hush, hush! Don't break down!

PAULA [*sobbing*]. You don't know! I—I haven't been getting on well in my marriage. It's been my fault. The life I used to lead spoilt me completely. But I'd made up my mind to turn over a new leaf from tonight. From tonight!

HUGH. Paula—

PAULA. Don't you call me that!

HUGH. Mrs. Tanqueray, there is no cause for you to despair in this way. It's all right, I tell you—it *shall* be all right.

PAULA [*shivering*]. What are we to do?

HUGH. Hold our tongues.

PAULA. Eh? [*Staring vacantly.*]

HUGH. The chances are a hundred to one against any one ever turning up

57. **Ethelbert Street.** Apparently fictitious, but perhaps Pinero had Ethelberga Street in mind; this is a little street across the Thames from the fashionable West End near Battersea Park.

who knew us when we were together. Besides, no one would be such a brute as to split on us. If anybody did do such a thing, we should have to lie! What are we upsetting ourselves like this for, when we've simply got to hold our tongues?

PAULA. You're as mad as I am!

HUGH. Can you think of a better plan?

PAULA. There's only one plan possible—let's come to our senses!—Mr. Tanqueray must be told.

HUGH. Your husband! What, and I lose Ellean! I lose Ellean!

PAULA. You've got to lose her.

HUGH. I won't lose her; I can't lose her!

PAULA. Didn't I read of your doing any number of brave things in India? Why, you seem to be an awful coward!

HUGH. That's another sort of pluck altogether; I haven't this sort of pluck.

PAULA. Oh, I don't ask *you* to tell Mr. Tanqueray. That's my job.

HUGH [*standing over her*]. You—you—you'd better! You—

PAULA [*rising*]. Don't bully me! I intend to.

HUGH [*taking hold of her; she wrenches herself free*]. Look here, Paula, I never treated you badly—you've owned it. Why should you want to pay me out like this? You don't know how I love Ellean!

PAULA. Yes, that's just what I *do* know.

HUGH. I say you don't! She's as good as my own mother. I've been downright honest with her, too. I told her, in Paris, that I'd been a bit wild at one time, and, after a damned wretched day, she promised to forgive me because of what I'd done since in India. She's behaved like an angel to me! Surely I oughtn't to lose her, after all, just because I've been like other fellows! No; I haven't been half as rackety as a hundred men we could think of. Paula, don't pay me out for nothing; be fair to me, there's a good girl—be fair to me!

PAULA. Oh, I'm not considering you at all! I advise you not to stay here any longer; Mr. Tanqueray is sure to be back soon.

HUGH [*taking up his hat*]. What's the understanding between us, then? What have we arranged to do?

PAULA. I don't know what you're going to do; I've got to tell Mr. Tanqueray.

HUGH. By God, you shall do nothing of the sort! [*Approaching her fiercely.*]

PAULA. You shocking coward!

HUGH. If you dare! [*Going up to the window.*] Mind! If you dare!

PAULA [*following him*]. Why, what would you do?

HUGH [*after a short pause, sullenly*]. Nothing. I'd shoot myself—that's nothing. Good-night.

PAULA. Good-night.

[*He disappears. She walks unsteadily to the ottoman, and sits; and as she does so her hand falls upon the little silver mirror, which she takes up, staring at her own reflection.*]

THE FOURTH ACT

The Drawing-room at "Highercoombe," the same evening.

PAULA *is still seated on the ottoman, looking vacantly before her, with the little mirror in her hand.* LADY ORREYED *enters.*

LADY ORREYED. There you are! You never came into the billiard-room. Isn't it maddening—Cayley Drummle gives me sixty out of a hundred, and beats me. I must be out of form, because I know I play remarkably well for a lady. Only last month—[PAULA *rises.*] Whatever is the matter with you, old girl?

PAULA. Why?

LADY ORREYED [*staring*]. It's the

33. **pay me out**, get even with me.

The Fourth Act. The psychological, inner, or spiritual catastrophe of the play occurs with the appearance of Ardale in the third act. Paula, who has hitherto been blinded to the fact that her past cannot be hidden, is now disillusioned and begins to see facts as they really are. The fourth act is concerned, therefore, with her growing recognition of the situation, and the climax—her suicide—is the external symbol of her new knowledge.

Stage Direction: **mirror.** As this act will fix in Paula's mind the idea that her face betrays her past, the external symbol of her worry is impressed upon the audience by the opening tableau and by the first two speeches of Lady Orreyed.

light, I suppose. [PAULA *replaces the mirror on the table.*] By Aubrey's bolting from the billiard-table in that fashion I thought perhaps—

PAULA. Yes; it's all right.

LADY ORREYED. You've patched it up? [PAULA *nods.*] Oh, I am jolly glad—! I mean—

PAULA. Yes, I know what you mean. Thanks, Mabel.

LADY ORREYED [*kissing* PAULA]. Now take my advice; for the future—

PAULA. Mabel, if I've been disagreeable to you while you've been staying here, I—I beg your pardon. [*Walking away and sitting down.*]

LADY ORREYED. You disagreeable, my dear? I haven't noticed it. Dodo and me both consider you make a first-class hostess; but then you've had such practice, haven't you? [*Dropping on to the ottoman and gaping.*] Oh, talk about being sleepy—!

PAULA. Why don't you—!

LADY ORREYED. Why, dear, I must hang about for Dodo. You may as well know it; he's in one of his moods.

PAULA [*under her breath*]. Oh—!

LADY ORREYED. Now, it's not his fault; it was deadly dull for him while we were playing billiards. Cayley Drummle did ask him to mark, but I stopped that; it's so easy to make a gentleman look like a billiard-marker. This is just how it always is; if poor old Dodo has nothing to do, he loses count, as you may say.

PAULA. Hark!

[SIR GEORGE ORREYED *enters, walking slowly and deliberately; he looks pale and watery-eyed.*]

SIR GEORGE [*with mournful indistinctness*]. I'm 'fraid we've lef' you a grea' deal to yourself tonight, Mrs. Tanqueray. Attra'tions of billiards. I apol'gize. I say, where's ol' Aubrey?

PAULA. My husband has been obliged to go out to a neighbor's house.

SIR GEORGE. I want his advice on a rather pressing matter connected with my family—my family. [*Sitting.*] Tomorrow will do just as well.

LADY ORREYED [*to* PAULA]. This is the mood I hate so—driveling about his precious family.

SIR GEORGE. The fact is, Mrs. Tanqueray, I am not easy in my min' 'bout the way I am treatin' my poor ol' mother.

LADY ORREYED [*to* PAULA]. Do you hear that? That's *his* mother, but *my* mother he won't so much as look at!

SIR GEORGE. I shall write to Bruton Street firs' thing in the morning.

LADY ORREYED [*to* PAULA]. Mamma has stuck to me through everything—well, you know!

SIR GEORGE. I'll get ol' Aubrey to figure out a letter. I'll drop line to Uncle Fitz too—dooced shame of the ol' feller to chuck me over in this manner. [*Wiping his eyes.*] All my family have chucked me over.

LADY ORREYED [*rising*]. Dodo!

SIR GEORGE. Jus' because I've married beneath me, to be chucked over! Aunt Lydia, the General, Hooky Whitgrave, Lady Sugnall—my own dear sister!—all turn their backs on me. It's more than I can stan'!

LADY ORREYED [*approaching him with dignity*]. Sir George, wish Mrs. Tanqueray good-night at once, and come upstairs. Do you hear me?

SIR GEORGE [*rising angrily*]. Wha—!

LADY ORREYED. Be quiet!

SIR GEORGE. You presoom to order me about!

LADY ORREYED. You're making an exhibition of yourself!

SIR GEORGE. Look 'ere—!

LADY ORREYED. Come along, I tell you!

[*He hesitates, utters a few inarticulate sounds, then snatches up a fragile ornament from the table, and is about to dash it on the ground.* LADY ORREYED *retreats, and* PAULA *goes to him.*]

PAULA. George! [*He replaces the ornament.*]

SIR GEORGE [*shaking* PAULA'S *hand*]. Good ni', Mrs. Tanqueray.

LADY ORREYED [*to* PAULA]. Good-

60–61. **Bruton Street,** in the ultra-fashionable Mayfair, east of Berkeley Square.

night, darling. Wish Aubrey good-night for me. Now Dodo? [*She goes out.*]

SIR GEORGE [*to* PAULA]. I say, are you goin' to sit up for ol' Aubrey?

PAULA. Yes.

SIR GEORGE. Shall I keep you comp'ny?

PAULA. No, thank you, George.

SIR GEORGE. Sure?

PAULA. Yes, sure.

SIR GEORGE [*shaking hands*]. Good-night again.

PAULA. Good-night.

[*She turns away. He goes out, steadying himself carefully.* DRUMMLE *appears outside the window, smoking.*]

DRUMMLE [*looking into the room and seeing* PAULA]. My last cigar. Where's Aubrey?

PAULA. Gone down to The Warren, to see Mrs. Cortelyon home.

DRUMMLE [*entering the room*]. Eh? Did you say Mrs. Cortelyon?

PAULA. Yes. She has brought Ellean back.

DRUMMLE. Bless my soul! Why?

PAULA. I—I'm too tired to tell you, Cayley. If you stroll along the lane you'll meet Aubrey. Get the news from him.

DRUMMLE [*going up to the window*]. Yes, yes. [*Returning to* PAULA.] I don't want to bother you, only—the anxious old woman, you know. Are you and Aubrey—?

PAULA. Good friends again?

DRUMMLE [*nodding*]. Um.

PAULA [*giving him her hand*]. Quite, Cayley, quite.

DRUMMLE [*retaining her hand*]. That's capital. As I'm off so early tomorrow morning, let me say now—thank you for your hospitality. [*He bends over her hand gallantly, then goes out by the window.*]

PAULA [*to herself*]. "Are you and Aubrey—?" "Good friends again?" "Yes." "Quite, Cayley, quite."

[*There is a brief pause, then* AUBREY *enters hurriedly, wearing a light overcoat and carrying a cap.*]

AUBREY. Paula dear! Have you seen Ellean?

PAULA. I found her here when I came down.

AUBREY. She—she's told you?

PAULA. Yes, Aubrey.

AUBREY. It's extraordinary, isn't it! Not that somebody should fall in love with Ellean, or that Ellean herself should fall in love. All that's natural enough and was bound to happen, I suppose, sooner or later. But this young fellow! You know his history?

PAULA. His history?

AUBREY. You remember the papers were full of his name a few months ago?

PAULA. Oh, yes.

AUBREY. The man's as brave as a lion, there's no doubt about that; and, at the same time, he's like a big good-natured school-boy, Mrs. Cortelyon says. Have you ever pictured the kind of man Ellean would marry some day?

PAULA. I can't say that I have.

AUBREY. A grave, sedate fellow I've thought about—hah! She has fallen in love with the way in which Ardale practically laid down his life to save those poor people shut up in the Residency. [*Taking off his coat.*] Well, I suppose if a man can do that sort of thing, one ought to be content. And yet—[*Throwing his coat on the settee.*] I should have met him tonight, but he'd gone out. Paula dear, tell me how you look upon this business.

PAULA. Yes, I will—I must. To begin with, I—I've seen Mr. Ardale.

AUBREY. Captain Ardale?

PAULA. Captain Ardale.

AUBREY. Seen him?

PAULA. While you were away, he came up here, through our grounds, to try to get a word with Ellean. I made her fetch him in and present him to me.

AUBREY [*frowning*]. Doesn't Captain Ardale know there's a lodge and a front door to this place? Never mind! What is your impression of him?

PAULA. Aubrey, do you recollect my bringing you a letter—a letter giving

74. **Residency**, the official residence of any diplomatic agent residing at a foreign seat of government; here probably some frontier consulate in India. 92. **lodge**, here, a caretaker's house at the gateway of an estate. Hugh did not announce himself at the lodge, but came across the fields.

you an account of myself—to the Albany late one night—the night before we got married?

AUBREY. A letter?

PAULA. You burnt it; don't you know?

AUBREY. Yes; I know.

PAULA. His name was in that letter.

AUBREY [*going back from her slowly, and staring at her*]. I don't understand.

PAULA. Well—Ardale and I once kept house together. [*He remains silent, not moving.*] Why don't you strike me? Hit me in the face—I'd rather you did! Hurt me! hurt me!

AUBREY [*after a pause*]. What did you—and this man—say to each other—just now?

PAULA. I—hardly—know.

AUBREY. Think!

PAULA. The end of it all was that I—I told him I must inform you of—what had happened . . . he didn't want me to do that . . . I declared that I would . . . he dared me to. [*Breaking down.*] Let me alone!—oh!

AUBREY. Where was my daughter while this went on?

PAULA. I—I had sent her out of the room . . . that is all right.

AUBREY. Yes, yes—yes, yes. [*He turns his head toward the door.*]

PAULA. Who's that?

A SERVANT *enters with a letter*

SERVANT. The coachman has just run up with this from The Warren, sir. [AUBREY *takes the letter.*] It's for Mrs. Tanqueray, sir; there's no answer.

[*The* SERVANT *withdraws.* AUBREY *goes to* PAULA *and drops the letter into her lap; she opens it with uncertain hands.*]

PAULA [*reading it to herself*]. It's from —him. He's going away—or gone—I think. [*Rising in a weak way.*] What does it say? I never could make out his writing. [*She gives the letter to* AUBREY, *and stands near him, looking at the letter over his shoulder as he reads.*]

AUBREY [*reading*]. "I shall be in Paris by tomorrow evening. Shall wait there, at Meurice's, for a week, ready to receive any communication you or your husband may address to me. Please invent some explanation to Ellean. Mrs. Tanqueray, for God's sake, do what you can for me."

[PAULA *and* AUBREY *speak in low voices, both still looking at the letter.*]

PAULA. Has he left The Warren, I wonder, already?

AUBREY. That doesn't matter.

PAULA. No; but I can picture him going quietly off. Very likely he's walking on to Bridgeford or Cottering tonight, to get the first train in the morning. A pleasant stroll for him.

AUBREY. We'll reckon he's gone; that's enough.

PAULA. That isn't to be answered in any way?

AUBREY. Silence will answer that.

PAULA. He'll soon recover his spirits, I know.

AUBREY. You know. [*Offering her the letter.*] You don't want this, I suppose?

PAULA. No.

AUBREY. It's done with—done with.

[*He tears the letter into small pieces. She has dropped the envelope; she searches for it, finds it, and gives it to him.*]

PAULA. Here!

AUBREY [*looking at the remnants of the letter*]. This is no good; I must burn it.

PAULA. Burn it in your room.

AUBREY. Yes.

PAULA. Put it in your pocket for now.

AUBREY. Yes.

[*He does so.* ELLEAN *enters, and they both turn, guiltily, and stare at her.*]

ELLEAN [*after a short silence, wonderingly*]. Papa—

AUBREY. What do you want, Ellean?

ELLEAN. I heard from Willis that you had come in; I only want to wish you good-night. [PAULA *steals away, without looking back.*] What's the matter? Ah! Of course, Paula has told you about Captain Ardale?

AUBREY. Well?

ELLEAN. Have you and he met?

AUBREY. No.

47. **Meurice's**, a hotel in Paris frequented by well-to-do foreigners.

ELLEAN. You are angry with him; so was I. But tomorrow when he calls and expresses his regret—tomorrow—

AUBREY. Ellean—Ellean!

ELLEAN. Yes, papa?

AUBREY. I—I can't let you see this man again. [*He walks away from her in a paroxysm of distress, then, after a moment or two, he returns to her and takes her to his arms.*] Ellean! my child!

ELLEAN [*releasing herself*]. What has happened, papa? What is it?

AUBREY [*thinking out his words deliberately*]. Something has occurred, something has come to my knowledge, in relation to Captain Ardale, which puts any further acquaintanceship between you two out of the question.

ELLEAN. Any further acquaintanceship . . . out of the question?

AUBREY. Yes. [*Advancing to her quickly, but she shrinks from him.*]

ELLEAN. No, no—I am quite well. [*After a short pause.*] It's not an hour ago since Mrs. Cortelyon left you and me together here; you had nothing to urge against Captain Ardale then.

AUBREY. No.

ELLEAN. You don't know each other; you haven't even seen him this evening. Father!

AUBREY. I have told you he and I have not met.

ELLEAN. Mrs. Cortelyon couldn't have spoken against him to you just now. No, no, no; she's too good a friend to both of us. Aren't you going to give me some explanation? You can't take this position toward me—toward Captain Ardale—without affording me the fullest explanation.

AUBREY. Ellean, there are circumstances connected with Captain Ardale's career which you had better remain ignorant of. It must be sufficient for you that I consider these circumstances render him unfit to be your husband.

ELLEAN. Father!

AUBREY. You must trust me, Ellean; you must try to understand the depth of my love for you and the—the agony it gives me to hurt you. You must trust me.

ELLEAN. I will, father; but you must trust me a little, too. Circumstances connected with Captain Ardale's career?

AUBREY. Yes.

ELLEAN. When he presents himself here tomorrow, of course you will see him and let him defend himself?

AUBREY. Captain Ardale will not be here tomorrow.

ELLEAN. Not! You have stopped his coming here?

AUBREY. Indirectly—yes.

ELLEAN. But just now he was talking to me at that window! Nothing had taken place then! And since then nothing can have—! Oh! Why—you have heard something against him from Paula.

AUBREY. From—Paula!

ELLEAN. She knows him.

AUBREY. She has told you so?

ELLEAN. When I introduced Captain Ardale to her she said she had met him in London. Of course! It is Paula who has done this!

AUBREY [*in a hard voice*]. I—I hope you—you'll refrain from rushing at conclusions. There's nothing to be gained by trying to avoid the main point, which is that you must drive Captain Ardale out of your thoughts. Understand that! You're able to obtain comfort from your religion, aren't you? I'm glad to think that's so. I talk to you in a harsh way, Ellean, but I feel your pain almost as acutely as you do. [*Going to the door.*] I—I can't say anything more to you tonight.

ELLEAN. Father! [*He pauses at the door.*] Father, I'm obliged to ask you this; there's no help for it—I've no mother to go to. Does what you have heard about Captain Ardale concern the time when he led a wild, a dissolute life in London?

AUBREY [*returning to her slowly and staring at her*]. Explain yourself!

ELLEAN. He has been quite honest with me. One day—in Paris—he confessed to me—what a man's life is—what his life had been.

AUBREY [*under his breath*]. Oh!

ELLEAN. He offered to go away, not to approach me again.

AUBREY. And you—you accepted his view of what a man's life is?

ELLEAN. As far as *I* could forgive him, I forgave him.

AUBREY [*with a groan*]. Why, when was it you left us? It hasn't taken you long to get your robe "just a little dusty at the hem"!

ELLEAN. What do you mean?

AUBREY. Hah! A few weeks ago my one great desire was to keep you ignorant of evil.

ELLEAN. Father, it is impossible to be ignorant of evil. Instinct, common instinct, teaches us what is good and bad. Surely I am none the worse for knowing what is wicked and detesting it!

AUBREY. Detesting it! Why, you love this fellow!

ELLEAN. Ah, you don't understand! I have simply judged Captain Ardale as we all pray to be judged. I have lived in imagination through that one week in India when he deliberately offered his life back to God to save those wretched, desperate people. In his whole career I see now nothing but that one week; those few hours bring him nearer the saints, I believe, than fifty uneventful years of mere blamelessness would have done! And so, father, if Paula has reported anything to Captain Ardale's discredit—

AUBREY. Paula—!

ELLEAN. It must be Paula; it can't be anybody else.

AUBREY. You—you'll please keep Paula out of the question. Finally, Ellean, understand me—I have made up my mind. [*Again going to the door.*]

ELLEAN. But wait—listen! I have made up my mind also.

AUBREY. Ah! I recognize your mother in you now!

ELLEAN. You need not speak against my mother because you are angry with me!

AUBREY. I—I hardly know what I'm saying to you. In the morning—in the morning—[*He goes out. She remains standing, and turns her head to listen. Then, after a moment's hesitation she goes softly to the window, and looks out under the veranda.*]

ELLEAN [*in a whisper*]. Paula! Paula!

[PAULA *appears outside the window and steps into the room; her face is white and drawn, her hair is a little disordered.*]

PAULA [*huskily*]. Well?

ELLEAN. Have you been under the veranda all the while—listening?

PAULA. N—no.

ELLEAN. You *have* overheard us—I see you have. And it *is* you who have been speaking to my father against Captain Ardale. Isn't it? Paula, why don't you own it or deny it?

PAULA. Oh, I—I don't mind owning it; why should I?

ELLEAN. Ah! You seem to have been very, very eager to tell your tale.

PAULA. No, I wasn't eager, Ellean. I'd have given something not to have had to do it. I wasn't eager.

ELLEAN. Not! Oh, I think you might safely have spared us all for a little while.

PAULA. But, Ellean, you forget I—I am your stepmother. It was my—my duty—to tell your father what I—what I knew—

ELLEAN. What you knew! Why, after all, what can you know? You can only speak from gossip, report, hearsay! How is it possible that you—! [*She stops abruptly. The two women stand staring at each other for a moment; then* ELLEAN *backs away from* PAULA *slowly.*] Paula!

PAULA. What—what's the matter?

ELLEAN. You—you knew Captain Ardale in London!

PAULA. Why—what do you mean?

ELLEAN. Oh! [*She makes for the door, but* PAULA *catches her by the wrist.*]

PAULA. You shall tell me what you mean!

ELLEAN. Ah! [*Suddenly, looking fixedly into* PAULA'S *face.*] You know what I mean.

PAULA. You accuse me!

ELLEAN. It's in your face!

PAULA [*hoarsely*]. You—you think I'm—that sort of creature, do you?

ELLEAN. Let me go!

98. **It's in your face!** The trap is sprung, but not with full force until line 90, page 202.

PAULA. Answer me! You've always hated me! [*Shaking her.*] Out with it!

ELLEAN. You hurt me!

PAULA. You've always hated me! You shall answer me!

ELLEAN. Well, then, I have always—always—

PAULA. What?

ELLEAN. I have always known what you were!

PAULA. Ah! Who—who told you?

ELLEAN. Nobody but yourself. From the first moment I saw you, I knew you were altogether unlike the good women I'd left; directly I saw you, I knew what my father had done. You've wondered why I've turned from you! There—that's the reason! Oh, but this is a horrible way for the truth to come home to everyone! Oh!

PAULA. It's a lie! It's all a lie! [*Forcing* ELLEAN *down upon her knees.*] You shall beg my pardon for it. [ELLEAN *utters a loud shriek of terror.*] Ellean, I'm a good woman! I swear I am! I've always been a good woman! You dare to say I've ever been anything else! It's a lie! [*Throwing her off violently.*]

AUBREY *re-enters*

AUBREY. Paula! [PAULA *staggers back as* AUBREY *advances. Raising* ELLEAN.] What's this? What's this?

ELLEAN [*faintly*]. Nothing. It—it's my fault. Father, I—I don't wish to see Captain Ardale again. [*She goes out,* AUBREY *slowly following her to the door.*]

PAULA. Aubrey, she—she guesses.

AUBREY. Guesses?

PAULA. About me—and Ardale.

AUBREY. About you—and Ardale?

PAULA. She says she suspected my character from the beginning . . . that's why she's always kept me at a distance . . . and now she sees through— [*She falters; he helps her to the ottoman, where she sits.*]

AUBREY [*bending over her*]. Paula, you must have said something—admitted something——

PAULA. I don't think so. It—it's in my face.

AUBREY. What?

PAULA. She tells me so. She's right! I'm tainted through and through; anybody can see it, anybody can find it out. You said much the same to me tonight.

AUBREY. If she has got this idea into her head we must drive it out, that's all. We must take steps to—What shall we do? We had better—better—What—what? [*Sitting and staring before him.*]

PAULA. Ellean! So meek, so demure! You've often said she reminded you of her mother. Yes, I know now what your first marriage was like.

AUBREY. We must drive this idea out of her head. We'll do something. What shall we do?

PAULA. She's a regular woman, too. She could forgive *him* easily enough—but *me!* That's just a woman!

AUBREY. What *can* we do?

PAULA. Why, nothing! She'd have no difficulty in following up her suspicions. Suspicions! You should have seen how she looked at me! [*He buries his head in his hands. There is silence for a time, then she rises slowly, and goes and sits beside him.*] Aubrey.

AUBREY. Yes.

PAULA. I'm very sorry.

[*Without meeting her eyes, he lays his hand on her arm for a moment.*]

AUBREY. Well, we must look things straight in the face. [*Glancing around.*] At any rate, we've done with this.

PAULA. I suppose so. [*After a brief pause.*] Of course, she and I can't live under the same roof any more. You know she kissed me tonight, of her own accord.

AUBREY. I asked her to alter toward you.

PAULA. That was it, then.

AUBREY. I—I'm sorry I sent her away.

PAULA. It was my fault; I made it necessary.

AUBREY. Perhaps now she'll propose to return to the convent—well, she must.

PAULA. Would you like to keep her with you and—and leave me?

AUBREY. Paula—!

PAULA. You needn't be afraid I'd go back to—what I was. I couldn't.

AUBREY. S—sh, for God's sake! We—you and I—we'll get out of this place . . . what a fool I was to come here again!

PAULA. You lived here with your first wife!

AUBREY. We'll get out of this place and go abroad again, and begin afresh.

PAULA. Begin afresh?

AUBREY. There's no reason why the future shouldn't be happy for us—no reason that I can see——

PAULA. Aubrey!

AUBREY. Yes?

PAULA. You'll never forget this, you know.

AUBREY. This?

PAULA. Tonight, and everything that's led up to it. Our coming here, Ellean, our quarrels—cat and dog!—Mrs. Cortelyon, the Orreyeds, this man! What an everlasting nightmare for you!

AUBREY. Oh, we can forget it, if we choose.

PAULA. That was always your cry. How *can* one do it!

AUBREY. We'll make our calculations solely for the future, talk about the future, think about the future.

PAULA. I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate.

AUBREY. That's an awful belief.

PAULA. Tonight proves it. You must see now that, do what we will, go where we will, you'll be continually reminded of—what I was. I see it.

AUBREY. You're frightened tonight; meeting this man has frightened you. But that sort of thing isn't likely to recur. The world isn't quite so small as all that.

PAULA. Isn't it! The only great distances it contains are those we carry within ourselves—the distances that separate husbands and wives, for instance. And so it'll be with us. You'll do your best—oh, I know that—you're a good fellow. But circumstances will be too strong for you in the end, mark my words.

AUBREY. Paula—!

PAULA. Of course I'm pretty now—I'm pretty still—and a pretty woman, whatever else she may be, is always—well, endurable. But even now I notice that the lines of my face are getting deeper; so are the hollows about my eyes. Yes, my face is covered with little shadows that usen't to be there. Oh, I know I'm "going off." I hate paint and dye and those messes, but, by-and-by, I shall drift the way of the others; I shan't be able to help myself. And then, some day—perhaps very suddenly, under a queer, fantastic light at night or in the glare of the morning—that horrid, irresistible truth that physical repulsion forces on men and women will come to you, and you'll sicken at me.

AUBREY. I—!

PAULA. You'll see me then, at last, with other people's eyes; you'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with—not one serviceable little bit of prettiness left me to defend myself with! A worn-out creature—broken up, very likely, some time before I ought to be—my hair bright, my eyes dull, my body too thin or too stout, my cheeks raddled and ruddled—a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about! I know it—I know it! [*He is still sitting staring forward; she rocks herself to and fro as if in pain.*] Oh, Aubrey! Oh! Oh!

AUBREY. Paula—! [*Trying to comfort her.*]

PAULA. Oh, and I wanted so much to sleep tonight! [*Laying her head upon his shoulder. From the distance, in the garden, there comes the sound of* DRUMMLE'S *voice; he is singing as he approaches the house.*] That's Cayley, coming back from The Warren. [*Starting up.*] He doesn't know, evidently. I—I won't see him!

[*She goes out quickly.* DRUMMLE'S *voice comes nearer.* AUBREY *rouses himself and snatches up a book from the table, making a pretense of reading. After a*

moment or two, DRUMMLE *appears at the window and looks in.*]

DRUMMLE. Aha! my dear chap!

AUBREY. Cayley?

DRUMMLE [*coming into the room*]. I went down to The Warren after you.

AUBREY. Yes?

DRUMMLE. Missed you. Well—I've been gossiping with Mrs. Cortelyon. Confound you, I've heard the news!

AUBREY. What have you heard?

DRUMMLE. What have I heard! Why—Ellean and young Ardale! [*Looking at* AUBREY *keenly.*] My dear Aubrey! Alice is under the impression that you are inclined to look on the affair favorably.

AUBREY [*rising and advancing to* DRUMMLE]. You've not—met—Captain Ardale?

DRUMMLE. No. Why do you ask? By-the-by, I don't know that I need tell you—but it's rather strange. He's not at The Warren tonight.

AUBREY. No?

DRUMMLE. He left the house half an hour ago, to stroll about the lanes; just now a note came from him, a scribble in pencil, simply telling Alice that she would receive a letter from him tomorrow. What's the matter? There's nothing very wrong, is there? My dear chap, pray forgive me if I'm asking too much.

AUBREY. Cayley, you—you urged me to send her away!

DRUMMLE. Ellean! Yes, yes. But—but—by all accounts this is quite an eligible young fellow. Alice has been giving me the history—

AUBREY. Curse him! [*Hurling his book to the floor.*] Curse him! Yes, I do curse him—him and his class! Perhaps I curse myself too in doing it. He has only led "a man's life"—just as I, how many of us, have done! The misery he has brought on me and mine it's likely enough we, in our time, have helped to bring on others by this leading "a man's life"! But I do curse him for all that. My God, *I've* nothing more to fear—I've paid *my* fine! And so I can curse him in safety. Curse him! Curse him!

DRUMMLE. In Heaven's name, tell me what's happened?

AUBREY [*gripping* DRUMMLE'S *arm*]. Paula! Paula!

DRUMMLE. What?

AUBREY. They met tonight here. They—they—they're not strangers to each other.

DRUMMLE. Aubrey!

AUBREY. Curse him! My poor, wretched wife! My poor, wretched wife!

[*The door opens and* ELLEAN *appears. The two men turn to her. There is a moment's silence.*]

ELLEAN. Father . . . father . . . !

AUBREY. Ellean?

ELLEAN. I—I want you. [*He goes to her.*] Father . . . go to Paula! [*He looks into her face, startled.*] Quickly—quickly! [*He passes her to go out; she seizes his arm, with a cry.*] No, no; don't go!

[*He shakes her off and goes.* ELLEAN *staggers back toward* DRUMMLE.]

DRUMMLE [*to* ELLEAN]. What do you mean? What do you mean?

ELLEAN. I—I went to her room—to tell her I was sorry for something I had said to her. And I *was* sorry—I *was* sorry. I heard the fall. I—I've seen her. It's horrible.

DRUMMLE. She—she has—!

ELLEAN. Killed—herself? Yes—yes. So everybody will say. But I know—I helped to kill her. If I'd only been merciful!

[*She faints upon the ottoman. He pauses for a moment irresolutely—then he goes to the door, opens it, and stands looking out.*]

THE END

(1893)

THE DOVER ROAD*

By A. A. Milne (1882–)

NOTE

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray was succeeded on the British stage by fifteen years of serious problem plays, mingled, of course, with an assortment of traditionally built comedies and melodramas. But shortly after the turn of the century a more or less fantastic treatment of life came to the stage in such plays as those of Sir James Barrie and Mr. A. A. Milne. It seemed almost as if the popular imagination wished to escape from the complex mechanism of society into an untrammeled fairyland where actions do not bring the painful reactions of real life, and where one can float through a plot without being too deeply disturbed.

The Dover Road, first produced in New York on December 23, 1921, is a later development of the fantastic play. It is entirely whimsical; the author calls it, in fact, "an absurd comedy." The plot is based upon the fashion of runaway and—temporarily, at least—unmarriageable English couples leaving England by motoring from London to Dover, along the northern coast of Kent, and taking thence the boat to the continent. The title of the play is, therefore, symbolic of a common enough social phenomenon, but the play deals with the situation whimsically, not seriously, in a manner which induces reflection and laughter rather than anger and pain. In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* the thesis of the play is presented impersonally, as far as the author is concerned, whereas in *The Dover Road* Mr. Milne sees the world from a distinctly personal point of view, and so treats his dramatic material as to give it a distinctive flavor. His world is saved from tragedy by the fantastic and poetic humor of the chief ironist, who is really the mouthpiece of the author himself. The fantastic elements of Mr. Milne's plays are inherent in both plot and characterization, but appear more distinctly in plot. Mr. Milne apparently recognizes, as have other literary artists before him, how short is the step from the world of convention to that of romance and how easily understanding can vanquish pain, and laughter banish tears.

Now it may seem that the way of fantasy is a by-path, a way of dodging the real issues of life. It is not so, however, with Mr. Milne. His dramatic method makes human qualities stand out more than they do in real life, transfigured, if you will, but more definitely recognizable to the eye. His technique is not unlike that of the biologist who makes certain tissues stand out from the general flesh mass by staining them. As a result, while a stained cross-section of animal tissue does not look like the living tissue, we are able by means of the stain to distinguish not merely its component parts, but its essential form and nature better than we could in real life. And so it is with the dramatic technique of Mr. Milne. While his plot and characterization may not be presented as they would appear in human experience, yet the tissues of which they are composed are well recognized by us all.

But it is not enough to leave the matter there. Mr. Milne might have chosen a technique which would have been unsuitable for the stage; but his symbolism, his imagination, are essentially dramatic. In Mr. Milne's fantastic drama the basic symbolism is the "road of life," old before Bunyan used it in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Milne has taken a particular part of that road, or perhaps a by-path, and has let his audience travel along it. His point of view is that of Mr. Latimer, a philosopher and traveler on the journey of life who is well acquainted with the road, who knows its start and its finish and its varying appearances by rain and shine, and

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who obtains from his knowledge that sense of contrast between what it is and what it seems to be that is the mark of the ironist.

In most of his plays Mr. Milne is his own ironist. Sometimes there is a character in the play who is his mouthpiece, as is Mr. Latimer in *The Dover Road;* sometimes Mr. Milne is merely to be felt in the atmosphere. The stage is his stage; the plot is his plot; the characters are his characters. And the result is again what the drama gives at its best—an enlightenment, disillusioning if you will; but with Mr. Milne's method the disillusionment leaves laughter rather than sorrow in your heart.

In *The Dover Road* the audience, of course, must know everything. But it would crush to earth as light a structure as this, were the dramatist to give us all circumstantial details as to how, why, and where the action arose. Accordingly little or no antecedent fact is presented. The brief hints as to the past married life of the four runaways are enough to satisfy us because our interest is centered from the beginning in their present and their future rather than in their past lives. Four people want to forsake their past routine, or at least they want a new experience. Well, so do we all, and that is what makes us willing to believe in their predicament.

This lack of insistence on circumstantial detail gives the play a chance to rise into the realm of fantasy. From the beginning we are made to believe in the omniscience of Mr. Latimer. Queer he may be; amusing he surely is; but more than that he knows what will happen, and we are enchanted in observing his methods. Once the dramatist has aroused our interest in Mr. Latimer and his system, we are willing to believe, and we watch with interest the unfolding of his experiments.

Finally, it should be pointed out that *The Dover Road* has been written not only for stage production, but also for reading. Hence throughout the play the stage directions are no longer mere terse instructions of the author to aid the stage manager and the cast in the production, but have become descriptive paragraphs for the reader, containing frequently the author's asides, often with little if any dramatic significance. Yet elaborate and descriptive as these stage directions are, they are brief as compared with those in the plays of Barrie and Shaw and other modern playwrights who, like Milne, look for their audience to readers as well as to the frequenters of the playhouses.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Those who, having previously seen *The Dover Road*, are now going to read it will find that Anne does not, after all, marry Mr. Latimer. They may, perhaps, assume that this is how I originally wrote the play, and that I was persuaded, against my better judgment, into a so-called happy ending which left Anne with the sound of wedding-bells in her ears. I owe it to Mr. McClintic, who produced the play so delightfully, to explain that such was not the case. I wrote it originally as he produced it; but, even as I wrote, I felt that I did not want Anne married; I was so much in love with her. To rescue her from Leonard was easy; to save her from Nicholas was more difficult; and, in an unguarded moment, while I was triumphing over Nicholas, Mr. Latimer got her. Dominic and I were both a little disappointed, but we said nothing. I knew that I should have another chance later on. "Wait," I said to the smiling Mr. Latimer, "until we get to rehearsals. Marry you? Why, she doesn't even know your Christian name!" But I didn't think then that the first rehearsals would happen thousands of miles from Dover, and that I should not be there to save her. I expect Mr. Latimer knew. That is why he smiled. But of course once I got down to it, he stood no chance. It is the printed word which remains, and here in print we have her saved. However, Mr. Latimer still smiles. He always knew in his heart that he was too old for her. In fact, sometimes I think that he and Anne only pretended in order to frighten Dominic. A. A. M.

THE ORIGINAL CAST OF "THE DOVER ROAD"

The first performance on any stage was at the Bijou Theatre, New York City, on Friday afternoon, December 23, 1921.

THE HOUSE

DOMINIC, *George Riddell*
THE STAFF, *Phyllis Carrington*
Ann Winslow
Edwin H. Morse
George Nolan
LATIMER, *Charles Cherry*

THE GUESTS

LEONARD, *Reginald Mason*
ANNE, *Winifred Lenihan*
EUSTASIA, *Molly Pearson*
NICHOLAS, *Lyonel Watts*

The Play was produced by Guthrie McClintic.

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

THE HOUSE

DOMINIC
THE STAFF
MR. LATIMER

THE GUESTS

LEONARD — EUSTASIA
ANNE — NICHOLAS

The Scene is the reception room of Mr. Latimer's house, a little way off the Dover Road.

Act I. Evening.
Act II. Next morning.
Act III. Scene I. The same.
Scene II. Three days later.

ACT I

What MR. LATIMER *prefers to call the reception room of his house is really the hall. You come straight into it through the heavy oak front door. But this door is so well built, so well protected by a thick purple curtain, and the room so well warmed by central heating, that none of the usual disadvantages of a hall on a November night, attaches to it. Just now, of course, all the curtains are drawn, so that the whole of this side of the hall is purple-hung. In the middle of the room, a little to the right is a mahogany table, cloth-less, laid for three. A beautiful blue bowl, filled with purple anemones, helps, with the silver and the old cut glass, to decorate it. Over the whole room there is something of an Arabian-night-adventure air; Dulac might have had a hand in the designing of it. In the daytime, perhaps, it is an ordinary hall, furnished a trifle freakishly, but in the nighttime one wonders what is going to happen next.*

DOMINIC, *tall, stout, and grave, the major-domo of the house, in a butler's old-fashioned evening dress, comes in. He stands looking at the room to see that all is as it should be, then walks to the table and gives a little touch to it here and there. He turns round and waits a moment. The Staff materializes suddenly—two footmen and two chambermaids. The men come from the left, the women from the right; over their clothes, too,* MR. LATIMER *has been a little freakish. They stand in a line.*

DOMINIC. The blue room in the East wing is ready?

THE MEN. Yes, Mr. Dominic.

DOMINIC. The white room in the West wing is ready?

THE WOMEN. Yes, Mr. Dominic.

DOMINIC [*taking out his watch and looking at it*]. The procedure will be as before.

THE FOUR. Yes, Mr. Dominic.

DOMINIC. See to it that I have no fault to find. That will do.

[*They go out. He looks at his watch again and then follows the men. He is hardly out of the room, when a bell rings. He returns slowly, draws the curtain from the front door and opens it.* LEONARD,

Stage Direction: **Arabian-night-adventure air.** Modern scenery and lighting have enabled the dramatist to set the tone of his piece before a word is said, whereas the Elizabethan and the Restoration dramatists were forced to have their characters describe the scenes for them. **Dulac.** Edmund Dulac is a well-known living illustrator. His style is rather fantastic and somewhat like that of Maxfield Parrish. **Dominic.** The opening of the scene through Leonard's first speech is made significant by pantomime as well as by dialogue, because the author wishes not merely to set the tone of the play at once, but so to impress us that we shall later see that the play ends practically with the same pantomime and speeches with which it opens.

in fur-coat and cap, is seen standing outside. He is a big well-made man of about 35—dark, with a little black tooth-brush mustache. When the door opens he gets his first sight of the interior of the room and is evidently taken by surprise.]

LEONARD. Oh—er—is this—er—an hotel? My chauffeur said—we've had an accident, been delayed on the way—he said that we could put up here—[*He turns round and calls.*] Here, Saunders! This can't be the place. [*To* DOMINIC.] Perhaps you could tell me——

ANNE [*from outside, invisible*]. Saunders has gone, Leonard.

LEONARD [*turning round*]. Gone! What the devil—[*He plunges into the darkness*].

DOMINIC. Saunders was perfectly correct, my lord. This *is* a sort of hotel.

ANNE [*getting out of the car, but still invisible*]. He went off as soon as you got out of the car. Leonard, are you sure——?

[*She comes into the light; he is holding her arm. She is young, tall, pretty; cool and self-confident in the ordinary way, but a little upset by the happenings of the night.*]

DOMINIC [*to* LEONARD]. Saunders was perfectly correct, my lord. This *is* a sort of hotel.

LEONARD [*puzzled and upset*]. What the devil's happened to him? [*He looks out into the darkness.*]

DOMINIC. Doubtless he has gone round to the garage to get the doors open? Won't your lordship——

LEONARD. You can put us up? Just for tonight. My—er—wife and myself——

DOMINIC. If your lordship and her ladyship will come in—— [*He waits for them.*]

LEONARD [*to* ANNE]. It's the best we can do, dear. I'm frightfully sorry about it, but, after all, what difference——

ANNE [*giving him a look which means "Don't talk like this in front of hotel servants"*]. I daresay it will be quite comfortable. It's only for one night. [*She comes in, followed by* LEONARD.]

DOMINIC. Thank—you, my lady.

[*He shuts and bolts the doors; then draws the curtains. There is an air of finality about it.* ANNE *looks back at the noise of the bolts going home, with something of a start. They are locked in now for good.* LEONARD, *his eye on the supper-table, is saying to himself, "Dashed rummy sort of hotel."*]

DOMINIC. Allow me, my lady. [*He helps them off with their coats.*]

LEONARD. You can give us something to eat?

ANNE. I don't want anything, Leonard.

LEONARD. Nonsense, dear.

DOMINIC. Supper will be served in five minutes, my lord.

ANNE [*suddenly*]. Do you know who we are?

DOMINIC. I have not that pleasure, my lady.

ANNE. Then why do you call me "my lady"?

LEONARD [*disliking a scene*]. My dear!

ANNE [*waving back* LEONARD'S *protesting arm*]. No, Leonard. [*To Dominic.*] Well?

DOMINIC. His lordship mentioned that your ladyship was his wife.

ANNE. Y—yes. . . . Then you know *him* by sight?

LEONARD [*complacently*]. Well, my dear, that need not surprise you.

DOMINIC. I know his lordship's rank, my lady. Not his lordship's name.

LEONARD [*surprised*]. My rank? How the devil——

DOMINIC. Supper will be served in five minutes, my lady. [*He bows and goes out.*]

[*There is silence for a little. They look at the table, at the room, at each other. Then* LEONARD *says it aloud.*]

LEONARD. Dashed rummy sort of hotel!

41. *Stage Direction:* **He shuts and bolts the doors; . . . air of finality**, etc. Excellent pantomime not lost on Anne. Contrast this type of stage direction with that in *The Duchess of Malfi*, page 84, line 6, and page 89, line 54.

ANNE [*coming closer and holding his arms*]. Leonard, I don't like it.

LEONARD. Pooh! Nonsense, dear.

ANNE. It almost seems as though they had expected us.

LEONARD [*laughing*]. My dear child, how could they? In the ordinary way we should have been at Dover—why, almost at Calais by this time.

ANNE. I know. [*In distress.*] Why aren't we?

LEONARD. The car—Saunders, a fool of a chauffeur—a series of unfortunate accidents——

ANNE. Do you often have these unfortunate accidents, Leonard?

LEONARD. My dear Anne, you aren't suggesting that I've done this on purpose!

ANNE. No, no. [*She leaves him and goes and sits down.*] But why tonight of all nights?

LEONARD. Of course, it's damned annoying missing the boat, but we can get it tomorrow morning. We shall be in Paris tomorrow night.

ANNE. Tomorrow night—but that makes such a difference. I hate every hour we spend together like this in England.

LEONARD. Well, really, I don't see why——

ANNE. You must take it that I do, Leonard. I told you from the first that it was run-away or nothing with me; there was going to be no intrigue, no lies and pretenses and evasions. And somehow it seems less—less sordid, if we begin our new life together in a new country. [*With a little smile.*] Perhaps the French for what we are doing is not quite so crude as the English . . . Yes, I know it's absurd of me, but there it is.

LEONARD [*with a shrug*]. Oh, well! [*Taking out his case.*] Do you mind a cigarette?

ANNE [*violently*]. Oh, why do men *always* want to smoke, even up to the moment when they're going to eat? Can't you breathe naturally for five minutes?

LEONARD [*sulkily, putting his case back*]. I beg your pardon.

ANNE. No, I beg yours.

LEONARD. You're all to bits.

ANNE. Nerves, I suppose.

LEONARD. Nonsense! My Anne with nerves? [*Bitterly.*] Now, if it had been Eustasia——

ANNE [*coldly*]. Really, Leonard, I think we had better leave your wife out of the conversation.

LEONARD. I beg your pardon.

ANNE [*to herself*]. Perhaps you're right. In a crisis we are all alike, we women.

LEONARD [*going over to her*]. No, damn it, I won't have that. It's—it's blasphemy. Anne, my darling—[*She stands up and he takes her hands.*]

ANNE. Oh! . . . I *am* different, aren't I?

LEONARD. Darling!

ANNE. I'm not a bit like—like anybody else, am I, not even when I'm cross?

LEONARD. Darling!

ANNE. And you do love me?

LEONARD. Darling! [*He wants to kiss her, but she stops him.*]

ANNE. No. Now you're going to smoke. [*She settles him in his chair, takes a cigarette from his case and puts it in his mouth.*] I'll light it for you. Matches? [*She holds out her hand for them.*]

DOMINIC [*who has a way of being there when wanted*]. Matches, my lady. [*He hands them to her. They are both rather confused.*]

ANNE. Thank you.

LEONARD [*annoyed*]. Thanks. [*He gets up, takes the matches from* ANNE, *and lights his cigarette.*]

[DOMINIC *gives a professional touch to the table and goes out.*]

Damn that fellow.

ANNE [*smiling*]. After all, darling, he thinks I'm your wife. . . . Or don't wives light their husband's cigarettes?

LEONARD. I believe you're right, Anne. There's something odd about this place.

ANNE. So *you* feel it now?

59. **Eustasia.** A neat way of letting us know that Leonard is married, and to whom. We shall hear that name again before we see the lady. The allusion here makes possible a very clever dramatic situation.

LEONARD. What did he mean by saying he knew my rank, but not my name?

ANNE [*lightly*]. Perhaps he looked inside your cap—like Sherlock Holmes—and saw the embroidered coronet.

LEONARD. How do you mean? There's nothing inside my cap.

ANNE. No, darling. That was a joke.

LEONARD. And the table laid. Only one table.

ANNE. Yes, but it's for three. They didn't expect *us*.

LEONARD [*relieved*]. So it is. . . . It's probably a new idea in hotels—some new stunt of Harrods—or what's the fellow's name?—Lyons. A country-house hotel.

DOMINIC *comes in*

By the way, Anne, what will you drink? [*To* DOMINIC.] Let me have the wine-list, will you?

DOMINIC. Bollinger 1906 has been ordered, my lord.

LEONARD. Ordered?

DOMINIC. Mr. Latimer will be down in two minutes, my lady. He asks you to forgive him for not being here to receive you.

LEONARD. Mr. Latimer? Who on earth's Mr. Latimer?

DOMINIC. If you would wish to be shown your room, my lady——

ANNE [*who has not taken her eyes off him*]. No, thank you.

LEONARD [*stepping forward*]. Look here, my man, is this an hotel or have we come to a private house by mistake?

DOMINIC. A sort of hotel, my lord. I assure your lordship there is no mistake. Thank you, my lady. [*He goes out.*]

ANNE [*laughing half-hysterically as she sits down*]. Very original man, Harrod. Or is it Lyons?

LEONARD. Look here, I'm going to get to the bottom of this. [*He starts after* DOMINIC.]

ANNE. Why bother? Mr. Latimer will be here in two minutes.

LEONARD [*turning back*]. Yes, but who the devil's Mr. Latimer?

ANNE [*with interest*]. Leonard, do you always arrange something fascinating like this when you elope. I think it's so romantic of you. But don't you think that the mere running away is enough just at first? Leaving the fogs and the frets of England, the weariness and the coldness of it, and escaping together to the warm blue sun-filled South—isn't that romantic enough? Why drag in a mysterious and impossible inn, a mysterious and impossible Mr. Latimer? You should have kept them for afterwards; for the time when the poetry was wearing out, and we were beginning to get used to each other.

LEONARD. My dear girl, what *are* you driving at? I say again—do you really think that I *arranged* all this?

ANNE [*with a shrug*]. Well, somebody did.

[*The two Footmen and the two Chambermaids come in and take up positions on each side of the table. They are followed by* DOMINIC.]

DOMINIC. Mr. Latimer!

[MR. LATIMER *comes in*, DOMINIC *and his Staff retire.*]

LATIMER. Good evening! [*He bows with an air. A middle-aged gentleman, dressed rather fantastically as regards his tie and his dinner-jacket and the flower in his buttonhole.*]

LEONARD. Good evening. Er——

LATIMER. You will forgive me for being announced in my own house, but I find that it saves so much trouble. If I had just come in and said, "I am Mr. Latimer," then *you* would have had to say, "And I am—er—So-and-So, and this is—er—" Exactly. I mean we can get on so much better without names. But of course——

LEONARD. You will excuse me, sir, but——

LATIMER [*going happily on*]. But of course, as you were just going to say, we must call each other *something*. [*Thoughtfully.*] I think I shall call you Leonard. There is something about you—forgive

15. **Harrods**, one of London's largest department stores. 16. **Lyons**. Probably Leonard is alluding to J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., which operates a chain of cafés in and about London. 21. **Bollinger 1906**, a brand of champagne, and the vintage of a very good year.

the liberty—something Leonardish. [*With a very sweet smile to* ANNE.] I am sure you agree with me.

ANNE. I am wondering whether this is really happening, or whether I am dreaming it.

LATIMER [*his back to* LEONARD]. And Leonard isn't wondering at all; he is just tapping his forehead with a great deal of expression.

[LEONARD, *who was doing this, stops in some confusion.*]

LEONARD [*coldly*]. I think we have had enough of this, Mr. Latimer. I was giving you the benefit of the doubt. If you are not mad, then I will ask you for some other explanation of all this nonsense.

LATIMER [*sniffing at the flower in his buttonhole*]. An impetuous character, Leonard. It must be so obvious to everybody else in the room that an explanation will be forthcoming. But why not a friendly explanation following a friendly supper?

ANNE. Are we your guests?

LATIMER. Please.

ANNE. Thank you.

LATIMER. But there is still this question of names. Now we agreed about Leonard——

ANNE [*looking at him fearlessly*]. My name is Anne.

LATIMER. Thank you, Miss Anne.

LEONARD [*awkwardly*]. Er—my wife.

LATIMER. Then I am tempted to leave out the "Miss."

LEONARD [*annoyed again*]. Look here——

LATIMER [*turning to him*]. But there is something to look at, if I do, Leonard.

The Staff comes in

Ah, supper. Will you sit here, Anne? [*He goes to the head of the table, and indicates the chair on the right of him.*] And you here, Leonard? [*The chair on the left.*] That's right.

[*They all sit down.* DOMINIC *and the Staff serve the supper. Five of them, so things go quickly.*]

LATIMER. "A little fish, a bird, a little sweet. Enough to drink, but not too much to eat." I composed that in my bath this morning. The wine has been waiting for you since 1906.

[*They are all served with fish, and the wine has been poured out.*]

Dominic, dismiss the Staff. We would be alone.

[*They are alone. He rises, glass in hand.*]

My friends, I will give you a toast. [*He raises his glass.*] A Happy Ending!

ANNE [*lifting her glass*]. A Happy Ending.

LATIMER. You don't drink, Leonard. You would have the adventure end unhappily, as is the way of the modern novel?

LEONARD. I don't understand the beginning of it, Mr. Latimer. I don't—you will forgive me for saying so—I don't see how *you* came into it. Who *are* you?

ANNE. Our host, Leonard.

LEONARD. So it seems, my dear. But in that case, how did we come here? My chauffeur told us that this was an hotel—your man assured me, when I asked, that it was an hotel, a sort of hotel. And now it seems that we are in a private house. Moreover, we seem to have been expected. And then again—if you will forgive me—it appears to be an unusual kind of house. I tell you frankly that I don't understand it.

LATIMER. I see your difficulty, Leonard.

LEONARD [*stiffly*]. Nor am I accustomed to being called Leonard by a perfect stranger.

LATIMER. What you are saying for yourself is, "Who is this man Latimer? Is he *known?* Is he in the Stud Book—I mean Debrett. Is he perhaps one of the Hammersmith Latimers, or does he belong to the Ealing Branch?"

ANNE [*eating—calmly*]. What does it matter?

85. **Debrett.** *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* is an established annual list of the present holders of rank in the British Isles. 86. **Hammersmith,** on the outskirts of the fashionable West End of London. 87. **Ealing,** a lovely suburb to the west of London.

LATIMER. Yes, but then *you* like the fish. Leonard doesn't.

LEONARD. I have no fault to find with the fish. You have an excellent cook.

LATIMER [*gravely bowing*]. I beg your pardon, I thank you.

DOMINIC *comes in*

His lordship likes the fish.

DOMINIC. Thank you, sir. I will inform the cook. [*He goes out.*]

ANNE. When you are giving us your tiresome explanations after supper, Mr. Latimer, I wish you would just add one more to them.

LATIMER. But of course.

ANNE. Your Mr. Dominic's appearances are so apt. How is it done?

LATIMER [*pulling down his cuff*]. Yes, I'll make a note of that. [*He writes on it*]. Dominic—Apt appearance of.

DOMINIC *re-appears*

LATIMER. Admit the bird, Dominic. [DOMINIC *goes out.*]

LEONARD [*rising stiffly*]. I'm afraid we shall have to be getting on now, Mr. Latimer . . . Anne, dear. . . . We are much obliged for your hospitality, but—er—I imagine we are not far from Dover——

LATIMER. On the Dover Road, certainly.

LEONARD. Exactly. So if you would —er—have instructions given to my chauffeur—er—[*He hesitates as the Staff comes in.*]

LATIMER. Dominic, his lordship's glass is empty. He wishes to drink my health.

DOMINIC. I beg your pardon, my lord. [*The glass is filled.*]

LATIMER. And while he is up, just find his lordship a more comfortable chair. He has been a little uneasy on that one all through the fish.

DOMINIC [*removing the chair*]. I beg your pardon, my lord.

A Servant approaches with another one

LATIMER [*rising with his glass and drinking to* LEONARD.] Prosit! [*He sits down, and* LEONARD *mechanically sits down, too.*] Now for the bird. [*To* ANNE.] I like these little ceremonies in between the courses. Don't you?

ANNE. I'm liking my supper.

LATIMER. I am so glad. [*As* ANNE *is helped.*] I shot this bird myself. [*He looks at it through his glass.*] What is it, Dominic?

DOMINIC. *Poulet en casserole* with mushrooms, sir.

LATIMER. *Poulet en casserole* with mushrooms. I shot the mushrooms . . . A large help for his lordship, Dominic. [*To* LEONARD.] Let me introduce your chicken to you, Leonard. One of the Buff-Orpingtons. I daresay you know the family. His mother was a Wyandotte. He was just about to contract an alliance with one of the Rock girls, the Plymouth Rocks, when the accident happened.

[*They are alone again now, plates and glasses well filled.* LEONARD, *who has been waiting impatiently for the Staff to go, pushes back his chair and gets up.*]

LATIMER. Dear me! Not a third chair, surely?

LEONARD. Now look here, Mr. Latimer, this farce has gone on long enough. I do not propose to sit through a whole meal without some further explanation. Either we have that explanation now, or else—Anne, dear—or else we'll be getting on our way.

LATIMER [*thoughtfully*]. Ah, but which is your way?

LEONARD. Dover. My chauffeur seems to have got off the track a little, but if you can put us on to the Dover Road——

LATIMER [*to himself*]. The Dover Road! The Dover Road! A dangerous road, my friends. And you're traveling in the dark.

LEONARD. Really, Mr. Latimer, that needn't frighten us.

27–28. **On the Dover Road, certainly.** The name of the play must be brought in frequently to acquaint the audience with its significance. This reference, however, is not followed up until line 81, and later on page 216, line 58.

45. **Prosit!** A Latin toast meaning "may it be good (for you)," taken over by the Germans in drinking healths. 55. **Poulet en casserole,** potted chicken. 77–78. **Ah, but which is your way?** This is the first of three symbolic speeches, which Anne comprehends, but which Leonard does not. Cf. headnote.

ANNE [*putting her hand on his arm*]. What do you mean?

LATIMER. A strange road, Anne, for *you*. A new untraveled road.

LEONARD. Nonsense. She's often been this way before. Haven't you, dear?

ANNE [*shaking her head*]. No. . . . But I'm not frightened, Mr. Latimer.

[*There is silence for a little. Then* DOMINIC *appears noiselessly.*]

LATIMER. Dominic, supper is over. His lordship loved the chicken—too well to eat it. He adored the mushrooms—in silence. Inform the cook.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

LATIMER [*offering his case to* ANNE]. A cigarette?

ANNE. No, thank you.

LATIMER. You permit it?

ANNE. Of course.

LATIMER. Thank you.

DOMINIC [*to* LEONARD]. Cigar, my lord?

LEONARD. Er—thanks.

LATIMER. Well, shall we——?

[*They get up, and move into more comfortable chairs,* LATIMER *talking.*]

LATIMER. Which chair would you like, Anne? There? [*She sits down.*] That's right. Now then, Leonard, we want something especially comfortable for you. You are a little finicky about chairs if you don't mind my saying so. . . . What about *that* one? Just try it and see how you like it.

[LEONARD *tries it, and sinks into it up to the neck.*]

Yes, I think you will be happy there. And I shall sit here. Now everything is ready. [*They are alone again.*]

LEONARD [*with as much dignity as is possible from that sort of chair*]. I am waiting, Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER. I am waiting, Leonard, for your questions.

ANNE. Let me begin with one. [*He turns to her.*] Your table was laid for three. For whom were the other two places intended?

LATIMER. For yourself and Leonard.

ANNE. You expected us?

LATIMER. Yes.

ANNE. How did you know we were coming?

LATIMER. Saunders had his instructions to bring you.

LEONARD [*starting up from his chair—or trying to*]. Saunders! My chauffeur! Do you mean to say——

LATIMER. Let me help you up, Leonard. You have the wrong chair again. It is difficult to be properly indignant in that one. [*He helps him into a sitting position.*] That's better. You were saying——

LEONARD. You mean to tell me that you had the audacity to bribe my chauffeur?

LATIMER. No, no, Leonard. What I mean is that *you* had the foolhardiness to bribe my friend Saunders to be your chauffeur.

LEONARD. Upon my word——

ANNE. Who is Saunders?

LATIMER. Saunders? He's Joseph's brother. Joseph was the gentleman in orange. I don't know if you noticed him. He helped you to fish.

LEONARD [*out of the chair at last*]. How dare you interfere in my concerns in this way, sir!

ANNE. Before you explain how you dare, Mr. Latimer, I should like to know *why* you are so interested in us. Who are you?

LATIMER. No more than Mr. Latimer. It is a purely impersonal interest which I take—and I take it just because you are going the Dover Road, my dear, and it is a dangerous road for a young girl to travel.

ANNE [*very cool, very proud*]. I don't think I asked you to be interested in me.

LATIMER. Nobody does, my dear. But I am. Very interested. In all my fellow travelers. It is my hobby.

LEONARD. Anne! [*He means, "Let's get out of this." He makes a movement to the front door.*]

LATIMER. The door is locked, Leonard.

LEONARD [*bending over him and putting his face very close to Latimer's*]. Ah! Then I will give you one minute in which to open it.

DOMINIC *has come in*

LATIMER. Dominic, his lordship's face is just a little too close to mine. Could you—thank you.

[*Leonard has started back on noticing* DOMINIC.]

Coffee? Excellent.

[*The Footmen come round with coffee.*]

ANNE. No, thank you.

LEONARD. No, thanks. [*He sits on another chair.*]

LATIMER. No, thank you. By the way, Dominic, did you go round to the Hospital this afternoon?

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. The young gentleman is getting on nicely. He was able to take a little bread-and-milk this morning.

LATIMER. Ah, I'm glad. Nothing solid yet?

DOMINIC. No, sir. The jaw is still very tender. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER [*to Leonard*]. He bumped it against my knuckles last week. An impetuous young fellow. He was running away with—dear me, I forget her name—I always forget names. I think he called her Pussy. She had several children. [*Unconsciously he has shot his cuff, and sees suddenly the note he has made.*] What's this? "Dominic. Apt appearance of." Ah, yes. [*He turns to* ANNE.] It's very simple. A little fad of mine. There are bells everywhere in this room; in every chair, on the table, in the floor, wherever I am, I can press a bell for Dominic. He is always close at hand on reception-evenings. Yes.

ANNE. That was a little display of force which you were giving us just now?

LATIMER [*apologetically*]. Yes. I thought it better. Leonard is so impetuous. Joseph and Jacob were both amateur champions in their day. Dominic is a very heavy fall-er. He never has to fall on a man twice. If all this is quite understood at the beginning, it makes it so much easier.

ANNE [*getting up*]. Mr. Latimer, I assure you that this is not a sudden freak of fancy, and that I know my own mind. I ask you, as a gentleman, to open the door.

LATIMER [*shaking his head*]. I am afraid it is impossible, Anne.

[*She shrugs her shoulders and sits down.*]

LEONARD [*calm for the moment*]. So we are kept here by force?

LATIMER. Need we insist upon it? Let us rather say that you have postponed your visit to France in order to spend a few days with a friend.

LEONARD. I prefer to say force.

LATIMER [*with a bow*]. I do not dictate your words to you. Your movements for the moment, yes. So let us say "force."

LEONARD. We are prisoners in fact?

LATIMER. Within the limits of my house.

LEONARD. And if my—my wife chooses to walk out of your front door tomorrow morning, your—your fellow-conspirators would lay hands on her and stop her?

LATIMER. My dear Leonard, why should your—your wife want to walk out of the front door tomorrow? What would she want to do in the garden in November? Do be reasonable.

LEONARD. Suppose she wished to walk to the nearest police-station?

LATIMER [*to* ANNE]. Do you?

ANNE [*with a smile*]. Could I?

LATIMER. If you stood on Leonard's shoulders you might just reach the top of the wall. . . . Dominic tells me that they have lost the key of the gates. Very careless of them.

LEONARD. Well, I'm—It's monstrous!

ANNE. Yes, but we can't keep on saying that. Here we are apparently, and here we have to stay. But I still want to know very much *why* Mr. Latimer has this great desire for our company.

LEONARD. You have the advantage of me now, sir, but you will not always have it. The time will come when I shall demand satisfaction for this insult.

LATIMER [*with an air—rising and bowing*]. My lord! Letters addressed to me at the Charing Cross Post Office will always be forwarded.

LEONARD [*slightly upset*]. This gross insult to myself and—er—my wife.

LATIMER. No, no, not your wife.

LEONARD. How dare you!

LATIMER [*in alarm*]. Surely I haven't made a mistake. [*To* ANNE.] You and he are running away together, aren't you?

LEONARD [*a step nearer.*] Look here, sir——

ANNE. Oh, Leonard, what's the good? We aren't ashamed of it, are we? Yes, Mr. Latimer, we are running away together.

LATIMER. Of course! Why not? Leonard, *you* aren't ashamed of it, are you?

LEONARD. I object to this interference in my private affairs by a——

LATIMER. Yes, yes, but you've said all that. It's interfering of me, damnably interfering. But I am doing it because I want you both to be happy.

LEONARD. I can look after my own happiness.

LATIMER. *And* this lady's?

LEONARD. She is good enough to believe it.

ANNE. I am not a child. Do you think I haven't thought? The scandal, the good name I am going to lose, the position of that other woman, I have thought of all these things.

LATIMER. There is one thing of which you haven't thought, Anne.

ANNE. I am afraid you are old-fashioned. You are going to talk to me of morality.

LATIMER [*smiling*]. Oh, no, I wasn't.

ANNE [*not heeding him*]. Living alone here, a bachelor, within these high walls which keep the world out, you believe what the fairy-books tell us, that once two people are married they live happy ever after.

LATIMER. Oh, no, I don't.

ANNE. I am the wicked woman, coming between the happy husband and wife, breaking up the happy home. Is that it, Mr. Latimer?

LEONARD. Rubbish! The happy home! Why, this is my first real chance of happiness.

LATIMER. His first real chance of happiness! As he said when he proposed to Eustasia.

LEONARD [*upset*]. What's that?

LATIMER [*to* ANNE]. May I ask *you* some questions now?

ANNE. Yes?

LATIMER. Eustasia will divorce him?

LEONARD. We shall not defend the suit.

LATIMER. And then you will marry Anne?

LEONARD. Another insult. I shall not forget it.

LATIMER. I beg your pardon. I simply wanted an answer.

ANNE. He will marry me.

LATIMER. I see. And then, as the fairy-books tell us, you will live happy ever after?

[ANNE *is silent.*]

LEONARD. I need hardly say that I shall do my best to——

LATIMER [*to* ANNE]. And then, as the fairy-books tell us, you will live happy ever after?

[ANNE *is silent.*]

I live within my high walls which keep the world out; I am old-fashioned, Anne. You are modern, you know the world. You don't believe the fairy-books, and yet—you are going to live happy ever after?

LEONARD. I don't see what you're driving at.

LATIMER. Anne does.

ANNE [*raising her eyes to his*]. I take the risk, Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER. But a big risk. . . . Oh, believe me I am not so much out of the world as you think. Should I have known all about you, should I have brought you here, if I were? I know the world; I know the risks of marriage. Marriage is an art—well, it's a profession in itself. [*Sharply.*] And what are you doing? Marrying a man whose only qualification for the profession is that he has tried it once, and made a damned hash of it.

LEONARD. Well, really, sir!

LATIMER. Isn't it true?

LEONARD. Well—er—I admit my

marriage has not been a happy one, but I venture to say—well, I don't wish to say anything against Eustasia——

LATIMER. Go on. Life is too short for us to be gentlemen all the time.

LEONARD [*explosively*]. Well then, I say that not even St. Michael and all his angels could have made a success of it. I mean, not even St. Michael.

LATIMER. Yet you chose her.

LEONARD. Er—well—[*But he has nothing to say.*]

LATIMER [*after a pause*]. Miss Anne, I am not being moral. You see, I am a very rich man, and we know on good authority that it is difficult for a very rich man to be a very good man. But being a very rich man, I try to spend my money so that it makes somebody else happy besides myself. It's the only happy way of spending money, isn't it? And it's my hobby to prevent people—to try if I can prevent people—making unhappy marriages . . . It's wonderful what power money gives you. Nobody realizes it, because nobody ever spends it save in the obvious ways . . . You may say that I should have prevented Leonard from marrying Eustasia in the first place. I have done that sometimes. I have asked two young people here—oh, properly chaperoned—and guests, not prisoners as you are—two young people who thought that they were in love, and I have tried to show each to the other in the most unromantic light. I have let the girl see her lover when he was angry, when he was sulky, when he had lost his sense of humor. I have shown the girl to the man when she had forgotten her dignity, when she was greedy, ill-tempered. . . . Sometimes the engagement has been broken off. Sometimes they have married and—lived happy ever after. . . . But mostly it is my hobby to concentrate on those second marriages into which people plunge—with no parents now to restrain them—so much more hastily even than they plunge into their first adventure. Yet how much more carefully they should be considered, seeing that one at least of the parties has already proved his utter ignorance of the art of marriage. . . . And so, my dear friends, when I hear—and a rich man has many means of hearing—when I hear that two people are taking the Dover Road, as you were taking it tonight, I venture to stop them, and say, in the words of the fairy-book, "Are you *sure* you are going to live happy ever after?"

LEONARD. Your intentions may be good, but I can only repeat that your interference is utterly unwarranted, and you are entirely mistaken as to the power and authority which your money gives you.

LATIMER. Authority, none. But power? [*He laughs.*] Why my dear Leonard, if I offered you a hundred thousand pounds to go back to your wife tonight, this lady would never see you again.

LEONARD. Well, of all the damnable things to say——

LATIMER. How damnable the truth is! Think it over tonight, Leonard. You are a poor man for your position—think of all the things you could do with a hundred thousand pounds. Turn it over in your mind—and then over and over again. A hundred thousand pounds.

[*For a moment it seems as if* LEONARD *is beginning to turn it, but* ANNE *interrupts.*]

ANNE [*scornfully*]. Is this part of the treatment? Am I being shown my lover when he is mercenary?

LATIMER [*with a laugh*]. Oh no! If that were part of my treatment, there would be no marriages at all. Oh, no, it isn't a genuine offer. [*To* LEONARD.] It's off, Leonard. You needn't think it out any more.

[LEONARD *wakes up suddenly, a poor man.*]

Besides, you misunderstand me. I don't want to separate you by force—I have no right to.

ANNE. But how modest suddenly!

LATIMER [*with a bow and a smile*]. Madam, I admire your spirit.

ANNE. Leonard, I am receiving the attentions of another man. Beware of jealousy. . . . All part of the treatment, Mr. Latimer?

LATIMER. You're splendid. [*Seriously.*] But I meant what I said just

now. I am not preventing you from going the Dover Road, I am only asking you to wait a few days and see how you get on. It may be that you two are the perfect soul-mates; that your union has already been decreed in Heaven and will be watched over by the angels. If so, nobody will rejoice in your happiness more than I. I shall not say, "You have no right to be happy together. Leonard must remain with his lawfully-wedded Eustasia." Believe me, I do not waste my money, my time, my breath in upholding the sanctity of an unhappy marriage. I was brought up in the sanctity of an unhappy marriage; even as a child I knew all about it. [*Less seriously*]. But oh, my dear Anne, let us have a little common-sense before we adventure marriage with a man who is always making a mess of it. We know what Leonard is—how perfectly hopeless as a husband.

ANNE. I don't think that is quite fair.

LATIMER. Well as far as we can tell, you've never made a happy marriage yet, have you, Leonard?

LEONARD [*sulkily*]. I don't want to say anything against Eustasia——

LATIMER. Good God, man, aren't you shouting it all the time? Why else are you here? But don't try to pretend that it's all Eustasia's fault.

LEONARD [*doubtfully*]. Well——

LATIMER. Or that it will be all Anne's fault *next* year.

LEONARD. What do you mean, next year?

LATIMER. I beg your pardon. I should have said the year after next.

[*There is a little silence.*]

ANNE [*getting up*]. I think I will go to bed. How long do you want us to wait?

LATIMER. Can you spare a week? You with so many years in front of you.

ANNE. I have a father. I left him a note to say what I was doing. We don't see much of each other, but I thought it polite. Does that interfere with your plans at all?

LATIMER [*smiling*]. Not at all. There was a little mistake about the delivery of that note. Your father is under the impression that you are staying with friends—in Kent. . . . A great power, money.

ANNE. I congratulate you on the perfection of your methods. Good-night.

DOMINIC *is in the room*

LATIMER. Her ladyship will retire.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER. Good-night, Miss Anne.

ANNE [*holding out her hand suddenly*]. Without prejudice.

LATIMER [*bending over it gallantly*]. Ah, but you are prejudicing me entirely.

A maid comes in

MAID. This way, my lady. [*She leads the way to a door on the right, and* ANNE *follows her.*]

LATIMER [*pleasantly, to* LEONARD]. And did *you* leave a note for *your* father, Leonard?

LEONARD. You ought to know. You appear to have your conspirators everywhere. Saunders—and I suppose Anne's maid—and God knows who else.

LATIMER. Money, Leonard, money. A pity you refused that hundred thousand pounds. You could have bribed the Archbishop of Canterbury to curse me. . . . Well, a week here won't do either of you any harm. Have a whisky and soda?

LEONARD. I am not at all sure that I ought to drink in your house.

LATIMER. You will be thirsty before you go.

LEONARD [*hesitating*]. Well——

A Footman appears with the whisky

LATIMER. That's right. Help yourself, won't you?

LEONARD [*helping himself*]. Please understand that I do this, as I do everything else in your house, under protest.

LATIMER [*shooting his cuff and taking out his pencil*]. Your protest is noted.

LEONARD [*returning to the too comfortable chair*]. As I have already said, your conduct is perfectly outrageous. [*He sinks into its depths.*]

LATIMER. And as I have already said, you can't do moral indignation from that chair. Remember what happened to you last time.

LEONARD. Perfectly outrageous. [*He drinks.*]

LATIMER. Have another cigar?

LEONARD. I shall go to bed as soon as I have drunk this. [*He drinks.*]

LATIMER. You wouldn't care for a game of billiards first?

LEONARD. I am not in the mood for billiards.

LATIMER. By the way, we have another runaway couple here. But their week of probation is just over. They expect to leave tomorrow.

LEONARD. I am not interested in your earlier crimes.

LATIMER. I think you would be interested in *this* couple, Leonard.

LEONARD. I assure you I am not.

LATIMER. Ah! [*Picking up a review and settling himself.*] Very good article this month by Sidney Webb. You ought to read it.

LEONARD. I am not interested in Sidney Webb.

LATIMER. Breakfast is at ten o'clock. In here.

LEONARD [*struggling out of his chair*]. I shall eat it under protest.

LATIMER. You're off? Then I'll say good-night.

The two Footmen, JOSEPH *and* JACOB, *have come in*

LEONARD [*stiffly*]. Good-night. [*He walks up to the door on the right.* JACOB *is in front of it.* LEONARD *is pulled up at sight of him.* JOSEPH *indicates the door on the left.*]

JOSEPH. *This* way, my lord.

LEONARD [*looking from one to the other*]. Er—er—thank you. [*He goes out.* MR. LATIMER *is alone with Sidney Webb.*]

ACT II

It is next morning. EUSTASIA, LEONARD'S *wife* (*who should be sitting patiently at home wondering when he will return*), *is having breakfast with a long-legged attractive young man called* NICHOLAS. *She is what people who talk like that call a "nice little thing" near enough to thirty to begin to wish it were twenty. At present she is making a good deal of fuss over this dear boy* NICHOLAS. *Breakfast is practically over.* NICHOLAS, *in fact, is wiping his mouth.*

EUSTASIA. Finished, darling?

NICHOLAS. Yes, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. A little more toast?

NICHOLAS. No, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. Just a little tiny teeny-weeny bit, if his Eustasia butters it for him?

NICHOLAS. No, thank you. I've really finished.

EUSTASIA. Another cup of coffee?

NICHOLAS [*with a sigh*]. No, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. Just a little bit of a cup if his Eustasia pours it out for her own Nicholas, and puts the sugar in with her own ickle fingers?

NICHOLAS. No more coffee, thank you.

EUSTASIA. Then he shall sit in a more comfy chair while he smokes his nasty horrid pipe, which he loves so much better than his Eustasia. [*He gets up without saying anything.*] He doesn't really love it better?

NICHOLAS [*laughing uneasily*]. Of course he doesn't.

EUSTASIA. Kiss her to show that he doesn't.

NICHOLAS. You baby. [*He kisses her hand.*]

EUSTASIA. And now give me your pipe.

[*He gives it to her reluctantly. She kisses it and gives it back to him.*]

There! And she doesn't really think it's a nasty horrid pipe, and she's ever so sorry she said so. . . . Oh! [*She sees a dish of apples suddenly.*]

NICHOLAS. What is it?

EUSTASIA. Nicholas never had an apple!

NICHOLAS. Oh, no, thanks, I don't want one.

EUSTASIA. Oh, but he must have an apple! It's so good for him. An apple a day keeps the doctor away. You *must*

19. **Sidney Webb.** As a conceited snob, proud of his class, Leonard would have little use for Sidney Webb, one of the principal writers on Socialism in the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth centuries.

keep the doctor away, darling, else poor Eustasia will be miserable.

NICHOLAS [*with an effort*]. I've finished my breakfast.

EUSTASIA. Not even if his Eustasia peels it for him?

NICHOLAS. No, thank you. I assure you that I have had all I want.

EUSTASIA. Sure?

NICHOLAS. Quite sure, thank you. Where are you going to sit?

EUSTASIA [*indicating the sofa*]. Nicholas sit there and Eustasia sit next to him.

NICHOLAS [*without much enthusiasm*]. Right. [*They sit down.*]

EUSTASIA. Shall Eustasia fill his pipe for him?

NICHOLAS. No, thank you. I think I can do it myself. [*He fills it. They are silent for a little and at last he speaks uncomfortably.*] Er—Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. Yes, darling.

NICHOLAS. We've been here a week.

EUSTASIA. Yes, darling. A wonderful, wonderful week. And now today we leave this dear house where we have been so happy together, and go out into the world together——

NICHOLAS [*who has not been listening to her*]. A week. Except for the first day, we have had all our meals alone together.

EUSTASIA [*sentimentally*]. Alone, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS. Four meals a day—that's twenty-four meals.

EUSTASIA. Twenty-four!

NICHOLAS. And at every one of those meals you have asked me at least four times to have something more when I had already said that I didn't want anything more; or, in other words, you have forced me to say, "No, thank you, Eustasia," ninety-six times when there was absolutely no need for it.

EUSTASIA [*hurt*]. Nicholas!

NICHOLAS [*inexorably*]. We are both young. I am twenty-six, you are——

EUSTASIA [*hopefully*]. Twenty-five.

NICHOLAS [*looking at her quickly and then away again*]. You are twenty-five. If all goes well, we may look to have fifty years more together. Say two thousand five hundred weeks. Multiply that by a hundred and we see that in the course of our joint lives, you will, at the present rate, force me to say "No, thank you, Eustasia," two hundred and fifty thousand times more than is necessary. [*He relights his pipe.*]

EUSTASIA [*pathetically*]. Nicholas! [*She applies her handkerchief.*]

NICHOLAS. I wondered if we couldn't come to some arrangement about it. That's all.

EUSTASIA. You're cruel! Cruel! [*She sobs piteously.*]

NICHOLAS [*doggedly*]. I just wondered if we couldn't come to some arrangement.

EUSTASIA [*completely overcome*]. Oh! Oh! Nicholas! My darling!

[NICHOLAS, *his hands clenched, looks grimly in front of him. He winces now and then at her sobs. He tries desperately hard not to give way, but in the end they are too much for him.*]

NICHOLAS [*putting his arms round her*]. Darling! Don't. [*She goes on sobbing.*] There! There! I'm sorry. Nicholas is sorry. I oughtn't to have said it. Forgive me, darling.

EUSTASIA [*between sobs*]. It's only because I love you so much, and w-want you to be well. And you m-must eat.

NICHOLAS. Yes, yes, Eustasia, I know. It is dear of you.

EUSTASIA. Ask any d-doctor. He would say you m-must eat.

NICHOLAS. Yes, darling.

EUSTASIA. You m-must eat.

NICHOLAS [*resignedly*]. Yes, darling.

EUSTASIA [*sitting up and wiping her eyes*]. What's a wife for, if it isn't to look after her husband when he's ill, and to see that he eats?

NICHOLAS. All right, dear, we won't say anything more about it.

EUSTASIA. And when you had that horrid cold and were so ill, the first day after we came here, I did look after you, didn't I, Nicholas, and take care of you and make you well again?

NICHOLAS. You did, dear. Don't think I am not grateful. You were very kind. [*Wincing at the recollection.*] Too kind.

EUSTASIA. Not too kind, darling. I

love looking after you, and doing things for you, and taking care of you, and cosseting you. [*Thoughtfully to herself.*] Leonard was *never* ill.

NICHOLAS. Leonard?

EUSTASIA. My husband.

NICHOLAS. Oh!... I'd never thought of him as Leonard. I prefer not to think about him. I've never seen him, and I don't want to talk about him.

EUSTASIA. No, darling. *I* don't want to either.

NICHOLAS. We've taken the plunge and—[*bravely*] and we're not going back on it.

EUSTASIA [*surprised*]. Darling!

NICHOLAS. As a man of honor I—Besides you can't go back now—I mean I took you away, and—Well, here we are. [*With determination.*] Here we are.

EUSTASIA. Darling, you aren't regretting?

NICHOLAS [*hastily*]. No, no!

[*She takes out her handkerchief ominously.*]

No, no, no! [*She begins to sob.*] *No! No!* [*He is almost shouting.*] Eustasia, listen! I love you! I'm *not* regretting! I've *never* been so happy! [*She is sobbing tumultuously.*] So happy, Eustasia! I have never been so happy! *Can't* you hear?

EUSTASIA [*throwing herself into his arms*]. Darling!

NICHOLAS. There, there!

EUSTASIA [*drying her eyes*]. Oh, Nicholas, you frightened me so! Just for a moment I was afraid you were regretting.

NICHOLAS. No, no!

EUSTASIA. How right Mr. Latimer was!

NICHOLAS [*with conviction*]. He was indeed.

EUSTASIA. How little we really knew of each other when you asked me to come away with you!

NICHOLAS. How little!

EUSTASIA. But this week has shown us to each other as we really are.

3. **Cosseting.** Eustasia's pet word. A cosset is any animal that is taken into the house and made a pet of. The term is usually applied to a pet lamb; Nicholas would probably not be flattered by the analogy.

NICHOLAS. It has.

EUSTASIA. And now I feel absolutely safe. We are ready to face the world together, Nicholas. [*She sighs and leans back happily in his arms.*]

NICHOLAS. Ready to face the world together. [*He has his pipe in his right hand, which is round her waist. Her eyes are closed, her left hand, encircling his neck, holds his left hand. He tries to bend his head down so as to get hold of his pipe with his teeth. Several times he tries and just misses it. Each time he pulls her a little closer to him, and she sighs happily. At last he gets hold of it. He leans back with a gasp of relief.*]

EUSTASIA [*still with her eyes closed*]. What is it, darling?

NICHOLAS. Nothing, Eustasia, nothing. Just happiness.

MR. LATIMER *comes in*

LATIMER. Good morning, my friends, good morning.

[*They move apart, and* NICHOLAS *jumps up.*]

NICHOLAS. Oh, good morning.

EUSTASIA. Good morning.

LATIMER. So you are leaving me this morning and going on your way?

NICHOLAS [*without enthusiasm*]. Yes.

EUSTASIA. But we shall never forget this week, dear Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER. You have forgiven me for asking you to wait a little so as to make sure?

EUSTASIA. Oh, but you were so right! I was just saying so to Nicholas. Wasn't I, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS. Yes. About a minute ago. About two minutes ago.

LATIMER. And so now you are sure of yourselves?

EUSTASIA. Oh, so sure, so very sure. Aren't we, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS. Absolutely sure.

LATIMER. That's right. [*Looking at his watch.*] Well, I don't want to hurry you, but if you have any little things to do, the car will be here in half an hour, and——

EUSTASIA. Half an hour? Oh, I must fly. [*She begins.*]

NICHOLAS [*not moving*]. Yes, we must fly.

LATIMER [*going to the door with* EUSTASIA]. By the way, you will be interested to hear that I had two other visitors last night.

EUSTASIA [*stopping excitedly*]. Mr. Latimer! You don't mean another—couple?

LATIMER. Yes, another romantic couple.

EUSTASIA. Oh, if I could but see them before we go! Just for a moment! Just to reconcile them to this week of probation! To tell them what a wonderful week it can be!

LATIMER. You shall. I promise you that you shall.

EUSTASIA. Oh, thank you, dear Mr. Latimer!

[*He goes to the door with her. As he comes back,* NICHOLAS *is coming slowly toward him.*]

NICHOLAS. I say.

LATIMER. Yes.

NICHOLAS [*thoughtfully*]. I say, what would *you*—I mean—supposing—Because you see—I mean, it isn't as if—Of course, *now*—[*He looks at his watch and finishes up sadly.*] Half an hour. Well, I suppose I must be getting ready. [*He goes toward the door.*]

LATIMER [*as he gets there*]. Er—Nicholas.

NICHOLAS. Yes?

LATIMER. Just a moment.

NICHOLAS [*coming back to him*]. Yes?

[LATIMER *takes him by the arm, and looks round the room to see that they are alone.*]

LATIMER [*in a loud whisper*]. Cheer up!

NICHOLAS [*excitedly*]. What!

[LATIMER *has let go of his arm and moved away, humming casually to himself. The light dies out of* NICHOLAS'S *eyes and he shrugs his shoulders despairingly.*]

NICHOLAS [*without any hope*]. Well, I'll go and get ready. [*He goes out.*]

DOMINIC *comes in and begins to rearrange the breakfast table*

LATIMER. Ah, good morning, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Good morning, sir. A nice-ish morning it seems to be, sir.

LATIMER. A very nice-ish morning. I have great hopes of the world today.

DOMINIC. I am very glad to hear it, sir.

LATIMER. We must all do what we can, Dominic.

DOMINIC. That's the only way, isn't it, sir?

LATIMER. Great hopes, great hopes.

DOMINIC [*handing him "The Times"*]. The paper, sir.

LATIMER. Thank you. [*He looks at the front page.*] Anyone married this morning? Dear me, quite a lot. One, two, three, four . . . ten. Ten! Twenty happy people, Dominic!

DOMINIC. Let us hope so, sir.

LATIMER. Let us hope so. . . . By the way, how was his lordship this morning?

DOMINIC. A little depressed, sir.

LATIMER. Ah!

DOMINIC. There seems to have been some misunderstanding about his luggage. A little carelessness on the part of somebody, I imagine, sir.

LATIMER. Dear me! Didn't it come with him?

DOMINIC. I'm afraid not, sir.

LATIMER. Tut, tut, how careless of somebody. Can't we lend him anything?

DOMINIC. Joseph offered to lend him a comb, sir—his own comb—a birthday present last year, Joseph tells me. His lordship decided not to avail himself of the offer.

LATIMER. Very generous of Joseph, seeing that it was a birthday present.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. Unfortunately Joseph had come down to the last blade of his safety razor this morning. His lordship is rather upset about the whole business, sir.

LATIMER. Well, well, I daresay a little breakfast will do him good.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. Are you ready for breakfast now, sir?

ANNE *comes in*

LATIMER [*getting up and going down to her*]. Good morning, Anne. May I hope that you slept well!

ANNE. Very well, thank you.

LATIMER. I am so glad.... All right, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Thank you, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER. You are ready for breakfast?

ANNE. Quite ready. But what about Leonard?

LATIMER. Leonard?

ANNE. I made sure that I was to have a practice breakfast with Leonard this morning. I have been thinking of a few things to say up in my room.

LATIMER [*smiling*]. Say them to me instead.

ANNE. They are very wifely. [*She sits down.*]

LATIMER. But think what good practice.

ANNE. Very well. [*At the cups*]. Tea or coffee, darling?

LATIMER. Oh, no, that will never do. You know by now that I always have coffee—half milk and three lumps of sugar.

ANNE. Of course, how silly of me. [*She pours out the coffee.*]

LATIMER [*taking the covers off the dishes*]. Omelette—fish—kidney and bacon?

ANNE. Now *you're* forgetting.

LATIMER [*putting back the covers*]. No, I'm remembering. Toast and marmalade—isn't that right?

ANNE. Quite right, dear.

LATIMER [*to himself*]. I knew she would like marmalade. No wonder that Leonard ran away with her. [*He puts the toast and marmalade close to her.*]

ANNE. Your coffee, darling.

LATIMER. Thank you, my love.... "My love" is very connubial, I think.

ANNE. Delightfully so. Do go on.

LATIMER. Er—I am sorry to see in the paper this morning—which I glanced at, my precious, before you came down—How do you like "My precious"?

ANNE. Wonderfully life-like. Are you sure you haven't been married before?

LATIMER. Only once. Eustasia. You had not forgotten Eustasia?

ANNE. I am afraid I had. In fact, I had forgotten for the moment that you were being Leonard.

LATIMER [*bowing*]. Thank you. I could wish no better compliment.

ANNE [*laughing in spite of herself*]. Oh, you're too absurd.

LATIMER [*in* LEONARD'S *manner*]. Of course I don't wish to say anything against Eustasia——

ANNE. My dear Leonard, I really think we might leave your first wife out of it.

LATIMER. Yes, you want to get that off pat. You'll have to say that a good deal, I expect. Well, to resume.—I am sorry to see in the paper this morning that Beelzebub, upon whom I laid my shirt for the 2:30 race at Newmarket yesterday—and incidentally your shirt too, darling—came in last, some five minutes after the others had finished the course.... Tut, tut, how annoying!

ANNE. Oh, my poor darling!

LATIMER. The word "poor" is well chosen. We are ruined. I shall have to work.

ANNE. You know what I *want* you to do, Leonard.

LATIMER. No, I have forgotten.

ANNE [*seriously*]. I should like to see you in the House of Lords, taking your rightful place as a leader of men, making great speeches.

LATIMER. My dear Anne! I may be a peer, but I am not a dashed politician.

ANNE [*wistfully*]. I wish you were, Leonard.

LATIMER. I will be anything you like, Anne. [*He leans toward her, half-serious, half-mocking.*]

ANNE [*with a little laugh*]. How absurd you are! Some more coffee?

LATIMER [*passing his cup*]. To which

74. **2:30 race at Newmarket.** Newmarket in Suffolk is the seat of the English Jockey Club, and there many of the English racing stables are located. At least eight great racing meets are held there during the season; the last takes place in November.

I answer, "A little more milk." Do you realize that this goes on for fifty years?

ANNE. Well, and why not?

LATIMER. Fifty years. A solemn thought. But do not let it mar our pleasure in the meal that we are having together now. Let us continue to talk gaily together. Tell me of any interesting dream you may have had last night—any little adventure that befell you in the bath—any bright thought that occurred to you as you were dressing.

ANNE [*thoughtfully*]. I had a very odd dream last night.

LATIMER. I am longing to hear it, my love.

ANNE. I dreamt that you and I were running away together, and that we lost our way and came to what we thought was an hotel. But it was not an hotel. It was a very mysterious house, kept by a very mysterious man called Mr. Latimer.

LATIMER. How very odd. Latimer? Latimer? No, I don't seem to have heard of the fellow.

ANNE. He told us that we were his prisoners. That we must stay in his house a week before we went on our way again. That all the doors were locked, and there were high walls round the garden, that the gates from the garden were locked, so that we could not escape, and that we must wait a week together in his house to see if we were really suited to each other.

LATIMER. My dear, what an extraordinary dream!

ANNE. It was only a dream, wasn't it?

LATIMER. Of course! What is there mysterious about the house? What is there mysterious about this—er—Mr. Latimer? And as for anyone being kept prisoner—here—in this respectable England—why!

ANNE. It is absurd, isn't it?

LATIMER. Quite ridiculous.

ANNE [*getting up*]. I thought it was. [*She goes to the front door and opens it.*] You see, I thought it was. [*She steps out into the garden.*] You see, the gates are open too! [*She comes back.*] What an absurd dream to have had! [*She sits down again.*]

LATIMER. There's no accounting for dreams. I had an absurd one, too, last night.

ANNE. What was it?

LATIMER. A lonely house. Father and daughter living together. Father, old, selfish, absorbed in his work. Daughter left to herself; her only companion, books; knowing nothing of the world. A man comes into her life; the first. He makes much of her. It is a new experience for the daughter. She is grateful to him, so grateful, so very proud that she means anything to him. He tells her when it is too late that he is married; talks of an impossible wife; tells her that she is his real mate. Let her come with him and see something of the world which she has never known. She comes. . . . Dear me, what silly things one dreams!

ANNE. Absurd things. . . . When can we have the car?

LATIMER. The car?

ANNE. Leonard's car.

LATIMER. You wish to continue the adventure?

ANNE. Why not?

LATIMER. Dear, dear! What a pity! [*Looking at his watch.*] In twenty-five minutes?

ANNE. That will do nicely, thank you.

LATIMER. We must let Leonard have a little breakfast first, if he is to cross the Channel today. [*He gets up.*] In twenty-five minutes then.

ANNE [*half holding out her hand*]. I shall see you again?

LATIMER [*bending and kissing it*]. If only to wish you God-speed.

[*She looks at him for a moment, and then turns and goes out. He looks after her for a little; then picks up his paper and settles with it in an arm-chair, his back to the breakfast table.* LEONARD *comes in. He is in a dirty, rather disreputable, once white, bath-gown. His hair is unbrushed, his cheeks—the cheeks of a dark man—unshaved and blue. He has a horrible pair of bedroom slippers on his feet, above which, not only his socks, but almost a hint of pantaloons, may be seen on the way to the dressing-*

gown. He comes in nervously, and is greatly relieved to find that the breakfast table is empty. He does not notice MR. LATIMER. *On his way to the table he stops at a mirror on the wall, and standing in front of it, tries to persuade himself that his chin is not so bad after all. Then he pours himself out some coffee, helps himself to a kipper, and falls to ravenously.*]

LATIMER. Ah, good morning, Leonard.

LEONARD [*starting violently and turning round*]. Good Lord! I didn't know you were there.

LATIMER. You were so hungry. . . . I trust you slept well.

LEONARD. Slept well! Of all the damned drafty rooms—Yes, and what about my luggage?

LATIMER [*surprised*]. Your luggage?

LEONARD. Yes, never put on the car, your fellow what's 'is name—Joseph says.

LATIMER. Dear me, we must inquire into this. Lost your luggage? Dear me, that's a very unfortunate start for a honeymoon. That means bad luck, Leonard.

DOMINIC *comes in*

Dominic, what's this about his lordship's luggage?

DOMINIC. Joseph tells me there must have been some misunderstanding about it, sir. A little carelessness on the part of somebody, I imagine, sir.

LATIMER. Dear me! Didn't it come with him?

DOMINIC. I'm afraid not, sir.

LATIMER. Tut, tut, how careless of somebody! Thank you, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Thank you, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER. Lost your luggage. How excessively annoying! [*Anxiously.*] My dear Leonard, what is it?

LEONARD [*whose face has been shaping for it for some seconds*]. A-tish-oo!

LATIMER. At any rate I can find you a handkerchief. [*He does so.* LEONARD *takes it just in time and sneezes violently again.*]

LEONARD. Thank you.

LATIMER. Not at all. That's a very nasty cold you've got. How wise of you to have kept on a dressing-gown.

LEONARD. The only thing I had to put on.

LATIMER. But surely you were traveling in a suit yesterday? I seem to remember a brown suit.

LEONARD. That fool of a man of yours——

LATIMER [*distressed*]. You don't mean to tell me——[DOMINIC *comes in.*] Dominic, what's this about his lordship's brown suit?

DOMINIC. Owing to a regrettable misunderstanding, sir, his lordship's luggage——

LATIMER. Yes, but I'm not talking about his twenty-five other suits, I mean the nice brown suit that he was wearing yesterday. It must be somewhere. I remember noticing it. I remember—[*He holds up his hand.*] Just a moment, Dominic——

LEONARD. A-tish-oo.

LATIMER. I remember saying to myself, "What a nice brown suit Leonard is wearing." Well, where is it, Dominic?

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. I seem to remember the suit to which you are referring. I regret to say that Joseph had an unfortunate accident with it.

LEONARD [*growling*]. Damned carelessness.

DOMINIC. Joseph was bringing back the clothes after brushing them, sir, and happened to have them in his arms while bending over the bath in order to test the temperature of the water for his lordship. A little surprised by the unexpected heat of the water, Joseph relinquished the clothes for a moment, and precipitated them into the bath.

LATIMER. Dear me, how extremely careless of Joseph!

DOMINIC. Yes, sir, I have already reprimanded him.

LEONARD. The fellow ought to be shot.

LATIMER. You're quite right, Leon-

Stage direction: **kipper**, any salted, dried, and smoked fish, but usually herring or salmon. The English breakfast is not complete without kippers.

ard. Dominic, shoot Joseph this morning.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

LATIMER. And see that his lordship's suit is dried as soon as possible.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. It is being dried now, sir.

LATIMER. But it must be dried thoroughly, Dominic. His lordship has a nasty cold, and——

LEONARD. A-tish-oo!

LATIMER. A very nasty one. I'm afraid you are subject to colds, Leonard?

LEONARD. The first one I've ever had in my life. [*He sniffs.*]

LATIMER. Do you hear that, Dominic? The first one he's ever had in his life.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. If you remember, sir, Mr. Nicholas, and one or two other gentlemen who have slept there, caught a very nasty cold. Almost looks as if there must be something the matter with the room.

LEONARD. Damned draftiest room—

LATIMER. Dear me! You should have told me of this before. We must have the room seen to at once. And be sure that his lordship has a different room tonight.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir, thank you, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER [*sympathetically*]. My dear fellow, I am distressed beyond words. But you know the saying, "Feed a cold, starve a fever." You must eat, you must eat. [*He pushes all the dishes round* LEONARD.] We must be firm with this cold. We must suffocate it. [*Pressing more dishes upon him.*] You were quite right not to shave. The protection offered by the beard though small is salutary. But I was forgetting—perhaps your razor is lost too?

LEONARD. Damned careless fellows!

LATIMER. I must lend you mine.

LEONARD [*feeling his chin*]. I say, I wish you would.

LATIMER. I will get it at once. Meanwhile, eat. No half measures with this cold of yours. My poor fellow! [*He hurries out.* LEONARD *gets busy with his breakfast again.*]

Enter ANNE

ANNE [*hurrying in*]. Leonard, my dear! [*She observes him more thoroughly*]. My *dear* Leonard!

LEONARD [*his mouth full*]. G'morning, Anne.

ANNE [*coldly*]. Good morning.

LEONARD [*getting up, napkin in hand*]. How are you this morning? [*He comes toward her, wiping his mouth.*]

ANNE. No, please go on with your breakfast. [*In alarm.*] What is it? [*His face assumes an agonized expression. He sneezes.* ANNE *shudders.*]

LEONARD. Got a nasty cold. Can't understand it. First I've ever had in my life.

ANNE. Do you sneeze like that much?

LEONARD. Off and on.

ANNE. Oh! . . . Hadn't you better get on with your breakfast?

LEONARD. Well, I will if you don't mind. Good thing for a cold, isn't it? Eat a lot.

ANNE. I really know very little about colds. . . . Do get on with your breakfast.

LEONARD [*going back*]. Well, I will if you don't mind. You had yours?

ANNE. Yes.

LEONARD. That's right. [*Resuming it.*] Did you have one of these kippers?

ANNE. No.

LEONARD. Ah! A pity. I will say that for Latimer's cook. She knows how to do a kipper. Much more difficult than people think.

ANNE. I really know very little about kippers.

LEONARD. I have often wondered why somebody doesn't invent one without bones. [*He takes a mouthful.*] Seeing what science can do nowadays—[*He stops.* ANNE's *eye is on him. He says nothing but waves his hand for her to look the other way.*]

ANNE. What is it? [*He frowns fiercely and continues to wave. She says coldly.*] I beg your pardon. [*She turns away and he removes a mouthful of bones.*]

LEONARD [*cheerfully*]. Right oh, darling . . . . After all what do they *want* all these bones for? Other fish manage without them. [*He continues his kipper.*]

ANNE. Leonard, when you can spare

me a moment, I should like to speak to you.

LEONARD [*eating*]. My darling, all my time is yours.

ANNE. I should like your individual attention if I can have it.

LEONARD. Fire away, darling, I'm listening.

ANNE [*going up to him*]. Have you finished your—kipper? [*She takes the plate away.*] What are you going to have next?

LEONARD. Well—what do you recommend?

ANNE [*taking off a cover*]. Omelette? I don't think it has any bones.

LEONARD. What's in that other dish? [*She takes off the cover.*]

Kidneys? What are the kidneys like?

ANNE [*coldly*]. Well, you can see what they *look* like.

LEONARD. Did you try one?

ANNE [*impatiently*]. They're delightful; I tried several. [*She helps him.*] There! Got the toast? Butter? Salt? What is it?

LEONARD. Pepper.

ANNE. Pepper—there. Now have you got everything?

LEONARD. Yes, thank you, my dear. [*He picks up his knife and fork.*]

ANNE [*putting them down again*]. Then before you actually begin, I have something I want to say to you.

LEONARD. You're very mysterious. What is it?

ANNE. There is nothing mysterious about it at all. It's perfectly plain and obvious. Only I do want you to grasp it.

LEONARD. Well? [*He blows his nose. She waits for him to finish.*] Well? [*He is still flourishing his handkerchief. She waits patiently. He puts it back in his pocket.*] Well?

ANNE. The car will be here in a quarter of an hour.

LEONARD. The car?

ANNE. The automobile.

LEONARD. But whose?

ANNE. Ours. More accurately, yours.

LEONARD. But what for?

ANNE [*patiently*]. We are running away together, dear. You and I. It had slipped your memory, perhaps, but I assure you it is a fact. The car will take us to Dover, and the boat will take us to Calais, and the train will take us to the South of France. You and I, dear. When you've finished your breakfast.

LEONARD. But what about Latimer?

ANNE. Just you and I, dear. Two of us only. The usual number. We shall not take Mr. Latimer.

LEONARD. My dear Anne, you seem quite to have forgotten that this confounded fellow Latimer has got us prisoners here until he chooses to let us go. [*With dignity.*] *I* have not forgotten. I eat his kidneys now, but he shall hear from me afterwards. Damned interference!

ANNE. Have you been dreaming, Leonard? *Before* all these kippers and kidneys and things?

LEONARD. Dreaming?

ANNE. The car will be here in a quarter of an hour. Why not? It is *your* car. This is England; this is the twentieth century. We missed the boat and spent the night here. We go on our way this morning. Why not?

LEONARD. Well, you know, I said last night it was perfectly ridiculous for Latimer to talk that way. I mean what has it got to do with *him?* Just a bit of leg pulling—that's what I felt all the time. Stupid joke. [*Picking up his knife and fork.*] Bad taste, too.

ANNE. You did hear what I said, didn't you? The car will be here in a quarter of an hour. I don't know how long it takes you to—[*She glances him over*] to shave, and—and dress properly, and—and brush your hair, but I fancy you ought to be thinking about it quite seriously. You can have some more kidneys another time.

LEONARD. B-but I can't possibly go like this.

ANNE. No, that's what I say.

LEONARD. I mean I haven't got any luggage for one thing—and, with a cold like this, I'm not at all sure——

ANNE. You've lost your luggage?

LEONARD. Apparently it was left behind by——

ANNE [*with anger*]. You let yourself be tricked and humiliated by this Mr.

Latimer, you let *me* be humiliated, and then when I say that, whatever happens, I won't be humiliated, you—you lose your luggage!

LEONARD. *I* didn't lose it. It just happens to *be* lost.

ANNE. And you catch a cold!

LEONARD. *I* didn't catch it. It caught *me*.

ANNE. The—the humiliation of it! . . . And what do you propose to do now?

LEONARD. As soon as my luggage turns up, and I am well enough to travel——

ANNE. Meanwhile you accept this man's hospitality——

LEONARD. Under protest. [*Helping himself from the dish.*] I shall keep a careful account of everything that we have here——

ANNE. Well, that's your third kidney; you'd better make a note of it.

LEONARD [*with dignity*]. As it happens I was helping myself to a trifle more bacon . . . . As I say, I shall keep a careful account, and send him a check for our board and lodging as soon as we have left his roof.

ANNE. Oh! . . . I had some coffee and one slice of toast and a little marmalade. About a spoonful. And a cup of tea and two thin slices of bread and butter upstairs. Oh, and I've had two baths. They're extra, aren't they? A hot one last night and a cold one this morning. I think that's all. Except supper last night, and you wouldn't let me finish that, so I expect there'll be a reduction. . . . You want a note book with one of those little pencils in it.

LEONARD [*reproachfully*]. I say, Anne, look here——

ANNE. Do go on with your breakfast.

LEONARD. You're being awfully unfair. How can we possibly go now? Why, I haven't even got a pair of trousers to put on.

ANNE. You're not going to say you've lost those, too!

LEONARD [*sulkily*]. It's not my fault. That fellow—What's 'is name——

ANNE [*wonderingly*]. What made you ever *think* that you could take anybody to the South of France? Without any practice at all? . . . If you had been taking an aunt to Hammersmith—well, you might have lost a bus or two . . . and your hat might have blown off . . . and you would probably have found yourselves at Hampstead the first two or three times . . . and your aunt would have stood up the whole way . . . but still you might have got there eventually. I mean, it would be worth trying—if your aunt was very anxious to get to Hammersmith. But the South of France! My dear Leonard! It's so audacious of you.

LEONARD [*annoyed*]. Now, look here, Anne——

[MR. LATIMER *comes in cheerily with shaving-pot, brush, safety razor, and towel.*]

LATIMER. Now then, Leonard, we'll soon have you all right. [*He puts the things down.*] Ah, Anne! You don't mind waiting while Leonard has a shave? He wanted to grow a special beard for the Continent, but I persuaded him not to. The French accent will be quite enough. [*Picking up the razor.*] Do you mind Wednesday's blade? I used Tuesday's myself this morning.

ANNE. Oh, Mr. Latimer, I find that we shall not want the car after all.

LATIMER. No?

ANNE. No. Poor Leonard is hardly well enough to travel. I hope that by tomorrow, perhaps—But I am afraid that we must trespass on your hospitality until then. I am so sorry.

LATIMER. But I am charmed to have you. Let me tell your maid to unpack.

ANNE. Don't trouble, thanks. I've got to take my hat off. [*Very sweetly for Latimer's benefit.*] I shan't be a moment, Leonard darling. [*She goes out.*]

LATIMER. Now then, Leonard darling, to work.

LEONARD [*picking up the things*]. Thanks.

LATIMER. But where are you going?

LEONARD. Upstairs, of course.

LATIMER. Is that wise? With a cold like yours?

56-60. **Hammersmith . . . Hampstead,** outlying parts of London.

LEONARD. Damn it, I can't shave down here.

LATIMER. Oh, come, we mustn't stand on ceremony when your life is at stake. You were complaining only five minutes ago of the draft in your room. Now, here we have a nice even temperature——

LEONARD. Well, there's something in that.

LATIMER. There's everything in it. Of course you've never had a cold before, so you don't know, but any doctor will tell you how important it is to stay in one room—with a nice even temperature. You mustn't dream of going upstairs.

LEONARD [*surrendering*]. Well——

LATIMER. That's right. Got everything you want? There are plenty of mirrors. Which period do you prefer? Queen Anne?

LEONARD. It's all right, thanks.

LATIMER. Good. Then I'll leave you to it.

[*He goes out. Standing in front of a glass on the wall,* LEONARD *applies the soap. His cheeks are just getting beautifully creamy when* NICHOLAS *enters.*]

NICHOLAS. Hallo!

LEONARD [*looking round*]. Hallo!

NICHOLAS. Shaving?

LEONARD [*exasperated*]. Well, what the devil did you think I was doing?

NICHOLAS. Shaving. [*He sits down.* LEONARD *gets on with the good work.*]

LEONARD. A-tish-oo!

NICHOLAS. Got a cold?

LEONARD. Obviously.

NICHOLAS [*sympathetically*]. Horrid, sneezing when you're all covered with soap.

LEONARD. Look here, I didn't ask for your company, and I don't want your comments.

NICHOLAS. Well, if it comes to that, I was here first, and I didn't ask you to shave in this hall.

LEONARD [*with dignity*]. There are reasons why it is necessary for me to shave in the hall.

NICHOLAS. Don't bother to tell me. I know 'em.

LEONARD. What do you mean?

NICHOLAS. You're the couple that arrived last night.

LEONARD [*looking at him, thoughtfully*]. And you're the couple that is leaving this morning.

NICHOLAS. Exactly.

LEONARD. Yes, but I don't see——

NICHOLAS. You haven't tumbled to it yet?

LEONARD. Tumbled to what?

NICHOLAS. The fact that a week ago there were reasons why it was necessary for *me* to shave in the hall.

LEONARD. You! . . . You don't mean ——

NICHOLAS. Yes, I do.

LEONARD. You lost your luggage?

NICHOLAS. Yes.

LEONARD. You woke up with a cold?

NICHOLAS. Yes . . . Horrid, sneezing when you're all covered with soap.

LEONARD [*exactly*]. I say, that fellow —what's 'is name—didn't drop *your* clothes in the bath?

NICHOLAS. Oh, rather . . . . Damned smart chap, Latimer.

LEONARD. Damned scoundrel.

NICHOLAS. Oh, no. He's quite right. One learns a lot down here.

LEONARD. I shall leave his house at once . . . as soon as I have shaved.

NICHOLAS. You still want to? [LEONARD *looks at him in surprise.*] Oh, well, you've hardly been here long enough, I suppose.

LEONARD. What do you mean? Don't *you* want to any more?

NICHOLAS. Latimer's quite right, you know. One learns a lot down here.

LEONARD [*shaving*]. What about the lady?

NICHOLAS. That's the devil of it.

LEONARD. My dear fellow, as a man of honor, you're bound to go on.

NICHOLAS. As a man of honor, ought I ever to have started?

LEONARD. Naturally I can't give an opinion on that.

NICHOLAS. No . . . You want to be careful with that glass. The light isn't too good. I should go over it all again.

LEONARD [*stiffly*]. Thank you. I am accustomed to shaving myself.

NICHOLAS. I was just offering a little expert advice. You needn't take it.

LEONARD [*surveying himself doubtfully*]. H'm, perhaps you're right. [*He lathers himself again. In the middle of it he stops and says.*] Curious creatures, women.

NICHOLAS. Amazing.

LEONARD. It's a life's work in itself trying to understand 'em. And then you're no further.

NICHOLAS. A week told *me* all I wanted to know.

LEONARD. They're so unexpected.

NICHOLAS. So unreasonable.

LEONARD. What was it the poet said about them?

NICHOLAS. What didn't he say?

LEONARD. No, *you* know the one I mean. How does it begin? . . . "O woman, in our hours of ease——"

NICHOLAS. "Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

LEONARD. That's it. Well, I grant you *that*——

NICHOLAS. Grant it me! I should think you do! They throw it at you with both hands.

LEONARD. But in the next two lines he misses the point altogether. When—what is it?—"when pain and anguish wring the brow"——

NICHOLAS [*with feeling*]. "A ministering angel thou."

LEONARD. Yes, and it's a lie. It's simply a lie.

NICHOLAS. My dear fellow, it's the truest thing anybody ever said. Only—only one gets too much of it.

LEONARD. True? Nonsense.

NICHOLAS. Evidently you don't know anything about women.

LEONARD [*indignantly*]. *I!* Not know anything about women!

NICHOLAS. Well, you said yourself just now that you didn't.

LEONARD. I never said—what I said ——

NICHOLAS. If you did know anything about 'em, you'd know that there's nothing they like more than doing the ministering angel business.

LEONARD. Ministering angel!

NICHOLAS. Won't you have a little more of this, and won't you have a little more of that, and how is the poor cold today, and——

LEONARD. You really think that women talk like that?

NICHOLAS. How else do you think they talk?

LEONARD. My dear fellow! . . . Why, I mean, just take my own case as an example. Here am I, with a very nasty cold, the first I've ever had in my life. I sit down for a bit of breakfast—not wanting it particularly, but feeling that, for the sake of my health, I ought to try and eat something. And what happens?

[LATIMER *has come in during this speech. He stops and listens to it.*]

LATIMER [*trying to guess the answer*]. You eat too much.

LEONARD [*turning round angrily*]. Ah, so it's you! You have come just in time, Mr. Latimer. I propose to leave your house at once.

LATIMER [*surprised*]. Not like that? Not with a little bit of soap behind the ear? [LEONARD *hastily wipes it.*] The other ear. [LEONARD *wipes that one.*] That's right.

LEONARD. At once, sir.

NICHOLAS. You'd better come with us. We're just going.

LEONARD. Thank you.

LATIMER. Four of you. A nice little party.

ANNE *comes in*

LEONARD. Anne, my dear, we are leaving the house at once. Are you ready?

ANNE [*looking from one to the other in surprise*]. But, I've just taken my hat off. Besides, you can't go like that.

[LEONARD *hastily wipes his ear again.*]

LATIMER. No, no, she means the costume this time.

LEONARD. Mr. Latimer, I insist on having my clothes restored to me.

LATIMER. Wet or dry, you shall have them.

ANNE. But——

EUSTASIA [*from outside*]. Nich-o-las!

[LEONARD *looks up in astonishment.*]

18–19. "O woman," etc. From Scott's *Marmion*, Canto VI, Stanza xxx.

NICHOLAS [*gloomily*]. Hallo!
EUSTASIA. Where are you?
NICHOLAS. Here!

EUSTASIA *comes in*

EUSTASIA. Are you ready, darling? [*She stops on seeing them all, and looks from one to the other. She sees her husband.*] Leonard!
NICHOLAS [*understanding*]. Leonard!
LEONARD. Eustasia!
ANNE. Eustasia!

[*They stare at each other—open-mouthed—all but* MR. LATIMER. *His eyes on the ceiling, whistling a little tune to himself,* MR. LATIMER *walks—almost, you might say, dances—up and down, up and down behind them, "I did this!" he is saying to himself, "I did it!"*]

ACT III

SCENE I

We are just where we were—except that MR. LATIMER *has stopped his dance, and is regarding his visitors benevolently. Their mouths are now closed, but they have not said anything yet.*

ANNE [*impatiently*]. Oh, isn't anybody going to say anything? Mr. Latimer, while Leonard is thinking of something, you might introduce me to his wife.
LATIMER. I beg your pardon, Eustasia, this is Anne.
ANNE. How do you do?
EUSTASIA. How do you do?
LATIMER. Leonard, this is Nicholas.
NICHOLAS [*nodding*]. We've met. Quite old friends.
LEONARD. I repudiate the friendship. We met under false pretenses. I—I—Well, upon my word, I don't know *what* to say.
NICHOLAS. Then don't say it, old boy. Here we all are, and we've got to make the best of it.
LEONARD. I—I—*a-tish-oo!*
EUSTASIA [*alarmed*]. Leonard, you have a cold?
NICHOLAS. A very nasty cold.
ANNE [*coldly*]. It will be better when he has finished his breakfast.
LEONARD [*hurt*]. I *have* finished my breakfast. A long time ago.
ANNE. I beg your pardon. [*She indicates the towel round his neck.*] I misunderstood.
LEONARD [*pulling it away*]. I've been shaving.
EUSTASIA. But, Leonard dear, I don't understand. I've never known you ill before.
LEONARD. I never have been ill before. But I am ill now. Very ill. And nobody minds. Nobody minds at all. This fellow Latimer invaygles me here—
LATIMER. Inveegles.
LEONARD. I shall pronounce it how I like. It is quite time I asserted myself. I have been too patient. You invaygle me here and purposely give me a cold. You—[*pointing accusingly to* ANNE]—are entirely unmoved by my sufferings, instead of which you make fun of the very simple breakfast which I had forced myself to eat. You—[*to* NICHOLAS] run away with my wife, at a time when I am ill and unable to protect her, and you—[*to* EUSTASIA]—well, all I can say is that you surprise me, Eustasia, you surprise me. I didn't think you had it in you.
LATIMER. A masterly summing up of the case. Well, I hope you're all ashamed of yourselves.
EUSTASIA. But, Leonard, how rash of you to *think* of running away with a cold like this. [*She goes up and comforts him.*] You must take care of yourself—Eustasia will take care of you and get you well. Poor boy! He had a nasty, nasty cold, and nobody looked after him. Mr. Latimer, I shall want some mustard, and hot water, and eucalyptus.
LATIMER. But of course!
LEONARD [*to* ANNE]. There you are! As soon as somebody who really understands illness comes on the scene, you see what happens. Mustard, hot water, eucalyptus—she has it all at her finger ends.

Enter DOMINIC

DOMINIC. Yes, sir?

48. **Invaygles**, not the preferred pronunciation, as Mr. Latimer informs him.

LATIMER. A small mustard and water for his lordship.

EUSTASIA. It's to put his feet in, not to drink.

LATIMER. A large mustard and water.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

EUSTASIA. Hot water.

DOMINIC. Yes, my lady.

EUSTASIA. And if you have any eucalyptus——

DOMINIC. Yes, my lady, we got some in specially for his lordship.

LATIMER. Did Mr. Nicholas absorb all the last bottle?

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

NICHOLAS [*with feeling*]. I fairly lived on it.

DOMINIC [*to* EUSTASIA]. Is there anything else his lordship will require?

NICHOLAS. What about a mustard-plaster?

LEONARD. Please mind your own business.

EUSTASIA. No, I don't think there's anything else, thank you.

NICHOLAS. Well, I call that very unfair. I had one.

LEONARD. Oh, did you? Well, in that case, Eustasia, I certainly don't see why——

LATIMER [*to* DOMINIC]. Two mustard-plasters. We mustn't grudge his lordship anything.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. [*He retires.*]

EUSTASIA [*to* LEONARD]. Now come over here, darling, away from the door. [*She leads him to an armchair in the corner of the room.*] Lean on me.

ANNE. Surely one can walk with a cold in the head!

NICHOLAS. No, it's very dangerous.

LATIMER. Nicholas speaks as an expert.

EUSTASIA [*settling* LEONARD]. There! Is that comfy?

LEONARD. Thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. We'll soon have you all right, dear.

LEONARD [*pressing her hand*]. Thank you.

LATIMER [*after a little silence*]. Well, as Nicholas said just now, "Here we all are, and we've got to make the best of it." What are we all going to do?

ANNE. Please leave me out of it. I can make my own arrangements. [*She gives them a cool little bow as she goes out.*] If you will excuse me.

DOMINIC *comes in with a clinical thermometer on a tray*

DOMINIC. I thought that her ladyship might require a thermometer for his lordship's temperature.

EUSTASIA [*coming to him*]. Thank you. I think it would be safer just to take it. And I wondered if we couldn't just put this screen round his lordship's chair.

DOMINIC. Certainly, my lady, one can't be too careful. [*He helps her with it.*]

EUSTASIA. Yes, that's right.

LATIMER [*to* NICHOLAS]. Did *you* have the screen?

NICHOLAS. Oh, rather.

LATIMER. And the thermometer?

NICHOLAS. Yes . . . Funny thing was I liked it just at first. I don't mean the actual thermometer; I mean all the fussing.

LATIMER. It's a wonderful invention, a cold in the head. It finds you out. There's nothing like it, Nicholas, nothing.

EUSTASIA [*to* DOMINIC]. Thank you. And you're bringing the other things?

DOMINIC. Yes, my lady, as soon as ready. [*He goes out.*]

EUSTASIA. Thank you. [*to* LEONARD.] Now, dear, under the tongue. [*She puts it in his mouth.*]

LEONARD [*mumbling*]. I don't think I ever——

EUSTASIA. No, dear, don't try to talk. [*She takes out her watch.*]

NICHOLAS [*coming close to* LATIMER]. I say——

LATIMER. Well?

NICHOLAS [*indicating the screen*]. I say, not too loud.

LATIMER [*in a whisper*]. Well?

NICHOLAS. Well, what about it?

LATIMER. What about what?

NICHOLAS. I mean, where do I come in? As a man of honor oughtn't I to—er—— You see what I mean? Of course I want to do the right thing.

LATIMER. Naturally, my dear Nicholas. It's what one expected of you.

NICHOLAS. I thought that if I slipped away now, unostentatiously. . . .

LATIMER. With just a parting word of farewell——

NICHOLAS. Well, that was what I was wondering. Would anything in the nature of a farewell be in good taste?

LATIMER. I see your point.

NICHOLAS. Don't think that I'm not just as devoted to Eustasia as ever I was.

LATIMER. But you feel that in the circumstances you could worship her from afar with more propriety.

NICHOLAS [*waving a hand at the screen*]. Yes. You see, I had no idea that they were so devoted.

LATIMER. But their devotion may not last forever.

NICHOLAS. Exactly. That's why I thought I'd slip away now.

LATIMER. Oh, Nicholas! Oh, Nicholas!

NICHOLAS [*a little offended*]. Well, I don't want to say anything against Eustasia——

LATIMER. There are so many people who don't want to say anything against Eustasia.

NICHOLAS. But, you see—— Look out, here's Miss Anne.

ANNE *comes in*

LATIMER. Anne, you're just in time. Nicholas wants your advice.

NICHOLAS. I say, shut up! We can't very well——

ANNE. Mr. Latimer, I went upstairs to get my things and find my way to the nearest railway station. But—but there is a reason why I am not going after all. Just yet. I thought I'd better tell you.

LATIMER. Were you really thinking of going? [*She nods.*] I'm so glad you've changed your mind.

ANNE [*with a smile*]. There are reasons why I had to.

LATIMER. Bless them . . . Nicholas, I believe she stayed just so that she might help you.

ANNE. What does Mr. Nicholas want?

NICHOLAS. I say, it's awfully good of you and all that, but this is rather—I mean, it's a question that a fellow ought to settle for himself.

LATIMER. What he means is, ought *he* to get his things and find his way to the nearest railway station?

ANNE [*dismayed*]. Oh, no!

LATIMER. There you are, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS [*rather flattered*]. Oh, well—well—[*He looks at her admiringly.*] Well, perhaps you're right.

EUSTASIA [*the three minutes up*]. There! [*She takes the thermometer out and comes from behind the screen in order to get nearer the light.*]

LATIMER. His temperature! This is an exciting moment in the history of the House of Lords. [*He follows* EUSTASIA *to the window.*]

NICHOLAS [*to* ANNE]. I say, do you really think I ought to stay?

ANNE. Please, Mr. Nicholas, I want you to stay.

NICHOLAS. Righto, then I'll stay.

LATIMER [*over* EUSTASIA'S *shoulder*]. A hundred and nine.

LEONARD [*putting his head round the screen*]. I say, what ought it to be?

NICHOLAS. Ninety-eight.

LEONARD. Good Lord, I'm dying!

EUSTASIA. It's just ninety-nine. A little over normal, Leonard, but nothing to matter.

LATIMER. *Ninety*-nine—so it is. I should never have forgiven myself if it had been a hundred and nine.

NICHOLAS [*coming up to* LATIMER]. It's all right, I'm going to.

EUSTASIA [*surprised*]. Going to? Going to what?

NICHOLAS [*confused*]. Oh, nothing.

LATIMER. What he means is that he is going to be firm. He thinks we all ought to have a little talk about things. Just to see where we are.

EUSTASIA. Well, things aren't quite as they were, are they? If I'd known that Leonard was ill—but I've seen so little of him lately. And he's *never* been ill before!

NICHOLAS. Of course we ought to know where we are.

LATIMER. Yes. At present Leonard is behind that screen, which makes it

difficult to discuss things properly. Leonard, could you——

EUSTASIA. Oh, we mustn't take any risks. But if we moved the screen a little, and all sat up at that end of the room——

LATIMER. Delightful!

NICHOLAS [*leading the way*]. Sit here, Miss Anne, won't you? [*They arrange themselves.* LATIMER *in the middle.*]

LATIMER. There! Now are we all here? . . . We are. Then with your permission, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will open the proceedings with a short speech.

NICHOLAS. Oh, I say, must you?

LATIMER. Certainly.

EUSTASIA [*to* LEONARD]. Hush, dear.

LEONARD. I didn't say anything.

EUSTASIA. No, but you were just going to.

LATIMER [*severely*]. Seeing that I refrained from making my speech when Leonard had the thermometer in his mouth, the least he can do now is to listen in silence.

LEONARD. Well, I'm——

LATIMER. I resume . . . By a fortunate concatenation of circumstances, ladies and gentlemen—or, as more illiterate men would say, by a bit of luck—two runaway couples have met under my roof. No need to mention names. You can all guess for yourselves. But I call now—this is the end of my speech, Leonard—I call now upon my noble friend on the right to tell us just why he left the devoted wife by his side in order to travel upon the Continent.

LEONARD. Well, really——

LATIMER. Naturally Leonard does not wish to say anything against Eustasia. Very creditable to him. But can it be that the devoted wife by his side wishes to say anything against Leonard?

EUSTASIA. You neglected me, Leonard, you know you did. And when I was so ill——

LEONARD. My dear, you were *always* ill. That was the trouble.

LATIMER. And you were never ill, Leonard. *That* was the trouble . . . You heartless ruffian!

EUSTASIA [*to* LEONARD]. Hush, dear.

LATIMER. Why couldn't you have had a cold sometimes? Why couldn't you have come home with a broken leg, or lost your money, or made a rotten speech in the House of Lords? If she could never be sorry for *you*, for whom else could she be sorry, except herself? [*To* EUSTASIA.] I don't suppose he even lost his umbrella, did he?

ANNE. Oh, he must have lost that.

LATIMER. Eustasia, ladies and gentlemen, is one of those dear women, those sweet women, those delightful women—[*Aside to* ANNE]—stop me if I'm laying it on too thick—those adorable women who must always cosset or be cosseted. She couldn't cosset Leonard; Leonard wouldn't cosset her. Hence—the Dover Road.

EUSTASIA. How well you understand, Mr. Latimer!

LATIMER. Enter, then, my friend Nicholas. [*Shaking his head at him.*] Oh, Nicholas! Oh, Nicholas! Oh, Nicholas!

NICHOLAS [*uneasily*]. What's all that about?

LATIMER. Anything you say will be used in evidence against you. Proceed, my young friend.

NICHOLAS. Well—well—well, I mean, there she was.

LATIMER. Lonely.

NICHOLAS. Exactly.

LATIMER. Neglected by her brute of a husband—[*As* LEONARD *opens his mouth*] fingers crossed, Leonard—who spent day and night rioting in the House of Lords while his poor little wife cried at home.

NICHOLAS. Well——

LATIMER. Then out spake bold Sir Nicholas—[*Aside to* ANNE.] This was also composed in my bath——

Then out spake bold Sir Nicholas,
An Oxford man was he:
"Lo, I will write a note tonight
And ask her out to tea."

NICHOLAS. Well, you see—

LATIMER. I see, Nicholas. . . . And so here we all are.

ANNE. Except me.

LATIMER. I guessed at you, Anne. Did I guess right?

ANNE. Yes.

LATIMER. And so here we all are. . . . And what are we all going to do? My house is at your disposal for as long as you wish. The doors are open for those who wish to go. . . . Eustasia?

EUSTASIA. My duty is to stay here—to look after my husband.

LATIMER. Well, that settles Eustasia. . . . Anne?

ANNE. Of necessity I must stay here—for the present.

LATIMER. Well, that settles Anne. . . . Nicholas?

NICHOLAS. I stay here, too—[*Looking at* ANNE] from choice.

LATIMER. Well, that settles Nicholas. . . . Leonard?

[DOMINIC, *followed by all the Staff, comes in, together with a collection of mustard-baths, plasters, eucalyptus, etc., etc.*]

LATIMER [*looking round at the interruption*]. Ah! . . . And this will settle Leonard.

SCENE II

Three days later, and evening again. ANNE *is busy with a pencil and paper, an A. B. C., and her purse. She is trying to work out how much it costs to go home, and subtracting three and fourpence ha'penny from it. Having done this, she puts the paper, pencil, and purse in her bag, returns the A. B. C. to its home, and goes toward the door. One gathers that she has come to a decision.*

ANNE [*calling*]. Nich-o-las!

NICHOLAS [*from outside*]. Hallo!

ANNE. Where—are—you?

NICHOLAS. Coming. [*He comes.*] Just went upstairs to get a pipe. [*Putting his hand to his pocket.*] And now I've forgotten it. [*They go to the sofa together.*]

ANNE. Oh, Nicholas, how silly you are! [*She sits down.*]

NICHOLAS [*sitting close*]. I don't *want* to smoke, you know.

ANNE. I thought men always did.

NICHOLAS. Well, it depends what they're doing.

[*There is no doubt what he is doing. He is making love to* ANNE, *the dog, and* ANNE *is encouraging him.*]

ANNE [*looking away*]. Oh!

NICHOLAS. I say, it has been rather jolly here the last three days, don't you think?

ANNE. It *has* been rather nice.

NICHOLAS. We've sort of got so friendly.

ANNE. We have, haven't we?

NICHOLAS. You've been awfully nice to me.

ANNE. You've been nice to *me*.

NICHOLAS. I should have gone, you know, if it hadn't been for you.

ANNE. I don't know *what* I should have done if you had gone.

NICHOLAS. You did ask me to stay, didn't you?

ANNE. Yes, I couldn't let you go.

NICHOLAS. Do you know what you said? You said, "Please, Mr. Nicholas, I want you to stay." I shall always remember that. [*Fatuously to himself.*] "Please, Mr. Nicholas, I want you to stay." I wonder what made you think of saying that.

ANNE. I wanted us to be friends. I wanted to get to know you; to make you think of me as—as your friend.

NICHOLAS. We *are* friends, Anne, aren't we?

ANNE. I think we are now, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS [*with a sentimental sigh*]. Friends!

[ANNE *looks at him, wondering if she shall risk it; then away again; then summons up her courage and takes the plunge.*]

ANNE. Nicholas!

NICHOLAS. Yes?

ANNE [*timidly*]. I—I want you to do something for me.

NICHOLAS. Anything, Anne, anything.

ANNE. I don't know whether I ought to ask you.

NICHOLAS. Of course you ought!

Scene II, Stage Direction: an A. B. C., an alphabetically arranged, consolidated railroad guide issued in England for all railroads. Anne is figuring out her train home as well as her fare.

ANNE. But you see, we *are* friends—almost like brother and sister——

NICHOLAS [*disappointed*]. Well, I shouldn't put it quite like that—

ANNE. And I thought I might ask you——

NICHOLAS. Of course, Anne! You know I would do anything for you.

ANNE. Yes. . . . Well—well—[*In a rush*] Well, then, will you lend me one pound two and sixpence till next Monday?

NICHOLAS. Lend you——!

ANNE. Today's Friday, I'll send you the money off on Sunday. I promise. Of course I know one oughtn't to borrow from men, but you're different. Almost like a brother. I knew you would understand.

NICHOLAS. But—but—I *don't* understand.

ANNE [*ashamed*]. You see, I—I only have three and fourpence ha'penny. And it costs one pound five and twopence to get home. [*Indignantly.*] Oh, it's a shame the way men always pay for us, and then when we really want money, we haven't got any. . . . But I will pay you back on Sunday. I have some money at home; I meant to have brought it.

NICHOLAS. But—but why do you suddenly——

ANNE. Suddenly? I've been wanting it ever since that first morning. I went upstairs to get my hat, meaning to walk straight out of the house—and then I looked in my purse and found—[*pathetically*] three and fourpence ha'penny. What was I to do?

NICHOLAS. Anyone would have lent you anything.

ANNE [*coldly*]. Leonard, for instance?

NICHOLAS [*thoughtfully*]. Well . . . no . . . No. You couldn't very well have touched Leonard. But Latimer——

ANNE. Mr. Latimer! The man who had brought us here, locked us up here, and started playing Providence to us—I was to go on my knees to *him* and say "Please, dear Mr. Latimer, could you lend me one pound two and sixpence, so that I may run away from your horrid house." Really!

NICHOLAS. Well, you seem to have been pretty friendly with him these three days.

ANNE. Naturally I am polite to a man when I am staying in his house. That's a different thing.

NICHOLAS. As a matter of fact, Latimer has been jolly decent. Anyway, he has saved us both from making silly asses of ourselves.

ANNE. And you think I am grateful to him for that? . . . Doesn't *any* man understand *any* woman?

NICHOLAS [*annoyed*]. Are you suggesting that *I* don't understand women?

ANNE. I'm suggesting that you should lend me one pound two shillings and sixpence.

NICHOLAS [*sulkily, feeling in his pockets*]. Of course, if you're in such a confounded hurry to get away from here—— Do you mind all silver?

ANNE. Not at all.

NICHOLAS. In such a confounded hurry to get away from here—[*He counts the money.*]

ANNE. Why ever should I want to stay?

NICHOLAS. Well—well—[*With a despairing shrug*]. Oh, Lord! . . . Ten shillings . . . fourteen and six . . . why should she want to stay! Why do you think *I'm* staying?

ANNE. Because you're so fond of Mr. Latimer. He's so jolly decent.

NICHOLAS [*looking at the money in his hand*]. One pound two shillings and sixpence. I suppose if I told you what I really thought about it all, you'd get on your high horse again and refuse the money from *me*. So I won't tell you. Here you are.

ANNE [*gently*]. You didn't think I was in love with you, Nicholas? [NICHOLAS *looks uncomfortable.*] In three days? Oh, Nicholas!

NICHOLAS. Well—well, I don't see—[*Holding out the money.*]

ANNE. From a friend?

NICHOLAS. From a friend.

ANNE. Lent to a friend?

NICHOLAS. Lent to a friend.

ANNE [*taking it*]. Thank you, Nicholas. [*She gets up. He begins to get up, too.*]

No, don't bother. [*She walks to the door. At the door she says.*] Thank you very much, Nicholas. [*She goes out.*]

NICHOLAS. Well, I'm damned!

[*He sits there gloomily, his legs stretched out, and regards his shoes. So far as we can tell he goes on saying, "Well, I'm damned," to himself.* EUSTASIA *and* LEONARD *come in. He is properly dressed now, but still under* EUSTASIA'S *care, and she has his arm, as if he were attempting a very difficult feat in walking across the hall.*]

NICHOLAS [*looking round*]. Hallo! [*Getting up.*] Do you want to come here?

LEONARD [*hastily*]. Don't go, old boy, don't go. Plenty of room for us all.

EUSTASIA. Thank you so much. Leonard is not very strong yet. His temperature is up again today. [*To* LEONARD.] You will be better on the sofa, darling. [*To* NICHOLAS.] I'm so sorry to trouble you.

NICHOLAS. Not at all. I was just going anyhow.

LEONARD [*sitting on the sofa.*] Oh, nonsense. Stay and talk to us. Plenty of room for us all.

NICHOLAS [*feeling in his pockets*]. Got to get my pipe. Left it upstairs like an ass.

LEONARD [*taking out his case*]. Have a cigarette instead?

NICHOLAS. Rather have a pipe, thanks. [*He makes for the door.*]

LEONARD [*anxiously*]. But you'll come back?

NICHOLAS [*unwillingly*]. Oh—or—righto. [*He goes out.*]

LEONARD. Come and keep us company. [*To* EUSTASIA, *who is tucking him up.*] Thanks, Eustasia, thanks. That's quite all right.

EUSTASIA. Another cushion for your back, darling?

LEONARD. No, thanks.

EUSTASIA. Quite sure?

LEONARD. Quite sure, thanks.

EUSTASIA. I can easily get it for you.

LEONARD [*weakly*]. Oh, very well.

EUSTASIA. That's right. [*Getting the cushion.*] You *must* be comfortable. Now, are you sure *that's* all right?

LEONARD. Quite all right, thank you.

EUSTASIA. Sure, darling? Anything else you want, I can get it for you at once. A rug over your knees?

LEONARD. No, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. You wouldn't like a hot-water bottle?

LEONARD [*with a sigh*]. No, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. You've only got to say, you know. Now shall we talk, or would you like me to read to you? [*She settles down next to him.*]

LEONARD [*choosing the lesser evil*]. I think read—no, I mean, talk—no, read to me.

EUSTASIA. It's for you to say, darling.

LEONARD [*his eyes closed*]. Read to me, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA [*opening her book*]. We'll go on from where we left off. We didn't get very far—I marked the place. . . . Yes, here we are. " . . . the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. . . ." And then there's a little footnote at the bottom; that's how I remember it. [*Reading the footnote.*] "Tacit. Annal. l. ii, Dion Cassius l. lvi. p. 833 and the speech of Augustus himself." That doesn't seem to mean much. "It receives great light from the learned notes of his French translator M. Spanheim." Well, that's a good thing. Spanheim—sounds more like a German, doesn't it? Now are you sure you're quite comfortable, dear?

LEONARD [*his eyes closed*]. Yes, thank you, Eustasia.

EUSTASIA. Then I'll begin. [*In her reading-aloud voice.*] "Happily for the repose of mankind, the moderate system recommended by the wisdom of Augustus, was adopted by the fears and vices of his immediate successors. Engaged in the pursuit of pleasure or the exercise of tyranny, the first Caesars seldom showed themselves to the armies, or to the provinces; nor, were they disposed to suffer that those triumphs which their indolence neglected should

65–66. **We didn't get very far.** Eustasia's selection from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is taken from the fourth and fifth paragraphs of chapter one. That she leaves out parts of sentences here and there does not add to the lucidity of the narrative; her reading of the footnotes is also deliciously free.

be usurped by the conduct and valor of their lieutenants." [*Speeding up.*] "The military fame of a subject was considered as an insolent invasion of the Imperial prerogative; and it became the duty as well as interest of every Roman General to guard the frontiers entrusted to his care"—[*Recklessly.*] "without aspiring for conquests which might have proved no less fatal to himself than to the vanquished barbarians" . . . And then there's another footnote. Perhaps it would be better if I read all the footnotes afterwards—what do you think, darling? Or shall we take them as they come?

LEONARD [*without opening his eyes*]. Yes, dear.

EUSTASIA. Very well. This is footnote 5. "Germanicus, Suetonius Paulinus and Agricola"—[*She stumbles over the names.*]—"were checked and recalled in the course of their victories. Corbulo was put to death." Oh, what a shame! "Military merit, as it is admirably expressed by Tacitus, was, in the strictest sense of the word——" well, there are *two* words, and they are both in Latin. I suppose Tacitus wrote in Latin. But it doesn't really matter because it's only a footnote. [*Anxiously.*] Are you liking the book, darling?

LEONARD. Very much, dear.

EUSTASIA. It's nicely written, but I don't think it's very exciting. I don't think Mr. Latimer has a very good taste in books. I asked him to recommend me something really interesting to read aloud, and he said that the two most interesting books he knew were Carlyle's *French Revolution* and—and—[*looking at the cover*] Gibbon's *Roman Empires*. . . . Fancy, there are four volumes of it and six hundred pages in a volume. We're at page 19 now. [*She reads a line or two to herself.*] Oh, now, this *is* rather interesting, because it's all about *us*. "The only accession which the Roman Empire received during the first century of the Christian era, was the province of Britain." Fancy! "The proximity of its situation to the coast of Gaul seemed to invite their arms, the pleasing, though doubtful intelligence of a pearl fishery, attracted their avarice." And then there's a footnote—I suppose that's to say it was Whitstable. [*Getting to it.*] Oh, no—"The British pearls proved, however, of little value, on account of their dark and livid color." How horrid. "Tacitus observes—" well, then, Tacitus says something again. . . . I *wish* he would write in English. . . . Now where was I? Something about the pearls. Oh, yes. "After a war of about forty years—" good gracious!—"undertaken by the most stupid, maintained by the most dissolute, and——"

[NICHOLAS *returns with his pipe.*]

NICHOLAS. Oh, sorry, I'm interrupting.

LEONARD [*waking up*]. No, no. Eustasia was just reading to me. [*To her.*] You mustn't tire yourself, dear. [*To* NICHOLAS.] Stay and talk.

NICHOLAS. What's the book? Carlyle's *French Revolution?*

EUSTASIA [*primly*]. Certainly not. [*Looking at the title again.*] Gibbon's *Roman Empire.*

NICHOLAS. Any good?

EUSTASIA. Fascinating, isn't it, Leonard?

LEONARD. Very.

NICHOLAS. You ought to try Carlyle, old chap.

LEONARD. Is *he* good?

NICHOLAS [*who has had eight pages read aloud to him by* EUSTASIA]. Oh, topping.

EUSTASIA [*looking at her watch*]. Good gracious! I ought to be dressing.

LEONARD [*looking at his*]. Yes, it *is* about time.

NICHOLAS [*looking at his*]. Yes.

EUSTASIA. Leonard, darling, I don't think it would be safe for you to change. Not tonight; tomorrow if you like.

LEONARD. I say, look here, you said that last night.

EUSTASIA. Ah, but your temperature has gone up again.

NICHOLAS. I expect that's only because the book was so exciting.

57. **Whitstable**, a watering-place on the north coast of Kent, famous for its oysters.

LEONARD. Yes, that's right.

EUSTASIA. But I took his temperature *before* I began reading.

NICHOLAS. Perhaps yesterday's installment was still hanging about a bit.

EUSTASIA [*to* LEONARD]. No, darling, not tonight. Just to please his Eustasia.

LEONARD [*sulkily*]. All right.

EUSTASIA. That's a good boy. [*She walks to the door,* NICHOLAS *going with her to open it.*]

LEONARD. I say, don't go, old chap. You can change in five minutes.

NICHOLAS. Righto. [*He sees* EUSTASIA *out and comes back. There is silence for a little.*]

LEONARD. I say!

NICHOLAS. Yes?

LEONARD [*thinking better of it*]. Oh, nothing.

NICHOLAS [*after a pause*]. Curious creatures, women.

LEONARD. Amazing.

NICHOLAS. They're so unexpected.

LEONARD. So unreasonable.

NICHOLAS. Yes. . . .

LEONARD [*suddenly*]. I hate England at this time of year.

NICHOLAS. So do I.

LEONARD. Do you go South as a rule?

NICHOLAS. As a rule.

LEONARD. Monte?

NICHOLAS. Sometimes. We *had* thought—I half thought of Nice.

LEONARD. Not bad. We were—I think I prefer Cannes myself.

NICHOLAS. There's not much in it.

LEONARD. No. . . . [*After a pause.*] Between ourselves, you know—quite between ourselves—I'm about fed up with women.

NICHOLAS. Absolutely.

LEONARD. You are, too?

NICHOLAS. Rather. I should think so.

LEONARD. They're so dashed unreasonable.

NICHOLAS. So unexpected. . . .

LEONARD [*suddenly*]. Had you booked your rooms?

NICHOLAS. At Nice? Yes.

LEONARD. So had I.

NICHOLAS. At Cannes?

LEONARD. Yes. . . . I say, what about it?

NICHOLAS. Do you mean——[*He waves a hand at the door.*]

LEONARD. Yes.

NICHOLAS. Evaporating?

LEONARD. Yes. Quite quietly, you know.

NICHOLAS. Without ostentation.

LEONARD. That's it.

NICHOLAS. It's rather a scheme. And then we shouldn't waste the rooms. At least, only one set of them. I'll tell you what. I'll toss you whether we go to Nice or Cannes.

LEONARD. Right. [*He takes out a coin and tosses.*]

NICHOLAS. Tails.

LEONARD [*uncovering the coin*]. Heads. Do you mind coming to Cannes?

NICHOLAS. Just as soon, really. When shall we go? Tomorrow?

LEONARD. Mightn't get a chance tomorrow. Why not tonight? It seems a pity to waste the opportunity.

NICHOLAS. You mean while Eustasia's dressing?

LEONARD. The—er—opportunity. Sleep the night at Dover and cross tomorrow morning.

NICHOLAS. She'll be after us.

LEONARD. Nonsense.

NICHOLAS. My dear man, you don't know Eustasia.

LEONARD. I don't know Eustasia? Well!

NICHOLAS [*with conviction*]. She'll be after you like a bird. You've never seen Eustasia when she has got somebody ill to look after.

LEONARD. I've never seen Eustasia? Well!

NICHOLAS. My dear chap, you've only had three days of her; I've had six. . . . Lord! . . . Look here. We shall have to——

Enter LATIMER

LATIMER. What, Leonard, all alone?

NICHOLAS. I say, you're the very man we want.

LEONARD [*frowning*]. S'sh.

32–36. **Monte, Nice, Cannes.** The last two are fashionable watering-places on that part of the southeast coast of France known as the French Riviera; the first is Monte Carlo, the famous gambling resort. 48. **booked,** engaged.

LATIMER. Leonard, don't "s'sh" Nicholas when he wants to speak to me.

NICHOLAS [*to* LEONARD]. It's all right, old chap, Latimer is a sportsman.

LATIMER [*to* LEONARD]. There! You see the sort of reputation I have in the west end. [*To* NICHOLAS.] What is it you want to do? Run away?

LEONARD. Well—er——

NICHOLAS. I say, however did you guess?

LATIMER. Leonard's car has had steam up for the last twenty-four hours, waiting for a word from its owner.

LEONARD [*seeing the South of France*]. By Jove!

LATIMER. And you are going with him, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS. Yes. Thought I might as well be getting on. Very grateful and all that, but can't stay here forever.

LATIMER [*wondering what has happened between* NICHOLAS *and* ANNE]. So you are going, too. I thought—Well! Nicholas is going, too.

LEONARD. I say, you do understand—I mean about—er—I mean, when I'm quite well again—start afresh and all that. Cosset *her* a bit. But when you're ill—or supposed to be ill—Well, I mean, ask Nicholas.

NICHOLAS. Oh, rather.

LATIMER. My dear Leonard, why these explanations? Who am I to interfere in other people's matrimonial affairs? You and Nicholas are going away—good-by. [*He holds out his hand.*]

NICHOLAS. Yes, but what about Eustasia? She's not going to miss the chance of cosseting Leonard just when she is getting into it. She'll be after him like a bird.

LATIMER. I see. So you want me to keep her here?

NICHOLAS. That's the idea, if you could.

LATIMER. How can I keep her here if she doesn't want to stay?

LEONARD. Well, how do you keep *any*body here?

LATIMER. Really, Leonard, I am surprised at you. By the charm of my old world courtesy and hospitality, of course.

LEONARD. Oh! Well, I doubt if that keeps Eustasia.

LATIMER [*shaking his head sadly*]. I am afraid that that is only too true. In fact, the more I think of it, the more I realize that there is only one thing which will keep this devoted wife from her afflicted and suffering husband.

LEONARD *and* NICHOLAS. What?

DOMINIC *comes in*

LATIMER. His lordship and Mr. Nicholas are leaving at once. His lordship's car will wait for them outside the gates. See that a bag is packed for them.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

LATIMER. And come back when you've seen about that.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER. The car can return for the rest of your luggage, and take it over in the morning.

NICHOLAS. Good!

LEONARD. Er—thanks very much. [*Anxiously.*] What were you going to say about the only way of—er——

LATIMER. The only way of keeping this devoted wife from her afflicted and suffering husband?

LEONARD. Yes. What is it?

LATIMER. Somebody else must have a temperature. Somebody else must be ill. Eustasia must have somebody else to cosset.

NICHOLAS. I say, how awfully sporting of you!

LATIMER. Sporting?

NICHOLAS. To sacrifice yourself like that.

LATIMER. I? You don't think *I* am going to sacrifice myself, do you? No, no, it's Dominic.

DOMINIC [*coming in*]. Yes, sir.

LATIMER. Dominic, are you ever ill?

DOMINIC. Never, sir, barring a slight shortness of the breath.

LATIMER [*to the others*]. That's awkward. I don't think you can cosset a shortness of the breath.

6–7. **the west end**, the fashionable section of London in which are situated Buckingham Palace, the Government offices, and the town houses both of the aristocrats and of the wealthy commoners.

NICHOLAS [*to* DOMINIC]. I say, you could pretend to be ill, couldn't you?

DOMINIC. With what object, sir?

NICHOLAS. Well—er——

LATIMER. Her ladyship is training to be a nurse. She has already cured two very obstinate cases of nasal catarrh accompanied by debility and a fluctuating temperature. If she brings one more case off successfully, she earns the diploma and the gold medal of the Royal Therapeutical Society.

NICHOLAS. That's right.

DOMINIC. And you would wish me to be that third case, sir?

NICHOLAS. That's the idea.

DOMINIC. And be nursed well again by her ladyship?

LATIMER. Such would be your inestimable privilege.

DOMINIC. I am sorry, sir. I must beg respectfully to decline.

NICHOLAS. I say, be a sport.

LEONARD [*awkwardly*]. Of course we should—Naturally you would not—er—lose anything by—er——

LATIMER. His lordship wishes to imply that not only would your mental horizon be widened during the period of convalescence, but that material blessings would also flow. Isn't that right, Leonard?

NICHOLAS. A commission on the gold medal. Naturally.

DOMINIC. I am sorry, sir. I am afraid I cannot see my way,——

NICHOLAS. I say——

LATIMER. Thank you, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Thank you, sir. [*He goes out.*]

NICHOLAS. Well, that's torn it. [*To* LATIMER.] If you're quite sure that you wouldn't like to have a go? It's the chance of a lifetime to learn all about the French Revolution.

LATIMER. Well, well! Something must be done. [*He smiles suddenly.*] After all, why not?

LEONARD [*eagerly*]. You will?

LATIMER. I will.

NICHOLAS. I say——

LATIMER [*waving them off*]. No, no. Don't wait. Fly.

LEONARD. Yes, we'd better be moving. Come on!

NICHOLAS [*with a grin as he goes.*] There's an awfully good bit in the second chapter——

LATIMER [*holding up a finger*]. Listen! I hear her coming.

LEONARD. Good Lord!

[*They fly.* LATIMER *left alone, gives himself up to thought. What illness shall he have? He rings one of his many bells and* DOMINIC *comes in.*]

LATIMER. Oh, Dominic. In consequence of your obstinate good-health, I am going to sacrifice myself for—I mean, I myself am going to embrace this great opportunity of mental and spiritual development.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. Very good of you, I'm sure, sir.

LATIMER. What sort of illness would you recommend?

DOMINIC. How about a nice sprained ankle, sir?

LATIMER. You think that would go well?

DOMINIC. It would avoid any interference with the customary habits at meal-time, sir. There's a sort of monotony about bread-and-milk; no inspiration about it, sir, whether treated as a beverage or as a comestible.

LATIMER. I hadn't thought about bread-and-milk.

DOMINIC. You'll find that you will have little else to think about, sir, if you attempt anything stomachic. Of course you could have the usual cold, sir.

LATIMER. No, no, not that. Let us be original. . . .

DOMINIC. How about Xerostomia, sir? Spelt with an x.

LATIMER. Is that good?

DOMINIC. Joseph tells me that his father has had it for a long time.

LATIMER. Oh! Then perhaps we oughtn't to deprive him of it.

12. **Royal Therapeutical Society.** There is a subsection of Therapeutics and Pharmacology in the Royal Society of Medicine, but Mr. Latimer is probably drawing upon his imagination both as to the society and its activities.

89. **Xerostomia.** Although Dominic's dictionary definition (see ll. 3–4, next page) is correct, the disease is rare as there described. On the other hand, the disease, as known by the more common name of "dry mouth," is fairly prevalent among English laboring classes just before pay-day.

DOMINIC. I looked it up in the dictionary one Sunday afternoon, sir. They describe it there as "an abnormal dryness of the mouth."

LATIMER. I said I wanted to be original, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Quite so, sir. [*They both think in silence.*]

EUSTASIA [*off*]. Dominic! Dominic!

DOMINIC. That *is* her ladyship, sir.

LATIMER. Quick. [*Bustling him off.*] Don't let her come in for a moment. I must assume a recumbent position.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. [*He goes out.*]

[LATIMER *lies down at full length on the sofa and begins to groan; putting a hand first on his stomach, then on his head, then on his elbow.* EUSTASIA *does not come. He cautiously raises his head; the room is empty.*]

LATIMER [*disappointedly*]. Throwing it away! [*He hears footsteps and settles down again.*]

[ANNE *comes in, hat on, bag in hand. She is just at the door when a groan reaches her. She stops. Another groan comes. She puts down her bag and comes toward the sofa with an "Oh!" of anxiety.*]

LATIMER. Oh, my poor—er—head! [*He clasps it.*]

ANNE [*alarmed*]. What is it? [*She kneels by him.*]

LATIMER. Oh, my—[*Cheerfully.*] Hallo, Anne, is it you? [*He sits up.*]

ANNE [*still anxiously*]. Yes, what is it?

LATIMER [*bravely*]. Oh, nothing, nothing. A touch of neuralgia.

ANNE. Oh! . . . You frightened me.

LATIMER. Did I, Anne? I'm sorry.

ANNE. You were groaning so. I thought—I didn't know what had happened. . . . [*Sympathetically.*] Is it very bad?

LATIMER. Not so bad as it sounded.

ANNE [*taking off her gloves*]. I know how bad it can be. Father has it sometimes. Then I have to send it away. [*She has her gloves off now.*] May I try?

LATIMER [*remorsefully*]. Anne! [*She leans over from the back of him and begins to stroke his forehead with the tips of her fingers. He looks up at her.*]

ANNE. Close your eyes.

LATIMER. Ah, but I don't want to now. [*She laughs without embarrassment.*]

ANNE. It will go soon.

LATIMER. Not too soon. . . .

ANNE. Aren't faces funny when they're upside down?

LATIMER. You have the absurdest little upside-down face that ever I saw, Anne.

ANNE [*laughing a little*]. Have I?

LATIMER. Why do you wear a hat on your chin? [*She laughs.*] Why do you wear a hat?

ANNE. I was going away.

LATIMER. Without saying good-by?

ANNE [*ashamed*]. I—I think so.

LATIMER. Oh, Anne!

ANNE [*hastily*]. I should have written.

LATIMER. A post card!

ANNE. A letter.

LATIMER. With many thanks for your kind hospitality, yours sincerely.

ANNE. Yours *very* sincerely.

LATIMER. P. S. I shall never see you again.

ANNE. P. S. I shall never forget.

LATIMER. Ah, but you *must* forget. . . .

ANNE [*after a pause*]. Is it better?

LATIMER [*lazily*]. It is just the same. It will always be the same. It is unthinkable that anything different should ever happen. In a hundred years time we shall still be like this. You will be a little tired, perhaps; your fingers will ache; but I shall be lying here, quite, quite happy.

ANNE. You shall have another minute—no more.

LATIMER. Then I shall go straight to the chemist, and ask for three pennyworth of Anne's fingers.

[*They are silent for a little. Then she stops and listens.*]

What is it?

ANNE. I heard something. Whispers.

LATIMER. Don't look round.

[LEONARD *and* NICHOLAS *in hats and coats creep cautiously in. Very noiselessly, fingers to lips, they open the front door and creep out.*]

ANNE. What was it? Was it——

82. **chemist**, druggist.

LATIMER. An episode in your life. Over, buried, forgotten. . . .

ANNE [*softly*]. Thank you. [*Suddenly with emotion.*] Oh, I do thank you.

LATIMER. I have forgotten what you are thanking me for.

[DOMINIC *comes in, and stops suddenly on seeing them.*]

DOMINIC. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir.

LATIMER. Go on, Anne. [*Happily.*] I am having neuralgia, Dominic.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. A stubborn complaint, as I have heard, sir.

LATIMER. Miss Anne is making me well. . . . What did you want?

DOMINIC. Her ladyship says will you please excuse her if she is not down tonight.

LATIMER [*to* ANNE]. Shall we excuse her if she is not down tonight?

DOMINIC. The fact is, sir, that Joseph is taken ill suddenly, and——

LATIMER [*to himself*]. I never thought of Joseph!

ANNE. Oh, poor Joseph! What is it?

DOMINIC. A trifling affection of the throat, but necessitating careful attention, her ladyship says.

LATIMER. Please tell her ladyship how very much I thank her for looking after Joseph . . . and tell Joseph how very sorry I am for him.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. [*He goes out.*]

LATIMER. You can't go now, Anne. You will have to stay and chaperone Eustasia and me. [*She laughs and shakes her head.*] Must you go?

ANNE. Yes. Tomorrow morning.

LATIMER. Back to your father?

ANNE. Yes.

[*He looks at her, and nods.*]

LATIMER. Let us say good-by now. There is a magic in your fingers which goes to my head and makes me think ridiculous things. Let us say good-by now.

ANNE [*taking his hand*]. Good-by. [*She kisses his hand and says*] I wish *you* had been my father. [*Then she goes out.*]

[MR. LATIMER *stands there, wondering how he likes this. He walks across to a mirror to have a look at himself. While he is there* DOMINIC *comes in to superintend the laying of the table for three.*]

LATIMER [*at the mirror*]. Dominic, how old would you say I was?

DOMINIC. More than that, sir.

LATIMER [*with a sigh*]. Yes, I'm afraid I am. And yet I look very young. Sometimes I think I look too young.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir.

LATIMER. Miss Anne has just asked me to be her father.

DOMINIC. Very considerate of her, I'm sure, sir.

LATIMER. Yes. . . . To prevent similar mistakes in the future, I think I shall wear a long white beard.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. Shall I order one from the stores?

LATIMER. Please.

DOMINIC. Thank you, sir. . . . Is Miss Anne returning tomorrow, sir?

LATIMER. Yes. . . . don't over-do the length, Dominic, and I like the crinkly sort.

DOMINIC. Yes, sir. . . . One of our most successful weeks on the whole if I may say so, sir.

LATIMER [*thoughtfully*]. Yes. . . . Yes. . . . [*The front doorbell rings. With a little start he pulls himself together and goes out, saying as he goes*——] Well, well, we must all do what we can, Dominic.

DOMINIC. That's the only way, isn't it, sir?

[*The room is now just as we saw it on that first night.* DOMINIC *draws the curtains and opens the big front door.*]

A VOICE. Oh—er—is this—er—an hotel? My chauffeur said—we've had an accident, been delayed on the way—he said that——

[*Evidently another romantic couple. Let us leave them to* MR. LATIMER.]

(1921)

RIDERS TO THE SEA*

A Play in One Act

By John M. Synge (1871-1909)

NOTE

After the temporary disruption of the patriotic party in Ireland in the early nineties, an inspired and earnest group of writers, among whom were W. B. Yeats, Edwin Martyn, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge, attempted to restore unity of spirit and national consciousness to the Irish people. Their effort resulted in the Irish Literary Renaissance, of which the Irish Theater Movement is a part. Actors were trained, theaters established, and a great number of plays at once composed. The plays took two general forms. One group deals with the folklore and early history, both authentic and legendary, of the Irish; the other group is a realistic portrayal of contemporary Irish life, its superstitions, moods, humors, and pathos. The Irish Theater Movement has been of great importance in the recent development of the theater in America.

J. M. Synge's one-act tragedy, *Riders to the Sea*, which was first performed in 1904, is one of the finest products of the Irish literary movement. Of it, Synge's friend and fellow playwright, Lady Gregory, wrote in her story of the Irish theater:

"But a year later [1904] he brought us his two plays, *The Shadow of the Glen* and the *Riders to the Sea*, both masterpieces, both perfect in their way. He had got the driving force he needed, from his life among the people, and it was working in dialect that had set free his style" (*Our Irish Theater, 1913*, page 125).

The dialect to which Lady Gregory refers as Synge's medium of expression has been described by Mr. Alfred P. Graves (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIV, page 364) as "an artistic modification of the dialect used by those of the Irish peasantry who carry Gaelic turns of thought and expression into their current English speech." Thus in Synge's plays the language differs from literary English not in any phonetic variations, but in peculiarity of phrase and expression.

The scene of Synge's tragedy is the Island of Inishmaan, the middle one of the three Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland at the mouth of Galway Bay. The author first visited this island in 1898 and spent much time there mingling with the people and listening eagerly to their stories. He had been sent to Inishmaan by W. B. Yeats, who found him in Paris, where for ten years he had been studying and imitating the old French classical dramas of Racine and Corneille. This severe training gave him a mastery of technique, and from his friends on Inishmaan he got the necessary "driving force," to which Lady Gregory refers. As a result *Riders to the Sea* is at once a stirring study of Irish life and a universal tragedy of human fate, as capable of creating the emotions of pity and fear as is the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles. In Synge's grim tragedy destiny controls as in the Greek plays, and Maurya's prophetic vision makes of the withered Irish mother, "looking for the grave," a veiled figure as terrifying and pathetic as the Trojan prophetess Cassandra. It is significant, however, that whereas the Greeks deal with kings and queens in tragedy, Synge secures the same tragic effects with peasants—an indication of the growing interest in the proletariat.

The superstitions which form part of the mood of the tragedy are described and illustrated in W. B. Yeats's *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, Lady Gregory's *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*, and J. M. Synge's own book, *The Aran Islands*, which contains an account of his experiences on the Island of Inishmaan. It is in this volume that he tells of having heard the story

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of a man whose body was washed ashore on the coast of Donegal, far to the north, and who was thought from his clothes to have been from Inishmaan. This tale was the basis of the Michael episode in the tragedy. The effect of the sea upon those who live on its shores is a frequent theme in English literature, and this tragedy may be compared with Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Merry Men* and other stories and poems in which the sea seems to control men's fate, as it did in the days of the sea-suffering Odysseus.

PERSONS

MAURYA (*an old woman*)
BARTLEY (*her son*)
CATHLEEN (*her daughter*)
NORA (*a younger daughter*)
MEN AND WOMEN

SCENE. *An Island off the West of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oil-skins, spinning wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc.* CATHLEEN, *a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel.* NORA, *a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

NORA [*in a low voice*]. Where is she?

CATHLEEN. She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she's able.

[NORA *comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.*]

CATHLEEN [*spinning the wheel rapidly*]. What is it you have?

NORA. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[CATHLEEN *stops her wheel with a sudden movement and leans out to listen.*]

NORA. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are; some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

CATHLEEN. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

NORA. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[*The door which* NORA *half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.*]

CATHLEEN [*looking out anxiously*]. Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

NORA. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

CATHLEEN. Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

NORA. Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind. [*She goes over to the table with the bundle.*] Shall I open it now?

CATHLEEN. Maybe she'd wake up on us and come in before we'd done. [*Coming to the table.*] It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

NORA [*goes to the inner door and listens*]. She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

CATHLEEN. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf-loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

[*They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney;* CATHLEEN *goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf-loft;* MAURYA *comes from the inner room.*]

MAURYA [*looking up at* CATHLEEN *and speaking querulously*]. Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

19. **clean burial**, i.e., burial with religious rites. The importance of "clean burial" appears as a main theme in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. 50. **turf-loft**, a garret where the turf, or peat, for the fire was stowed away.

CATHLEEN. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space [*throwing down the turf*], and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[NORA *picks up the turf and puts it round the pot-oven.*]

MAURYA [*sitting down on a stool at the fire*]. He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

NORA. He'll not stop him, mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

MAURYA. Where is he itself?

NORA. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

CATHLEEN. I hear someone passing the big stones.

NORA [*looking out*]. He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

BARTLEY [*comes in and looks round the room. Speaking sadly and quietly*]. Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

CATHLEEN [*coming down*]. Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

NORA [*giving him a rope*]. Is that it, Bartley?

MAURYA. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. [BARTLEY *takes the rope.*] It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

BARTLEY [*beginning to work with the rope*]. I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses I heard them saying below.

MAURYA. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara. [*She looks round at the boards.*]

BARTLEY. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?

MAURYA. If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

BARTLEY [*working at the halter, to* CATHLEEN]. Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

MAURYA. How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

BARTLEY [*to* CATHLEEN]. If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp. It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

MAURYA. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drownded with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

[BARTLEY *lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel.*]

BARTLEY [*to* NORA]. Is she coming to the pier?

NORA [*looking out*]. She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

BARTLEY [*getting his purse and tobac-*

20. **hooker**, fishing-boat. 45. **the way I can ride**, to use if I ride.

53. **there's no man in it**, dialect pleonasm for "there is no one." 61. **If**, etc., "even if it wasn't found." 72. **jobber**, a middleman buyer of cattle. 79–80. **weed . . . kelp.** Kelp is dried seaweed used for various farm purposes.

co]. I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

MAURYA [*turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head*]. Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

CATHLEEN. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

BARTLEY [*taking the halter*]. I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. . . . The blessing of God on you. [*He goes out.*]

MAURYA [*crying out as he is in the door*]. He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling, I'll have no son left me in the world.

CATHLEEN. Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on everyone in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

[MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round.*]

NORA [*turning toward her*]. You're taking away the turf from the cake.

CATHLEEN [*crying out*]. The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread. [*She comes over to the fire.*]

NORA. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

CATHLEEN [*turning the cake out of the oven*]. It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever.

[MAURYA *sways herself on her stool.*]

CATHLEEN [*cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth; to* MAURYA]. Let you go down now to the spring well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

MAURYA [*taking the bread*]. Will I be in it as soon as himself?

CATHLEEN. If you go now quickly.

MAURYA [*standing up unsteadily*]. It's hard set I am to walk.

CATHLEEN [*looking at her anxiously*]. Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

NORA. What stick?

CATHLEEN. The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

MAURYA [*taking a stick* NORA *gives her*]. In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

[*She goes out slowly.* NORA *goes over to the ladder.*]

CATHLEEN. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

NORA. Is she gone round by the bush?

CATHLEEN [*looking out*]. She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

NORA [*getting the bundle from the loft*]. The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

CATHLEEN [*taking the bundle*]. Did he say what way they were found?

NORA [*coming down*]. "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

CATHLEEN [*trying to open the bundle*]. Give me a knife, Nora; the string's perished with the salt water, and there's

36. **It's destroyed**, etc., "he'll be in a bad way."

55–56. **It's hard set I am**, "I'm hard put to it." 64. **big world**, a reference to the mainland. 76. **out of it**, i.e., out of the way. 87. **poteen**, moonshine whisky, which the men were trying to smuggle ashore before daybreak. 93. **perished**, "all to the bad."

a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

NORA [*giving her a knife*]. I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

CATHLEEN [*cutting the string*]. It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago—the man sold us that knife—and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

NORA. And what time would a man take, and he floating?

[CATHLEEN *opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.*]

CATHLEEN [*in a low voice*]. The Lord spare us, Nora! isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

NORA. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. [*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner.*] It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

CATHLEEN. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it [*pointing to the corner*]. There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that, and it will do. [NORA *brings it to her, and they compare the flannel.*] It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself, aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

NORA [*who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out*]. It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

CATHLEEN [*taking the stocking*]. It's a plain stocking.

NORA. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

CATHLEEN [*counts the stitches*]. It's that number is in it [*crying out*]. Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

NORA [*swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes*]. And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

CATHLEEN [*after an instant*]. Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

NORA [*looking out*]. She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

CATHLEEN. Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

NORA [*helping* CATHLEEN *to close the bundle*]. We'll put them here in the corner. [*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner.* CATHLEEN *goes back to the spinning wheel.*] Will she see it was crying I was?

CATHLEEN. Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

[NORA *sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door.* MAURYA *comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to her stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and* NORA *points to the bundle of bread.*]

CATHLEEN [*after spinning for a moment*]. You didn't give him his bit of bread?

[MAURYA *begins to keen softly, without turning round.*]

CATHLEEN. Did you see him riding down?

[MAURYA *goes on keening.*]

CATHLEEN [*a little impatiently*]. God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a

17. **the way**, so that.

50. **keen**, lament by wailing aloud; the verb is both transitive and intransitive. 50–51. **black hags**, sea-witches or goblins.

thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

MAURYA [*with a weak voice*]. My heart's broken from this day.

CATHLEEN [*as before*]. Did you see Bartley?

MAURYA. I seen the fearfulest thing.

CATHLEEN [*leaves her wheel and looks out*]. God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

MAURYA [*starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair. With a frightened voice*]. The gray pony behind him?

CATHLEEN [*coming to the fire*]. What is it ails you, at all?

MAURYA [*speaking very slowly*]. I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

CATHLEEN and NORA. Uah! [*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.*]

NORA. Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA. I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. [*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*] The Son of God spare us, Nora!

CATHLEEN. What is it you seen?

MAURYA. I seen Michael himself.

CATHLEEN [*speaking softly*]. You did not, mother, it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

MAURYA [*a little defiantly*]. I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN [*begins to keen*]. It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

NORA. Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

MAURYA [*in a low voice, but clearly*]. It's little the like of him knows of the sea . . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found, after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[*She pauses for a moment; the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.*]

NORA [*in a whisper*]. Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

CATHLEEN [*in a whisper*]. There's someone after crying out by the seashore.

MAURYA [*continues without hearing anything*]. There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it

20. **Bride Dara**, etc., probably a reference to a local ghost story. 23. **Uah**, exclamation of alarm and fear.

90. **curagh**, a small boat.

was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door.

[*She pauses again with her hand stretched out toward the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads.*]

MAURYA [*half in a dream, to* CATHLEEN]. Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

CATHLEEN. Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there, how could he be here in this place?

MAURYA. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

CATHLEEN. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

[*She reaches out and hands* MAURYA *the clothes that belong to* MICHAEL. MAURYA *stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands.* NORA *looks out.*]

NORA. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

CATHLEEN [*in a whisper to the women who have come in*]. Is it Bartley it is?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. It is surely, God rest his soul.

[*Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of* BARTLEY, *laid on a plank, with a bit of sail over it, and lay it on the table.*]

CATHLEEN [*to the women, as they are doing so*]. What way was he drowned?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[MAURYA *has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement.* CATHLEEN *and* NORA *kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.*]

MAURYA [*raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her*]. They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. [*To* NORA.] Give me the Holy Water, Nora; there's a small sup still on the dresser. [NORA *gives it to her.* MAURYA *drops* MICHAEL'S *clothes across* BARTLEY'S *feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him.*] It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[*She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath.*]

CATHLEEN [*to an old man*]. Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

THE OLD MAN [*looking at the boards*]. Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

47. **Samhain,** All Saints' Day, November 1.

ANOTHER MAN. It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN. It's getting old she is, and broken.

[MAURYA *stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of* MICHAEL'S *clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water.*]

NORA [*in a whisper to* CATHLEEN]. She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

CATHLEEN [*slowly and clearly*]. An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

MAURYA [*puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on* BARTLEY'S *feet*]. They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn [*bending her head*]; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world. [*She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.* MAURYA *continuing:*] Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[*She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly.*] (1904)

HYACINTH HALVEY

By Lady Augusta Gregory (1852-1932)

NOTE

Lady Gregory probably did more than anyone else to popularize Irish legend and Irish life. Not only did she translate the ancient Irish sagas, but in her little dramas of village life she also gave a sympathetic and entertaining interpretation of the soul of the Irish people. In America such one-act plays as *Spreading the News*, *The Rising of the Moon*, and *The Workhouse Ward* are widely known and have had an undeniably stimulating influence on dramatic production.

In her notes on *Seven Short Plays*, from which *Hyacinth Halvey* was taken, Lady Gregory gives her own account of its genesis:

"I was pointed out one evening a well-brushed, well-dressed man in the stalls, and was told gossip about him, perhaps not all true, which made me wonder if that appearance and behavior as of extreme respectability might not now and again be felt a burden.

"After awhile he translated himself in my mind into Hyacinth; and as one must set one's original a little way off to get a translation rather than a tracing, he found himself in Cloon, where, as in other parts of our country, 'charácter' is built up or destroyed by a password or an emotion, rather than by experience and deliberation.

"The idea was more of a universal one than I knew at the first, and I have had but uneasy appreciation from some apparently blameless friends."

How Hyacinth Halvey escaped from Cloon appears in Lady Gregory's *The Full Moon*.

Hyacinth Halvey was first produced at the Abbey Theater, Dublin, on February 19, 1906.

In *Hyacinth Halvey*, as in her other plays, Lady Gregory made use of the Anglo-Irish idiom which she named Kiltartan after the district in which she heard it spoken. Mr. Ernest Boyd calls her reproduction "a faithful transcript of actual peasant speech."

PERSONS

Hyacinth Halvey
James Quirke, *a butcher*
Fardy Farrell, *a telegraph boy*
Sergeant Carden
Mrs. Delane, *Postmistress at Cloon*
Miss Joyce, *the Priest's housekeeper*

Scene: *Outside the Post Office at the little town of Cloon.* Mrs. Delane *at Post Office door.* Mr. Quirke *sitting on a chair at butcher's door. A dead sheep hanging beside it, and a thrush in a cage above.* Fardy Farrell *playing on a mouth organ. Train whistle heard.*

Mrs. Delane. There is the four-o'clock train, Mr. Quirke.

Mr. Quirke. Is it now, Mrs. Delane, and I not long after rising? It makes a man drowsy to be doing the half of his work in the nighttime. Going about the country, looking for little stags of sheep, striving to knock a few shillings together. That contract for the soldiers gives me a great deal to attend to.

Mrs. Delane. I suppose so. It's hard enough on myself to be down ready for the mail car in the morning, sorting letters in the half dark. It's often I haven't time to look who are the letters from—or the cards.

Mr. Quirke. It would be a pity you not to know any little news might be knocking about. If you did not have information of what is going on, who should have it? Was it you, ma'am, was telling me that the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector would be arriving today?

Mrs. Delane. Today it is he is coming, and it's likely he was in that train. There was a card about him to Sergeant Carden this morning.

Mr. Quirke. A young chap from Carrow they were saying he was.

7. **stags of sheep,** scrawny sheep.

MRS. DELANE. So he is, one Hyacinth Halvey; and indeed if all that is said of him is true, or if a quarter of it is true, he will be a credit to this town.

MR. QUIRKE. Is that so?

MRS. DELANE. Testimonials he has by the score. To Father Gregan they were sent. Registered they were coming and going. Would you believe me telling you that they weighed up to three pounds?

MR. QUIRKE. There must be great bulk in them, indeed.

MRS. DELANE. It is no wonder he to get the job. He must have a great character, so many persons to write for him as what there did.

FARDY. It would be a great thing to have a character like that.

MRS. DELANE. Indeed I am thinking it will be long before you will get the like of it, Fardy Farrell.

FARDY. If I had the like of that of a character, it is not here carrying messages I would be. It's in Noonan's Hotel I would be, driving cars.

MR. QUIRKE. Here is the priest's housekeeper coming.

MRS. DELANE. So she is; and there is the Sergeant a little while after her.

[*Enter* MISS JOYCE.]

MRS. DELANE. Good-evening to you, Miss Joyce. What way is his Reverence today? Did he get any ease from the cough?

MISS JOYCE. He did not indeed, Mrs. Delane. He has it sticking to him yet. Smothering he is in the nighttime. The most thing he comes short in is the voice.

MRS. DELANE. I am sorry, now, to hear that. He should mind himself well.

MISS JOYCE. It's easy to say let him mind himself. What do you say to him going to the meeting tonight?[SERGEANT *comes in.*] It's for his Reverence's *Freeman* I am come, Mrs. Delane.

MRS. DELANE. Here it is ready. I was just throwing an eye on it to see was there any news. Good-evening, Sergeant.

SERGEANT [*holding up a placard*]. I brought this notice, Mrs. Delane, the announcement of the meeting to be held tonight in the Courthouse. You might put it up here convenient to the window. I hope you are coming to it yourself?

MRS. DELANE. I will come, and welcome. I would do more than that for you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT. And you, Mr. Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. I'll come, to be sure. I forget what's this the meeting is about.

SERGEANT. The Department of Agriculture is sending round a lecturer in furtherance of the moral development of the rural classes. [*Reads.*] "A lecture will be given this evening in Cloon Courthouse, illustrated by magic lantern slides—" Those will not be in it; I am informed they were all broken in the first journey, the railway company taking them to be eggs. The subject of the lecture is "The Building of Character."

MRS. DELANE. Very nice, indeed. I knew a girl lost her character, and she washed her feet in a blessed well after, and it dried up on the minute.

SERGEANT. The arrangements have all been left to me, the Archdeacon being away. He knows I have a good intellect for things of the sort. But the loss of those slides puts a man out. The thing people will not see it is not likely it is the thing they will believe. I saw what they call tableaux—standing pictures, you know—one time in Dundrum——

MRS. DELANE. Miss Joyce was saying Father Gregan is supporting you.

SERGEANT. I am accepting his assistance. No bigotry about me when there is a question of the welfare of any fellow-creatures. Orange and green will stand together tonight. I myself and the station master on the one side; your parish priest in the chair.

MISS JOYCE. If his Reverence would mind me, he would not quit the house tonight. He is no more fit to go speak

32. **What way is,** how is.

95. **Orange and green,** the colors, respectively, of the Protestant supporters of English rule and the Catholic Irish. The standing opposition of the two parties appears elsewhere in the play; the Sergeant is a Protestant and a government officer.

at a meeting than [*pointing to the one hanging outside* QUIRKE'S *door*] that sheep.

SERGEANT. I am willing to take the responsibility. He will have no speaking to do at all, unless it might be to bid them give the lecturer a hearing. The loss of those slides now is a great annoyance to me—and no time for anything. The lecturer will be coming by the next train.

MISS JOYCE. Who is this coming up the street, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE. I wouldn't doubt it to be the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector. Was I telling you of the weight of the testimonials he got, Miss Joyce?

MISS JOYCE. Sure I heard the curate reading them to his Reverence. He must be a wonder for principles.

MRS. DELANE. Indeed it is what I was saying to myself, he must be a very saintly young man.

[*Enter* HYACINTH HALVEY. *He carries a small bag and a large brown paper parcel. He stops and nods bashfully.*]

HYACINTH. Good-evening to you. I was bid to come to the Post Office——

SERGEANT. I suppose you are Hyacinth Halvey? I had a letter about you from the Resident Magistrate.

HYACINTH. I heard he was writing. It was my mother got a friend he deals with to ask him.

SERGEANT. He gives you a very high character.

HYACINTH. It is very kind of him indeed, and he not knowing me at all. But indeed all the neighbors were very friendly. Anything anyone could do to help me they did it.

MRS. DELANE. I'll engage it is the testimonials you have in your parcel? I know the wrapping paper, but they grew in bulk since I handled them.

HYACINTH. Indeed I was getting them to the last. There was not one refused me. It is what my mother was saying, a good character is no burden.

FARDY. I would believe that, indeed.

SERGEANT. Let us have a look at the testimonials.

[HYACINTH HALVEY *opens parcel, and a large number of envelopes fall out.*]

SERGEANT [*opening and reading one by one*]. "He possesses the fire of the Gael, the strength of the Norman, the vigor of the Dane, the stolidity of the Saxon"——

HYACINTH. It was the Chairman of the Poor Law Guardians wrote that.

SERGEANT. "A magnificent example to old and young"——

HYACINTH. That was the Secretary of the De Wet Hurling Club——

SERGEANT. "A shining example of the value conferred by an eminently careful and high-class education"——

HYACINTH. That was the National Schoolmaster.

SERGEANT. "Devoted to the highest ideals of his motherland to such an extent as is compatible with a hitherto non-parliamentary career"——

HYACINTH. That was the Member for Carrow.

SERGEANT. "A splendid exponent of the purity of the race"——

HYACINTH. The Editor of the *Carrow Champion.*

SERGEANT. "Admirably adapted for the efficient discharge of all possible duties that may in future be laid upon him"——

HYACINTH. The new station-master.

SERGEANT. "A champion of every cause that can legitimately benefit his fellow-creatures"——Why, look here, my man, you are the very one to come to our assistance tonight.

HYACINTH. I would be glad to do that. What way can I do it?

SERGEANT. You are a newcomer—your example would carry weight—you must stand up as a living proof of the beneficial effect of a high character, moral fiber, temperance—there is something about it here I am sure—[*Looks.*] I am sure I saw "unparalleled temperance" in some place——

HYACINTH. It was my mother's cousin wrote that—I am no drinker, but I haven't the pledge taken——

60. **Hurling,** in Ireland a game resembling hockey.
64. **National Schoolmaster.** In the British Isles the free schools are controlled by the National Government.
70. **Member,** i.e., of parliament.

SERGEANT. You might take it for the purpose.

MR. QUIRKE [*eagerly*]. Here is an anti-treating button. I was made a present of it by one of my customers—I'll give it to you [*sticks it in* HYACINTH'S *coat*] and welcome.

SERGEANT. That is it. You can wear the button on the platform—or a bit of blue ribbon—hundreds will follow your example—I know the boys from the workhouse will——

HYACINTH. I am in no way wishful to be an example——

SERGEANT. I will read extracts from the testimonials. "There he is," I will say, "an example of one in early life who by his own unaided efforts and his high character has obtained a profitable situation"—[*Slaps his side.*] I know what I'll do. I'll engage a few corner-boys from Noonan's bar, just as they are, greasy and sodden, to stand in a group—there will be the contrast—The sight will deter others from a similar fate—That's the way to do a tableau—I knew I could turn out a success.

HYACINTH. I wouldn't like to be a contrast——

SERGEANT [*puts testimonials in his pocket*]. I will go now and engage those lads—sixpence each, and well worth it—Nothing like an example for the rural classes.

[*Goes off*, HYACINTH *feebly trying to detain him.*]

MRS. DELANE. A very nice man indeed. A little high up in himself, maybe. I'm not one that blames the police. Sure they have their own bread to earn like every other one. And indeed it is often they will let a thing pass.

MR. QUIRKE [*gloomily*]. Sometimes they will, and more times they will not.

MISS JOYCE. And where will you be finding a lodging, Mr. Halvey?

HYACINTH. I was going to ask that myself, ma'am. I don't know the town.

MISS JOYCE. I know of a good lodging, but it is only a very good man would be taken into it.

MRS. DELANE. Sure there could be no objection there to Mr. Halvey. There is no appearance on him but what is good, and the Sergeant after taking him up the way he is doing.

MISS JOYCE. You will be near to the Sergeant in the lodging I speak of. The house is convenient to the barracks.

HYACINTH [*doubtfully*]. To the barracks?

MISS JOYCE. Alongside of it and the barrack yard behind. And that's not all. It is opposite to the priest's house.

HYACINTH. Opposite, is it?

MISS JOYCE. A very respectable place, indeed, and a very clean room you will get. I know it well. The curate can see into it from his window.

HYACINTH. Can he now?

FARDY. There was a good many, I am thinking went into that lodging and left it after.

MISS JOYCE [*sharply*]. It is a lodging you will never be let into or let stop in, Fardy. If they did go, they were a good riddance.

FARDY. John Hart, the plumber, left it——

MISS JOYCE. If he did, it was because he dared not pass the police coming in, as he used, with a rabbit he was after snaring in his hand.

FARDY. The schoolmaster himself left it.

MISS JOYCE. He needn't have left it if he hadn't taken to card-playing. What way could you say your prayers, and shadows shuffling and dealing before you on the blind?

HYACINTH. I think maybe I'd best look around a bit before I'll settle in a lodging——

MISS JOYCE. Not at all. *You* won't be wanting to pull down the blind.

MRS. DELANE. It is not likely *you* will be snaring rabbits.

MISS JOYCE. Or bringing in a bottle and taking an odd glass the way James Kelly did.

MRS. DELANE. Or writing threatening notices, and the police taking a view of you from the rear.

MISS JOYCE. Or going to roadside

80–81. **rabbit . . . snaring.** The plumber had been violating the game laws by poaching.

dances, or running after good-for-nothing young girls——

HYACINTH. I give you my word I'm not so harmless as you think.

MRS. DELANE. Would you be putting a lie on these, Mr. Halvey? [*Touching testimonials.*] I know well the way *you* will be spending the evenings, writing letters to your relations——

MISS JOYCE. Learning O'Growney's exercises——

MRS. DELANE. Sticking post cards in an album for the convent bazaar.

MISS JOYCE. Reading the *Catholic Young Man*——

MRS. DELANE Playing the melodies on a melodeon——

MISS JOYCE. Looking at the pictures in the *Lives of the Saints*. I'll hurry on and engage the room for you.

HYACINTH. Wait. Wait a minute——

MISS JOYCE. No trouble at all. I told you it was just opposite. [*Goes.*]

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose I must go upstairs and ready myself for the meeting. If it wasn't for the contract I have for the soldiers' barracks and the Sergeant's good word, I wouldn't go anear it. [*Goes into shop.*]

MRS. DELANE. I should be making myself ready, too. I must be in good time to see you being made an example of, Mr. Halvey. It is I myself was the first to say it; you will be a credit to the town. [*Goes.*]

HYACINTH [*in a tone of agony*]. I wish I had never seen Cloon.

FARDY. What is on you?

HYACINTH. I wish I had never left Carrow. I wish I had been drowned the first day I thought of it, and I'd be better off.

FARDY. What is it ails you?

HYACINTH. I wouldn't for the best pound ever I had be in this place today.

FARDY. I don't know what you are talking about.

HYACINTH. To have left Carrow, if it was a poor place, where I had my comrades, and an odd spree, and a game of cards—and a coursing match coming on, and I promised a new greyhound from the city of Cork. I'll die in this place, the way I am. I'll be too much closed in.

FARDY. Sure it mightn't be as bad as what you think.

HYACINTH. Will you tell me, I ask you, what way can I undo it?

FARDY. What is it you are wanting to undo?

HYACINTH. Will you tell me what way can I get rid of my character?

FARDY. To get rid of it, is it?

HYACINTH. That is what I said. Aren't you after hearing the great character they are after putting on me?

FARDY. That is a good thing to have.

HYACINTH. It is not. It's the worst in the world. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be like a prize mangold at a show with every person praising me.

FARDY. If I had it, I wouldn't be like a head in a barrel, with every person making hits at me.

HYACINTH. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be shoved into a room with all the clergy watching me and the police in the back yard.

FARDY. If I had it, I wouldn't be but a message-carrier now, and a clapper scaring birds in the summer time.

HYACINTH. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be wearing this button and brought up for an example at the meeting.

FARDY [*whistles*]. Maybe you're not, so, what those papers make you out to be?

HYACINTH. How would I be what they make me out to be? Was there ever any person of that sort since the world was a world, unless it might be Saint Antony of Padua looking down from the chapel wall? If it is like that I was, isn't it in Mount Melleray I would be, or with the Friars at Esker? Why would I be living in the world at all, or doing the world's work?

FARDY [*taking up parcel*]. Who would think, now, there would be so much lies in a small place like Carrow?

HYACINTH. It was my mother's

10–11. **O'Growney's exercises**, simple lessons in Irish by the Reverend O'Growney. Doing "exercises" in Irish is here represented as being almost a pious, or at least a patriotic task. 51. **coursing match**, hunting rabbits with greyhounds or matching the dogs in races.

70. **mangold**, a variety of beet. 92. **Saint Antony of Padua**, a famous Augustinian saint of the thirteenth century. 94–95. **Mount Melleray . . . Esker**, Irish monasteries.

cousin did it. He said I was not reared for laboring—he gave me a new suit and bid me never to come back again. I daren't go back to face him—the neighbors knew my mother had a long family—bad luck to them the day they gave me these. [*Tears letters and scatters them.*] I'm done with testimonials. They won't be here to bear witness against me.

FARDY. The Sergeant thought them to be great. Sure he has the samples of them in his pocket. There's not one in the town but will know before morning that you are the next thing to an earthly saint.

HYACINTH [*stamping*]. I'll stop their mouths. I'll show them I can be a terror for badness. I'll do some injury. I'll commit some crime. The first thing I'll do I'll go and get drunk. If I never did it before, I'll do it now. I'll get drunk—then I'll make an assault—I tell you I'd think as little of taking a life as of blowing out a candle.

FARDY. If you get drunk, you are done for. Sure that will be held up after as an excuse for any breaking of the law.

HYACINTH. I will break the law. Drunk or sober, I'll break it. I'll do something that will have no excuse. What would you say is the worst crime that any man can do?

FARDY. I don't know. I heard the Sergeant saying one time it was to obstruct the police in the discharge of their duty——

HYACINTH. That won't do. It's a patriot I would be then, worse than before, with my picture in the weeklies. It's a red crime I must commit that will make all respectable people quit minding me. What can I do? Search your mind now.

FARDY. It's what I heard the old people saying there could be no worse crime than to steal a sheep——

HYACINTH. I'll steal a sheep—or a cow—or a horse—if that will leave me the way I was before.

FARDY. It's may be in jail it will leave you.

HYACINTH. I don't care—I'll confess —I'll tell why I did it—I give you my word I would as soon be picking oakum or breaking stones as to be perched in the daylight the same as that bird, and all the town chirruping to me or bidding me chirrup——

FARDY. There is reason in that, now.

HYACINTH. Help me, will you?

FARDY. Well, if it is to steal a sheep you want, you haven't far to go.

HYACINTH [*looking round wildly*]. Where is it? I see no sheep.

FARDY. Look around you.

HYACINTH. I see no living thing but that thrush——

FARDY. Did I say it was living? What is that hanging on Quirke's rack?

HYACINTH. It's [*fingers it*] a sheep, sure enough——

FARDY. Well, what ails you that you can't bring it away?

HYACINTH. It's a dead one——

FARDY. What matter if it is?

HYACINTH. If it was living, I could drive it before me——

FARDY. You could. Is it to your own lodging you would drive it? Sure everyone would take it to be a pet you brought from Carrow.

HYACINTH. I suppose they might.

FARDY. Miss Joyce sending in for news of it, and it bleating behind the bed.

HYACINTH [*distracted*]. Stop! stop!

MRS. DELANE [*from upper window*]. Fardy! Are you there, Fardy Farrell?

FARDY. I am, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE [*from window*]. Look and tell me is that the telegraph I hear ticking?

FARDY [*looking in at door*]. It is, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE. Then botheration to it, and I not dressed or undressed. Wouldn't you say, now, it's to annoy me it is calling me down. I'm coming! I'm coming! [*Disappears.*]

FARDY. Hurry on, now! hurry! She'll be coming out on you. If you are going to do it, do it, and if you are not, let it alone.

HYACINTH. I'll do it! I'll do it!

FARDY [*lifting the sheep on his back*]. I'll give you a hand with it.

HYACINTH [*goes a step or two and*

turns around]. You told me no place where I could hide it.

FARDY. You needn't go far. There is the church beyond at the side of the Square. Go round to the ditch behind the wall—there's nettles in it.

HYACINTH. That'll do.

FARDY. She's coming out—run! run!

HYACINTH [*runs a step or two*]. It's slipping!

FARDY. Hoist it up! I'll give it a hoist! [*Halvey runs out.*]

MRS. DELANE [*calling out*]. What are you doing, Fardy Farrell? Is it idling you are?

FARDY. Waiting I am, ma'am, for the message——

MRS. DELANE. Never mind the message yet. Who said it was ready? [*Going to the door.*] Go ask for the loan of—no, but ask news of—Here, now go bring that bag of Mr. Halvey's to the lodging Miss Joyce has taken——

FARDY. I will, ma'am. [*Takes bag and goes out.*]

MRS. DELANE [*coming out with a telegram in her hand*]. Nobody here? [*Looks round and calls cautiously.*] Mr. Quirke! Mr. Quirke! James Quirke!

MR. QUIRKE [*looking out of his upper window with soap-sudsy face*]. What is it, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE [*beckoning*]. Come down here till I tell you.

MR. QUIRKE. I cannot do that. I'm not fully shaved.

MRS. DELANE. You'd come if you knew the news I have.

MR. QUIRKE. Tell it to me now. I'm not so supple as I was.

MRS. DELANE. Whisper now, have you an enemy in any place?

MR. QUIRKE. It's likely I may have. A man in business——

MRS. DELANE. I was thinking you had one.

MR. QUIRKE. Why would you think that at this time more than any other time?

MRS. DELANE. If you could know what is in this envelope, you would know that, James Quirke.

MR. QUIRKE. Is that so? And what, now, is there in it?

MRS. DELANE. Who do you think now is it addressed to?

MR. QUIRKE. How would I know that, and I not seeing it?

MRS. DELANE. That is true. Well, it is a message from Dublin Castle to the Sergeant of Police!

MR. QUIRKE. To Sergeant Carden, is it?

MRS. DELANE. It is. And it concerns yourself.

MR. QUIRKE. Myself, is it? What accusation can they be bringing against me? I'm a peaceable man.

MRS. DELANE. Wait till you hear.

MR. QUIRKE. Maybe they think I was in that moonlighting case——

MRS. DELANE. That is not it——

MR. QUIRKE. I was not in it—I was but in the neighboring field—cutting up a dead cow, that those never had a hand in——

MRS. DELANE. You're out of it——

MR. QUIRKE. They had their faces blackened. There is no man can say I recognized them.

MRS. DELANE. That's not what they're saying——

MR. QUIRKE. I'll swear I did not hear their voices or know them if I did hear them.

MRS. DELANE. I tell you it has nothing to do with that. It might be better for you if it had.

MR. QUIRKE. What is it, so?

MRS. DELANE. It is an order to the Sergeant bidding him immediately to seize all suspicious meat in your house. There is an officer coming down. There are complaints from the Shannon Fort Barracks.

MR. QUIRKE. I'll engage it was that pork.

MRS. DELANE. What ailed it for them to find fault?

MR. QUIRKE. People are so hard to please nowadays, and I recommended them to salt it.

MRS. DELANE. They had a right to have minded your advice.

60. **Dublin castle**, the seat of the British government in Ireland. 71. **moonlighting case**. Moonlighters engaged in various outrages upon cattle and other property in the country. Mr. Quirke's alibi reveals that he was in an adjoining field cutting up a cow that had died of disease.

MR. QUIRKE. There was nothing on that pig at all but that it went mad on poor O'Grady that owned it.

MRS. DELANE. So I heard, and went killing all before it.

MR. QUIRKE. Sure it's only in the brain madness can be. I heard the doctor saying that.

MRS. DELANE. He should know.

MR. QUIRKE. I give you my word I cut the head off it., I went to the loss of it, throwing it to the eels in the river. If they had salted the meat, as I advised them, what harm would it have done to any person on earth?

MRS. DELANE. I hope no harm will come on poor Mrs. Quirke and the family.

MR. QUIRKE. Maybe it wasn't that, but some other thing——

MRS. DELANE. Here is Fardy. I must send the message to the Sergeant. Well, Mr. Quirke, I'm glad I had the time to give you a warning.

MR. QUIRKE. I'm obliged to you, indeed. You were always very neighborly, Mrs. Delane. Don't be too quick now sending the message. There is just one article I would like to put away out of the house before the Sergeant will come.

[*Enter* FARDY.]

MRS. DELANE. Here now, Fardy—that's not the way you're going to the barracks. Anyone would think you were scaring birds yet. Put on your uniform. [FARDY *goes into office.*] You have this message to bring to the Sergeant of Police. Get your cap now; it's under the counter.

[FARDY *reappears, and she gives him telegram.*]

FARDY. I'll bring it to the station. It's there he was going.

MRS. DELANE. You will not, but to the barracks. It can wait for him there.

[FARDY *goes off.* MR. QUIRKE *has appeared at the door.*]

MR. QUIRKE. It was indeed a very neighborly act, Mrs. Delane, and I'm obliged to you. There is just *one* article to put out of the way. The Sergeant may look about him then and welcome. It's well I cleared the premises on yesterday. A consignment to Birmingham I sent. The Lord be praised, isn't England a terrible country with all it consumes?

MRS. DELANE. Indeed you always treat the neighbors very decent, Mr. Quirke, not asking them to buy from you.

MR. QUIRKE. Just one article. [*Turns to rack.*] That sheep I brought in last night. It was for a charity indeed I bought it from the widow woman at Kiltartan Cross. Where would the poor make a profit out of their dead meat without me? Where now is it? Well, now, I could have swore that that sheep was hanging there on the rack when I went in——

MRS. DELANE. You must have put it in some other place.

MR. QUIRKE [*going in and searching and coming out*]. I did not; there is no other place for me to put it. Is it gone blind I am, or is it not in it, it is?

MRS. DELANE. It's not there now anyway.

MR. QUIRKE. Didn't you take notice of it there yourself this morning?

MRS. DELANE. I have it in my mind that I did; but it's not there now.

MR. QUIRKE. There was no one here could bring it away?

MRS. DELANE. Is it me myself you suspect of taking it, James Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. Where is it at all? It is certain it was not of itself it walked away. It was dead, and very dead, the time I bought it.

MRS. DELANE. I have a pleasant neighbor indeed that accuses me that I took his sheep. I wonder, indeed, you to say a thing like that! I to steal your sheep or your rack or anything that belongs to you or to your trade! Thank you, James Quirke. I am much obliged to you indeed.

MR. QUIRKE. Ah, be quiet, woman; be quiet——

MRS. DELANE. And let me tell you, James Quirke, that I would sooner starve and see everyone belonging to

me starve than to eat the size of a thimble of any joint that ever was on your rack or that ever will be on it, whatever the soldiers may eat that have no other thing to get, or the English that devour all sorts, or the poor ravenous people that's down by the sea! [*She turns to go into shop.*]

MR. QUIRKE [*stopping her*]. Don't be talking foolishness, woman. Who said you took my meat? Give heed to me now. There must some other message have come. The Sergeant must have got some other message.

MRS. DELANE [*sulkily*]. If there is any way for a message to come that is quicker than to come by the wires, tell me what it is and I'll be obliged to you.

MR. QUIRKE. The Sergeant was up here making an excuse he was sticking up that notice. What was he doing here, I ask you?

MRS. DELANE. How would I know what brought him?

MR. QUIRKE. It is what he did; he made as if to go away—he turned back again and I shaving—he brought away the sheep—he will have it for evidence against me——

MRS. DELANE [*interested*]. That might be so.

MR. QUIRKE. I would sooner it to have been any other beast nearly ever I had upon the rack.

MRS. DELANE. Is that so?

MR. QUIRKE. I bade the Widow Early to kill it a fortnight ago—but she would not, she was that covetous!

MRS. DELANE. What was on it?

MR. QUIRKE. How would I know what was on it? Whatever was on it, it was the will of God put it upon it—wasted it was, and shivering and refusing its share.

MRS. DELANE. The poor thing.

MR. QUIRKE. Gone all to nothing—wore away like a flock of thread. It did not weigh as much as a lamb of two months.

MRS. DELANE. It is likely the Inspector will bring it to Dublin?

MR. QUIRKE. The ribs of it streaky with the dint of patent medicines——

MRS. DELANE. I wonder is it to the Petty Sessions you'll be brought or is it to the Assizes?

MR. QUIRKE. I'll speak up to them. I'll make my defense. What can the Army expect at fippence a pound?

MRS. DELANE. It is likely there will be no bail allowed?

MR. QUIRKE. Would they be wanting me to give them good quality meat out of my own pocket? Is it to encourage them to fight the poor Indians and Africans they would have me? It's the Anti-Enlisting Societies should pay the fine for me.

MRS. DELANE. It's not a fine will be put on you, I'm afraid. It's five years in jail you will be apt to be getting. Well, I'll try and be a good neighbor to poor Mrs. Quirke.

[MR. QUIRKE, *who has been stamping up and down, sits down and weeps.* HALVEY *comes in and stands on one side.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Hadn't I heart-scalding enough before, striving to rear five weak children?

MRS. DELANE. I suppose they will be sent to the Industrial Schools?

MR. QUIRKE. My poor wife——

MRS. DELANE. I'm afraid the workhouse——

MR. QUIRKE. And she out in an asscar at this minute helping me to follow my trade.

MRS. DELANE. I hope they will not arrest her along with you.

MR. QUIRKE. I'll give myself up to justice. I'll plead guilty! I'll be recommended to mercy!

MRS. DELANE. It might be best for you.

MR. QUIRKE. Who would think so great a misfortune could come upon a family through the bringing away of one sheep!

HYACINTH [*coming forward*]. Let you make yourself easy.

56-57. **Petty Sessions . . . Assizes,** the local magistrate's court for the trial of petty offenses, and the superior county court for more important cases, respectively. 79. **Industrial Schools,** public schools for the poor.

MR. QUIRKE. Easy! It's easy to say let you make yourself easy.

HYACINTH. I can tell you where it is.

MR. QUIRKE. Where what is?

HYACINTH. The sheep you are fretting after.

MR. QUIRKE. What do you know about it?

HYACINTH. I know everything about it.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose the Sergeant told you?

HYACINTH. He told me nothing.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose the whole town knows it, so?

HYACINTH. No one knows it, as yet.

MR. QUIRKE. And the Sergeant didn't see it?

HYACINTH. No one saw it or brought it away but myself.

MR. QUIRKE. Where did you put it at all?

HYACINTH. In the ditch behind the church wall. In among the nettles it is. Look at the way they have me stung. [*Holds out hands.*]

MR. QUIRKE. In the ditch! The best hiding place in the town.

HYACINTH. I never thought it would bring such great trouble upon you. You can't say anyway I did not tell you.

MR. QUIRKE. You yourself that brought it away and that hid it! I suppose it was coming in the train you got information about the message to the police.

HYACINTH. What now do you say to me?

MR. QUIRKE. Say! I say I am as glad to hear what you said as if it was the Lord telling me I'd be in heaven this minute.

HYACINTH. What are you going to do to me?

MR. QUIRKE. Do, is it? [*Grasps his hand.*] Any earthly thing you would wish me to do, I will do it.

HYACINTH. I suppose you will tell—

MR. QUIRKE. Tell! It's I that will tell when all is quiet. It is I will give you the good name through the town!

HYACINTH. I don't well understand.

MR. QUIRKE [*embracing him*]. The man that preserved me!

HYACINTH. That preserved you?

MR. QUIRKE. That kept me from ruin!

HYACINTH. From ruin?

MR. QUIRKE. That saved me from disgrace!

HYACINTH [*to* MRS. DELANE]. What is he saying at all?

MR. QUIRKE. From the Inspector!

HYACINTH. What is he talking about?

MR. QUIRKE. From the magistrates!

HYACINTH. He is making some mistake.

MR. QUIRKE. From the Winter Assizes!

HYACINTH. Is he out of his wits?

MR. QUIRKE. Five years in jail!

HYACINTH. Hasn't he the queer talk?

MR. QUIRKE. The loss of the contract!

HYACINTH. Are my own wits gone astray?

MR. QUIRKE. What way can I repay you?

HYACINTH [*shouting*]. I tell you I took the sheep——

MR. QUIRKE. You did, God reward you!

HYACINTH. I stole away with it——

MR. QUIRKE. The blessing of the poor on you!

HYACINTH. I put it out of sight——

MR. QUIRKE. The blessing of my five children——

HYACINTH. I may as well say nothing——

MRS. DELANE. Let you be quiet now, Quirke. Here's the Sergeant coming to search the shop——

[SERGEANT *comes in.* QUIRKE *leaves go of* HALVEY, *who arranges his hat, etc.*]

SERGEANT. The Department to blazes!

MRS. DELANE. What is it is putting you out?

SERGEANT. To go to the train to meet the lecturer, and there to get a message through the guard that he was un-

avoidably detained in the South, holding an inquest on the remains of a drake.

MRS. DELANE. The lecturer, is it?

SERGEANT. To be sure. What else would I be talking of? The lecturer has failed me, and where am I to go looking for a person that I would think fitting to take his place?

MRS. DELANE. And that's all? And you didn't get any message but the one?

SERGEANT. Is that all? I am surprised at you, Mrs. Delane. Isn't it enough to upset a man, within three quarters of an hour of the time of the meeting? Where, I would ask you, am I to find a man that has education enough and wit enough and character enough to put up speaking on the platform on the minute?

MR. QUIRKE [*jumps up*]. It is I myself will tell you that.

SERGEANT. You!

MR. QUIRKE [*slapping* HALVEY *on the back*]. Look at here, Sergeant. There is not one word was said in all those papers about this young man before you, but it is true. And there could be no good thing said of him that would be too good for him.

SERGEANT. It might not be a bad idea.

MR. QUIRKE. Whatever the paper said about him, Sergeant, I can say more again. It has come to my knowledge—by chance—that since he came to this town that young man has saved a whole family from destruction.

SERGEANT. That is much to his credit—helping the rural classes——

MR. QUIRKE. A family and a long family, big and little, like sods of turf—and they depending on a—on one that might be on his way to dark trouble at this minute if it was not for his assistance. Believe me, he is the most sensible man, and the wittiest, and the kindest, and the best helper of the poor that ever stood before you in this square. Is not that so, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE. It is true indeed. Where he gets his wisdom and his wit and his information from I don't know, unless it might be that he is gifted from above.

SERGEANT. Well, Mrs. Delane, I think we have settled that question. Mr. Halvey, you will be the speaker at the meeting. The lecturer sent these notes—you can lengthen them into a speech. You can call to the people of Cloon to stand out, to begin the building of their character. I saw a lecturer do it one time at Dundrum. "Come up here," he said. "Dare to be a Daniel," he said——

HYACINTH. I can't—I won't——

SERGEANT [*looking at papers and thrusting them into his hand*]. You will find it quite easy. I will conduct you to the platform—these papers before you and a glass of water—That's settled. [*Turns to go.*] Follow me on to the Courthouse in half an hour—I must go to the barracks first—I heard there was a telegram— [*Calls back as he goes.*] Don't be late, Mrs. Delane. Mind, Quirke, you promised to come.

MRS. DELANE. Well, it's time for me to make an end of settling myself—and indeed, Mr. Quirke, you'd best do the same.

MR. QUIRKE [*rubbing his cheek*]. I suppose so. I had best keep on good terms with him for the present. [*Turns.*] Well, now, I had a great escape this day.

[*Both go in as* FARDY *reappears whistling.*]

HYACINTH [*sitting down*]. I don't know in the world what has come upon the world that the half of the people of it should be cracked!

FARDY. Weren't you found out yet?

HYACINTH. Found out, is it? I don't know what you mean by being found out.

FARDY. Didn't he miss the sheep?

HYACINTH. He did, and I told him it was I took it—and what happened I declare to goodness I don't know—Will you look at these? [*Holds out notes.*]

FARDY. Papers! Are they more testimonials?

HYACINTH. They are what is worse. [*Gives a hoarse laugh.*] Will you come and see me on the platform—these in

my hand—and I speaking—giving out advice. [FARDY *whistles.*] Why didn't you tell me, the time you advised me to steal a sheep, that in this town it would qualify a man to go preaching, and the priest in the chair looking on?

FARDY. The time I took a few apples that had fallen off a stall, they did not ask me to hold a meeting. They welted me well.

HYACINTH [*looking round*]. I would take apples if I could see them. I wish I had broke my neck before I left Carrow, and I'd be better off! I wish I had got six months the time I was caught setting snares—I wish I had robbed a church.

FARDY. Would a Protestant church do?

HYACINTH. I suppose it wouldn't be so great a sin.

FARDY. It's likely the Sergeant would think worse of it—anyway, if you want to rob one, it's the Protestant church is the handiest.

HYACINTH [*getting up*]. Show me what way to do it?

FARDY [*pointing*]. I was going around it a few minutes ago, to see might there be e'er a dog scenting the sheep, and I noticed the window being out.

HYACINTH. Out, out and out?

FARDY. It was, where they are putting colored glass in it for the distiller—

HYACINTH. What good does that do me?

FARDY. Every good. You could go in by that window if you had some person to give you a hoist. Whatever riches there is to get in it then, you'll get them.

HYACINTH. I don't want riches. I'll give you all I will find if you will come and hoist me.

FARDY. Here is Miss Joyce coming to bring you to your lodging. Sure I brought your bag to it, the time you were away with the sheep——

HYACINTH. Run! Run!

[*They go off. Enter* MISS JOYCE.]

MISS JOYCE. Are you here, Mrs. Delane? Where, can you tell me, is Mr. Halvey?

MRS. DELANE [*coming out dressed*]. It's likely he is gone on to the Courthouse. Did you hear he is to be in the chair and to make an address to the meeting?

MISS JOYCE. He is getting on fast. His Reverence says he will be a good help in the parish. Who would think, now, there would be such a godly young man in a little place like Carrow!

[*Enter* SERGEANT *in a hurry, with telegram.*]

SERGEANT. What time did this telegram arrive, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE. I couldn't be rightly sure, Sergeant. But sure it's marked on it, unless the clock I have is gone wrong.

SERGEANT. It is marked on it. And I have the time I got it marked on my own watch.

MRS. DELANE. Well, now, I wonder none of the police would have followed you with it from the barracks—and they with so little to do——

SERGEANT [*looking in at* QUIRKE'S *shop*]. Well, I am sorry to do what I have to do, but duty is duty.

[*He ransacks shop.* MRS. DELANE *looks on.* MR. QUIRKE *puts his head out of window.*]

MR. QUIRKE. What is that going on inside? [*No answer.*] Is there anyone inside, I ask? [*No answer.*] It must be that dog of Tannian's—wait till I get at him.

MRS. DELANE. It is Sergeant Carden, Mr. Quirke He would seem to be looking for something——

[MR. QUIRKE *appears in shop.* SERGEANT *comes out, makes another dive, taking up sacks, etc.*]

MR. QUIRKE. I'm greatly afraid I am just out of meat, Sergeant—and I'm sorry now to disoblige you, and you not being in the habit of dealing with me——

SERGEANT. I should think not, indeed.

16. **caught setting snares.** See note on lines 80–81, page 254. 34. **colored glass,** etc., a reference to a memorial window.

MR. QUIRKE. Looking for a tender little bit of lamb, I suppose you are, for Mrs. Carden and the youngsters?

SERGEANT. I am not.

MR. QUIRKE. If I had it now, I'd be proud to offer it to you, and make no charge. I'll be killing a good kid to-morrow. Mrs. Carden might fancy a bit of it——

SERGEANT. I have had orders to search your establishment for unwholesome meat, and I am come here to do it.

MR. QUIRKE [*sitting down, with a smile*]. Is that so? Well, isn't it a wonder the schemers does be in the world?

SERGEANT. It is not the first time there have been complaints.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose not. Well, it is on their own head it will fall at the last!

SERGEANT. I have found nothing so far.

MR. QUIRKE. I suppose not, indeed. What is there you could find, and it not in it?

SERGEANT. Have you no meat at all upon the premises?

MR. QUIRKE. I have, indeed, a nice barrel of bacon.

SERGEANT. What way did it die?

MR. QUIRKE. It would be hard for me to say that. American it is. How would I know what way they do be killing the pigs out there? Machinery, I suppose, they have—steam hammers——

SERGEANT. Is there nothing else here at all?

MR. QUIRKE. I give you my word, there is no meat living or dead in this place, but yourself and myself and that bird above in the cage.

SERGEANT. Well, I must tell the Inspector I could find nothing. But mind yourself for the future.

MR. QUIRKE. Thank you, Sergeant. I will do that.

[*Enter* FARDY. *He stops short.*]

SERGEANT. It was you delayed that message to me, I suppose? You'd best mend your ways, or I'll have something to say to you. [*Seizes and shakes him.*]

FARDY. That's the way everyone does be faulting me. [*Whimpers.*]

[*The* SERGEANT *gives him another shake. A half-crown falls out of his pocket.*]

MISS JOYCE [*picking it up*]. A half-a-crown! Where, now, did you get that much, Fardy?

FARDY. Where did I get it, is it!

MISS JOYCE. I'll engage it was in no honest way you got it.

FARDY. I picked it up in the street——

MISS JOYCE. If you did, why didn't you bring it to the Sergeant or to his Reverence?

MRS. DELANE. And some poor person, may be, being at the loss of it.

MISS JOYCE. I'd best bring it to his Reverence. Come with me, Fardy, till he will question you about it.

FARDY. It was not altogether in the street I found it——

MISS JOYCE. There, now! I knew you got it in no good way! Tell me, now.

FARDY. It was playing pitch and toss I won it——

MISS JOYCE. And who would play for half-crowns with the like of you, Fardy Farrell? Who was it, now?

FARDY. It was—a stranger——

MISS JOYCE. Do you hear that? A stranger! Did you see e'er a stranger in this town, Mrs. Delane, or Sergeant Carden, or Mr. Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE. Not a one.

SERGEANT. There was no stranger here.

MRS. DELANE. There could not be one here without me knowing it.

FARDY. I tell you there was.

MISS JOYCE. Come on, then, and tell who was he to his Reverence.

SERGEANT [*taking other arm*]. Or to the bench.

FARDY. I did get it, I tell you, from a stranger.

SERGEANT. Where is he, so?

FARDY. He's in some place—not far away.

SERGEANT. Bring me to him.

FARDY. He'll be coming here.

SERGEANT. Tell me the truth, and it will be better for you.

FARDY [*weeping*]. Let me go, and I will.

SERGEANT [*letting go*]. Now—who did you get it from?

FARDY. From that young chap came today, Mr. Halvey.

ALL. Mr. Halvey!

MR. QUIRKE [*indignantly*]. What are you saying, you young ruffian you? Hyacinth Halvey to be playing pitch and toss with the like of you!

FARDY. I didn't say that.

MISS JOYCE. You did say it. You said it now.

MR. QUIRKE. Hyacinth Halvey! The best man that ever came into this town!

MISS JOYCE. Well, what lies he has!

MR. QUIRKE. It's my belief the half-crown is a bad one. Maybe it's to pass it off it was given to him. There were tinkers in the town at the time of the fair. Give it here to me. [*Bites it.*] No, indeed, it's sound enough. Here, Sergeant, it's best for you take it.

[*Gives it to* SERGEANT, *who examines it.*]

SERGEANT. Can it be? Can it be what I think it to be?

MR. QUIRKE. What is it? What do you take it to be?

SERGEANT. It is, it is. I know it. I know this half-crown——

MR. QUIRKE. That is a queer thing, now.

SERGEANT. I know it well. I have been handling it in the church for the last twelvemonth——

MR. QUIRKE. Is that so?

SERGEANT. It is the nest-egg half-crown we hand round in the collection plate every Sunday morning. I know it by the dint on the Queen's temples and the crooked scratch under her nose.

MR. QUIRKE [*examining it*]. So there is, too.

SERGEANT. This is a bad business. It has been stolen from the church.

ALL. O! O! O!

SERGEANT [*seizing* FARDY]. You have robbed the church!

FARDY [*terrified*]. I tell you I never did.

SERGEANT. I have the proof of it.

FARDY. Say what you like! I never put a foot in it!

SERGEANT. How did you get this, so?

MISS JOYCE. I suppose from the *stranger?*

MRS. DELANE. I suppose it was Hyacinth Halvey gave it to you, now?

FARDY. It was so.

SERGEANT. I suppose it was he robbed the church?

FARDY [*sobs*]. You will not believe me if I say it.

MR. QUIRKE. O! the young vagabond! Let me get at him!

MRS. DELANE. Here he is himself now!

[HYACINTH *comes in.* FARDY *releases himself and creeps behind him.*]

MRS. DELANE. It is time you to come, Mr. Halvey, and shut the mouth of this young schemer.

MISS JOYCE. I would like you to hear what he says of you, Mr. Halvey. Pitch and toss, he says.

MR. QUIRKE. Robbery, he says.

MRS. DELANE. Robbery of a church.

SERGEANT. He has had a bad name long enough. Let him go to a reformatory now.

FARDY [*clinging to* HYACINTH]. Save me, save me! I'm a poor boy trying to knock out a way of living; I'll be destroyed if I go to a reformatory.

[*Kneels and clings to* HYACINTH'S *knees.*]

HYACINTH. I'll save you easy enough.

FARDY. Don't let me be jailed!

HYACINTH. I am going to tell them.

FARDY. I'm a poor orphan——

HYACINTH. Will you let me speak?

FARDY. I'll get no more chance in the world——

HYACINTH. Sure I'm trying to free you——

FARDY. It will be tasked to me always.

HYACINTH. Be quiet, can't you.

FARDY. Don't you desert me!

HYACINTH. Will you be silent?

23. **tinkers**, itinerant pot and kettle menders, thought of as thieves.

94. **It will be tasked to me**, "I'll be blamed for it."

FARDY. Take it on yourself.

HYACINTH. I will if you'll let me.

FARDY. Tell them you did it.

HYACINTH. I am going to do that.

FARDY. Tell them it was you got in at the window.

HYACINTH. I will! I will!

FARDY. Say it was you robbed the box.

HYACINTH. I'll say it! I'll say it!

FARDY. It being open!

HYACINTH. Let me tell, let me tell.

FARDY. Of all that was in it.

HYACINTH. I'll tell them that.

FARDY. And gave it to me.

HYACINTH [*putting hand on his mouth and dragging him up*]. Will you stop and let me speak?

SERGEANT. We can't be wasting time. Give him here to me.

HYACINTH. I can't do that. He must be let alone.

SERGEANT [*seizing him*]. He'll be let alone in the lock-up.

HYACINTH. He must not be brought there.

SERGEANT. I'll let no man get him off.

HYACINTH. I will get him off.

SERGEANT. You will not!

HYACINTH. I will.

SERGEANT. Do you think to buy him off?

HYACINTH. I will buy him off with my own confession.

SERGEANT. And what will that be?

HYACINTH. It was I robbed the church.

SERGEANT. That is likely indeed!

HYACINTH. Let him go, and take me. I tell you I did it.

SERGEANT. It would take witnesses to prove that.

HYACINTH [*pointing to* FARDY]. He will be witness.

FARDY. O! Mr. Halvey, I would not wish to do that. Get me off, and I will say nothing.

HYACINTH. Sure you must. You will be put on oath in the court.

FARDY. I will not! I will not! All the world knows I don't understand the nature of an oath!

MR. QUIRKE [*coming forward*]. Is it blind ye all are?

MRS. DELANE. What are you talking about?

MR. QUIRKE. Is it fools ye all are?

MISS JOYCE. Speak for yourself.

MR. QUIRKE. Is it idiots ye all are?

SERGEANT. Mind who you're talking to.

MR. QUIRKE [*seizing* HYACINTH'S *hands*]. Can't you see? Can't you hear? Where are your wits? Was ever such a thing seen in this town?

MRS. DELANE. Say out what you have to say.

MR. QUIRKE. A walking saint he is!

MRS. DELANE. Maybe so.

MR. QUIRKE. The preserver of the poor! Talk of the holy martyrs! They are nothing at all to what he is! Will you look at him! To save that poor boy he is going! To take the blame on himself he is going! To say he himself did the robbery he is going! Before the magistrate he is going! To jail he is going! Taking the blame on his own head! Putting the sin on his own shoulders! Letting on to have done a robbery! Telling a lie—that it may be forgiven him—to his own injury! Doing all that I tell you to save the character of a miserable slack lad, that rose in poverty.

[*Murmurs of admiration from all.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Now what do you say?

SERGEANT [*pressing his hand*]. Mr. Halvey, you have given us all a lesson. To please you, I will make no information against the boy. [*Shakes him and helps him up.*] I will put back the half-crown in the poor-box next Sunday. [*To* FARDY.] What have you to say to your benefactor?

FARDY. I'm obliged to you, Mr. Halvey. You behaved very decent to me, very decent indeed. I'll never let a word be said against you if I live to be a hundred years.

SERGEANT [*wiping eyes with a blue handkerchief*]. I will tell it at the meeting. It will be a great encouragement to them to build up their character. I'll tell it to the priest and he taking the chair——

HYACINTH. O stop, will you——

MR. QUIRKE. The chair. It's in the chair he himself should be. It's in a chair we will put him now. It's to chair him through the streets we will. Sure he'll be an example and a blessing to the whole of the town. [*Seizes* HALVEY *and seats him in chair.*] Now, Sergeant, give a hand. Here, Fardy

[*They all lift the chair with* HALVEY *in it, wildly protesting.*]

MR. QUIRKE. Come along now to the Courthouse. Three cheers for Hyacinth Halvey! Hip! hip! hoora!

[*Cheers heard in the distance as the curtain drops.*] (1906)

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE*

By William Butler Yeats (1865-)

NOTE

One phase of the Irish Literary Renaissance was the revival of Irish folklore and legend. This revival found expression in quaint story, verse, and drama. To all of these types Mr. W. B. Yeats has made significant contributions. Some of his poems appear on page 633 of Volume I. *The Land of Heart's Desire* was first played in 1894 in Ireland; in 1901 it appeared in America; in 1912 it was produced in the Abbey Theater in Dublin; and it appeared again in Ireland in 1923. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* is a poignant tragedy, Lady Gregory's *Hyacinth Halvey*, a lively realistic comedy, Mr. Yeats's play a lyric fantasy. The three illustrate the most significant phases of the new Irish national drama. Mr. Yeats's fantasy is steeped in folklore, with belief in fairies and in the changeling child as a basis. It is one of the most delicately beautiful of all the recent literary embodiments of Irish legend.

O Rose, thou art sick.—William Blake.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Maurteen Bruin	Mary Bruin
Bridget Bruin	Father Hart
Shawn Bruin	A Faery Child

The Scene is laid in the Barony of Kilmacowen, in the County of Sligo, and at a remote time.

Scene.—*A room with a hearth on the floor in the middle of a deep alcove to the Right. There are benches in the alcove and a table; and a crucifix on the wall. The alcove is full of a glow of light from the fire. There is an open door facing the audience to the Left, and to the left of this a bench. Through the door one can see the forest. It is night, but the moon or a late sunset glimmers through the trees and carries the eye far off into a vague, mysterious world.* Maurteen Bruin, Shawn Bruin, *and* Bridget Bruin *sit in the alcove at the table or about the fire. They are dressed in the costume of some remote time, and near them sits an old priest,* Father Hart. *He may be dressed as a friar. There is food and drink upon the table.* Mary Bruin *stands by the door reading a book. If she looks up, she can see through the door into the wood.*

Bridget. Because I bid her clean the pots for supper
She took that old book down out of the thatch;
She has been doubled over it ever since.
We should be deafened by her groans and moans
Had she to work as some do, Father Hart;
Get up at dawn like me and mend and scour
Or ride abroad in the boisterous night like you,
The pyx and blessed bread under your arm.

Shawn. Mother, you are too cross.

Bridget. You've married her,
And fear to vex her and so take her part.

Maurteen [*to* Father Hart]. It is but right that youth should side with youth;
She quarrels with my wife a bit at times,
And is too deep just now in the old book!
But do not blame her greatly: [she will grow
As quiet as a puff-ball in a tree
When but the moons of marriage dawn and die
For half a score of times].

Father Hart. Their hearts are wild,
As be the hearts of birds, till children come.

Bridget. She would not mind the kettle, milk the cow,
Or even lay the knives and spread the cloth.

Shawn. Mother, if only——

Maurteen. Shawn, this is half empty;
Go, bring up the best bottle that we have.

Father Hart. I *never* saw her read a book before;
What can it be?

* From *Plays and Controversies*, 1924, of the revised Collected Edition of Yeats's Works, by permission of The Macmillan Company.

14 ff. "When revived last spring the passages between brackets were left out." W. B. Yeats, 1923.

MAURTEEN [*to* SHAWN]. What are you waiting for?
You must not shake it when you draw the cork;
It's precious wine, so take your time about it.
[*To Priest*] [SHAWN *goes.*]
[There was a Spaniard wrecked at Ocris Head,
When I was young, and I have still some bottles.]
He cannot bear to hear her blamed; the book
Has lain up in the thatch these fifty years;
My father told me my grandfather wrote it,
And killed a heifer for the binding of it—
[But supper's spread, and we can talk and eat]
It was little good he got out of the book,
Because it filled his house with rambling fiddlers,
And rambling ballad-makers and the like.
[The griddle-bread is there in front of you.]
Colleen, what is the wonder in that book,
That you must leave the bread to cool? Had I
Or had my father read or written books
There were no stocking stuffed with yellow guineas
To come when I am dead to Shawn and you.
FATHER HART. You should not fill your head with foolish dreams.
What are you reading?
MARY. How a Princess Edane,
A daughter of a King of Ireland, heard
A voice singing on a May Eve like this,
And followed half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the Land of Faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.
And she is still there, busied with a dance
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,
[Or where stars walk upon a mountain-top].
MAURTEEN. Persuade the colleen to put down the book;
My grandfather would mutter just such things,
And he was no judge of a dog or a horse,
And any idle boy could blarney him;
Just speak your mind.
FATHER HART. Put it away, my colleen;
[God spreads the heavens above us like great wings
And gives a little round of deeds and days,
And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,
And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams,
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes
Half shuddering and half joyous from God's peace;]
For it was some wrecked angel, blind with tears,
Who flattered Edane's heart with merry words.
My colleen, I have seen some other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbours and were glad
In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes;
[For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.]
MAURTEEN. That's true—but she's too young to know it's true.
BRIDGET. She's old enough to know that it is wrong
To mope and idle.
MAURTEEN. I've little blame for her;
She's dull when my big son is in the fields,

38. **Colleen.** girl. 46. **May Eve.** On the night before the first of May fairies and evil spirits were supposed to have especial power. Cf. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

62. **wrecked angels.** The fallen angels became devils.

And that and maybe this good woman's tongue
Have driven her to hide among her dreams
Like children from the dark under the bedclothes.

BRIDGET. She'd never do a turn if I were silent.

MAURTEEN. And maybe it is natural upon May Eve
To dream of the good people. But tell me, girl,
If you've the branch of blessed quicken wood
That women hang upon the post of the door
That they may send good luck into the house?
Remember they may steal new-married brides
After the fall of twilight on May Eve,
Or what old women mutter at the fire
Is but a pack of lies.

FATHER HART. It may be truth.
We do not know the limit of those powers
God has permitted to the evil spirits
For some mysterious end. You have done right [*to* MARY];
It's well to keep old innocent customs up.

[MARY BRUIN *has taken a bough of quicken wood from a seat and hung it on a nail in the door-post. A girl child strangely dressed, perhaps in faery green, comes out of the wood and takes it away.*

MARY. I had no sooner hung it on the nail
Before a child ran up out of the wind;
She has caught it in her hand and fondled it;
[Her face is pale as water before dawn.]

FATHER HART. Whose child can this be?

MAURTEEN. No one's child at all.
She often dreams that some one has gone by,
When there was nothing but a puff of wind.

MARY. They have taken away the blessed quicken wood,
They will not bring good luck into the house;
Yet I am glad that I was courteous to them,
For are not they, likewise, children of God?

FATHER HART. Colleen, they are the children of the fiend,
And they have power until the end of Time,
When God shall fight with them a great pitched battle
And hack them into pieces.

MARY. He will smile,
Father, perhaps, and open His great door.

FATHER HART. Did but the lawless angels see that door
They would fall, slain by everlasting peace;
And when such angels knock upon our doors,
Who goes with them must drive through the same storm.

[*An arm comes around the door-post and knocks and beckons. It is clearly seen in the silvery light.* MARY BRUIN *goes to door and stands in it for a moment.* MAURTEEN BRUIN *is busy filling* FATHER HART'S *plate.* BRIDGET BRUIN *stirs the fire.*

MARY [*coming to table*]. There's somebody out there that beckoned me
And raised her hand as though it held a cup,
And she was drinking from it, so it may be
That she is thirsty.

[*She takes milk from the table and carries it to the door.*

FATHER HART. That will be the child
That you would have it was no child at all.

BRIDGET. [And maybe, Father, what he said was true;
For there is not another night in the year
So wicked as to-night.

MAURTEEN. Nothing can harm us
While the good Father's underneath our roof.

85. **good people**, a placating epithet for the fairies.
86. **blessed quicken wood**. The rowan-wood or mountain-ash tree was thought to ward off the baleful effects of fairies, especially on May Eve.

MARY. A little queer old woman dressed in green.
BRIDGET. The good people beg for milk and fire
Upon May Eve—woe to the house that gives,
For they have power upon it for a year.
MAURTEEN. Hush, woman, hush!
BRIDGET. She's given milk away.
I knew she would bring evil on the house.
MAURTEEN. Who was it?
MARY. Both the tongue and face were strange.
MAURTEEN. Some strangers came last week to Clover Hill;
She must be one of them.]
BRIDGET. I am afraid.
FATHER HART. The Cross will keep all evil from the house
While it hangs there.
MAURTEEN. Come, sit beside me, colleen,
And put away your dreams of discontent,
For I would have you light up my last days,
Like the good glow of the turf; and when I die
You'll be the wealthiest hereabout, for, colleen,
I have a stocking full of yellow guineas
Hidden away where nobody can find it.
BRIDGET. You are the fool of every pretty face,
And I must spare and pinch that my son's wife
May have all kinds of ribbons for her head.
MAURTEEN. Do not be cross; she is a right good girl!
[The butter is by your elbow, Father Hart.
My colleen, have not Fate and Time and Change
Done well for me and for old Bridget there?]
We have a hundred acres of good land,
And sit beside each other at the fire.
I have this reverend Father for my friend;
I look upon your face and my son's face—
We've put his plate by yours—and here he comes,
And brings with him the only thing we have lacked,
Abundance of good wine. [SHAWN *comes in.*] Stir up the fire,
And put new turf upon it till it blaze;
To watch the turf-smoke coiling from the fire,
And feel content and wisdom in your heart,
This is the best of life; [when we are young
We long to tread a way none trod before,
But find the excellent old way through love,
And through the care of children, to the hour
For bidding Fate and Time and Change good-bye.]

[MARY *stands for a moment in the door, and then takes a sod of turf from the fire and goes out through the door.* SHAWN *follows her and meets her coming in.*

SHAWN. What is it draws you to the chill o' the wood?
There is a light among the stems of the trees
That makes one shiver.
MARY. [A little queer old man
Made me a sign to show he wanted fire
To light his pipe.]
BRIDGET. You've given milk and fire
Upon the unluckiest night of the year and brought,
For all you know, evil upon the house.
Before you married you were idle and fine
And went about with ribbons on your head;
And now—no, Father, I will speak my mind—
She is not a fitting wife for any man——
SHAWN. Be quiet, mother!
MAURTEEN. You are much too cross.
MARY. What do I care if I have given this house,
Where I must hear all day a bitter tongue,
Into the power of faeries!

BRIDGET. You know well
How calling the good people by that name,
Or talking of them over much at all,
May bring all kinds of evil on the house.
MARY. Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house!
Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
[Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,]
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.
FATHER HART. You cannot know the meaning of your words.
MARY. Father, I am right weary of four tongues:
A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too grave,
A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Of drowsy love and my captivity.

[SHAWN BRUIN *leads her to a seat at the left of the door.*

SHAWN. Do not blame me; I often lie awake
Thinking that all things trouble your bright head.
How beautiful it is—your broad pale forehead
Under a cloudy blossoming of hair!
Sit down beside me here—these are too old,
And have forgotten they were ever young.
MARY. O, you are the great door-post of this house,
And I the branch of blessed quicken wood,
And if I could I'd hang upon the post,
Till I had brought good luck into the house.

[*She would put her arms about him, but looks shyly at the priest and lets her arms fall.*

FATHER HART. My daughter, take his hand—by love alone
God binds us to Himself and to the hearth,
That shuts us from the waste beyond His peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering light.
SHAWN. Would that the world were mine to give it you,
And not its quiet hearths alone, but even
All that bewilderment of light and freedom,
If you would have it.
MARY. I would take the world
And break it into pieces in my hands
To see you smile watching it crumble away.
SHAWN. Then I would mould a world of fire and dew,
With no one bitter, grave or over wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you wrong,
And crowd the enraptured quiet of the sky
With candles burning to your lonely face.
MARY. Your looks are all the candles that I need.
SHAWN. Once a fly dancing in a beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the dawn,
Could fill your heart with dreams none other knew,
But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most proud and cold
With my warm heart for ever; the sun and moon
Must fade and heaven be rolled up like a scroll;
But your white spirit still walks by my spirit. [*A Voice singing in the wood.*
MAURTEEN. There's some one singing.
Why, it's but a child.
It sang, 'The lonely of heart is withered away.'
A strange song for a child, but she sings sweetly.
Listen, listen! [*Goes to door.*
MARY. O, cling close to me,
Because I have said wicked things to-night.

THE VOICE. The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away.
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung
The lonely of heart is withered away!'
MAURTEEN. Being happy, I would have all others happy,
So I will bring her in out of the cold.
[*He brings in the faery child.*
THE CHILD. [I tire of winds and waters and pale lights.
MAURTEEN. And that's no wonder, for when night has fallen]
The wood's a cold and a bewildering place,
But you are welcome here.
THE CHILD. I am welcome here.
[For when I tire of this warm little house]
But there is one here that must away, away.
MAURTEEN. O, listen to her dreamy and strange talk.
Are you not cold?
THE CHILD. I will crouch down beside you,
For I have run a long, long way this night.
BRIDGET. You have a comely shape.
MAURTEEN. Your hair is wet.
BRIDGET. I'll warm your chilly feet.
MAURTEEN. You have come indeed
A long, long way—for I have never seen
Your pretty face—and must be tired and hungry;
Here is some bread and wine.
THE CHILD. The wine is bitter.
Old mother, have you no sweet food for me?

250. **He brings**, etc. Spirits of evil were not supposed to be able to cross a mortal threshold unless invited in. Cf. Canto I of *Christabel* (page 1-176, line 130), where Geraldine is lifted across the castle threshold.

BRIDGET. I have some honey.
[*She goes into the next room.*
MAURTEEN. You have coaxing ways,
The mother was quite cross before you came.
[BRIDGET *returns with the honey and fills a porringer with milk.*
BRIDGET. She is the child of gentle people; look
At her white hands and at her pretty dress.
I've brought you some new milk, but wait a while
And I will put it to the fire to warm,
For things well fitted for poor folk like us
Would never please a high-born child like you.
THE CHILD. From dawn, when you must blow the fire ablaze,
You work your fingers to the bone, old mother.
The young may lie in bed and dream and hope,
But you must work your fingers to the bone
Because your heart is old.
BRIDGET. The young are idle.
THE CHILD. Your memories have made you wise, old father;
The young must sigh through many a dream and hope,
But you are wise because your heart is old.
[BRIDGET *gives her more bread and honey.*
MAURTEEN. O, who would think to find so young a girl
Loving old age and wisdom?
THE CHILD. No more, mother.
MAURTEEN. What a small bite! The milk is ready now. [*Hands it to her.*] What a small sip!
THE CHILD. Put on my shoes, old mother.
For I would like to dance now I have eaten,
The reeds are dancing by Coolaney lake,
And I would like to dance until the reeds
And the white waves have danced themselves asleep.

[BRIDGET *puts on the shoes, and the* CHILD *is about to dance, but suddenly sees the crucifix and shrieks and covers her eyes.*

What is that ugly thing on the black cross?

FATHER HART. You cannot know how naughty your words are!
That is our Blessed Lord.
THE CHILD. Hide it away!
BRIDGET. I have begun to be afraid again.
THE CHILD. Hide it away!
MAURTEEN. That would be wickedness!
BRIDGET. That would be sacrilege!
THE CHILD. The tortured thing!
Hide it away!
MAURTEEN. Her parents are to blame.
FATHER HART. That is the image of the Son of God.
THE CHILD [*caressing him*]. Hide it away, hide it away!
MAURTEEN. No, no.
FATHER HART. Because you are so young and like a bird,
That must take fright at every stir of the leaves,
I will go take it down.
THE CHILD. Hide it away!
And cover it out of sight and out of mind!

[FATHER HART *takes crucifix from wall and carries it towards inner room.*

FATHER HART. Since you have come into this barony,
I will instruct you in our blessed faith;
And being so keen-witted you'll soon learn. [*To the others.*
We must be tender to all budding things,
Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song. [*Puts crucifix in inner room.*
THE CHILD. Here is level ground for dancing; I will dance. [*Sings.*]
The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away. [*She dances.*

MARY [*to* SHAWN]. Just now when she came near I thought I heard
Other small steps beating upon the floor,
And a faint music blowing in the wind,
Invisible pipes giving her feet the tune.
SHAWN. I heard no steps but hers.
MARY. I hear them now,
The unholy powers are dancing in the house.
MAURTEEN. Come over here, and if you promise me
Not to talk wickedly of holy things
I will give you something.
THE CHILD. Bring it me, old father.
MAURTEEN. Here are some ribbons that I bought in the town
For my son's wife—but she will let me give them
To tie up that wild hair the winds have tumbled.
THE CHILD. Come, tell me, do you love me?
MAURTEEN. Yes, I love you.
THE CHILD. Ah, but you love this fireside. Do you love me?
FATHER HART. When the Almighty puts so great a share
Of His own ageless youth into a creature,
To look is but to love.
THE CHILD. But you love Him?
BRIDGET. She is blaspheming.
THE CHILD. And do you love me too?
MARY. I do not know.
THE CHILD. You love that young man there,
Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,
[Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,]
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.
MARY. Queen of Angels and kind saints defend us!
Some dreadful thing will happen. A while ago
She took away the blessed quicken wood.
FATHER HART. You fear because of her unmeasured prattle;
She knows no better. Child, how old are you?
THE CHILD. When winter sleep is abroad my hair grows thin,
My feet unsteady. When the leaves awaken

My mother carries me in her golden arms;
I'll soon put on my womanhood and marry
The spirits of wood and water, but who can tell
When I was born for the first time? I think
I am much older than the eagle cock
[That blinks and blinks on Ballygawley Hill,]
And he is the oldest thing under the moon.
FATHER HART. O she is of the faery people.
THE CHILD. One called,
I sent my messengers for milk and fire,
She called again and after that I came.

[*All except* SHAWN *and* MARY BRUIN *gather behind the priest for protection.*

SHAWN [*rising*]. Though you have made all these obedient,
You have not charmed my sight and won from me
A wish or gift to make you powerful;
I'll turn you from the house.
FATHER HART. No, I will face her.
THE CHILD. Because you took away the crucifix
I am so mighty that there's none can pass,
Unless I will it, where my feet have danced
Or where I've whirled my finger-tops.

[SHAWN *tries to approach her and cannot.*

MAURTEEN. Look, look!
There something stops him—look how he moves his hands
As though he rubbed them on a wall of glass!
FATHER HART. I will confront this mighty spirit alone;
Be not afraid, the Father is with us,
[The Holy Martyrs and the Innocents,
The adoring Magi in their coats of mail,]
And He who died and rose on the third day,
[And all the nine angelic hierarchies.]

[*The* CHILD *kneels upon the settle beside* MARY *and puts her arms about her.*

Cry, daughter, to the Angels and the Saints.
THE CHILD. You shall go with me, newly-married bride.
And gaze upon a merrier multitude.
[White-armed Nuala, Aengus of the Birds,
Feacra of the hurtling foam, and him
Who is the ruler of the Western Host,
Finvarra, and their Land of Heart's Desire,]
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song.
I kiss you and the world begins to fade.
SHAWN. Awake out of that trance—and cover up
Your eyes and ears.
FATHER HART. She must both look and listen,
For only the soul's choice can save her now.
Come over to me, daughter; stand beside me;
Think of this house and of your duties in it.
THE CHILD. Stay and come with me, newly-married bride,
For if you hear him you grow like the rest;
Bear children, cook, and bend above the churn,
And wrangle over butter, fowl, and eggs,
Until at last, grown old and bitter of tongue,
You're crouching there and shivering at the grave.
FATHER HART. Daughter, I point you out the way to Heaven.
THE CHILD. But I can lead you, newly-married bride,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,

372 ff. The fairy here names certain members of the Tuatha De Danaan, or early fairy gods, who came to Ireland one May Eve. They were spirits of eternal youth. Manannan Mac Lir, god of the sea, ruled a western island which went by many names, such as "Eternal Joy," and "Heart's Desire." Angus Og, a beautiful young god, had four birds, which flew over Ireland, calling away the young people to that never-never land.

Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
And where kind tongues bring no captivity;
For we are but obedient to the thoughts
That drift into the mind at a wink of the eye.
FATHER HART. By the dear Name of the One crucified,
I bid you, Mary Bruin, come to me.
THE CHILD. I keep you in the name of your own heart.
FATHER HART. It is because I put away the crucifix
That I am nothing, and my power is nothing.
I'll bring it here again.
MAURTEEN [*clinging to him*]. No.
BRIDGET. Do not leave us.
FATHER HART. O, let me go before it is too late;
It is my sin alone that brought it all.
[*Singing outside.*
THE CHILD. I hear them sing, 'Come, newly-married bride,
Come to the woods and waters and pale lights.'
MARY. I will go with you.
FATHER HART. She is lost, alas!
THE CHILD [*standing by the door*]. But clinging mortal hope must fall from you,
For we who ride the winds, run on the waves,
And dance upon the mountains are more light
Than dewdrops on the banner of the dawn.
MARY. O, take me with you.
SHAWN. Beloved, I will keep you.
I've more than words, I have these arms to hold you,
Nor all the faery host, do what they please,
Shall ever make me loosen you from these arms.
MARY. Dear face! Dear voice!
THE CHILD. Come, newly-married bride.
MARY. I always loved her world—and yet—and yet——
THE CHILD. White bird, white bird, come with me, little bird.

419. White bird, the symbol of the soul.

MARY. She calls me!
THE CHILD. Come with me, little bird.

[*Distant dancing figures appear in the wood.*

MARY. I can hear songs and dancing.
SHAWN. Stay with me.
MARY. I think that I would stay—and yet—and yet——
THE CHILD. Come, little bird with crest of gold.
MARY [*very softly*]. And yet——
THE CHILD. Come, little bird with silver feet!

[MARY BRUIN *dies, and the* CHILD *goes.*

SHAWN. She is dead!
BRIDGET. Come from that image; body and soul are gone.
You have thrown your arms about a drift of leaves,
Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her image.
FATHER HART. Thus do the spirits of evil snatch their prey,
Almost out of the very hand of God;
And day by day their power is more and more,
And men and women leave old paths, for pride
Comes knocking with thin knuckles on the heart.

[*Outside there are dancing figures, and it may be a white bird, and many voices singing:*

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away;
[While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say—
'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away.]

(1894)

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(In addition to the general references under Divisions B and C the following books dealing with the plays in this volume will be found useful.)

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E. Reading List of Plays

The following is a list of English dramas from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century. Most of these plays may be found in the anthologies listed in Division A. For American dramas the reader is referred to the anthologies of Montrose Moses and A. H. Quinn, listed in Division A, and to the drama bibliographies in *The Cambridge History of American Literature*.

1. *The Wakefield Noah* (fourteenth century).
2. *The Brome Abraham and Isaac* (fourteenth century).
3. *The Wakefield Secunda Pastorum* (fourteenth century).
4. *The Castle of Perseverance* (c. 1425).

5. *Everyman* (fifteenth century).
6. *The Revesby Sword Play* (acted October 20, 1779, but traditionally medieval).
7. John Heywood, *A Mery Play betwene Johan Johan, The Husbande, Tyb, his Wyfe, and Syr Johan, the Preest* (1533).
8. John Redford, *Wyt and Science* (c. 1535).
9. Nicholas Udall, *Roister Doister* (between 1534 and 1541).
10. Norton and Sackville, *Gorboduc* (1562).
11. John Lyly, *Endymion* (1587).
12. Thomas Kyd, *The Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1587).
13. Robert Greene, *James the Fourth* (1590).
14. George Peele, *The Old Wives Tale* (before 1595).
15. Christopher Marlowe, *Edward II* (1592).
16. Anonymous, *Arden of Feversham* (1592).
17. William Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1591).
18. William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (1594).
19. William Shakespeare, *Henry IV, Part I* (1597).
20. William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (1602).
21. George Chapman, *Bussy D'Ambois* (1598 ?).
22. Thomas Dekker, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1599 ?).
23. Ben Jonson, *Sejanus* (1603).
24. Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist* (1610).
25. Thomas Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1607).
26. Thomas Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1608).
27. John Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess* (1608).
28. John Webster, *The White Devil* (1611).
29. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy* (1619).
30. Ford and Dekker, *The Witch of Edmonton* (c. 1621).
31. Philip Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (before 1626).
32. John Ford, *The Broken Heart* (1629).
33. James Shirley, *The Cardinal* (acted 1641).
34. William Wycherley, *The Country Wife* (1675).
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36. John Dryden, *Aureng-Zebe* (1676).
37. Sir George Etherege, *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676).
38. Thomas Otway, *Venice Preserv'd* (1682).
39. William Congreve, *The Double Dealer* (1694).
40. John Vanbrugh, *The Provok'd Wife* (1697).
41. Richard Steele, *The Tender Husband* (1705).
42. George Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).
43. Joseph Addison, *Cato* (1713).
44. John Gay, *The Beggar's Opera* (1728).
45. George Lillo, *The London Merchant; or, The History of George Barnwell* (1731).
46. George Lillo, *Fatal Curiosity* (1737).
47. Henry Fielding, *The Universal Gallant* (1735).
48. David Garrick and George Colman the Elder, *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766).
49. Hugh Kelly, *False Delicacy* (1768).
50. Oliver Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773).
51. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, *The Rivals* (1775).
52. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, *The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed* (1781).
53. Samuel Foote, *The Cozeners* (1778).
54. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, *The Lady of Lyons* (1838).
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58. Sir William S. Gilbert, *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871).
59. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899).
60. Stephen Phillips, *Herod* (1900).
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66. George Bernard Shaw, *Heartbreak House* (1917).
67. Israel Zangwill, *The Melting Pot* (1908).
68. John Galsworthy, *Strife* (1909).
69. Lady Gregory, *Seven Short Plays* [One-Act] (1909).
70. John Masefield, *The Tragedy of Nan* (1909).
71. Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, *Milestones* (1912).
72. St. John Ervine, *John Ferguson* (1914).
73. John Drinkwater, *Abraham Lincoln* (1918).
74. W. S. Maugham, *Caesar's Wife* (1919).
75. A. A. Milne, *Mr. Pim Passes By* (1919).

CHAPTER VII
HISTORY
AN INTRODUCTION

I. What Is History?

From biology we learn that the law of Nature which makes her seem "so careful of the type . . . so careless of the single life" is the law of Continuity. "The individual withers,"—to use Tennyson's phrase again—"and the world is more and more." In brute animals continuity is secured by inherited instincts; to these are added in man such monuments of the race as buildings and written records. Man's eagerness to know something of his racial past is satisfied partly by such physical expressions as the great tombs of Egypt and the cathedrals of Europe. It is satisfied more fully by written accounts of the deeds of his forebears and by attempts to explain what these ancestors did as social groups and why they did it. Such records of the race we call history, and the writers who make them are historians. The function of the historian, therefore, is to recount and interpret the life of a social group—a tribe, a nation, a race of men. In the process of his labor he may deal with an individual; whenever his attention becomes focused, however, upon one man, the historian becomes a biographer. Biography records the life of an individual, history that of a social group of individuals. These literary types, as will be shown further in the next chapter, are closely related but are nevertheless distinctive.

Since each generation has its own interests and enthusiasms, each generation will tend, so to speak, to create its own type of historical writing. To take a specific example, a warlike people will be more interested in the records of battles than will a peace-loving, commercial people; racially proud people, again, will inflate in their historical writing the deeds of their ancestors, and will depreciate those of their traditional enemies. Furthermore, the historical records written by and for a primitive people will be simple narratives; in those written by and for a cultivated people the events will be studied not for themselves but as evidence of certain tendencies in the social group presented. This statement will bear a little elaboration. Most primitive histories are chronicles, group journals, so to speak, in which striking events, whether genuinely significant or not, are recorded in the order of their occurrence. In such records there is little discrimination shown in choosing details; the death of a king and the birth of a five-legged calf may be recorded on the same page. Thus the record is a combination of historical and what we should call "news" items. In early historical records, moreover, the interest tends, as it does in epics and ballads, toward the heroic; as a result many heroic episodes are included for their own sakes and without regard to their actual importance in the story of the race.

As man came to think more and to apply his brain as well as his feelings to the records of the past, the events chosen by the historian as worthy of inclusion in his account were selected on some guiding principle. Thus they might all illustrate a national characteristic, or a highly important economic or social change. Such events might be exciting in themselves, but they were not selected because they were exciting. In other words, the selection was based on such principles as that of cause and effect; the historian looked for significant and not merely conspicuous episodes; he arranged his details not in a sequential order alone but in a consequential order; he attempted to reveal historical and social laws operating behind the mass of events; he ceased, in brief, to be a chronicler and became an historian.

The theories and principles which govern the work of the modern historian will be pointed out in some detail in the next section of this introduction. It may be enough to say here that they vary widely with the individual writer and with the audience whom he is addressing. Thus Macaulay, essentially democratic, thought of history as the record in miniature of a people; Carlyle,

essentially aristocratic, thought of it as the record of the leaders of a people. With still more modern historians the people and their leaders sometimes sink alike into the background, and the historian thinks of racial, social, and economic forces at work—human forces, to be sure, but forces which have a curious independence of human control. Such an historian would see in the Trojan War not what the poet saw, but an economic struggle for the control of trade in the Hellespont; he would see in the struggle in the Far East not a series of battles for the possession of certain Chinese ports but local manifestations of a mighty folk migration like that which pushed Rome from her position of power. Such an historian might even see in the deeds of men the doings of mankind; his background would stretch back to the Ice Age and forward into infinity; to him all man's history would be but an episode in the story of the universe; he would treat history geologically and biologically. And so it is that the reader's approach to modern history is thoughtful rather than emotional; most modern historians aim to instruct rather than to thrill; they would expand the mind rather than stir the heart.

II. The Development of Historical Writing in England

The first evidences of written history in England are found in chronicles which were kept either at the court of the king or in a monastery. Entries in the chronicles were made by the year, and were designed not so much to give a complete picture as to recall events in days to come. As the chronicler did not look beyond his own immediate horizon, his work had no perspective. Earthquakes, comets, pestilences, deaths of abbots, and harvests had as ready an access to his leaves as the political history of the kingdom. Gradually historical continuity was established in the record, together with a better historical perspective, but no English chronicle sifted evidence as it must be sifted in history. Until the time of the Renaissance numerous chronicles of the kings had been written in Anglo-Saxon, Latin, French, and Middle English, and though they all reveal vaguely the dominant characteristics of the English, they are pale, objective, fragmentary pictures, which rarely become living likenesses. Gradually the life of the king emerged as a chief topic, together with a narrative of the main events of his reign, but if we wish to become acquainted with the popular consciousness of the time, we must turn to the ballads and romances.

The age of the chronicles may be said to have continued to the Renaissance, for Gildas (sixth century), Nennius (ninth century), Bede (673?–735), Holinshed (?–1580), and Stowe (1525?–1605) all relate the course of events in chronological arrangement without much idea, if any, of historical cause and effect. There stands the event; to the chronicler it is sufficiently interesting in itself without any effort on his part to attach it to precedent or subsequent events. But as chronicler after chronicler went over the same material from the point of view of his time, he could not help emphasizing—perhaps subconsciously—certain recurrent historical formulae and certain dominant racial characteristics. Thus the Stoic reserve of the Anglo-Saxon king who fought alone against Cyneheard is paralleled in *The Last Fight of the Revenge*, while the absolutely practical and simple nature of the ethical and religious inspiration of the Anglo-Saxon may be traced from *Beowulf* or the *Chronicles* through Hakluyt's account of how his cousin told him that they who go down to the sea in ships behold the wonders of the Lord, to Nelson's last entries in his diary before the battle of Trafalgar.

Even before the Renaissance, monastic chroniclers had been affected in style at least by the classical historians of Greece and Rome, but it was not until the Renaissance in the sixteenth century that the significance of the new knowledge so altered the perspective of English scholars that a new era of historical thought began. Literature still devoted itself almost exclusively to drama and poetry, but the time came when Hakluyt felt impelled to record the achievements of the English in maritime explorations and conquest. Though the form he employed was closely allied to the chronicle, and though he made no effort to unify or explain his narrative, we are able to see therein the innate forces which were to

produce the British Empire. During the seventeenth century the Renaissance ideals of individual political and religious liberty developed into a national struggle which ultimately secured political liberty and religious toleration for England. Modern history as we now recognize it was not written until the calm age of criticism which pervaded the eighteenth century. The transitional figure is that of the Earl of Clarendon, who experienced the Great Rebellion as a partisan of the king, and who wrote *The History of the Rebellion* from the Royalist standpoint. Though he was quite biased and did not sift his evidence carefully, Clarendon saw the rebellion from one point of view, and related its history with fair perspective. He saw events clearly, but causes not so clearly, for he lived too near the events which he narrated.

Modern history began in the eighteenth century when philosophy and criticism dominated English thought. Hitherto the chronicler had been content to depict the external aspect of national events, limiting his scene to strictly English affairs. But the sixteenth century had driven the English to foreign conquests, which the eighteenth century consolidated; and while few Englishmen ever became cosmopolitan, yet many had their attitude toward life broadened by foreign travel and culture. It was in this century also that the achievements of the classical historians, Thucydides and Tacitus, began to have a considerable effect upon writers of English history. Their influence was important partly by what they displaced. Herodotus, the delightful chronicler of his travels, and the profoundly moving narrator of the actual and legendary events of the Persian wars, had been read by English university men with as much gusto as Livy, the chronicler of Roman history from its beginnings to his own day; neither had the critical historical sense and the vivid power of expression possessed by Thucydides and Tacitus. Thucydides in his *History of the Peloponnesian War* manifests an acumen in sifting historical evidence, a sense of proportion, and a discernment of cause and effect, which have influenced profoundly English historical methods from the eighteenth century on; while Tacitus in his *Annals* and *Histories* has had a similar influence through his brilliant and searching analysis of the character and motives which determined the actions of the emperors, the governing bodies, the armies, and the mobs of the early Roman Empire.

Among the Englishmen of the eighteenth century who combined with the advantages of a considerable education the broad-mindedness of those who had traveled widely on the Continent and were acquainted with contemporary rationalistic philosophy, Edward Gibbon stood preëminent. Although he had been both an officer of the Hampshire militia and a Member of Parliament, he never involved himself permanently in national service, and as he was financially independent, he was free to spend his life in enlarging his knowledge and giving the results of his research to the world in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. For the first time an English historian devoted the energies of his life to the investigation of a field of foreign history, and did not write merely a narrative of political events, but a philosophical explanation of the causes which produced the events. Gibbon did not chronicle merely the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; he revealed through his history the causes universally at work in human affairs. With Gibbon, therefore, the philosophical school of English history may be said to have come of age, for though earlier in the eighteenth century the philosopher Hume had written a *History of England* in which he had developed his philosophical principles, his history does not compare with that of Gibbon in vision and power, nor has it influenced subsequent historical writing as has *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Of the two revolutions which ushered in the nineteenth century the French Revolution had a more immediate effect upon historical writing than the Industrial Revolution, for philosophical speculation as to the rights of man, coupled with the concrete problems presented by the French crisis, produced many tracts in favor of new forms of government. In the first half of the century, history exhibited the diversification of form which we have noted as occurring in this period in other literary types. The general tendency to specialize may be observed in Macaulay's *History of England*

from the Accession of James II, which, though incomplete, fills six volumes, and which would have covered a period of about one hundred fifty years had Macaulay lived to complete it. A second tendency was a divergence of opinion as to the attitude from which history should be written. Macaulay was both classical and romantic in historical method, for though he narrated the chain of events, his imagination made the events live as vividly as if they were the plot of a novel. Carlyle believed in the biographical aspect of history and in the universal significance of minute facts, as his essays on *History* and *Biography* show.* Consequently Carlyle consciously singles out in his histories individuals, as Macaulay does in his essays. Green reversed Carlyle's process and wrote from the social point of view, making the English people the moving force in their own history. A third general tendency in historical writing was to abandon the narration of individual historical events or periods, and instead to derive a philosophy of history supported by historical evidence. Carlyle had tended in this direction, but Lecky carried the process to its logical conclusion in *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, *The History of Rationalism in Europe*, and *The History of European Morals*. About the same time Buckle completed his *History of Civilization in Europe*. In our own day James Bryce in *The Holy Roman Empire*, *The American Commonwealth*, and *Modern Democracies* showed that the historian could further diversify his work by research as to the influence on the course of history of economics and government. The most recent tendency of historical writing to develop before the World War was the writing of histories on large historical periods through the coöperation of many specialists under a general editor. *The Cambridge Medieval History* and *The Cambridge Modern History* are the outstanding examples of this form.

The second revolution of the nineteenth century—the industrial—gave great impetus not merely to economic research but to scientific research; in this latter field we now associate the names of Darwin, Huxley, Faraday, and Lyell. But, with the exception of Buckle, the new history of the world and of the universe as unfolded by science did not seriously affect the point of view of historians until after the World War. In spite of the profound economic and biological significance of the researches of the men named above, historians continued to consider as their proper field the narration of the political activities of man without much reference to his environment. But the World War completely upset this conception. In the first place, the causes of the war were found to be not merely political, but economic and sociological. The political aspirations of Germany were accentuated by the need of room for economic expansion, and further food fields for her population. In the second place, the war did not employ merely the usual weapons. Artillery, musketry, and bayonets were augmented as weapons of destruction by the latest scientific discoveries, most notable of which was poison gas. In the third place, the war was fought not merely on land and sea, but in the air and under the sea. The result of these considerations was to bring home sharply to historians who had hitherto been trained to look at history as concerned solely with human activities, the necessity for an altered historical perspective which should place the history of man in its proper relation with his natural environment, especially with the newly discovered possibilities for increasing human power by the organization of this environment. Today we realize that we are on the threshold of an era wherein man, to advance, must once more turn to nature, not merely as a producer of food, but as a producer of forms of power necessary to life. Consequently a new phase of historical writing has developed since the World War, for now the historian is either writing a synthesis of the history of man and of his background, the earth, or else an analysis of certain human events in the light of our new scientific knowledge. Of the former class *The Outline of History* by H. G. Wells is the earliest example, while *The Direction of Human Evolution*, by Conklin, and *The Trend of the Race*, by Holmes, represent the latter class.

To forecast the future of historical writing is unsafe, but if we look at the past we note that the guiding principle of all historians

*For an expression of Carlyle's theory of history, see page 495.

has been to understand and interpret life. As century after century has widened the field of knowledge, history has followed, recording faithfully what has occurred. During the nineteenth century the study of special fields threatened to decentralize the type, but in the twentieth century, through Lord Acton's method of uniting many specialists in writing the history of one or more great periods, the balance has been somewhat restored. The combined study of the natural history of this planet with the history of man is sure to bring rich and varied illumination, and, above all, greater historical truth.

III. The Development of Historical Writing in America

For clearness it has seemed best to trace separately the development of history in America, since at first the conditions here differed distinctly from those under which history developed in England. The New England chroniclers lived after the Renaissance and had as highly objective and unified a point of view as Clarendon. Consequently, in the seventeenth century, *The History of the Plymouth Plantation*, by Bradford, and *The Journal* or *History of New England* by Winthrop, both written by early governors of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, have a vigor and clearness which the English chroniclers, in general, lack. During the eighteenth century New England was going through the struggle which England had undergone in the seventeenth century, and it was not until the nineteenth century that significant historical writing was undertaken. J. G. Palfrey, editor of the *North American Review*, wrote a *History of New England*, which consciously embodied the New England point of view, as the histories of Bradford and Winthrop had done unconsciously a century before. McMaster in *The History of the American People* developed the conception of social history more completely than did Green. In his studies of the struggle between France and England for North America Parkman succeeded in combining the pictorial history of an era and a sense of its internal significance. In addition to Motley, the scholarly and classical historian of an era in the history of Holland, and Prescott, the equally scholarly and classical historian of an era of Spanish history, we should name Fiske, who recorded the colonial history of America in a masterly way. The period of American history immediately preceding the World War is best represented by *The History of the United States 1850-1877*, by J. F. Rhodes. Here, for the first time, we find an American history which is written from the historical, economic, and scientific points of view. When we add the vivid *Winning of the West* by Roosevelt, who depicts what he saw, and the revision of New England history by J. T. Adams in the light of the latest historical methods and discoveries, our survey is reasonably complete.*

*The following selections have been chosen to illustrate the development of historical writing in England and America, but no effort has been made to give a complete survey of the type, or to include examples of the most recent histories, as the new type of historical writing is still in the formative stage.

CHAPTER VII

SELECTIONS

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE
A. D. 754-755

NOTE

In certain monasteries of early England were made versions of what is known to us as the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which covers the period of English history from the birth of Christ to 1154 A.D. Until the eighth century its entries contain legendary material, but thereafter it becomes a chronicle of those events which served to make each year memorable to the scribe or his overlord, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. The early part of the *Chronicle* has no historical perspective, for eclipses, comets, earthquakes, building churches, and poor harvests rank as of equal importance with the accession or death of kings, or foreign invasion. But after 755 A.D. the *Chronicle* begins to take on historical perspective. The selection here given for the year 754 A.D. shows a typical chronicle entry, while the year 755 A.D. shows the beginning of an historical sense, for although much of the older chronicle material is jumbled in at the beginning and end of the section, the significance of the murder of the king, and the way it was regarded by his followers, is so brought out as to explain to us vividly many customs which prevailed among the warrior bands of the time.

The style is simple, primitive, repetitious, and awkward, but at times it exhibits an elemental vigor.

754. Here Cuthred departed this life. Cynehard received the bishopric after Hunferth at Winchester. The stronghold of Canterbury burned down in this year. Sigbert, his relative, took possession of the kingdom of the West Saxons. He held it one year.

755. Here Cynewulf took from his kinsman, Sigbert, his kingdom except Hampshire, with the approval of the West-Saxon council, because of his unrighteous deeds. He had held it until he slew the alderman who had dwelt with him longest. Him then Cynewulf drove into the forest of Andred. There he dwelt until a herdsman stabbed him at the river Privett. The herdsman avenged the alderman Cumbra. This Cynewulf often fought great fights with the Welsh. About thirty-one winters after he began his rule he wished to drive out a prince who was named Cynehard. This Cynehard was the brother of Sigbert. When he learned that the King with a small following was visiting a woman at Merton, he rode thither, and came up outside the bower before the men who were with the King discovered him. When the King perceived that, he went to the door and defended himself mightily, until he saw the prince. Then he rushed out upon him, and wounded him severely. They all kept on fighting about the King until they had slain him. Then by the outcries of the woman did the thanes of the King discover the trouble, and thither ran whoever was ready most quickly. The prince offered each of them goods and life, but none of them would accept them, and they fought together until they all lay slain, except one British hostage, who was gravely wounded. Then in the morning the King's thanes who remained behind him heard that the King was slain. They rode thither, his alderman Osric, his thane Wiferth, and the men whom he had formerly left behind him. They came upon the

1. **Here.** Chronicles were usually inscribed on vellum sheets upon which a space was scored off for each year. Frequently the space opposite a year was not used, but when it was, the entry usually began "Here," meaning "in this space, designated for this year." 13. **alderman**, a high official in Anglo-Saxon times. Often he served as viceroy to the king.

27. **bower.** The Anglo-Saxon strongholds consisted generally of a palisade in which was a gate. Within was the hall and about it were ranged the accessory buildings, such as the barns and the women's apartment, or bower. On this occasion the King's men were in the hall. The Prince rode within the palisade and up to the door of the bower, where the King was. When the King was killed, his followers heard the noise and came out of the hall. On the next day the Prince and his followers were besieged within the stockade by the rest of the King's followers, the gates were burst open, and the Prince and his followers were slain. Cf. the feuds in *Beowulf* and the fidelity of the warrior bands to their lords.

prince in the stronghold where the King lay slain, but the gates were locked against them when they got there. Then he offered them their own choice of goods and land, if they would grant him the kingdom, and told them that their kinsmen were with him there and would not leave him. Then said they that no kinsman was dearer to them than their lord, and that they would never follow his slayer. Then bade they their kinsmen to come away unharmed. They replied that the same offer had been made to the companions who formerly were with the King. They said that they put no more trust in this than did your companions who were slain with the King. Then they kept fighting about the gate until they burst therein, slew the prince and all the men who were with him but one, who was the godson of the alderman. He saved his life, though he was often wounded.

This Cynewulf ruled thirty-one winters. His body lies at Winchester, and that of the prince at Axminster. Their father's line goes back to Cerdic. In the same year a man slew Ethelbald, King of Mercia, at Seckington. His body lies at Repdon. Bernred took possession of the kingdom, and held it for a little while, miserably. In the same year Offa took possession of the kingdom, and held it thirty-eight winters. His son Egfer held it one hundred and forty days.

This Offa was the son of Thingferth, Thingferth was the son of Enwulf, Enwulf was the son of Osmod, Osmod was the son of Eawa, Eawa was the son of Pybba, Pybba was the son of Creod, Creod was the son of Cynewald, Cynewald was the son of Cnebba, Cnebba was the son of Icel, Icel was the son of Eomaer, Eomaer was the son of Angeltheow, Angeltheow was the son of Offa, Offa was the son of Wermund, Wermund was the son of Witlag, Witlag was the son of Woden.

4. **Then he**, etc. This passage is vague in style because "they" is used indiscriminately of both parties, but the context is clear. 50. **Woden**. All primitive peoples trace their kings back to their principal god, who for the Anglo-Saxons was Woden.

RICHARD HAKLUYT
(1553-1616)

NOTE

Richard Hakluyt, student, clergyman, and lecturer at Oxford on cosmography, did for the age of Elizabethan voyages of discovery and conquest what Sir Thomas Malory did for the age of chivalry. Although he was not a participant in the adventures which he compiled, yet he was actuated by admiration for the bold discoverers, and for the glory which they brought to England. Many voyages are not recorded in his words but in those of the voyagers, yet the principle which guided him in gathering the narratives is evident in his preface. This prose epic of the age of discovery thrills us because of the deeds done, not because we learn the motives back of them. These the reader must discover for himself, and it is not difficult to discern a continuation of the Anglo-Saxon ideas which were first revealed in *Beowulf*. Hakluyt's *Voyages* is the raw stuff of which history is made; in spite of the crabbed style we can trace in these narratives the love of adventure, the search for El Dorado, the loyalty to England, the determination to meet the unknown, and the profound religious faith of these adventurers. The account of the death of Sir Richard Grenville will bear comparison with that of the death of Beowulf or of Nelson. They were men of the same stock and spirit.

The two accounts here given are of the last fight of the English ship *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Raleigh, and an explorer, against a Spanish fleet of overwhelming odds; and of Drake's voyage in 1578-1580 around Cape Horn and up the coast of South America, where he plundered the Spanish ports, to some point on the coast of California, where he overhauled his ship, and whence he sailed home across the Pacific, circumnavigating the globe.

*THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE IN THE FIRST EDITION, 1589

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT, PRINCIPAL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MOST HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

RIGHT HONORABLE: I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit

*The title of the book from which this is taken is *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation, Made by Sea or Over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at Any Time Within the Compass of These* 1500 *Years*. (*Traffic* here means "commerce.")

53. **Westminster**, a London public school connected with Westminster Abbey. It was given its present organization by Queen Elizabeth.

the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map. He, seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance, by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter, and better distribution, into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities, and particular wants, which, by the benefit of traffic, and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied. From the map he brought me to the Bible and, turning to the 107th Psalm, directed me to the 23d and 24th verses, where I read that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep, etc. Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the University, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed, maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation. By which means having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with Sir Edward Stafford, her Majesty's careful and discreet Ligier, where during my five years' abode with him in his dangerous and chargeable residence in her Highness's service, I both heard in speech and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned; which singular opportunity, if some other people our neighbors had been blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement, they would far otherwise have used. . . . Thus both hearing and reading the obloquy of our nation, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein, and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labors and painful travels of our countrymen — for stopping the mouths of the reproachers — myself being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined, notwithstanding all difficulties, to undertake the burden of that work wherein all others pretended

2. **Middle Temple**, one of the London Inns of Court, which are legal societies and law schools. 5. **cosmography**, the description of the world, or study of the nature of the universe. 9. **the division of the earth into three parts.** Before the discovery of the Americas, maps depicted only Europe, Asia, and Africa. 25. **occupy by**, do business in. 28. **prophet.** David was considered by the Middle Ages to be a prophet of the Old Testament. 42. **Christ Church**, one of the colleges at Oxford.

49. **my public lectures.** Hakluyt lectured on cosmography at Oxford. 67. **Ligier**, resident ambassador. 69. **chargeable**, burdensome.

either ignorance or lack of leisure or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speak truly) the huge toil and the small profit to ensue were the chief causes of the refusal. I call the work a burden, in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in several hucksters' hands that I now wonder at myself to see how I was able to endure the delays, curiosity, and backwardness of many from whom I was to receive my originals; so that I have just cause to make that complaint of the maliciousness of divers in our time, which Pliny made of the men of his age: *At nos elaborata iis abscondere atque supprimere cupimus, et fraudare vitam etiam alienis bonis*, etc.

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve. It cannot be denied but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers-abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian Sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw before this regiment an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? Who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis, in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara? And which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? What English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, farther than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas, and the Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Santa Helena, and, last of all, return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done? . . .

Now whereas I have always noted your wisdom to have had a special care of the honor of her Majesty, the good reputation of our country, and the advancing of navigation, the very walls of this our island, as the oracle is reported to have spoken of the sea forces of Athens; and whereas I acknowledge in all dutiful sort how honorably both by your letter and speech I have been animated in this and other my travels, I see myself bound to make presentment of this work to yourself, as the fruits of your own encouragements, and the manifestation both of my unfeigned service to my prince and country, and of my particular duty to your honor. Which I have done with the less suspicion either of not satisfying the world or of not answering your own expectation, in that, according to your order, it hath passed the sight and partly also the censure of the learned physician, Mr. Doctor James, a man many ways very notably qualified.

And thus beseeching God, the giver of all true honor and wisdom, to increase both these blessings in you, with continuance of health, strength, happiness, and whatsoever good thing else yourself can wish, I humbly take my leave. London the 17th of November.

Your Honor's most humble always to be commanded,

Richard Hakluyt.

16. **At nos**, etc., "but we desire to make away with and suppress what has been achieved by them, and to cheat life even out of the glories of others." 42. **regiment**, reign. 43. **Grand Signor**, Sultan of Turkey. 47-48. **Balsara** (Bulsar), **Goa**, ports on the west coast of India. 51. **Plate**, a South American river in the Argentine.

54. **Nova Hispania**, New Spain, i.e., Mexico. 57. **Luzones**, islands of the Malay Archipelago. 61. **Bona Speranza**, Good Hope. Magellan had made this voyage in 1521. 62. **Santa Helena**, St. Helena, an island off the west coast of Africa. 72. **oracle**. In 490 B. C., when the Athenians expected an attack from Persia, the Delphic oracle told them that "the wooden wall" (the fleet) would preserve them (Herodotus VII, 141).

From THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES, THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE REVENGE, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN. PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

Because the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth; that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville, and other her Majesty's captains, with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, avisos, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight being performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages, in print, great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm; and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together; even from the Lizard in Cornwall first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Cales, where they lost Hugo de Moncado, with the galleons of which he was captain, and from Cales, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their barbarous religion, hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy unresistable, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours; or ever burned so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake, with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies, and forced Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the forts of Florida.

And after that Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal, with

5. **Armada**, a fleet of warships. 25. **avisos**, notices.

43, 44, 56. **argosies, caracks, galleons**, large medieval ships, usually merchantmen. 54. **Cales**, Calais. 57. **squibs**, fire ships; usually fireworks. 85. **bark, pinnace**, small sailing ships.

a handful of soldiers, to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles; where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, finding neither promised party, nor provision to batter, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town, always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation; and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof, our ships being all pestered and rummaging, everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased, in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral; the *Revenge*, vice-admiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Cross; the *Lion* by George Fenner; the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his coun-

7. **party**, reënforcements. 8. **batter**, make a breach in the walls. 28-30. **Indian . . . Brazil fleet**, Spanish merchantmen trading with the Spanish colonies. 36. **victualers**, supply ships.

57. **pestered and rummaging**, upset and disarranged. 96. **persuaded**, advised. 97. **cast**, turn.

try, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him and coming toward him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons; who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscayans*, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers—in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than

7. **sprang their luff**, beat into the wind. 20. **high carged**, heavily laden. 22. **laid . . . aboard**, placed alongside. 31. **chase**, chase guns, placed either at the bow or stern of a vessel, to be used when pursuing or pursued.

76. **admiral of the hulks**, flagship of the large ships. 89-90. **as he was dressing**, as his wounds were being dressed.

two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast; a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defense. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto

8. **composition**, settlement of hostilities. 17. **bearing with**, sailing near.

77. **condescended**, agreed. 78. **the captain**, in command of the *Revenge* under Grenville. 79. **the master**, the navigating officer. 82. **entertain a composition**, make an agreement.

him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bazan*. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bazan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swounded, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London. . . . .

13. **galley**, i. e., working at the oar of a galley, as prisoners of war often did. 44. **swounded**, fainted.

From DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

*THE COURSE WHICH SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HELD FROM THE HAVEN OF GUATULCO IN THE SOUTH SEA ON THE BACK SIDE OF NUEVA ESPANNA, TO THE NORTH-WEST OF CALIFORNIA AS FAR AS FORTY-THREE DEGREES; AND HIS RETURN BACK ALONG THE SAID COAST TO THIRTY-EIGHT DEGREES; WHERE FINDING A FAIR AND GOODLY HAVEN, HE LANDED, AND STAYING THERE MANY WEEKS, AND DISCOVERING MANY EXCELLENT THINGS IN THE COUNTRY AND GREAT SHOW OF RICH MINERAL MATTER, AND BEING OFFERED THE DOMINION OF THE COUNTRY BY THE LORD OF THE SAME, HE TOOK POSSESSION THEREOF IN THE BEHALF OF HER MAJESTY, AND NAMED IT NOVA ALBION.

We kept our course from the Isle of Cano (which lieth in eight degrees of northerly latitude, and within two leagues of the main of Nicaragua, where we calked and trimmed our ship) along the coast of Nueva Espanna, until we came to the haven and town of Guatulco, which (as we were informed) had but seventeen Spaniards dwelling in it, and we found it to stand in fifteen degrees and fifty minutes.

As soon as we were entered this haven

*The course, etc. From its account of Indians, gold plate, and the wonderful country of California, Drake's voyage seems like the dream of some Celtic hero back in the days of Cuchulain, but its clear-eyed, dogged determination is like that of Beowulf. **Guatulco**, a port on the western coast of Mexico. **Nueva Espanna**, i. e., New Spain, Mexico. **Nova Albion**, New England. The name did not become permanent. 66. **Cano**, off the southwest coast of Costa Rica.

we landed, and went presently to the town, and to the town-house, where we found a judge sitting in judgment, he being associate with three other officers, upon three Negroes that had conspired the burning of the town; both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town, to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town, and in one house we found a pot of the quantity of a bushel full of royals of plate, which we brought to our ship.

And here one Thomas Moone, one of our compary, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town, and searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which we took and so let him go.

At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot, which he took at the Island of Cape Verde, out of a ship of Saint Marie port of Portugal, and having set them ashore, we departed thence.

Our General at this place and time thinking himself both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and Prince in general, sufficiently satisfied, and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coasts, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the straits, for two special causes: the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait, and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the straits of the south side, with continual storms raining and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, wherefore he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the Moluccas, and therehence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Bona Speranza.

Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way for the Moluccas, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be enforced to take a Spanish course, namely to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail, and sailed eight hundred leagues at the least for a good wind, and thus much we sailed from the sixteenth of April after our old style till the third of June.

The fifth day of June, being in forty-three degrees toward the pole arctic, being speedily come out of the extreme heat, we found the air so cold that our men, being pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us, whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, and we drew back again without landing, till we came within thirty-eight degrees toward the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same.

In this bay we anchored the seventeenth of June, and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water-side, showed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our General.

When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things which we brought, but our General (according to his natural and accustomed humanity) courteously entreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent unto our General were feathers, and cals of network.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the utter-

11. **avoid**, go away. 15. **royals of plate**, coins worth about ten shillings each; *plate* means precious metal, usually silver.

101. **cals** (cauls), network coverings for the **head**, especially for women.

most brims of the circle clifts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their bed is the ground with rushes strewed on it, and lying about the house, they have the fire in the midst. The men go naked; the women take bulrushes and comb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill (at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents) they stayed themselves, where one, appointed for speaker, wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women, remaining on the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our General, with his company, went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us they restored again unto us those things which before we had bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the King himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General, to signify that their King was coming, in doing of which message their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their King, as a token that his coming might be in peace; wherein our General having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their King, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner, and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the forefront was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the scepter, or mace, before the King, whereupon hanged two crowns, a lesser and a bigger, with three chains of a marvelous length. The crowns were made of knit work wrought artificially with feathers of divers colors; the chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them—and of that number, also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, etc. Next unto him which bare the scepter was the King himself, with his guard about his person, clad with cony skins and other skins; after them followed the naked common sort of people, everyone having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or other for a present—not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our General gathered his men together and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order, and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the scepter before the King, being informed by another whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spake to him in secret, continuing half an hour; which ended and a general amen, as it were, given, the King, with the whole number of men and women (the children excepted), came down without any weapon, who, descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order.

In coming toward our bulwarks and tents the scepter-bearer began a song,

74. **stinted**, restricted as to the number of chains which they might wear. 78. **cony**, rabbit.

observing his measures in a dance, and that with a stately countenance, whom the King with his guard, and every degree of persons following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The General permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our General to sit down, to whom the King and divers others made several orations, or rather supplication, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which to persuade us the better, the King and the rest, with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered unto him many other things, honoring him by the name of Hioh, adding thereunto as it seemed a sign of triumph; which thing our General thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of her Majesty, he took the scepter, crown and dignity of the said country, in his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of the people, leaving the King and his guard with our General, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy (which were the youngest), they, inclosing them about, offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upward to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They showed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices unto us, until they understood our meaning—that we had no pleasure in them; yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us that, being absent, we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our General with his company traveled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by a thousand in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want, and the tail of a rat, being of great length; under her chin on either side a bag, into the which she gathereth her meat when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies, and make great account of their skins, for their King's coat was made of them.

Our General called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one, in respect of the white banks and cliffs which lie toward the sea; and the other, because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called.

There is no part of earth here to be taken up wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our General set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same; namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the

83. want, mole.

free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness's picture and arms, in a piece of sixpence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our General.

It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country; neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southward of this place. (1598-1600)

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)

NOTE

Until the production of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776-1788) England had no historian of first rank. Gibbon had been preceded by a series of chronicle and memoir-writers, but few Englishmen, except Bacon and Milton, had a knowledge of what the Greeks and Romans had effected in history sufficient to guide them in historical research and literary production. The life of Edward Gibbon was singularly suitable for his avocation. No financial stringency deflected him from his studies. His social position was secure, and he knew the leaders of thought and society in England and on the Continent. Travel expanded and vivified his learning, while military training as a captain in the Hampshire militia, and governmental training as a Member of Parliament for a term or two, gave him an insight into the considerations which dominate men in peace and in war. He was cosmopolitan in habit and thought, for after his father's death he spent most of his time on the Continent, at Lausanne, while his youthful conversion to Catholicism and subsequent reconversion to Protestantism killed in him faithful adherence to any one religious sect. Then, too, a stern father had forbidden him to marry Mlle. Curchod, whom he met when he was traveling abroad as a young man, and he never again expressed freely his feelings of affection, except in friendship with a few men of the day, chief among whom was Lord Sheffield.

All his activity went into his great history. How he determined upon the subject in 1764, while looking at dusk upon the Roman Forum, is well known. For two years he could not get to work, and thereafter it was ten years before the first volume appeared, in 1776; the second followed in 1781, and the third in 1788. Profoundly influenced by the rationalism of contemporary French philosophy, Gibbon sought to interpret the causes governing the vicissitudes of human government by using as a measure the decline and fall of the Roman empire. In a style of lucid and majestic grandeur, Gibbon unfolds not merely the panorama of historical events, but what he thinks are the universal causes back of them. The present selection is noteworthy for its comparison of an evil and a good emperor, with the accompanying revelation of the inability or unwillingness of men to discern and follow the dictates of wisdom and goodness. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher emperor who reigned from 161 to 180 A.D., perceived neither the immorality of his consort, Faustina, nor the fatal weaknesses of character in his son, Commodus. The wretched boy, who might have been disciplined into a modicum of decency, dashed himself to pieces as emperor in twelve years of barbarous excess (180-192 A. D.). But when the Roman people and the Praetorian Guard were relieved of their oppressor and had hope of an enlightened government under the aged and virtuous Pertinax, the lust for power made them impatient of any governmental restraint, and they murdered him within three months—an obvious reflection upon the wisdom of the citizens and the Praetorian Guard.

It is interesting to observe that in Gibbon the native characteristics of the Englishman are sharpened and intellectualized by contact with continental, especially Gallic, thought. Instead of the comparatively stern, simple statements about life which appear in earlier English historical writing, Gibbon presents us with such brilliant and penetrating observations as the following on the futility of the effort spent by Marcus Aurelius to educate Commodus: "But the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous. The distasteful lesson of a grave philosopher was, in a moment, obliterated by the whisper of a profligate favorite. . . ."

FROM THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

CHAPTER IV

THE CRUELTY, FOLLIES, AND MURDER OF COMMODUS—ELECTION OF PERTINAX—HIS ATTEMPTS TO REFORM THE STATE—HIS ASSASSINATION BY THE PRAETORIAN GUARDS

The mildness of Marcus, which the rigid discipline of the Stoics was unable to eradicate, formed, at the same time, the most amiable, and the only defective, part of his character. His excellent understanding was often deceived by the unsuspecting goodness of his heart. Artful men, who study the passions of princes and conceal their own, approached his person in the disguise of philosophic sanctity, and acquired riches and honors by affecting to despise them. His excessive indulgence to his brother, his wife, and his son exceeded the bounds

of private virtue, and became a public injury, by the example and consequences of their vices.

Faustina, the daughter of Pius and the wife of Marcus, has been as much celebrated for her gallantries as for her beauty. The grave simplicity of the philosopher was ill calculated to engage her wanton levity, or to fix that unbounded passion for variety which often discovered personal merit in the meanest of mankind. The Cupid of the ancients was, in general, a very sensual deity; and the amours of an empress, as they exact on her side the plainest advances, are seldom susceptible of much sentimental delicacy. Marcus was the only man in the empire who seemed ignorant or insensible of the irregularities of Faustina; which, according to the prejudices of every age, reflected some disgrace on the injured husband. He promoted several of her lovers to posts of honor and profit, and, during a connection of thirty years, invariably gave her proofs of the most tender confidence, and of a respect which ended not with her life. In his *Meditations* he thanks the gods, who had bestowed on him a wife so faithful, so gentle, and of such a wonderful simplicity of manners. The obsequious senate, at his earnest request, declared her a goddess. She was represented, in her temples, with the attributes of Juno, Venus, and Ceres; and it was decreed that, on the day of their nuptials, the youth of either sex should pay their vows before the altar of their chaste patroness.

The monstrous vices of the son have cast a shade on the purity of the father's virtues. It has been objected to Marcus, that he sacrificed the happiness of millions to a fond partiality for a worthless boy; and that he chose a successor in his own family rather than in the republic. Nothing, however, was neglected by the anxious father, and by the men of virtue and learning whom he summoned to his assistance, to expand the narrow mind of young Commodus, to correct his growing vices, and to render him worthy of the throne for which he was designed. But the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous. The distasteful lesson of a grave philosopher was, in a moment, obliterated by the whisper of a profligate favorite; and Marcus himself blasted the fruits of this labored education by admitting his son, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to a full participation of the Imperial power. He lived but four years afterwards; but he lived long enough to repent a rash measure which raised the impetuous youth above the restraint of reason and authority.

Most of the crimes which disturb the internal peace of society are produced by the restraints which the necessary, but unequal, laws of property have imposed on the appetites of mankind, by confining to a few the possession of those objects that are coveted by many. Of all our passions and appetites the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom supplied by those of humanity. The ardor of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity. From such motives almost every page of history has been stained with civil blood; but these motives will not account for the unprovoked cruelties of Commodus, who had nothing to wish, and everything to enjoy. The beloved son of Marcus succeeded to his father amidst the acclamations of the senate and armies; and when he ascended the throne, the happy youth saw round him neither competitor to remove nor enemies to punish. In this calm, elevated station it was surely natural that he should prefer the love of mankind to their detestation, the mild glories of

4. **Pius**, Antoninus Pius, emperor from 138 to 161 A. D. 29. **Meditations**, a book of reflections written by the emperor.

his five predecessors to the ignominious fate of Nero and Domitian.

Yet Commodus was not, as he has been represented, a tiger born with an insatiate thirst of human blood, and capable, from his infancy, of the most inhuman actions. Nature had formed him of a weak, rather than a wicked, disposition. His simplicity and timidity rendered him the slave of his attendants, who gradually corrupted his mind. His cruelty, which at first obeyed the dictates of others, degenerated into habit, and at length became the ruling passion of his soul.

Upon the death of his father Commodus found himself embarrassed with the command of a great army, and the conduct of a difficult war against the Quadi and Marcomanni. The servile and profligate youths whom Marcus had banished soon regained their station and influence about the new emperor. They exaggerated the hardships and dangers of a campaign in the wild countries beyond the Danube; and they assured the indolent prince that the terror of his name and the arms of his lieutenants would be sufficient to complete the conquest of the dismayed barbarians, or to impose such conditions as were more advantageous than any conquest. By a dexterous application to his sensual appetites, they compared the tranquillity, the splendor, the refined pleasures of Rome with the tumult of a Pannonian camp, which afforded neither leisure nor materials for luxury. Commodus listened to the pleasing advice; but whilst he hesitated between his own inclination and the awe which he still retained for his father's counselors, the summer insensibly elapsed, and his triumphal entry into the capital was deferred till the autumn. His graceful person, popular address, and imagined virtues attracted the public favor; the honorable peace which he had recently granted to the barbarians diffused an universal joy; his impatience to revisit Rome was fondly ascribed to the love of his country; and his dissolute course of amusements was faintly condemned in a prince of nineteen years of age.

During the three first years of his reign the forms, and even the spirit, of the old administration were maintained by those faithful counselors, to whom Marcus had recommended his son, and for whose wisdom and integrity Commodus still entertained a reluctant esteem. The young prince and his profligate favorites reveled in all the license of sovereign power; but his hands were yet unstained with blood; and he had even displayed a generosity of sentiment, which might perhaps have ripened into solid virtue. A fatal incident decided his fluctuating character.

One evening, as the Emperor was returning to the palace through a dark and narrow portico in the amphitheater, an assassin, who waited his passage, rushed upon him with a drawn sword, loudly exclaiming, *The senate sends you this.* The menace prevented the deed; the assassin was seized by the guards, and immediately revealed the authors of the conspiracy. It had been formed, not in the state, but within the walls of the palace. Lucilla, the Emperor's sister, and widow of Lucius Verus, impatient of the second rank, and jealous of the reigning Empress, had armed the murderer against her brother's life. She had not ventured to communicate the black design to her second husband, Claudius Pompeianus, a senator of distinguished merit and unshaken loyalty; but among the crowd of her lovers (for she imitated the manners of Faustina) she found men of desperate fortunes and wild ambition, who were prepared to serve her more violent as well as her tender passions. The conspirators experienced the rigor of justice, and the abandoned princess was punished, first with exile, and afterwards with death.

But the words of the assassin sank deep into the mind of Commodus, and left an indelible impression of fear and hatred against the whole body of the

2. **Nero and Domitian.** Nero committed suicide when the Senate condemned him to death. Domitian was stabbed as the result of a plot concocted by his household and military staff. 19. **Quadi and Marcomanni.** Teutonic tribes dwelling north of the Danube. 36. **Pannonian.** Pannonia was a Roman province south of the Danube.

senate. Those whom he had dreaded as importunate ministers he now suspected as secret enemies. The delators, a race of men discouraged, and almost extinguished, under the former reigns, again became formidable as soon as they discovered that the Emperor was desirous of finding disaffection and treason in the senate. That assembly, whom Marcus had ever considered as the great council of the nation, was composed of the most distinguished of the Romans; and distinction of every kind soon became criminal. The possession of wealth stimulated the diligence of the informers; rigid virtue implied a tacit censure of the irregularities of Commodus; important services implied a dangerous superiority of merit; and the friendship of the father always insured the aversion of the son. Suspicion was equivalent to proof; trial to condemnation. The execution of a considerable senator was attended with the death of all who might lament or revenge his fate; and when Commodus had once tasted human blood, he became incapable of pity or remorse.

Of these innocent victims of tyranny none died more lamented than the two brothers of the Quintilian family, Maximus and Condianus, whose fraternal love has saved their names from oblivion, and endeared their memory to posterity. Their studies and their occupations, their pursuits and their pleasures, were still the same. In the enjoyment of a great estate they never admitted the idea of a separate interest: some fragments are now extant of a treatise which they composed in common; and in every action of life it was observed that their two bodies were animated by one soul. The Antonines, who valued their virtues and delighted in their union, raised them, in the same year, to the consulship; and Marcus afterwards intrusted to their joint care the civil administration of Greece, and a great military command, in which they obtained a signal victory over the Germans. The kind cruelty of Commodus united them in death.

The tyrant's rage, after having shed the noblest blood of the senate, at length recoiled on the principal instrument of his cruelty. Whilst Commodus was immersed in blood and luxury, he devolved the detail of the public business on Perennis, a servile and ambitious minister, who had obtained his post by the murder of his predecessor, but who possessed a considerable share of vigor and ability. By acts of extortion, and the forfeited estates of the nobles sacrificed to his avarice, he had accumulated an immense treasure. The Praetorian guards were under his immediate command; and his son, who already discovered a military genius, was at the head of the Illyrian legions. Perennis aspired to the empire; or what, in the eyes of Commodus, amounted to the same crime, he was capable of aspiring to it, had he not been prevented, surprised, and put to death. The fall of a minister is a very trifling incident in the general history of the empire; but it was hastened by an extraordinary circumstance, which proved how much the nerves of discipline were already relaxed. The legions of Britain, discontented with the administration of Perennis, formed a deputation of fifteen hundred select men, with instructions to march to Rome, and lay their complaints before the Emperor. These military petitioners, by their own determined behavior, by inflaming the divisions of the guards, by exaggerating the strength of the British army, and by alarming the fears of Commodus, exacted and obtained the minister's death, as the only redress of their grievances. This presumption of a distant army, and their discovery of the weakness of government, was a sure presage of the most dreadful convulsions.

The negligence of the public administration was betrayed soon afterwards by a new disorder, which arose from

3. **delators**, imperial spies. 44. **Antonines**, the emperors Antoninus Pius, who reigned from 138 to 161 A. D., and his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

68. **Praetorian guards**, the guards of the Roman emperor. They frequently made and unmade emperors. Constantine disbanded them in 312 A.D.

the smallest beginnings. A spirit of desertion began to prevail among the troops, and the deserters, instead of seeking their safety in flight or concealment, infested the highways. Maternus, a private soldier, of a daring boldness above his station, collected these bands of robbers into a little army, set open the prisons, invited the slaves to assert their freedom, and plundered with impunity the rich and defenseless cities of Gaul and Spain. The governors of the provinces, who had long been the spectators, and perhaps the partners, of his depredations, were, at length, roused from their supine indolence by the threatening commands of the Emperor. Maternus found that he was encompassed, and foresaw that he must be overpowered. A great effort of despair was his last resource. He ordered his followers to disperse, to pass the Alps in small parties and various disguises, and to assemble at Rome, during the licentious tumult of the festival of Cybele. To murder Commodus, and to ascend the vacant throne, was the ambition of no vulgar robber. His measures were so ably concerted that his concealed troops already filled the streets of Rome. The envy of an accomplice discovered and ruined this singular enterprise in the moment when it was ripe for execution.

Suspicious princes often promote the last of mankind, from a vain persuasion that those who have no dependence except on their favor will have no attachment except to the person of their benefactor. Cleander, the successor of Perennis, was a Phrygian by birth; of a nation, over whose stubborn but servile temper blows only could prevail. He had been sent from his native country to Rome, in the capacity of a slave. As a slave he entered the imperial palace, rendered himself useful to his master's passions, and rapidly ascended to the most exalted station which a subject could enjoy. His influence over the mind of Commodus was much greater than that of his predecessor; for Cleander was devoid of any ability or virtue which could inspire the Emperor with envy or distrust. Avarice was the reigning passion of his soul, and the great principle of his administration. The rank of consul, of patrician, of senator, was exposed to public sale; and it would have been considered as disaffection if anyone had refused to purchase these empty and disgraceful honors with the greatest part of his fortune. In the lucrative provincial employments the minister shared with the governor the spoils of the people. The execution of the laws was venal and arbitrary. A wealthy criminal might obtain not only the reversal of the sentence by which he was justly condemned, but might likewise inflict whatever punishment he pleased on the accuser, the witnesses, and the judge.

By these means Cleander, in the space of three years, had accumulated more wealth than had ever yet been possessed by any freedman. Commodus was perfectly satisfied with the magnificent presents which the artful courtier laid at his feet in the most seasonable moments. To divert the public envy, Cleander, under the Emperor's name, erected baths, porticoes, and places of exercise, for the use of the people. He flattered himself that the Romans, dazzled and amused by this apparent liberality, would be less affected by the bloody scenes which were daily exhibited; that they would forget the death of Byrrhus, a senator to whose superior merit the late Emperor had granted one of his daughters; and that they would forgive the execution of Arrius Antoninus, the last representative of the name and virtues of the Antonines. The former, with more integrity than prudence, had attempted to disclose

25. **festival of Cybele.** During the Second Punic War the Romans imported from Asia the worship of the mother of the gods. Her festival, the Megalesia, began on the fourth of April, and lasted six days. The streets were crowded with mad processions, the theaters with spectators, and the public tables with unbidden guests. Order and police were suspended, and pleasure was the only serious business of the city. [Gibbon's note.]

58. **consul**, one of the two joint chief magistrates of the Roman republic and empire. The term of office was usually one year. **patrician**, belonging to the class of nobles. 59. **senator.** Until this time, membership in the Roman Senate was open only to men of noble birth.

to his brother-in-law the true character of Cleander. An equitable sentence pronounced by the latter, when proconsul of Asia, against a worthless creature of the favorite, proved fatal to him. After the fall of Perennis the terrors of Commodus had, for a short time, assumed the appearance of a return to virtue. He repealed the most odious of his acts, loaded his memory with the public execration, and ascribed to the pernicious counsels of that wicked minister all the errors of his inexperienced youth. But his repentance lasted only thirty days; and, under Cleander's tyranny, the administration of Perennis was often regretted.

Pestilence and famine contributed to fill up the measure of the calamities of Rome. The first could only be imputed to the just indignation of the gods; but a monopoly of corn, supported by the riches and power of the minister, was considered as the immediate cause of the second. The popular discontent, after it had long circulated in whispers, broke out in the assembled circus. The people quitted their favorite amusements for the more delicious pleasure of revenge, rushed in crowds toward a palace in the suburbs, one of the Emperor's retirements, and demanded, with angry clamors, the head of the public enemy. Cleander, who commanded the Praetorian guards, ordered a body of cavalry to sally forth and disperse the seditious multitude. The multitude fled with precipitation toward the city; several were slain, and many more were trampled to death; but when the cavalry entered the streets their pursuit was checked by a shower of stones and darts from the roofs and windows of the houses. The foot guards, who had been long jealous of the prerogatives and insolence of the Praetorian cavalry, embraced the party of the people. The tumult became a regular engagement, and threatened a general massacre. The Praetorians at length gave way, oppressed with numbers; and the tide of popular fury returned with redoubled violence against the gates of the palace, where Commodus lay dissolved in luxury, and alone unconscious of the civil war. It was death to approach his person with the unwelcome news. He would have perished in this supine security had not two women, his eldest sister, Fadilla, and Marcia, the most favored of his concubines, ventured to break into his presence. Bathed in tears, and with disheveled hair, they threw themselves at his feet, and, with all the pressing eloquence of fear, discovered to the affrighted Emperor the crimes of the minister, the rage of the people, and the impending ruin which in a few minutes would burst over his palace and person. Commodus started from his dream of pleasure, and commanded that the head of Cleander should be thrown out to the people. The desired spectacle instantly appeased the tumult; and the son of Marcus might even yet have regained the affection and confidence of his subjects.

But every sentiment of virtue and humanity was extinct in the mind of Commodus. Whilst he thus abandoned the reins of empire to these unworthy favorites, he valued nothing in sovereign power except the unbounded license of indulging his sensual appetites. . . . The ancient historians have expatiated on these abandoned scenes of prostitution, which scorned every restraint of nature or modesty; but it would not be easy to translate their too faithful descriptions into the decency of modern language. The intervals of lust were filled up with the basest amusements. The influence of a polite age and the labor of an attentive education had never been able to infuse into his rude and brutish mind the least tincture of learning; and he was the first of the Roman emperors totally devoid of taste for the pleasures of the understanding. Nero himself excelled, or affected to excel, in the elegant arts of music and poetry; nor should we despise his pursuits, had he not converted the pleasing relaxation of a leisure hour into the serious busi-

18. **Pestilence and famine.** Dion says that two thousand persons died every day at Rome, during a considerable length of time. [Gibbon's note.]

ness and ambition of his life. But Commodus, from his earliest infancy, discovered an aversion to whatever was rational or liberal, and a fond attachment to the amusements of the populace—the sports of the circus and amphitheater, the combats of gladiators, and the hunting of wild beasts. The masters in every branch of learning, whom Marcus provided for his son, were heard with inattention and disgust; whilst the Moors and Parthians, who taught him to dart the javelin and to shoot with the bow, found a disciple who delighted in his application, and soon equaled the most skillful of his instructors in the steadiness of the eve and the dexterity of the hand.

The servile crowd, whose fortune depended on their master's vices, applauded these ignoble pursuits. The perfidious voice of flattery reminded him that, by exploits of the same nature, by the defeat of the Nemean lion, and the slaughter of the wild boar of Erymanthus, the Grecian Hercules had acquired a place among the gods, and an immortal memory among men. They only forgot to observe that, in the first ages of society, when the fiercer animals often dispute with man the possession of an unsettled country, a successful war against those savages is one of the most innocent and beneficial labors of heroism. In the civilized state of the Roman empire the wild beasts had long since retired from the face of man and the neighborhood of populous cities. To surprise them in their solitary haunts, and to transport them to Rome, that they might be slain in pomp by the hand of an emperor, was an enterprise equally ridiculous for the prince and oppressive for the people. Ignorant of these distinctions, Commodus eagerly embraced the glorious resemblance, and styled himself (as we still read on his medals) the *Roman Hercules*. The club and the lion's hide were placed by the side of the throne amongst the ensigns of sovereignty; and statues were erected, in which Commodus was represented in the character and with the attributes of the god whose valor and dexterity he endeavored to emulate in the daily course of his ferocious amusements.

Elated with these praises, which gradually extinguished the innate sense of shame, Commodus resolved to exhibit, before the eyes of the Roman people, those exercises which till then he had decently confined within the walls of his palace and to the presence of a few favorites. On the appointed day the various motives of flattery, fear, and curiosity attracted to the amphitheater an innumerable multitude of spectators; and some degree of applause was deservedly bestowed on the uncommon skill of the Imperial performer. Whether he aimed at the head or heart of the animal, the wound was alike certain and mortal. With arrows, whose point was shaped into the form of a crescent, Commodus often intercepted the rapid career and cut asunder the long bony neck of the ostrich. A panther was let loose; and the archer waited till he had leaped upon a trembling malefactor. In the same instant the shaft flew, the beast dropped dead, and the man remained unhurt. The dens of the amphitheater disgorged at once a hundred lions; a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the arena. Neither the huge bulk of the elephant nor the scaly hide of the rhinoceros could defend them from his stroke. Ethiopia and India yielded their most extraordinary productions; and several animals were slain in the amphitheater which had been seen only in the representations of art, or perhaps of fancy. In all these exhibitions, the surest precautions were used to protect the person of the Roman Hercules from the desperate spring of any savage who might possibly disregard the dignity of the Emperor and the sanctity of the god.

But the meanest of the populace were affected with shame and indignation, when they beheld their sovereign enter the lists as a gladiator, and glory in a profession which the laws and manners of the Romans had branded with the justest note of infamy. He chose the

habit and arms of the *Secutor*, whose combat with the *Retiarius* formed one of the most lively scenes in the bloody sports of the amphitheater. The *Secutor* was armed with a helmet, sword, and buckler; his naked antagonist had only a large net and a trident; with the one he endeavored to entangle, with the other to dispatch, his enemy. If he missed the first throw he was obliged to fly from the pursuit of the *Secutor* till he had prepared his net for a second cast. The Emperor fought in this character seven hundred and thirty-five several times. These glorious achievements were carefully recorded in the public acts of the empire; and, that he might omit no circumstance of infamy, he received from the common fund of gladiators a stipend so exorbitant that it became a new and most ignominious tax upon the Roman people. It may be easily supposed that in these engagements the master of the world was always successful; in the amphitheater his victories were not often sanguinary; but when he exercised his skill in the school of gladiators, or his own palace, his wretched antagonists were frequently honored with a mortal wound from the hand of Commodus, and obliged to seal their flattery with their blood. He now disdained the appellation of Hercules. The name of Paulus, a celebrated Secutor, was the only one which delighted his ear. It was inscribed on his colossal statues, and repeated in the redoubled acclamations of the mournful and applauding senate. Claudius Pompeianus, the virtuous husband of Lucilla, was the only senator who asserted the honor of his rank. As a father he permitted his sons to consult their safety by attending the amphitheater. As a Roman he declared that his own life was in the Emperor's hands, but that he would never behold the son of Marcus prostituting his person and dignity. Notwithstanding his manly resolution, Pompeianus escaped the resentment of the tyrant, and, with his honor, had the good fortune to preserve his life.

Commodus had now attained the summit of vice and infamy. Amidst the acclamations of a flattering court, he was unable to disguise from himself that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire. His ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, by the just apprehension of danger, and by the habit of slaughter which he contracted in his daily amusements. History has preserved a long list of consular senators sacrificed to his wanton suspicion, which sought out, with peculiar anxiety, those unfortunate persons connected, however remotely, with the family of the Antonines, without sparing even the ministers of his crimes or pleasures. His cruelty proved at last fatal to himself. He had shed with impunity the noblest blood of Rome; he perished as soon as he was dreaded by his own domestics. Marcia, his favorite concubine, Eclectus, his chamberlain, and Laetus, his Praetorian prefect, alarmed by the fate of their companions and predecessors, resolved to prevent the destruction which every hour hung over their heads, either from the mad caprice of the tyrant, or the sudden indignation of the people. Marcia seized the occasion of presenting a draft of wine to her lover, after he had fatigued himself with hunting some wild beasts. Commodus retired to sleep; but whilst he was laboring with the effects of poison and drunkenness, a robust youth, by profession a wrestler, entered his chamber, and strangled him without resistance. The body was secretly conveyed out of the palace, before the least suspicion was entertained in the city, or even in the court, of the Emperor's death. Such was the fate of the son of Marcus, and so easy was it to destroy a hated tryant, who, by the artificial powers of government, had oppressed,

15. **times.** He received, for each time, *decies*, about £8000 sterling. [Gibbon's note.] 29. **wretched antagonists.** Victor tells us that Commodus only allowed his antagonists a leaden weapon, dreading most probably the consequences of their despair. [Gibbon's note.]

79. **prefect.** The higher executive and administrative officers of the Roman empire were generally called prefects.

during thirteen years, so many millions of subjects, every one of whom was equal to their master in personal strength and personal abilities.

The measures of the conspirators were conducted with the deliberate coolness and celerity which the greatness of the occasion required. They resolved instantly to fill the vacant throne with an emperor whose character would justify and maintain the action that has been committed. They fixed on Pertinax, prefect of the city, an ancient senator of consular rank, whose conspicuous merit had broken through the obscurity of his birth, and raised him to the first honors of the state. He had successively governed most of the provinces of the empire; and in all his great employments, military as well as civil, he had uniformly distinguished himself, by the firmness, the prudence, and the integrity of his conduct. He now remained almost alone of the friends and ministers of Marcus; and when, at a late hour of the night, he was awakened with the news that the chamberlain and the prefect were at his door, he received them with intrepid resignation, and desired they would execute their master's orders. Instead of death, they offered him the throne of the Roman world. During some moments he distrusted their intentions and assurances. Convinced at length of the death of Commodus, he accepted the purple with a sincere reluctance, the natural effect of his knowledge both of the duties and of the dangers of the supreme rank.

Laetus conducted without delay his new Emperor to the camp of the Praetorians, diffusing at the same time through the city a seasonable report that Commodus died suddenly of an apoplexy; and that the virtuous Pertinax had *already* succeeded to the throne. The guards were rather surprised than pleased with the suspicious death of a prince whose indulgence and liberality they alone had experienced; but the emergency of the occasion, the authority of their prefect, the reputation of Pertinax, and the clamors of the people, obliged them to stifle their secret discontents, to accept the donative promised by the new Emperor, to swear allegiance to him, and, with joyful acclamation and laurels in their hands, to conduct him to the senate-house, that the military consent might be ratified by the civil authority.

This important night was now far spent; with the dawn of day, and the commencement of the new year, the senators expected a summons to attend an ignominious ceremony. In spite of all remonstrances, even of those of his creatures who yet preserved any regard for prudence or decency, Commodus had resolved to pass the night in the gladiator's school, and from thence to take possession of the consulship, in the habit and with the attendance of that infamous crew. On a sudden, before the break of day, the senate was called together in the Temple of Concord, to meet the guards, and to ratify the election of a new emperor. For a few minutes they sat in silent suspense, doubtful of their unexpected deliverance, and suspicious of the cruel artifices of Commodus; but, when at length they were assured that the tyrant was no more, they resigned themselves to all the transports of joy and indignation. Pertinax, who modestly represented the meanness of his extraction, and pointed out several noble senators more deserving than himself of the empire, was constrained by their dutiful violence to ascend the throne, and received all the titles of Imperial power, confirmed by the most sincere vows of fidelity. The memory of Commodus was branded with eternal infamy. The names of tyrant, of gladiator, of public enemy resounded in every corner of the house. They decreed in tumultuous votes that his honors should be reversed, his titles erased from the public monuments, his statues thrown down, his body dragged with a hook into the stripping-room of the gladiators, to satiate the public fury; and they expressed some indignation against those officious servants who had

55. **donative**, gift. 72. **consulship**. As a gesture to the traditions of the Roman Republic, the emperors retained and sometimes assumed one of its chief offices.

already presumed to screen his remains from the justice of the senate. But Pertinax could not refuse those last rites to the memory of Marcus and the tears of his first protector, Claudius Pompeianus, who lamented the cruel fate of his brother-in-law, and lamented still more that he had deserved it.

These effusions of impotent rage against a dead emperor, whom the senate had flattered when alive with the most abject servility, betrayed a just but ungenerous spirit of revenge. The legality of these decrees was, however, supported by the principles of the Imperial constitution. To censure, to depose, or to punish with death, the first magistrate of the republic who had abused his delegated trust, was the ancient and undoubted prerogative of the Roman senate; but that feeble assembly was obliged to content itself with inflicting on a fallen tyrant that public justice from which, during his life and reign, he had been shielded by the strong arm of military despotism.

Pertinax found a nobler way of condemning his predecessor's memory—by the contrast of his own virtues with the vices of Commodus. On the day of his accession he resigned over to his wife and son his whole private fortune; that they might have no pretense to solicit favors at the expense of the state. He refused to flatter the vanity of the former with the title of Augusta, or to corrupt the inexperienced youth of the latter by the rank of Caesar. Accurately distinguishing between the duties of a parent and those of a sovereign, he educated his son with a severe simplicity, which, while it gave him no assured prospect of the throne, might in time have rendered him worthy of it. In public the behavior of Pertinax was grave and affable. He lived with the virtuous part of the senate (and, in a private station, he had been acquainted with the true character of each individual), without either pride or jealousy; considered them as friends and companions, with whom he had shared the dangers of the tyranny, and with whom he wished to enjoy the security of the present time. He very frequently invited them to familiar entertainments, the frugality of which was ridiculed by those who remembered and regretted the luxurious prodigality of Commodus.

To heal, as far as it was possible, the wounds inflicted by the hand of tyranny was the pleasing, but melancholy, task of Pertinax. The innocent victims who yet survived were recalled from exile, released from prison, and restored to the full possession of their honors and fortunes. The unburied bodies of murdered senators (for the cruelty of Commodus endeavored to extend itself beyond death) were deposited in the sepulchers of their ancestors; their memory was justified; and every consolation was bestowed on their ruined and afflicted families. Among these consolations, one of the most grateful was the punishment of the Delators, the common enemies of their master, of virtue, and of their country. Yet, even in the inquisition of these legal assassins, Pertinax proceeded with a steady temper, which gave everything to justice, and nothing to popular prejudice and resentment.

The finances of the state demanded the most vigilant care of the Emperor. Though every measure of injustice and extortion had been adopted which could collect the property of the subject into the coffers of the prince, the rapaciousness of Commodus had been so very inadequate to his extravagance that, upon his death, no more than eight thousand pounds were found in the exhausted treasury, to defray the current expenses of government, and to discharge the pressing demand of a liberal donative, which the new Emperor had been obliged to promise to the Praetorian guards. Yet, under these distressed circumstances, Pertinax had the generous firmness to remit all the oppressive taxes invented by Commodus, and to cancel all the unjust claims of the treasury; declaring, in a decree of the

36. **Augusta**, a title of honor conferred upon the wife, mother, or sister of a Roman emperor. 38. **Caesar**. This title was borne by both the Roman emperor and his presumptive heir.

senate, "that he was better satisfied to administer a poor republic with innocence than to acquire riches by the ways of tyranny and dishonor." Economy and industry he considered as the pure and genuine sources of wealth; and from them he soon derived a copious supply for the public necessities. The expense of the household was immediately reduced to one-half. All the instruments of luxury Pertinax exposed to public auction, gold and silver plate, chariots of a singular construction, a superfluous wardrobe of silk and embroidery, and a great number of beautiful slaves of both sexes; excepting only, with attentive humanity, those who were born in a state of freedom, and had been ravished from the arms of their weeping parents. At the same time that he obliged the worthless favorites of the tyrant to resign a part of their ill-gotten wealth, he satisfied the just creditors of the state, and unexpectedly discharged the long arrears of honest services. He removed the oppressive restrictions which had been laid upon commerce, and granted all the uncultivated lands in Italy and the provinces to those who would improve them; with an exemption from tribute during the term of ten years.

Such an uniform conduct had already secured to Pertinax the noblest reward of a sovereign, the love and esteem of his people. Those who remembered the virtues of Marcus were happy to contemplate in their new Emperor the features of that bright original, and flattered themselves that they should long enjoy the benign influence of his administration. A hasty zeal to reform the corrupted state, accompanied with less prudence than might have been expected from the years and experience of Pertinax, proved fatal to himself and to his country. His honest indiscretion united against him the servile crowd, who found their private benefit in the public disorders, and who preferred the favor of a tyrant to the inexorable equality of the laws.

Amidst the general joy the sullen and angry countenance of the Praetorian guards betrayed their inward dissatisfaction. They had reluctantly submitted to Pertinax; they dreaded the strictness of the ancient discipline, which he was preparing to restore; and they regretted the license of the former reign. Their discontents were secretly fomented by Laetus, their prefect, who found, when it was too late, that his new Emperor would reward a servant, but would not be ruled by a favorite. On the third day of his reign the soldiers seized on a noble senator, with a design to carry him to the camp, and to invest him with the Imperial purple. Instead of being dazzled by the dangerous honor, the affrighted victim escaped from their violence, and took refuge at the feet of Pertinax. A short time afterwards Sosius Falco, one of the consuls of the year, a rash youth, but of an ancient and opulent family, listened to the voice of ambition; and a conspiracy was formed during a short absence of Pertinax, which was crushed by his sudden return to Rome and his resolute behavior. Falco was on the point of being justly condemned to death as a public enemy, had he not been saved by the earnest and sincere entreaties of the injured Emperor; who conjured the senate that the purity of his reign might not be stained by the blood even of a guilty senator.

These disappointments served only to irritate the rage of the Praetorian guards. On the twenty-eighth of March, eighty-six days only after the death of Commodus, a general sedition broke out in the camp, which the officers wanted either power or inclination to suppress. Two or three hundred of the most desperate soldiers marched at noonday, with arms in their hands and fury in their looks, toward the Imperial palace. The gates were thrown open by their companions upon guard; and by the domestics of the old court, who had already formed a secret conspiracy against the life of the too virtuous Emperor. On the news of their approach Pertinax, disdaining either flight or concealment, advanced to meet his

60. **regretted**, lamented the loss of.

assassins; and recalled to their minds his own innocence, and the sanctity of their recent oath. For a few moments they stood in silent suspense, ashamed of their atrocious design, and awed by the venerable aspect and majestic firmness of their sovereign, till at length, the despair of pardon reviving their fury, a barbarian of the county of Tongres leveled the first blow against Pertinax, who was instantly dispatched with a multitude of wounds. His head, separated from his body, and placed on a lance, was carried in triumph to the Praetorian camp, in the sight of a mournful and indignant people, who lamented the unworthy fate of that excellent prince, and the transient blessings of a reign, the memory of which could serve only to aggravate their approaching misfortunes. (1776-1788)

10. **Tongres**, the modern bishopric of Liége. This soldier probably belonged to the Batavian horse-guards, who were mostly raised in the Duchy of Gueldres and the neighborhood, and were distinguished by their valor, and by the boldness with which they swam their horses across the broadest and most rapid rivers. [Gibbon's note.]

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

Note

Thomas Carlyle, son of a Scottish stone-mason in Ecclefechan, was trained by life rather than by the University of Edinburgh, to which he went in 1809, but left in 1813 without a degree. Poverty-stricken, eking out an existence by intermittent teaching, tutoring, and writing articles, he became increasingly depressed and despondent until, in 1821, according to his own statement, he suddenly made an about-face, and substituted for fear of life a determination to meet it and defy it. "Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance."[1] Once more a Briton faced the mystery of life with determination, and devoted the rest of his mortal days to proclaiming that the real in life was the divine, that beneath the froth of existence there is eternal compensation, and that man must strive ever to get at that truth. His life exemplified this doctrine, for until 1854 he fought poverty and ill-health, assisted by his brilliant and loving wife, Jane Welsh. Between 1828-1834 he worked out his doctrines in the silent Scotch countryside of his wife's farm. Thereafter he lived in London until his death, acquiring ever-increasing fame by his writing and lecturing.

Carlyle's theory that history is the essence of innumerable biographies, that every fact of human life has eternal significance if we only have sufficient insight, was developed by him in the essays on *History* (1830), *Biography* (1832), in *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (1832), and in the historical resurrection of *The French Revolution* (1837). In the latter work Carlyle does not give us merely a reasoned summary of events as they appear to a student in the cool reflection of his study, but he presents the events as they appeared at the time to the actors, adding to the pageant his own emotional reaction and interpretation. Hence every act of the French Revolution has a double value: that which was placed upon it at the moment by contemporaries, and that which Carlyle, representing posterity, has given it. We therefore live through the Revolution while reading Carlyle, and at first understand no more what is happening than did the French, although we receive a powerful emotional reaction at first hand; but a moment later we get the illumination of subsequent perspective. Carlyle writes as apparent eye-witness, historian, and prophet. The laws of God, he says, stand implicit in human history, if we will see them; and even if we do not, they are at work, impartial and eternal.

The following extract describes the death of Louis XVI. We see the King during his last hours and upon the scaffold, but we also see beyond the crowd, the actors, and the guillotine, and perceive that the *ancien régime* and its ideals are ended, and that what is to come is a new era whose giant power not even we who live a century later thoroughly understand.

[1] *Sartor Resartus*, Book II, Chapter 7: "The Everlasting No."

From
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BOOK II. CHAPTER VIII

PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine: dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures—like a Phalaris shut in the

Title. **Place de la Révolution**, now the Place de la Concorde. During the Revolution the guillotine was installed there, adjacent to the Tuileries.

belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return "always *home*," wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations. He, too, experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat; the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more?* Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all; thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King—it with its malice will go its way; thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruelest of scenes: "At half-past eight, the door of the anteroom opened; the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth; they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes, interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty toward the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them. 'No,' said the King, 'let us go into the dining-room; it is there only that I can see you.' They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his father's legs. They all leaned toward him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak." And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared; and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly sun are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises—ah, yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the anteroom, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair. While this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch and

1. **Brazen Bull.** Phalaris, Tyrant of Acragas (570-554 B.C.), shut up his victims within a brazen bull, kindled a fire underneath, and roasted them to death. He received a similar fate from his revolted subjects. **18. Lally** (1702-1766), Thomas Arthur, Baron de Tollendal, an adventurous general of Louis XV, who was unjustly accused of treason and executed. **47. Madame Royale,** daughter of Louis XVI. She later became Duchess d'Angoulême and until her death in 1851 had a stormtossed career of political intrigue.

48. **Madame Elizabeth,** sister of Louis XVI. **90. Cerberus Municipals.** As Cerberus was the watchdog of the Greek Hades, so the Municipal Guard seemed hellish watchdogs to the Queen. **92. Vous êtes,** etc., "you are all criminals."

kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six he took the sacrament, and continued in devotion and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his family; it were too hard to bear.

At eight the Municipals enter. The King gives them his Will and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of. He gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: '*Partons*, Let us go.' "—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife, soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover—all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "*Grace! Grace!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there; the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbors. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement. It is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying; clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze; the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men; spectators crowding in the rear; d'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes; near by is the Convention sitting—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black maelstrom and descent of death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them; then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous*, Silence!" he cries in a terrible voice, "*d'une voix terrible.*" He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him; he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Savior, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the

14. **Malesherbes**, a statesman and minister of Louis XVI who defended him during his trial. Later he, too, was condemned for treason and guillotined, in 1794. 15. **Santerre**, commander of the National Guard. 29. **save one.** See note on page 308, line 47. 32. **Temple**, a prison in the center of old Paris. 34. **Grace! Grace!**, mercy! mercy!

57. **Place de Louis Quinze.** In the middle of the eighteenth century an equestrian statue of Louis XV was set up in what later became the Place de la Révolution. The locality was first named for him. 63. **d'Orléans Égalité.** The Duc d'Orleans belonged to a younger branch of the Bourbon family. During the Revolution he sided with the populace and vainly aspired to the throne. **cabriolet**, a one-horse open cab. 64. **hoquetons**, yeomen of the guard. 67. **Lepelletier**, St. Fargeau, a Deputy who on January 20, 1793, voted for the death of Louis XVI and was assassinated the same day by a former guardsman of the King. 84. **puce**, brown.

scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" A general on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis; six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there, and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Ax clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shows the Head; fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving. Students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet; the Townhall Councilors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair; fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries; the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the uttermost farthing; these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St. Fargeau's funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding sheet disclosing the death-wound; saber and bloody clothes parade themselves; a "lugubrious music" wailing harsh *næniæ*. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every color, all mourning brotherlike.

Notable also for another thing, this burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young d'Orléans Égalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more

5. **Tambours**, drums. 21. **Vive la République**, Long live the Republic! 23. **College of Four Nations.** The University of Paris, located on the left (south) bank of the River Seine—hence Carlyle's allusion to quais (wharves)—was so-called because the students who first organized it and obtained a charter, came from France, Picardy, Normandy, and England. "Nation" then meant "group." 39, 43. **Prudhomme, Mercier**, editors of Revolutionary newspapers.

47. **Roland**, one of the three ministers of the Assembly in 1792 who conducted the war policy of France. He resigned in the autumn of 1793 and fled. 49. **demission**, resignation. 60. **Pantheon**, a Parisian church set apart by the Revolutionists as the tomb for famous Frenchmen. 66. **næniæ**, dirges. 67. **President Vergniaud**, president of the Legislative Assembly. He was a member of the National Convention which succeeded the Assembly, but he was guillotined in October, 1793. 68. **Convention.** The National Convention, which was organized in 1792, abolished the monarchy and executed the King and Queen. In 1795 it was succeeded by the Government of the Directory (*Directoire*). 69. **Jacobin Society**, a Revolutionary club of national influence. Its members had great influence in the Legislative Assembly. 78. **Dumouriez**, a Revolutionary general, who eventually fled into exile. 83. **Deputy Fauchet**, Bishop of Calvados, who became a deputy both to the Legislative Assembly and the Convention. As bishop he officiated at many Revolutionary consecrations—hence the allusion to the *Te Deum*, a psalm of Thanksgiving; as journalist he published the *Journal des Amis* (The Journal of Friends), and as deputy he organized the *Cercle Social* (the Social Circle), a political club.

bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of "Arras Vipers" or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*. This is *Te Deum* Fauchet, of the Bastille victory, of the *Cercle Social*. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day; but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy; England declares war—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay, we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of them—a point of immense parliamentary and journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: "The coalised kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King."

(1837)

2. **Arras Vipers or Robespierres.** Since Robespierre came from Arras, his followers were so-called by the hostile Deputy Fauchet. Robespierre, an extremist of the Jacobin Club, was prominent in the Assembly, the Convention, and in the Reign of Terror. He was overthrown and guillotined July 29, 1794. 3. **Pluto Dantons.** Danton was a prominent Revolutionist who became a Member of the Committee on Public Safety in 1793. He was guillotined April 5, 1794. As Deputy Fauchet did not approve of him, Carlyle's epithet "Pluto" (the ruler of the Grecian Hades) is appropriate. 4. **Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois,** members of the Assembly and Convention. Carlyle often characterizes Legendre as a butcher, and d'Herbois as a blustering orator; hence *simulacra* (shadows, images, pretense). 7. **Bastille victory.** The Bastille, the chief royal fortress in Paris, capitulated to the Revolutionary mob, July 14, 1789. 30. **Talleyrand** (1754-1838). Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a famous French statesman and diplomat, who gave up his connections with the French Court to serve the Revolution. He was envoy to England between 1792 and 1794. He held prominent offices in the Revolution, the Napoleonic era, and that of Louis XVIII. **Iron Press,** etc. When the palace of Louis XVI (The Tuileries) was sacked, an iron chest was found containing papers which proved that many Deputies of the Assembly had been receiving money from the King.

36. **River Scheldt.** In the autumn of 1792 France had occupied Belgium, and was preparing to occupy part of Holland, which had a defensive alliance with England. England declared war on France shortly after November nineteenth, ostensibly because the French had demanded of the Dutch that the River Scheldt be open to French commerce, since it rose in France.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

NOTE

Macaulay was singularly fortunate in the era in which his life was cast. The nineteenth century saw the relaxation of many of the social lines which had separated society into nobles and commoners, and Macaulay, who belonged to the latter group, was able to move in the best circles because of his own brilliant talents. From his parents, who were simple people, Macaulay inherited sound intellect and principles, while a line of ministerial ancestors may perhaps account in part for his consummate oratorical powers. After a university education, during which he read the classics omnivorously and wrote much, he studied law and was called to the bar in 1826. His desire for financial independence caused him to postpone political preferment, and although he had become a Member of Parliament in 1830, he accepted in 1834 the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India. For four years he remained in India, and after his return to England in 1839 he gradually withdrew from politics and devoted himself to the writing of what he regarded as his life work—*A History of England from the Accession of James II.* The merits of Macaulay as an historian are still hotly contested. All critics grant him a brilliant style, though one better fitted for oratory than for writing. There are those who say that he sacrifices the truth for a phrase, and in general is untrustworthy in his facts and their interpretation. But if we evaluate Macaulay by his own definition of the perfect historian,* we can account

*See his *Essay on History*, page 487, lines 8 ff.

not only for his enduring popularity, but for the significance of his contribution to historical writing, since he depicted most vividly the character and spirit of the ages which he chose as subjects.

Macaulay was interested in the social and narrative sides of history. Though his reading was voluminous and his memory prodigious, he presented in his writings a dazzling picture of the pageant of history rather than a deep study of its causes and effects. His extensive social contacts made him catch with peculiar felicity the crowded movement of the pageant, while his wide knowledge of history enabled him to enrich his pages with many significant allusions. His own ideal of history is this: "History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents." The source of the imaginative power with which he vested his historical work is revealed in the statement that "a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated." It is no surprise to discover that, in general, Macaulay is more successful in the less sustained field of the historical essay than in his *History of England*, for the essay form enabled him both to choose subjects sympathetic to his genius, and to treat them rapidly and as individual historical pictures.

The essay on Lord Clive, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1840, was planned by Macaulay while he was in India. To it he brought a knowledge of English history in India and of English politics both at home and in India which fitted him preëminently for the task. With Macaulay history took on not merely an imaginative, but a biographical, aspect, and in the essay on Lord Clive the hero stands out as the chief of a number of vivid character sketches. The section here presented describes the conquest of Bengal. In the second half of the eighteenth century England and France were struggling for supremacy in India. The Mogul government was weakening, and the subordinate Rajahs were wavering between the two powers, much as the Indians of North America were doing at about the same time. By 1751 Clive had broken the power of the French in the South and had returned to England. In 1756 he made his second voyage to India to be governor of Fort St. David, which is situated south of Madras in the Carnatic. It was then that he came in contact with Surajah Dowlah, Nawab (Nabob), or Viceroy, of Bengal.

From the ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE

THE CONQUEST OF BENGAL

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages both for agriculture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mold which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvelous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the seacoast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful employments, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb that in Valencia the earth is water and the men, women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does, he does languidly. His favorite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion; and, though voluble in dispute and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom en-

2. **Tamerlane**, a Mogul or Mongol leader who ravaged India in 1388. 3. **Bengal**, a large province in the northeast of India.

29. **Mussulman despot**, the Great Mogul, head of the native Indian empire. 30. **Mahratta freebooter**, a member of one of the warlike tribes living on the middle-western coast of India. 54. **chicane**, trickery.

gages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighborhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to waterfowl and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because no one ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offense punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such

13. **Hoogley**, that part of the River Ganges which flows through the southernmost part of its delta. Calcutta is situated on it. 19. **factors, agents.** 25. **Chowringhee**, a suburb of Calcutta which was built up by the English. 30. **Course**, one of the principal avenues of Calcutta, leading to the race-course. 40. **Orissa, Bahar**, two provinces adjoining Bengal on the south, and under French influence.

grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the terrible retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, the dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The airholes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly

5. **Dupleix**, the French governor of Pondicherry from whom Clive had previously wrested the control of southern India, 1746-1754.

64. **Ugolino.** In the frozen pit of the ninth circle of Hell (*Inferno*, Canto XXIX) Dante saw in one block of ice Count Ugolino and the Archbishop Ruggieri, both of Pisa and traitors to their country. Ugolino in 1288 conspired with the archbishop to obtain supreme power in Pisa. In 1289 the Archbishop imprisoned him and his two sons and two nephews and threw the keys into the river when rescue seemed near; they all starved to death. Hence Dante represents Ugolino as gnawing the Archbishop's skull in revenge.

figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the meantime, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighborhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects than Louis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was reveling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched toward Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigor. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the

38. **sovereign at Delhi**, the great Mogul.

62. **Louis the Fifteenth**, King of France from 1715 to 1774. 63. **Maria Theresa**, Empress of Austria from 1740 to 1780. 94. **Budgebudge**, a small town on the Hoogley, just south of Calcutta. 97. **Hoogley**, a small town on the Hoogley, just north of Calcutta.

invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat, though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valor, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great ability, and obtained great success, is unquestionable. But it is also unquestionable that the transactions in which he now began to take a part have left a stain on his moral character.

We can by no means agree with Sir John Malcolm, who is obstinately resolved to see nothing but honor and integrity in the conduct of his hero. But we can as little agree with Mr. Mill, who has gone so far as to say that Clive was a man "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang." Clive seems to us to have been constitutionally the very opposite of a knave, bold even to temerity, sincere even to indiscretion, hearty in friendship, open in enmity. Neither in his private life, nor in those parts of his public life in which he had to do with his countrymen, do we find any signs of a propensity to cunning. On the contrary, in all the disputes in which he was engaged as an Englishman against Englishmen, from his boxing-matches at school to those stormy altercations at the India House and in Parliament, amidst which his later years were passed, his very faults were those of a high and magnanimous spirit. The truth seems to have been that he considered Oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honor, with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame, with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined, most erroneously in our opinion, that he could effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free, if he went on telling truth, and hearing none, if he fulfilled, to his own hurt, all his engagements with confederates who never kept an engagement that was not to their advantage. Accordingly this man, in the other parts of his life an honorable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer than he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands.

The negotiations between the English

41. **Sir John Malcolm**, biographer of Clive. In 1836 he published *The Life of Robert, Lord Clive*, and Macaulay's essay was a review of its three volumes.
45. **Mr. Mill**, James Mill, who in 1818 wrote a *History of India*.

100. **counterfeiting of hands**, forgery. Hands here means "handwriting."

and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents, Mr. Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents, quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance, and the Hindoo vices, servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner toward Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India, or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the meantime his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mohammedans, the timid, supple, parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier

35. **Bussy.** The Marquis de Bussy-Castelnau was a military associate of Dupleix, who remained with the French troops in India after Dupleix had been recalled to France in 1754. 36. **Deccan,** a province of India immediately south of Orissa and Bahar, and under French influence. 40. **to attack Chandernagore,** i. e., because the French were there. The town is near Hoogley, on the Hoogley River.

promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which the English had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practice. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince into perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing letter," as Clive calls it, to the Nabob, carried to Mr. Watts a letter in the following terms: "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his situation and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery, and appalled by the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy; and then they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken. But how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red, the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favor.

But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples against signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate

3. **donative**, gift of money.

himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broke up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading everyone who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move toward the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practiced eye of Clive could perceive that the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its

7. **Plassey**, a town on the Hoogley, north of Chandernagore. Unfortunately for Clive, the Nabob was at this town, while Clive had advanced farther north to Cossimbuzar, also a town on the Hoogley. Thus the Nabob was between Clive and his base. However, Clive was between the Nabob and his own capital city, Moorshedabad, which is still farther north on the Hoogley.

91. **the Carnatic**, the southeastern province of India. It was the center of French influence.

colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honors due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councilors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. For his residence had been assigned a palace which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honor, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it

4. **Primus in Indis**, "first in India."

84. **Patna**, over two hundred miles north of Moorshedabad on the Ganges. 88. **sepoys**, natives of India in the military employ of the English or any other European power.

is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said indeed to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfill the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favor of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Scrafton in Hindostanee, "the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived; but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though little troubled by scruples of conscience in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ his talents in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments, and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers, with respect to this transaction, had not Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery; but he will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them, and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treason would have produced a crowd of imitators. Now, we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so; for, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy, is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interests of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith; but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of the great truth that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy, and that

81, 82. **Machiavelli. Borgia.** Niccolò Machiavelli (1469-1527), a Florentine statesman, was at one time set by his government to watch the intrigues of Cesare Borgia and his father, Pope Alexander VI. Machiavelli was so charmed by the brilliance of Cesare that in his book *The Prince* (1513) he cites Cesare as a shining example of what methods a usurper should employ to maintain himself in the state he has seized. He also adds that men who rise on the fortunes of others usually fall with them.

the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years the English rulers in India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valor and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent; and avarice hastens to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoys, on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. This advantage we enjoy in Asia. Had we acted during the last two generations on the principles which Sir John Malcolm appears to have considered as sound, had we as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion, it is our firm belief that no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.

Sir John Malcolm admits that Clive's breach of faith could be justified only by the strongest necessity. As we think that breach of faith not only unnecessary, but most inexpedient, we need hardly say that we altogether condemn it.

Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Surajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which in a short time the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings that he thought it necessary to apologize to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy. (1840)

JOHN RICHARD GREEN
(1837-1883)

NOTE

The career of John Richard Green contained no events of external significance, but it was a lifelong struggle to realize an ideal in spite of odds which at length proved overwhelming. Born the son of an Oxford tradesman, he obtained a university education through high scholarship. Always shy, he secluded himself and devoted his energies to the study of history. On graduating he took religious orders, and commenced that

battle with his weak lungs which first drove him from active clerical life and at length killed him, but not before he had written notable books. Through the friendly aid of two contemporary historical scholars, Stubbs and Freeman, Green prepared to write a history of the Angevin kings, but he soon realized that his ambition was not to be achieved. His health gave way, and he was condemned to an invalid's life, with only three hours out of every day at his disposal for writing and study. With great courage he turned aside from his original purpose and prepared for publication in 1874 *A Short History of the English People*. Its instant success prompted him to elaborate it, but he had covered only the early period of English history through the Norman Conquest when he died, in 1883.

Green effected an advance in historical scholarship by making the people, and not kings and statesmen, the center of his history. His history is social, though not economic. With vivid power of description he painted the conditions under which the English pursued their destiny. Whatever figures stand out in the march of the nation he describes not solely or even mainly as individuals but also as spokesmen for the people of their day. The following selection describes the Peasant Revolt of 1377-1381, when the first rift came between the common people and the lords, whom they had hitherto obeyed implicitly.

From A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

THE PEASANT REVOLT, 1377-1381

The religious revolution which we have been describing gave fresh impulse to a revolution of even greater importance, which had for a long time been changing the whole face of the country. The manorial system, on which the social organization of every rural part of England rested, had divided the land, for the purposes of cultivation and of internal order, into a number of large estates; a part of the soil was usually retained by the owner of the manor as his demesne, or home-farm, while the remainder was distributed among tenants who were bound to render service to their lord. Under the kings of Alfred's house, the number of absolute slaves and the number of freemen had alike diminished. The slave class, never numerous, had been reduced by the efforts of the Church, perhaps by the general convulsion of the Danish wars. But these wars had often driven the ceorl, or freeman, to "commend" himself to a thegn who pledged him his protection in consideration of a labor-payment. It is probable that these dependent ceorls are the "villeins" of the Norman epoch, men sunk indeed from pure freedom and bound both to soil and lord, but as yet preserving much of their older rights, retaining their land, free as against all men but their lord, and still sending representatives to hundred-moot and shire-moot. They stood therefore far above the "landless man," the man who had never possessed, even under the old constitution, political rights, whom the legislation of the English kings had forced to attach himself to a lord on pain of outlawry, and who served as household servant or as hired laborer, or at the best as rent-paying tenant of land which was not his own. The Norman knight or lawyer, however, saw little distinction between these classes; and the tendency of legislation under the Angevins was to blend all in a single class of serfs. While the pure "theow," or absolute slave, disappeared, therefore, the ceorl, or villein, sank lower in the social scale. But though the rural population was undoubtedly thrown more together and fused into a more homogeneous class, its actual position corresponded very imperfectly with the view of the lawyers. All indeed were dependents on a lord. The manor-house became the center of every English village. The manor-court was held in its hall; it was here that the lord or his steward received homage, re-

1. **religious revolution.** Green is referring to the religious reforms of John Wyclif, who advocated in his treatise, *The Kingdom of God*, a direct appeal to the Grace of God without clerical intermediaries, which would have abolished the entire system of medieval Christianity. His enemies implicated him in the Peasant Revolt, and because of his denial of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, in 1381, he lost the support of his friends in court and in Oxford. But Wyclif had succeeded in transmitting his religious ideas to the common people of northern England.

25. **thegn**, thane; in medieval times the thegn was a knight or baron holding land of the king. 35. **hundred-moot**. Each shire was divided into smaller divisions called hundreds. Once a month the important landed men of the hundred met judicially as a court or moot (mote). The shire moot was held ordinarily twice a year under the shire alderman. It was composed of the chief landowners in the shire. 49. **Angevins**, or Plantagenets, the English kings who were descended from Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. They reigned from 1154 to 1399.

covered fines, held the view of frank-pledge, or enrolled the villagers in their tithing. Here too, if the lord possessed criminal jurisdiction, was held his justice court, and without its doors stood his gallows. Around it lay the demesne, or home-farm, and the cultivation of this rested wholly with the "villeins" of the manor. It was by them that the great barn of the lord was filled with sheaves, his sheep shorn, his grain malted, the wood hewn for his hall fire. These services were the labor-rent by which they held their lands, and it was the nature and extent of this labor-rent which parted one class of the population from another. The "villein," in the strict sense of the word, was bound only to gather in his lord's harvest and to aid in the plowing and sowing of autumn and Lent. The cottar, the bordar, and the laborer were bound to help in the work of the home-farm throughout the year. But these services and the time of rendering them were strictly limited by custom, not only in the case of the ceorl, or villein, but in that of the originally meaner "landless man." The possession of his little homestead with the ground around it, the privilege of turning out his cattle on the waste of the manor, passed quietly and insensibly from mere indulgences that could be granted or withdrawn at a lord's caprice into rights that could be pleaded at law. The number of teams, the fines, the reliefs, the services that a lord could claim, at first mere matter of oral tradition, came to be entered on the court-roll of the manor, a copy of which became the title-deed of the villein. It was to this that he owed the name of "copyholder," which at a later time superseded his older title. Disputes were settled by a reference to this roll or on oral evidence of the custom at issue, but a social arrangement which was eminently characteristic of the English spirit of compromise generally secured a fair adjustment of the claims of villein and lord. It was the duty of the lord's bailiff to exact their due services from the villeins, but his coadjutor in this office, the reeve or foreman of the manor, was chosen by the tenants themselves and acted as representative of their interests and rights.

The first disturbances of the system of tenure which we have described sprang from the introduction of leases. The lord of the manor, instead of cultivating the demesne through his own bailiff, often found it more convenient and profitable to let the manor to a tenant at a given rent, payable either in money or in kind. Thus we find the manor of Sandon leased by the Chapter of St. Paul's at a very early period on a rent which comprised the payment of grain both for bread and ale, of alms to be distributed at the cathedral door, of wood to be used in its bakehouse and brewery, and of money to be spent in wages. It is to this system of leasing, or rather to the usual term for the rent it entailed (feorm, from the Latin *firma*), that we owe the words "farm" and "farmer," the growing use of which marks the first step in the rural revolution which we are examining. It was a revolution which made little direct change in the manorial system, but its indirect effect in breaking the tie on which the feudal organization of the manor rested, that of the tenant's personal dependence on his lord, and in affording an opportunity by which the wealthier among the tenantry could rise to a position of apparent equality with their older masters and form a new class intermediate between the larger proprietors and the customary tenants, was of the highest importance. This earlier step, however, in the modification of the manorial system, by the rise of the Farmer-class, was soon followed by one of a far more serious character in the rise of the Free Laborer. Labor, whatever right it might have attained in other ways,

1. **frank-pledge**, a pledge exacted in the tithing of each male over twelve years of age, to uphold the laws and enforce good conduct. The tithing was the tenth part of the hundred or subdivision of a county, a very small political division in England. 21. **cottar**, a cottager, next in rank above a slave and below a bordar. **bordar**, a cottager who held a small holding of land at the will of his feudal lord. 37. **reliefs**, taxes paid to a feudal overlord by the heir of a deceased tenant, before the heir could take possession of the dead person's landed estate.

52 **bailiff**, agent.

was as yet in the strictest sense bound to the soil. Neither villein nor serf had any choice, either of a master or of a sphere of toil. He was born, in fact, to his holding and to his lord; he paid head-money for license to remove from the estate in search of trade or hire, and a refusal to return on recall by his owner would have ended in his pursuit as a fugitive outlaw. But the advance of society and the natural increase of population had for a long time been silently freeing the laborer from this local bondage. The influence of the Church had been exerted in promoting emancipation, as a work of piety, on all estates but its own. The fugitive bondsman found freedom in a flight to chartered towns, where a residence during a year and a day conferred franchise. A fresh step toward freedom was made by the growing tendency to commute labor-services for money-payments. The population was slowly increasing, and as the law of gavel-kind, which was applicable to all landed estates not held by military tenure, divided the inheritance of the tenantry equally among their sons, the holding of each tenant and the services due from it became divided in a corresponding degree. A labor-rent thus became more difficult to enforce, while the increase of wealth among the tenantry, and the rise of a new spirit of independence, made it more burdensome to those who rendered it. It was probably from this cause that the commutation of the arrears of labor for a money payment, which had long prevailed on every estate, gradually developed into a general commutation of services. We have already witnessed the silent progress of this remarkable change in the case of St. Edmundsbury, but the practice soon became universal and "malt-silver," "wood-silver," and "larder-silver," gradually took the place of the older personal services on the court-rolls. The process of commutation was hastened by the necessities of the lords themselves. The luxury of the castle-hall, the splendor and pomp of chivalry, the cost of campaigns drained the purses of knight and baron, and the sale of freedom to a serf or exemption from services to a villein afforded an easy and tempting mode of refilling them. In this process even kings took part. Edward the Third sent commissioners to royal estates for the especial purpose of selling manumissions to the King's serfs; and we still possess the names of those who were enfranchised with their families by a payment of hard cash in aid of the exhausted exchequer.

By this entire detachment of the serf from actual dependence on the land, the manorial system was even more radically changed than by the rise of the serf into a copyholder. The whole social condition of the country, in fact, was modified by the appearance of a new class. The rise of the free laborer had followed that of the farmer; labor was no longer bound to one spot or one master. It was free to hire itself to what employer and to choose what field of employment it would. At the moment we have reached, in fact, the lord of a manor had been reduced over a large part of England to the position of a modern landlord, receiving a rental in money from his tenants, and dependent for the cultivation of his own demesne on paid laborers. But a formidable difficulty now met the landowners who had been driven by the process of enfranchisement to rely on hired labor. Hitherto this supply had been abundant and cheap; but this abundance suddenly disappeared. The most terrible plague which the world ever witnessed advanced at this juncture from the East, and after devastating Europe from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Baltic, swooped, at the close of 1348, upon Britain. The traditions of its destructiveness, and the panic-struck words of the statutes which followed it, have been more than justified by modern research. Of the three or four millions who then formed the population of England, more than one-half were swept away in its repeated visitations. Its ravages were fiercest in the greater towns, where filthy and undrained streets afforded a constant haunt to leprosy

61. **manumissions**, grantings of freedom.

and fever. In the burial-ground which the piety of Sir Walter Maunay purchased for the citizens of London, a spot whose site was afterwards marked by the Charter House, more than fifty thousand corpses are said to have been interred. Thousands of people perished at Norwich, while in Bristol the living were hardly able to bury the dead. But the Black Death fell on the villages almost as fiercely as on the towns. More than one-half of the priests of Yorkshire are known to have perished; in the diocese of Norwich two-thirds of the parishes changed their incumbents. The whole organization of labor was thrown out of gear. The scarcity of hands made it difficult for the minor tenants to perform the services due for their lands, and only a temporary abandonment of half the rent by the landowners induced the farmers to refrain from the abandonment of their farms. For a time cultivation became impossible. "The sheep and cattle strayed through the fields and corn," says a contemporary, "and there were none left who could drive them." Even when the first burst of panic was over, the sudden rise of wages consequent on the enormous diminution in the supply of free labor, though accompanied by a corresponding rise in the price of food, rudely disturbed the course of industrial employments; harvests rotted on the ground, and fields were left untilled, not merely from scarcity of hands, but from the strife which now for the first time revealed itself between capital and labor.

While the landowners of the country and the wealthier craftsmen of the town were threatened with ruin by what seemed to their age the extravagant demands of the new labor class, the country itself was torn with riot and disorder. The outbreak of lawless self-indulgence which followed everywhere in the wake of the plague told especially upon the "landless men," wandering in search of work, and for the first time masters of the labor market; and the wandering laborer or artisan turned easily into the "sturdy beggar," or the bandit of the woods. A summary redress for these evils was at once provided by the Crown in a royal ordinance which was subsequently embodied in the Statute of Laborers. "Every man or woman," runs this famous provision, "of whatsoever condition, free or bond, able in body, and within the age of threescore years, . . . and not having of his own whereof he may live, nor land of his own about the tillage of which he may occupy himself, and not serving any other, shall be bound to serve the employer who shall require him to do so, and shall take only the wages which were accustomed to be taken in the neighborhood where he is bound to serve" two years before the plague began. A refusal to obey was punished by imprisonment. But sterner measures were soon found to be necessary. Not only was the price of labor fixed by Parliament in the Statute of 1351, but the labor class was once more tied to the soil. The laborer was forbidden to quit the parish where he lived in search of better-paid employment; if he disobeyed he became a "fugitive," and subject to imprisonment at the hands of the justices of the peace. To enforce such a law literally must have been impossible, for corn had risen to so high a price that a day's labor at the old wages would not have purchased wheat enough for a man's support. But the landowners did not flinch from the attempt. The repeated reënactment of the law shows the difficulty of applying it, and the stubbornness of the struggle which it brought about. The fines and forfeitures which were levied for infractions of its provisions formed a large source of royal revenue, but so ineffectual were the original penalties that the runaway laborer was at last ordered to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, while the harboring of serfs in towns was rigorously put down. Nor was it merely the existing class of free laborers which was attacked by this reactionary movement. The increase of

5. **Charter House**, a public school, and a home for men in London, established in 1611 by Sir Thomas Sutton.

85. **corn**, grain.

their numbers by a commutation of labor services for money payments was suddenly checked, and the ingenuity of the lawyers who were employed as stewards of each manor was exercised in striving to restore to the landowners that customary labor whose loss was now severely felt. Manumissions and exemptions which had passed without question were canceled on grounds of informality, and labor services from which they held themselves freed by redemption were again demanded from the villeins. The attempt was the more galling that the cause had to be pleaded in the manor-court itself, and to be decided by the very officer whose interest it was to give judgment in favor of his lord. We can see the growth of a fierce spirit of resistance through the statutes which strove in vain to repress it. In the towns, where the system of forced labor was applied with even more rigor than in the country, strikes and combinations became frequent among the lower craftsmen. In the country the free laborers found allies in the villeins whose freedom from manorial service was questioned. These were often men of position and substance, and throughout the eastern counties the gatherings of "fugitive serfs" were supported by an organized resistance and by large contributions of money on the part of the wealthier tenantry. A statute of later date throws light on their resistance. It tells us that "villeins and holders of lands in villeinage withdrew their customs and services from their lords, having attached themselves to other persons who maintained and abetted them; and who, under color of exemplifications from Domesday of the manors and villages where they dwelt, claimed to be quit of all manner of services, either of their body or of their lands, and would suffer no distress or other course of justice to be taken against them; the villeins aiding their maintainers by threatening the officers of their lords with peril to life and limb, as well by open assemblies as by confederacies to support each other." It would seem not only as if the villein was striving to resist the reactionary tendency of the lords of manors to regain his labor service, but that in the general overturning of social institutions the copyholder was struggling to become a freeholder, and the farmer to be recognized as proprietor of the demesne he held on lease.

A more terrible outcome of the general suffering was seen in a new revolt against the whole system of social inequality which had till then passed unquestioned as the divine order of the world. The cry of the poor found a terrible utterance in the words of "a mad priest of Kent," as the courtly Froissart calls him, who for twenty years found audience for his sermons, in defiance of interdict and imprisonment, in the stout yeomen who gathered in the Kentish churchyards. "Mad" as the landowners called him, it was in the preaching of John Ball that England first listened to a declaration of natural equality and the rights of man. "Good people," cried the preacher, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oat-cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state." It was the tyranny of property that then as ever roused the defiance of socialism. A spirit fatal to the whole system of the Middle Ages breathed in the popular rime which

43. **Domesday**, the *Domesday* or *Survey Book of England* made at the direction of William the Conqueror in 1086. 47. **distress**, seizure of goods in reparation for an injury.

condensed the leveling doctrine of John Ball: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"

The rime was running from lip to lip when a fresh instance of public oppression fanned the smoldering discontent into a flame. Edward the Third died in a dishonored old age, robbed on his deathbed even of his finger-rings by the vile mistress to whom he had clung; and the accession of the child of the Black Prince, Richard the Second, revived the hopes of what in a political sense we must still call the popular party in the legislature. The Parliament of 1377 took up the work of reform, and boldly assumed the control of a new subsidy by assigning two of their number to regulate its expenditure; that of 1378 demanded and obtained an account of the mode in which the subsidy had been spent. But the real strength of Parliament was directed, as we have seen, to the desperate struggle in which the proprietary classes, whom they exclusively represented, were striving to reduce the laborer into a fresh serfage. Meanwhile the shame of defeat abroad was added to the misery and discord at home. The French war ran its disastrous course: one English fleet was beaten by the Spaniards, a second sunk by a storm; and a campaign in the heart of France ended, like its predecessors, in disappointment and ruin. It was to defray the heavy expenses of the war that the Parliament of 1380 renewed a grant made three years before, to be raised by means of a poll-tax on every person in the realm. The tax brought under contribution â class which had hitherto escaped, men such as the laborer, the village smith, the village tiler; it goaded into action precisely the class which was already seething with discontent, and its exaction set England on fire from sea to sea. As spring went on, quaint rimes passed through the country, and served as summons to the revolt, which soon extended from the eastern and midland counties over all England south of the Thames. "John Ball," ran one, "greeteth you all, and doth for to understand he hath rung your bell. Now right and might, will and skill, God speed every dele." "Help truth," ran another, "and truth shall help you! Now reigneth pride in price, and covetise is counted wise, and lechery withouten shame, and gluttony withouten blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is take in great season. God do bote, for now is tyme!" We recognize Ball's hand in the yet more stirring missives of "Jack the Miller" and "Jack the Carter." "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small; the King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright with the four sailes, and the post stand with steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, so goeth our mill aright." "Jack Carter," ran the companion missive, "prays you all that ye make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well, and aye better and better; for at the even men heareth the day." "Falseness and guile," sang Jack Trewman, "have reigned too long, and truth hath been set under a lock, and falseness and guile reigneth in every stock. No man may come truth to, but if he sing 'si dedero.' True love is away that was so good, and clerks for wealth work them woe. God do bote, for now is tyme." In the rude jingle of these lines began for England the literature of political controversy; they are the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke. Rough as they are, they express clearly enough the mingled passions which met in the revolt of the peasants: their longing for a right rule, for plain and simple justice; their scorn of the immorality of the nobles and the infamy of the court; their resentment at the perversion of the law to the cause of oppression. The revolt spread like wildfire over the country; Norfolk and Suffolk, Cambridge and Hertfordshire rose in arms; from Sussex and Surrey the insurrection extended as far as

57. **dele**, bit or way. 62. **sloth is take**, etc., sloth is enjoyed in good time. 63. **God do bote**, may God amend affairs. 85. **stock**, tree-trunk. Here it means "place." **but if**, unless. 86. **si dedero**, "if I should give myself."

Devon. But the actual outbreak began in Kent, where a tiler killed a tax-collector in vengeance for an outrage on his daughter. The county rose in arms. Canterbury, where "the whole town was of their mind," threw open its gates to the insurgents, who plundered the Archbishop's palace and dragged John Ball from its prison, while a hundred thousand Kentish men gathered round Wat Tyler of Essex and John Hales of Malling. In the eastern counties the levy of the poll-tax had already gathered crowds of peasants together, armed with clubs, rusty swords, and bows, and the royal commissioners sent to repress the tumult were driven from the field. While the Essex men marched upon London on one side of the river, the Kentish men marched on the other. Their grievance was mainly political, for villeinage was unknown in Kent; but as they poured on to Blackheath, every lawyer who fell into their hands was put to death; "not till all these were killed would the land enjoy its old freedom again," the peasants shouted as they fired the houses of the stewards and flung the records of the manor-courts into the flames. The whole population joined them as they marched along, while the nobles were paralyzed with fear. The young King—he was but a boy of fifteen—addressed them from a boat on the river; but the refusal of his Council under the guidance of Archbishop Sudbury to allow him to land kindled the peasants to fury, and with cries of "Treason" the great mass rushed on London. Its gates were flung open by the poorer artisans within the city, and the stately palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy, the new inn of the lawyers at the Temple, the houses of the foreign merchants, were soon in a blaze. But the insurgents, as they proudly boasted, were "seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers," and a plunderer found carrying off a silver vessel from the sack of the Savoy was flung with his spoil into the flames. The general terror was shown ludicrously enough on the following day, when a daring band of peasants, under Tyler himself, forced their way into the Tower, and taking the panic-stricken knights of the royal household in rough horseplay by the beard, promised to be their equals and good comrades in the time to come. But the horseplay changed into dreadful earnest when they found the King had escaped their grasp, and when Archbishop Sudbury and the Prior of St. John were discovered in the chapel; the primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded, and the same vengeance was wreaked on the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner for the levy of the hated poll-tax. Meanwhile the King had ridden from the Tower to meet the mass of the Essex men, who had encamped without the city at Mile-End, while the men of Hertfordshire and St. Albans occupied Highbury. "I am your King and Lord, good people," the boy began with a fearlessness which marked his bearing throughout the crisis; "what will ye?" "We will that you free us forever," shouted the peasants, "us and our lands; and that we be never named nor held for serfs." "I grant it," replied Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself at once to issue charters of freedom and amnesty. A shout of joy welcomed the promise. Throughout the day more than thirty clerks were busied writing letters of pardon and emancipation, and with these the mass of the Essex and Hertfordshire men withdrew quietly to their homes. It was with such a charter that William Grindecobbe returned to St. Albans, and breaking at the head of the burghers into the abbey precincts, summoned the abbot to deliver up the charters which bound the town in bondage to his house. But a more striking proof of servitude remained in the millstones, which after a long suit at law had been adjudged to the abbey, and placed within its cloister as a triumphant witness that no townsman might grind corn within the domain of the abbey save at

42. **John of Gaunt**, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III and uncle of Richard II. 43. **new inn**, etc. The Inns of Court in London are law clubs and law schools. The Temple was once the lodge of the Knights Templars, but it came into possession of the students of the common law in 1346.

the abbot's will. Bursting into the cloister the burghers now tore the millstones from the floor, and broke them into small pieces, "like blessed bread in church," so that each might have something to show of the day when their freedom was won again.

Many of the Kentish men dispersed at the news of the King's pledge to the men of Essex, but thirty thousand men still surrounded Wat Tyler when Richard by a mere chance encountered him the next morning at Smithfield. Hot words passed between his train and the peasant leader, who advanced to confer with the King; and a threat from Tyler brought on a brief struggle in which the Mayor of London, William Walworth, struck him with his dagger to the ground. "Kill, kill," shouted the crowd, "they have slain our captain." "What need ye, my masters?" cried the boy-king, as he rode boldly to the front, "I am your Captain and your King! Follow me." The hopes of the peasants centered in the young sovereign; one aim of their rising had been to free him from the evil counselors who, as they believed, abused his youth, and they now followed him with a touching loyalty and trust till he entered the Tower. His mother welcomed him with tears of joy. "Rejoice and praise God," the boy answered, "for I have recovered today my heritage which was lost, and the realm of England." But he was compelled to give the same pledge of freedom as at Mile-End, and it was only after receiving his letters of pardon and emancipation that the Kentish men dispersed to their homes. The revolt, indeed, was far from being at an end. South of the Thames it spread as far as Devonshire; there were outbreaks in the north; the eastern counties were in one wild turmoil of revolt. A body of peasants occupied St. Albans. A maddened crowd forced the gates of St. Edmundsbury and wrested from the trembling monks pledges for the confirmation of the liberties of the town. John the Litster, a dyer of Norwich, headed a mass of peasants, under the title of King of the Commons, and compelled the nobles he captured to act as his meat-tasters and to serve him on their knees during his repast. But the withdrawal of the peasant armies with their letters of emancipation gave courage to the nobles. The warlike Bishop of Norwich fell lance in hand on Litster's camp, and scattered the peasants of Norfolk at the first shock: while the King, with an army of 40,000 men, spread terror by the ruthlessness of his executions as he marched in triumph through Kent and Essex. At Waltham he was met by the display of his own recent charters and a protest from the Essex men that "they were so far as freedom went the peers of their lords." But they were to learn the worth of a king's word. "Villeins you were," answered Richard, "and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not your old bondage, but a worse!" But the stubborn resistance which he met showed the temper of the people. The villagers of Billericay threw themselves into the woods and fought two hard fights before they were reduced to submission. It was only by threats of death that verdicts of guilty could be wrung from the Essex jurors when the leaders of the revolt were brought before them. Grindecobbe was offered his life if he would persuade his followers at St. Albans to restore the charters they had wrung from the monks. He turned bravely to his fellow-townsmen and bade them take no thought for his trouble. "If I die," he said, "I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then today as you would have done had I been killed yesterday." But the stubborn will of the conquered was met by as stubborn a will in their conquerors. Through the summer and autumn seven thousand men are said to have perished on the gallows or the field. The royal council indeed showed its sense of the danger of a mere policy of resistance by sub-

52. **Litster**, dyer.

56. **meat-tasters.** In medieval times certain nobles used to taste the king's food to prevent his being poisoned.

mitting the question of enfranchisement to the Parliament which assembled on the suppression of the revolt, with words which suggested a compromise. "If you desire to enfranchise and set at liberty the said serfs," ran the royal message, "by your common assent, as the King has been informed that some of you desire, he will consent to your prayer." But no thoughts of compromise influenced the landowners in their reply. The King's grant and letters, the Parliament answered with perfect truth, were legally null and void; their serfs were their goods, and the King could not take their goods from them but by their own consent. "And this consent," they ended, "we have never given and never will give, were we all to die in one day." (1874)

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893)

NOTE

Francis Parkman, like Green, was hampered by poor health, but he managed to travel widely over the scenes of early American history, and had means sufficient to keep him from want. As the son of a Unitarian minister in Boston, Parkman was deeply imbued both with the religious tradition of the Puritans and with their pioneer spirit. At the door of his grandparents' home in Medford stood a fairly large tract of primeval forest, and during his sophomore year at Harvard there came to him the vision of the contest which had taken place here a century before between the French and the English for Canada. When he graduated from Harvard College in 1844, he determined to visit the West in search of aboriginal Indian and early American frontier life. The trip took him out over the Oregon trail to the Rocky Mountains, and he saw the fading wonder, danger, and beauty of American frontier conditions. When he returned home, he determined to write the history of that era which he had visualized in the forest near Middlesex Fells. In spite of ill health he accomplished his purpose in a history of about eight sections, the last of which was completed in 1892, a year before his death.

Parkman's idea of historical writing was stated by him in the preface to *Pioneers of France in the New World*. "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning and untrue. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings, near and remote; in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes." In using this method Parkman emphasized the natural environment in which his scene was laid, the life of the Indians as well as that of the French and English frontiersmen, and the conflict between aboriginal simplicity and civilized sophistication. On the whole his achievement is more closely allied to that of Green than to that of Gibbon, for he presents us with a series of beautiful panoramas of an historical period, as well as with a fascinating narrative, whose significance Parkman felt rather than analyzed. These characteristics are clearly shown in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (published in 1851), Parkman's earliest historical work. From it we have chosen the episode in which Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, determined, after the surrender of Canada in 1760 by the French to the English, to restore the French to power, and to recover for his people all their former hunting grounds by a concerted blow at all the English frontier posts. His own part of the campaign was to be the capture of the frontier post of Detroit, then commanded by Major Gladwyn.

FROM THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

CHAPTER X

DETROIT

To the credulity of mankind each great calamity has its dire prognostics. Signs and portents in the heavens, the vision of an Indian bow, and the figure of a scalp imprinted on the disk of the moon warned the New England Puritans of impending war. The apparitions passed away, and Philip of Mount Hope burst from the forest with his Narragansett warriors. In October, 1762, thick clouds of inky blackness gathered above the fort and settlement of Detroit. The river darkened beneath the awful shadows, and the forest was wrapped in double gloom. Drops of rain began to fall, of strong, sulphurous odor, and so deeply colored that the people, it is said, collected and used them for the purpose of writing. A prominent literary and philosophical journal seeks to explain this strange

28. **Philip.** King Philip, chief of the Wampanoag Indians, made war on the New England colonists 1675-1676. Cf. Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* (page 349).

phenomenon on some principle of physical science; but the simple Canadians held a different faith. Throughout the winter the shower of black rain was the foremost topic of their fireside talks, and dreary forebodings of evil disturbed the breast of many a timorous matron.

La Motte Cadillac was the founder of Detroit. In the year 1701 he planted the little military colony, which time has transmuted into a thriving American city. At an earlier date some feeble efforts had been made to secure the possession of this important pass; and when La Hontan visited the lakes, a small post, called Fort St. Joseph, was standing near the present site of Fort Gratiot. At about this time the wandering Jesuits made frequent sojourns upon the borders of the Detroit, and baptized the savage children whom they found there.

Fort St. Joseph was abandoned in the year 1688. The establishment of Cadillac was destined to a better fate, and soon rose to distinguished importance among the western outposts of Canada. Indeed, the site was formed by nature for prosperity; and a bad government and a thriftless people could not prevent the increase of the colony. At the close of the French war, as Major Rogers tells us, the place contained twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The center of the settlement was the fortified town, currently called the Fort, to distinguish it from the straggling dwellings along the river banks. It stood on the western margin of the river, covering a small part of the ground now occupied by the city of Detroit, and contained about a hundred houses, compactly pressed together, and surrounded by a palisade. Both above and below the fort the banks of the stream were lined on both sides with small Canadian dwellings, extending at various intervals for nearly eight miles. Each had its garden and its orchard, and each was inclosed by a fence of rounded pickets. To the soldier or the trader, fresh from the harsh scenery and ambushed perils of the surrounding wilds, the secluded settlement was as welcome as an oasis in the desert.

The Canadian is usually a happy man. Life sits lightly upon him; he laughs at its hardships, and soon forgets its sorrows. A lover of roving and adventure, of the frolic and the dance, he is little troubled with thoughts of the past or the future, and little plagued with avarice or ambition. At Detroit all his propensities found ample scope. Aloof from the world, the simple colonists shared none of its pleasures and excitements, and were free from many of its cares. Nor were luxuries wanting which civilization might have envied them. The forest teemed with game, the marshes with wild fowl, and the rivers with fish. The apples and pears of the old Canadian orchards are even to this day held in esteem. The poorer inhabitants made wine from the fruit of the wild grape, which grew profusely in the woods, while the wealthier class procured a better quality from Montreal, in exchange for the canoe loads of furs which they sent down with every year. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, the long winter was a season of social enjoyment; and when, in summer and autumn, the traders and *voyageurs*, the *coureurs des bois* and half-breeds, gathered from the distant forests of the northwest, the whole settlement was alive with frolic gayety, with dancing and feasting, drinking, gaming, and carousing.

Within the limits of the settlement were three large Indian villages. On the western shore, a little below the fort, were the lodges of the Pottawattamies; nearly opposite, on the eastern side, was the village of the Wyandots; and on the same side, two miles higher up, Pontiac's band of Ottawas had fixed their abode. The settlers had always maintained the best terms with their savage neighbors. In truth, there was much congeniality between the red man and the Canadian. Their harmony was seldom broken; and among the

15. **La Hontan**, a French baron who explored Canada in the late seventeenth century.

85. **voyageurs**, exploring trappers and hunters. **coureurs des bois**, rangers of the forest.

woods and wilds of the northern lakes roamed many a lawless half-breed, the mongrel offspring of intermarriages between the colonists of Detroit and the Indian squaws.

We have already seen how, in an evil hour for the Canadians, a party of British troops took possession of Detroit, toward the close of the year 1760. The British garrison, consisting partly of regulars and partly of provincial rangers, was now quartered in a well-built range of barracks within the town or fort. The latter, as already mentioned, contained about a hundred small houses. Its form was nearly square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. At each corner was a wooden bastion, and a blockhouse was erected over each gateway. The houses were small, chiefly built of wood, and roofed with bark or a thatch of straw. The streets also were extremely narrow, though a wide passageway, known as the *chemin du ronde*, surrounded the town between the houses and the palisade. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council-house and a rude little church.

The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur-traders and *engagés;* but the latter, as well as the peaceful Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions.

Such was Detroit—a place whose defenses could have opposed no resistance to a civilized enemy; and yet, situated as it was, far removed from the hope of speedy succor, it could rely, in the terrible struggles that awaited it, only upon its own slight strength and feeble resources.

Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, the landscape that presented itself might well remain impressed through life upon the memory. The river, about half a mile wide, almost washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cottages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings, looking out from the foliage; and in the distance, the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky— all were mingled in one great scene of wild and rural beauty.

Pontiac, the Satan of this forest paradise, was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon. "The king and lord of all this country," as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, carelessly reclining his naked form on a rush mat or a bearskin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the uncurbed passions swelling in his powerful soul, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honorable. At one moment his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes. Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotion of the patriot hero, the champion not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France. In his ignorance he thought that the British colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

25. **chemin du ronde**, circuit road. 32. **engagés**, employees, or men enlisted for military purposes.

70. **Rogers**, Robert (1727-1800), an American officer, who served with distinction in the French and Indian War, and who wrote an account of the siege of Detroit.

Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes. On the afternoon of the fifth of May a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the principal settlers, crossed over from the western side, and visited the Ottawa village, to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Returning home in the evening, she mentioned what she had seen to several of her neighbors. Upon this, one of them, the blacksmith of the village, remarked that many of the Indians had lately visited his shop, and attempted to borrow files and saws for a purpose which they would not explain. These circumstances excited the suspicion of the experienced Canadians. Doubtless there were many in the settlement who might, had they chosen, have revealed the plot; but it is no less certain that the more numerous and respectable class in the little community had too deep an interest in the preservation of peace to countenance the designs of Pontiac. M. Gouin, an old and wealthy settler, went to the commandant and conjured him to stand upon his guard; but Gladwyn, a man of fearless temper, gave no heed to the friendly advice.

In the Pottawattamie village lived an Ojibwa girl, who, if there be truth in tradition, could boast a larger share of beauty than is common in the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwyn. He had formed a connection with her, and she had become much attached to him. On the afternoon of the sixth, Catharine—for so the officers called her—came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupine work, which he had requested her to make. There was something unusual in her look and manner. Her face was sad and downcast. She said little, and soon left the room; but the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly come. At length she attracted the notice of Gladwyn himself; and calling her to him, he pressed her to declare what was weighing upon her mind. Still she remained for a long time silent, and it was only after much urgency and many promises not to betray her that she revealed her momentous secret.

Tomorrow, she said, Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched.

Gladwyn was an officer of signal courage and address. He thanked his faithful mistress, and promising a rich reward, told her to go back to her village, that no suspicion might be kindled against her. Then, calling his subordinates together, he imparted what he had heard. The defenses of the place were feeble and extensive, and the garrison by far too weak to repel a general assault. The force of the Indians at this time is variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand; and the commandant greatly feared that some wild impulse might precipitate their plan, and that they would storm the fort before the morning. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

6. May, 1763.

75. wampum, shells used by the Indians as money. They were strung like beads, and were frequently made into belts for ceremonial purposes.

"It rained all day," writes the chronicler, "but cleared up toward evening, and there was a very fair sunset." Perhaps it was such a one as even now, when all else is changed, may still be seen at times from the eastern shore of the Detroit. A canopy of clouds is spread across the sky, drawn up from the horizon like a curtain, as if to reveal the glory of the west, where lies a transparent sea of liquid amber immeasurably deep. The sun has set; the last glimpse of his burning disk has vanished behind the forest; but where he sank, the sky glows like a conflagration, and still, from his retreat, he bathes heaven and earth with celestial coloring. The edges of the cloudy curtain are resplendent with gold, and its dark blue drapery is touched with blood-red stains by the floods of fiery radiance. The forests and the shores melt together in rich and shadowy purple, and the waters reflect the splendor of the heavens. Gazing on the gorgeous sublimity of earth and sky, man may forget his vexed and perturbed humanity. Goaded by passions, racked by vain desires, tossed on the tumultuous sea of earthly troubles, amid doubt and disappointment, pain and care, he awakens to new hope as he beholds the glory of declining day, and rises in serene strength to meet that majestic smile of God.

The light departed and the colors faded away. Only a dusky redness lingered in the west, and the darkening earth seemed her dull self again. Then night descended, heavy and black, on the fierce Indians and the sleepless English. From sunset till dawn an anxious watch was kept from the slender palisades of Detroit. The soldiers were still ignorant of the danger, and the sentinels did not know why their numbers were doubled, or why, with such unwonted vigilance, their officers visited their posts. Again and again Gladwyn mounted his wooden ramparts and looked forth into the gloom. There seemed nothing but repose and peace in the soft, moist air of the warm spring evening, with the piping of frogs along the river bank, just roused from their torpor by the genial influence of May. But, at intervals, as the night wind swept across the bastion, it bore sounds of fearful portent to the ear, the sullen booming of the Indian drum and the wild chorus of quavering yells, as the warriors, around their distant campfires, danced the war-dance, in preparation for the morrow's work.

CHAPTER XI

THE TREACHERY OF PONTIAC

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly-budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

At an early hour the open common behind the fort was thronged with squaws, children, and warriors, some naked, and others fantastically arrayed in their barbarous finery. All seemed restless and uneasy, moving hither and thither, in apparent preparation for a general game of ball. Many tall warriors, wrapped in their blankets, were seen stalking toward the fort, and casting malignant, furtive glances upward at the palisades. Then, with an air of assumed indifference, they would move toward the gate. They were all admitted; for Gladwyn, who in this instance, at least, showed some knowledge of Indian character, chose to convince his crafty foe that, though their plot was detected, their hostility was despised.

The whole garrison was ordered under arms. Sterling and the other English fur-traders closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

Meanwhile, Pontiac, who had crossed with the canoes from the eastern shore, was approaching along the river road, at the head of sixty chiefs, all gravely marching in Indian file. A Canadian settler named Beaufait had been that morning to the fort. He was now returning homeward, and as he reached the bridge which led over the stream then called Parent's Creek, he saw the chiefs in the act of crossing from the farther bank. He stood aside to give them room. As the last Indian passed, Beaufait recognized him as an old friend and associate. The savage greeted him with the usual ejaculation, opened for an instant the folds of his blanket, disclosed the hidden gun, and, with an emphatic gesture toward the fort, indicated the ferocious purpose to which he meant to apply it.

At ten o'clock the great war-chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long, black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ocher and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his broad chest. Well might his stoicism fail, for in a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy, half-wild *engagés* of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street, and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. Entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew

the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think, and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended toward them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up; but, before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers, the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Gladwyn has been censured, and perhaps with justice, for not detaining the chiefs as hostages for the good conduct of their followers. An entrapped wolf meets no quarter from the huntsman; and a savage, caught in his treachery, has no claim to forbearance. Perhaps the commandant feared lest, should he arrest the chiefs when gathered at a public council, and guiltless as yet of open violence, the act might be interpreted as cowardly and dishonorable. He was ignorant, moreover, of the true nature of the plot. In his view the whole affair was one of those impulsive outbreaks so common among Indians, and he trusted that, could an immediate rupture be averted, the threatening clouds would soon blow over.

Here, and elsewhere, the conduct of Pontiac is marked with the blackest treachery; and one cannot but lament that a nature so brave, so commanding, so magnanimous, should be stained with the odious vice of cowards and traitors. He could govern, with almost despotic sway, a race unruly as the winds. In generous thought and deed, he rivaled the heroes of ancient story, and craft and cunning might well seem alien to a mind like his. Yet Pontiac was a thorough savage, and in him stand forth, in strongest light and shadow, the native faults and virtues of the Indian race. All children, says Sir Walter Scott, are naturally liars; and truth and honor are developments of later education. Barbarism is to civilization what childhood is to maturity, and all savages, whatever may be their country, their color, or their lineage, are prone to treachery and deceit. The barbarous ancestors of our own frank and manly race are no less obnoxious to the charge than those of the cat-like Bengalee; for in this childhood of society, brave men and cowards are treacherous alike.

The Indian differs widely from the European in his notion of military virtue. In his view artifice is wisdom, and he honors the skill that can circumvent, no less than the valor that can subdue, an adversary. The object of war, he argues, is to destroy the enemy. To accomplish this end, all means are honorable; and it is folly, not bravery, to incur a needless risk. Had Pontiac ordered his followers to storm the palisades of Detroit, not one of them would have obeyed him. They might, indeed, after their strange superstition, have reverenced him as a madman; but,

29. **to depart.** Extract from a MS Letter—Major Gladwyn to Sir J. Amherst (Detroit, May 14, 1763). "Sir: On the first instant, Pontiac, the Chief of the Ottawa Nation, came here with about fifty of his men (forty, Pontiac MS) and told me that in a few days, when the rest of his nation came in, he intended to pay me a formal visit. The 7th he came, but I was luckily informed, the night before, that he was coming with an intention to surprise us; upon which I took such precautions that when they entered the fort (though they were, by the best accounts, about three hundred, and armed with knives, tomahawks, and a great many with guns cut short, and hid under their blankets), they were so much surprised to see our disposition that they would scarcely sit down to council. However, in about half an hour, they saw their designs were discovered; they sat down, and Pontiac made a speech which I answered calmly, and without intimating my suspicion of their intentions, and after receiving some trifling presents, they went away to their camp." [Parkman's note.]

from that hour, his fame as a war-chief would have sunk forever.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape was to his mind an ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter supposition seemed the more probable, and he resolved to visit the English once more, and convince them, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded. Early on the following morning he repaired to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, the bowl carved in stone, and the stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to the commandant, he addressed him and his officers to the following effect: "My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." At his departure he gave the pipe to Major Campbell, second in command, as a further pledge of his sincerity.

That afternoon, the better to cover his designs, Pontiac called the young men of all the tribes to a game of ball, which took place, with great noise and shouting, on the neighboring fields. At nightfall the garrison were startled by a burst of loud, shrill yells. The drums beat to arms, and the troops were ordered to their posts; but the alarm was caused only by the victors in the ball play, who were announcing their success by these discordant outcries. Meanwhile, Pontiac was in the Pottawattamie village, consulting with the chiefs of that tribe, and with the Wyandots, by what means they might compass the ruin of the English.

Early on the following morning, Monday, the ninth of May, the French inhabitants went in procession to the principal church of the settlement, which stood near the river bank, about half a mile above the fort. Having heard Mass, they all returned before eleven o'clock, without discovering any signs that the Indians meditated an act of hostility. Scarcely, however, had they done so, when the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians of all the four tribes; and Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. Pontiac shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet. Gladwyn's answer was more concise than courteous, and imported that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage he turned abruptly from the gate, and strode toward his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gunshot. At his approach they all leaped up and ran off, "yelping," in the words of an eyewitness, "like so many devils."

Looking out from the loopholes, the garrison could see them running in a body toward the house of an old English woman, who lived, with her family, on a distant part of the common. They beat down the doors and rushed tumultuously in. A moment more and the mournful scalp yell told the fate of the wretched inmates. Another large body ran, with loud yells, to the river bank and, leaping into their canoes, paddled with all speed to the Isle au Cochon. Here dwelt an Englishman, named Fisher, formerly a sergeant of the regulars.

They soon dragged him from the hiding-place where he had sought refuge, murdered him on the spot, took his scalp, and made great rejoicings over this miserable trophy of brutal malice. On the following day, several Canadians crossed over to the island to inter the body, which they accomplished, as they thought, very effectually. Tradition, however, relates, as undoubted truth,

that when, a few days after, some of the party returned to the spot, they beheld the pale hands of the dead man thrust above the ground, in an attitude of eager entreaty. Having once more covered the refractory members with earth, they departed, in great wonder and awe; but what was their amazement when, on returning a second time, they saw the hands protruding as before. At this they repaired in horror to the priest, who hastened to the spot, sprinkled the grave with holy water, and performed over it the neglected rites of burial. Thenceforth, says the tradition, the corpse of the murdered soldier slept in peace.

Pontiac had borne no part in the wolfish deed of his followers. When he saw his plan defeated, he turned toward the shore, and no man durst approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it, with vigorous strokes, against the current, toward the Ottawa village, on the farther side. As he drew near, he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children, and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. The squaws labored with eager alacrity to obey him. Provisions, utensils, weapons, and even the bark covering to the lodges, were carried to the shore; and before evening all was ready for embarkation. Meantime, the warriors had come dropping in from their bloody work, until, at nightfall, nearly all had returned. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced vengeance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

The war-dance over, the work of embarkation was commenced, and long before morning the transfer was complete. The whole Ottawa population crossed the river, and pitched their wigwams on the western side, just above the mouth of the little stream then known as Parent's Creek, but since named Bloody Run, from the scenes of terror which it witnessed.

During the evening fresh tidings of disaster reached the fort. A Canadian named Desnoyers came down the river in a birch canoe and, landing at the water gate, brought news that two English officers, Sir Robert Davers and Captain Robertson, had been waylaid and murdered by the Indians, above Lake St. Clair. The Canadian declared, moreover, that Pontiac had just been joined by a formidable band of Ojibwas, from the Bay of Saginaw. These were a peculiarly ferocious horde, and their wretched descendants still retain the character.

Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts throughout the night.

All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But as the first dim redness tinged the east, and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war whoop rose on every side at once. As wolves assail the wounded bison, howling their gathering cries across the wintry prairie, so the fierce Indians, pealing their terrific yells, came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time, for not the Ottawas

74. **murdered.** Extract from an anonymous letter—Detroit, July 9, 1763. "You have long ago heard of our pleasant situation, but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? To see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay, to spite the rascals. They boiled and eat Sir Robert Davers; and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson's arm for a tobacco pouch!" [Parkman's note.]

alone, but the whole barbarian swarm, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas, were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But, though their clamors filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black heads of Indians alternately appeared and vanished, while, all along the ridge, their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect. The Canadian *engagés* of the fur-traders retorted the Indian war-whoops with outcries not less discordant, while the British and provincials paid back the clamor of the enemy with musket and rifle balls. Within half gunshot of the palisade was a cluster of outbuildings, behind which a host of Indians found shelter. A cannon was brought to bear upon them, loaded with red-hot spikes. They were soon wrapped in flames, upon which the disconcerted savages broke away in a body, and ran off yelping, followed by a shout of laughter from the soldiers.

For six hours the attack was unabated; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary of their futile efforts. Their fire slackened, their clamors died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot or lonely whoop still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.

Gladwyn was still convinced that the whole affair was but a sudden ebullition, which would soon subside; and being, moreover, in great want of provision, he resolved to open negotiations with the Indians, under cover of which he might obtain the necessary supplies. The interpreter, La Butte, who, like most of his countrymen, might be said to hold a neutral position between the English and the Indians, was dispatched to the camp of Pontiac to demand the reasons of his conduct, and declare that the commandant was ready to redress any real grievance of which he might complain. Two old Canadians of Detroit, Chapeton and Godefroy, earnest to forward the negotiation, offered to accompany him. The gates were opened for their departure, and many other inhabitants of the place took this opportunity of leaving it, alleging as their motive that they did not wish to see the approaching slaughter of the English.

Reaching the Indian camp, the three ambassadors were received by Pontiac with great apparent kindness. La Butte delivered his message, and the two Canadians labored to dissuade the chief, for his own good and for theirs, from pursuing his hostile purposes. Pontiac stood listening, armed with the true impenetrability of an Indian. At every proposal he uttered an ejaculation of assent, partly from a strange notion of courtesy peculiar to his race, and partly from the deep dissimulation which seems native to their blood. Yet with all this seeming acquiescence, the heart of the savage was unmoved as a rock. The Canadians were completely deceived. Leaving Chapeton and Godefroy to continue the conference and push the fancied advantage, La Butte hastened back to the fort. He reported the happy issue of his mission and added that peace might readily be had by making the Indians a few presents, for which they are always rapaciously

31. **retorted**, hurled back.

eager. When, however, he returned to the Indian camp, he found, to his chagrin, that his companions had made no progress in the negotiation. Though still professing a strong desire for peace, Pontiac had evaded every definite proposal. At La Butte's appearance all the chiefs withdrew to consult among themselves. They returned after a short debate, and Pontiac declared that, out of their earnest desire for firm and lasting peace, they wished to hold council with their English fathers themselves. With this view, they were expressly desirous that Major Campbell, second in command, should visit their camp. This veteran officer, from his just, upright, and manly character, had gained the confidence of the Indians. To the Canadians the proposal seemed a natural one, and returning to the fort, they laid it before the commandant. Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Major Campbell urgently asked permission to comply with the request of Pontiac. He felt, he said, no fear of the Indians, with whom he had always maintained the most friendly terms. Gladwyn, with some hesitation, acceded, and Campbell left the fort, accompanied by a junior officer, Lieutenant M'Dougal, and attended by La Butte and several other Canadians.

In the meantime M. Gouin, anxious to learn what was passing, had entered the Indian camp, and, moving from lodge to lodge, soon saw and heard enough to convince him that the two British officers were advancing into the lion's jaws. He hastened to dispatch two messengers to warn them of the peril. The party had scarcely left the gate when they were met by these men, breathless with running; but the warning came too late. Once embarked on the embassy, the officers would not be diverted from it; and passing up the river road, they approached the little wooden bridge that led over Parent's Creek. Crossing this bridge, and ascending a rising ground beyond, they saw before them the widespread camp of the Ottawas. A dark multitude gathered along its outskirts, and no sooner did they recognize the red uniform of the officers than they all raised at once a horrible outcry of whoops and howlings. Indeed, they seemed disposed to give the ambassadors the reception usually accorded to captives taken in war; for the women seized sticks, stones, and clubs, and ran toward Campbell and his companion, as if to make them pass the cruel ordeal of running the gantlet. Pontiac came forward, and his voice allayed the tumult. He shook the officers by the hand, and, turning, led the way through the camp. It was a confused assemblage of huts, chiefly of a conical or half-spherical shape, and constructed of a slender framework covered with rush mats or sheets of birch bark. Many of the graceful birch canoes, used by the Indians of the upper lakes, were lying here and there among paddles, fish-spears, and blackened kettles slung above the embers of the fires. The camp was full of lean, wolfish dogs, who, roused by the clamor of their owners, kept up a discordant baying as the strangers passed. Pontiac paused before the entrance of a large lodge, and, entering, pointed to several mats placed on the ground, at the side opposite the opening. Here, obedient to his signal, the two officers sat down. Instantly the lodge was thronged with savages. Some —and these were for the most part chiefs or old men—seated themselves on the ground before the strangers, while the remaining space was filled by a dense crowd, crouching or standing erect, and peering over each other's shoulders. At

65. **running the gantlet.** When a war party returned with prisoners, the whole population of the village turned out to receive them, armed with sticks, clubs, or even deadlier weapons. The captive was ordered to run to a given point, usually some conspicuous lodge, or a post driven into the ground, while his tormentors, ranging themselves in two rows, inflicted on him a merciless flagellation, which only ceased when he had reached the goal. Among the Iroquois, prisoners were led through the whole confederacy, undergoing this martyrdom at every village, and seldom escaping without the loss of a hand, a finger, or an eye. Sometimes the sufferer was made to dance and sing, for the better entertainment of the crowd.

The story of General Stark is well known. Being captured, in his youth, by the Indians, and told to run the gantlet, he instantly knocked down the nearest warrior, snatched a club from his hands, and wielded it with such good will that no one dared approach him, and he reached the goal scot free, while his more timorous companion was nearly beaten to death. [Parkman's note.]

their first entrance Pontiac had spoken a few words. A pause then ensued, broken at length by Campbell, who from his seat addressed the Indians in a short speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour the unfortunate officers saw before them the same concourse of dark, inscrutable faces, bending an unwavering gaze upon them. Some were passing out, and others coming in to supply their places, and indulge their curiosity by a sight of the Englishmen. At length Major Campbell, conscious, no doubt, of the danger in which he was placed, resolved fully to ascertain his true position, and, rising to his feet, declared his intention of returning to the fort. Pontiac made a sign that he should resume his seat. "My father," he said, "will sleep tonight in the lodges of his red children." The gray-haired soldier and his companion were betrayed into the hands of their enemies.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot, but Pontiac would not carry his treachery so far. He protected them from injury and insult, and conducted them to the house of M. Meloche, near Parent's Creek, where good quarters were assigned them, and as much liberty allowed as was consistent with safe custody. The peril of their situation was diminished by the circumstance that two Indians, who, several days before, had been detained at the fort for some slight offense, still remained prisoners in the power of the commandant.

Late in the evening La Butte, the interpreter, returned to the fort. His face wore a sad and downcast look, which sufficiently expressed the melancholy tidings that he brought. On hearing his account, some of the officers suspected, though probably without ground, that he was privy to the detention of the two ambassadors; and La Butte, feeling himself an object of distrust, lingered about the streets, sullen and silent, like the Indians among whom his rough life had been spent.

(1851)

14 ff. Extract from a MS letter—Sir J. Amherst to Major Gladwyn (New York, 22d June, 1763): "The precautions you took when the perfidious villains came to pay you a visit were indeed very wisely concerted; and I approve entirely of the steps you have since taken for the defense of the place, which, I hope, will have enabled you to keep the savages at bay until the reënforcement which Major Wilkins writes me he has sent you, arrives with you.

"I most sincerely grieve for the unfortunate fate of Sir Robert Davers, Lieut. Robertson, and the rest of the poor people who have fallen into the hands of the merciless villains. I trust you did not know of the murder of those gentlemen when Pontiac came with a pipe of peace, for if you had, you certainly would have put him, and every Indian in your power, to death. Such retaliation is the only way of treating such miscreants.

"I cannot but approve of your having permitted Captain Campbell and Lieut. MacDougal to go to the Indians, as you have no other method to procure provisions, by which means you may have been enabled to preserve the garrison; for no other inducement should have prevailed on you to allow those gentlemen to entrust themselves with the savages. I am nevertheless not without my fears for them, and were it not that you have two Indians in your hands, in lieu of those gentlemen, I should give them over for lost.

"I shall add no more at present; Capt. Dalzell will inform you of the steps taken for reënforcing you; and you may be assured—the utmost expedition will be used for collecting such a force as may be sufficient for bringing ample vengeance on the treacherous and bloody villains who have so perfidiously attacked their benefactors." [Parkman's note.]

24. **enemies.** Lieutenant M'Dougal soon escaped, but Major Campbell was murdered. 52. **spent.** Pontiac continued the siege of Detroit all summer, but on September 3 a schooner from Niagara brought reënforcements, provisions, and ammunition to the fort. With the approach of winter the Indians withdrew. By 1765, the conspiracy had been stamped out completely.

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The chief schools of English historical thought are best exemplified by the historians themselves. For the history of vivid narrative where facts and events are emphasized, Macaulay is best, and his conception of history may be found both in his essay entitled "History" and in the introduction to his *History of England.* The classical and philosophic school is best exemplified by Gibbon, who explains his idea of history in his *Autobiography* and in the opening section of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Social history is best exemplified by Green, who has expressed his purpose in the introduction and opening section of *A Short History of the English People.* Last of all, and allied with the philosophical type of history, is the work of Carlyle, who explains his conception of history as the essence of innumerable biographies both in his essays entitled "Biography" and "History" and in *The French Revolution.* Carlyle revivifies history and seeks for the inner significance of every fact. There are many variants of these schools, but these are the chief types.

List of Historical Writers

General Note. The following selective bibliography of English and American historical writers represents history as a type of literature. Consequently, we must consider the chronological growth of the type. We should note that on one side history touches the more abstract sciences of government, economics, and philosophy, while on the other it becomes biography.

A. English

1. Chronicles and first-hand accounts told in the beginning from the objective, impersonal point of view, usually by contemporaries, and later from the personal point of view.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (tenth century), translated by J. A. Giles. Burt, London, 1914. Also translated by J. Ingram. Dent, London, 1913.

Bede (673-735), *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, translated from the Latin by J. A. Giles. Temple Classics, Dent, London, 1903.

Holinshed, Raphael (d. 1580), *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, 1570.

Skipping to modern times—and few examples of this type exist before 1914—the following titles suggest not memoirs, but attempts of individuals responsible for important events in history to explain what happened.

Churchill, Rt. Hon. Winston S. (1874-), *The World Crisis, 1911-1915*, 2 vols. Scribner, New York, 1923. The First Lord of the British Admiralty, 1911-1915, relates the history of the British Admiralty and of the Navy during this period.

French, Field-Marshal Viscount of Ypres (1859-), *1914*. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1919. The commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force gives its history from August, 1914 to December, 1915.

Sir Douglas Haig's Dispatches, December, 1915-April, 1919, edited by Lt. Col. J. H. Boraston, 2 vols. London, 1919. The official dispatches to the British War Office of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces who succeeded Lord French.

Jellicoe, Admiral Viscount (1852-), *The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916*. Doran, New York, 1919. *The Crisis of The Naval War*. Doran, New York, 1921. The Admiral in command of the British Grand Fleet, 1914-1916, relates its history during these years.

2. Histories told first by participants, then by scholars. At first the relation of the story predominates, but in the eighteenth century, philosophy and a new scholarly technique led both to narrowing the field to be investigated by the individual, and to diversifying the attitude of the historian toward his material. Finally, there is an attempt to synthesize an era, by means of either a group of specialists working under an editor, or a single man who superficially absorbs the general principles at work in the realm of history.

Bryce, James, (1838-1922), *The Holy Roman Empire*. Macmillan, London and New York, 1904.

Buckle, Henry T. (1821-1862), *History of Civilization in England, France, Spain, and Scotland*, 3 vols. London, 1866.

Cambridge Modern History, 13 vols. Macmillan, London and New York, 1902-1912. *Cambridge Medieval History*, 4 vols. so far. Macmillan, New York, 1911-1923. One extreme of historical writing is the composite history covering a wide field, and written in parts by specialists under a general editor. It is an attempt to obtain sweeping results plus meticulous scholarship. Lord Acton (1834-1902) was the projector of this type.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881), *The French Revolution*, 2 vols. London, 1887. *Essays Critical and Miscellaneous*, 3 vols. Dent, London, 1915.

Edward, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, 8 vols. Oxford, 1826.

Freeman, Edward A. (1823-1892), *The History of the Norman Conquest*, 6 vols. Oxford, 1869.

Froude, James A. (1818-1894), *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, 12 vols. New York, 1874. *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 3 vols. New York, London, 1872.

Gardiner, S. R. (1829-1902), *History of England from the Accession of James I through the Protectorate (1656)*, 18 vols. London, 1883-1903.

Gibbon, Edward (1737-1794), *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 7 vols. Methuen, London, 1896-1900.

Green, John R. (1837-1883), *A Short History of the English People*, revised, 4 vols. London, 1894.

Grote, George (1794-1871), *A History of Greece*, 10 vols. London, 1888.

Hallam, Henry (1777-1859), *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, 3 vols. London, 1872.

Hume, David (1711-1776), *The History of England*, 5 vols. Oxford, 1825. The first English philosopher to use history as a proof of his philosophic theories.

Lecky, W. E. H. (1838-1903), *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 8 vols. London, 1879-1890. *History of European Morals*, New Impression, 2 vols. Appleton, New York, 1920.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800-1859),

A History of England from the Accession of James II, 10 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1900. *Critical and Historical Essays*, 6 vols. Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1890.

Symonds, John A. (1840-1893), *The Renaissance in Italy*, 7 vols. London, 1907.

Trevelyan, George Macaulay (1876-), *History of England*. Longmans, Green, London and New York, 1926.

Wells, H. G. (1866-), *The Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind*, 2 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1920. The other extreme of historical writing is the synthesis by one man of the accumulated knowledge of mankind in a sweeping view of the entire panorama. The significance of this work is that for the first time human history is represented in its true relation with natural history.

Wingfield-Stratford, Esme Cecil (1882-), *The History of British Civilization*, 2 vols. Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1928.

B. American

1. Chronicles told from the objective, impersonal viewpoint, usually by contemporaries. In America they are more accurate than in England because America was colonized by people who were post-Renaissance individualists.

Bradford, William (1663-1752), *History of the Plymouth Plantation*. Scribner, New York, 1908.

Winthrop, John (1588-1647), *Journal or History of New England*, 2 vols. Scribner, New York, 1908.

2. Histories related by scholars who surveyed the entire field of American history, dominated by nineteenth-century scholarship without eighteenth-century rationalism. Recently each historian has specialized and philosophized in a narrower field, though the final tendencies noted in England and exemplified by the *Cambridge Histories* and the *Outline of History* have not arrived in America.

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CHAPTER VIII

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. What Is Biography?

The close relationship of history and biography was pointed out in the Introduction to Chapter VII. History is the record of a social group, biography that of an individual. The two types overlap frequently. Thus the life of a statesman, general, or other public figure can hardly be written without some account of the larger events which formed the background of his career and in which he played a leading rôle. Most men, indeed, who are sufficiently great to be the subjects of biographies have gained this distinction through some form of service to their fellowmen—social, political, military, or artistic—and their life records form a part of the history of their generation. And history, furthermore, if we accept Carlyle's definition of it, is "the essence of innumerable Biographies."

The interest which men take in biography is not far different from that which they take in history. In reading biography, as in reading history, they are moved by curiosity, by a desire to peer into the past and to mark the channels down which they have come, or to see what water is now rushing down the channels of life. In biography, this curiosity is more localized than in history. We are all eager to satisfy our desire to know what our forebears did as a group; we are even more eager to follow the careers of the men who have stood out of the mass. We cannot identify ourselves with a whole people; we *can* put ourselves into the position of a hero. So it is that for most of us biography is more attractive than history; somehow it seems more intimate and less remote, much as a single portrait may seem closer to us than a group painting. We follow the episodes of a man's career with the feeling that in his position we too might have acted as he did; the unfolded narrative frequently has the qualities of suspense and of climax, and we experience vicariously the thrills of triumph and the sorrows of defeat which mark the turning points in his career.

As was pointed out in the Introduction to the chapter on history, the conceptions as to how that type of literature should be written have varied greatly from period to period. Similarly, there has been no fixed formula for the writing of biography. Each period seems to have determined for itself which type of episode in the lives of its great men should be recorded and which rejected. Biography, like history, is written for living readers; it is their tastes and their wishes which the biographer has to consider. Primitive biographies, or "lives," tend to be heroic narratives in which the qualities of physical courage are emphasized. Like epics they stir their readers with the tales of great deeds; like epics, too, they inflate the subject of these deeds to god-like proportions. But these inflations are no more untrue to fact than are those of later periods. In a moral and sentimental age, like the decades at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, great men were used to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Greatness became synonymous with goodness; men were great *because* they were good; and if we too would be great like them, we must begin by being good in compliance with the current code of goodness.

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make *our* lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

This was the formula, then; the biographer selected and emphasized the moral qualities of his subject and pointed out the golden nimbus which shone about his head. If the subject seemed great in spite of moral delinquencies, he might still be used as a peg upon which to hang a sermon. The biog-

rapher could point with regret to the clay feet of his idol and derive from this contemplation sad reflections on how much greater the man might have been with marble feet.

This didactic school of biography was hardly as honest as the "wart school" to which Samuel Johnson's famous biographer belonged. The "wart school" derived its name from the episode of Cromwell's insisting that he be painted "warts and all" so that he might not be misrepresented. So Boswell, having faith that to show his hero's defects and foibles would not be to make him less heroic but rather more human, painted Johnson "warts and all." But the didactic school dominated Victorian biography. Biographers of that period usually represented their great men as of heroic stature and delineated them in words much as they might have carved them in marble for some Hall of Fame. It is against this cold presentation of men who really did live and breathe that the modern biographers have reacted. Indeed, contemporary biographers seem willing to show their subjects not as more than human but as less than human. If the didactic school selected only the great man's virtues, the Satanic school—as Samuel Crothers called it—selects only his vices as though trying to prove that greatness and vice and not greatness and virtue are synonymous. If the didactic school would elevate its readers to the pedestals of the great, some members at least of the Satanic school would bring the great ones down from their pedestals to the level of the herd—or lower. The appeal of these biographers, finally, seems to be not to the reader's curiosity but to his morbid inquisitiveness.

The development of biography in England and America is the subject of the next section; enough has been said, however, in the preceding paragraphs to show that each period writes its own biography and makes its own use of its heroes. The only constants in a subject's life are the documented and undisputed facts; the rest is a play of lights of varying colors and shadows of varying depths. It is doubtful if the subject of any biography is ever impartially and completely represented. Where the external episodes of his career are alone recounted, there is plenty of room for doubt and misunderstanding. Where, as in many modern biographies, the writer attempts to arrive at what he calls "real" truth by plumbing the depths of the subject's soul and discovering the springs of his actions, the task is still harder, for who can pluck out the heart of the great mystery of a man's being and behavior? Every man is essentially an unknown even to his most intimate friend. More, there are in him depths which he has himself never sounded. Autobiographies, or self-portraits, are, therefore, sometimes the most inaccurate of analyses. "Know thyself," growls Carlyle. "Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual." And so self-revelations must be often unconsciously made, and must be read, like Boswell's portrait of his own soul, not in the direct statements but between the lines.

II. The Development of Biography in England and America

The development of biographic and autobiographic writing has paralleled closely the development of human thought and civilization. When first employed, the art of writing, like education, was restricted to the governing and priestly castes. The common individual did not matter. Therefore the first evidences of biography appear in old chronicles as sketches of kings and princes. Later these sketches were developed into independent biographies, though not such as we have today. The ancient chronicler made no psychological study of his subject, but related a group of deeds and mentioned certain striking qualities. Cause and effect or the logical development of a character meant nothing to him. We learn, therefore, little or nothing of the motivating causes of any life through biography previous to the seventeenth century, while great autobiographies previous to that time are few. Yet for three centuries previous to the seventeenth century the forces of the Renaissance were at work turning man from an objective worship of form, authority, and caste to a subjective consideration of himself as an individual. Scholasticism taught only authorized material by authorized persons; humanism taught the dignity and worth of the individual man, and his ability to

apprehend the meaning of life. Consequently, during the Renaissance, not only individuals but whole classes of people began to become acquainted with themselves, and then to form independent judgments upon subjects in life about which they had previously never dared to surmise. A new sense of the value of life in terms of the individual, creeping from Italy and France in the fifteenth century to England in the sixteenth, at length shook all Europe intellectually and emotionally. But men were so busy in living that few set down their experiences biographically until the seventeenth century. In both England and America the earliest biographical manifestations of the seventeenth century occurred in the form of diaries, kept either purely for private pleasure or with the hope of future publication. The *Diary* (1660-1669) of Samuel Pepys, secretary of the Navy, is the outstanding example for the period in England, and perhaps for every period, while Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* of her captivity by the Indians (1676) is, we believe, the best example of the period in America. As it happens, each work exemplifies a main stage in the development of biography, for Pepys set down daily what had occurred, while Mrs. Rowlandson set down the experiences of her captivity some time afterwards, and therefore got an external unity of perspective which Pepys lacks. The chief unity of his *Diary* is the unity of his character, revealing itself in his emotional and mental reactions to life.

Just as the seventeenth century is distinguished for the production of the greatest English diary, so is the eighteenth century distinguished for the production of the greatest English biography. We have already noted that biographies vary in interest proportionately to the personal acquaintance of the writer with his subject and his ability to record that acquaintance. If friendship existed, the narrative has at least vivid touches, or at most deep understanding and insight. If the writer did not know his subject personally, he can make good his loss only by a detailed study of abundant and revealing literary remains or the accounts of those who knew personally the subject of the biography. The latter method can be successful only when the writer has keen and sensitive insight and a feeling for cause and effect which enable him to create an intimate knowledge of a human being from recorded evidence rather than from actual contact. Such biographical technique belongs to the nineteenth rather than to the eighteenth century, and we shall study it later. The chief eighteenth-century biographies owe their literary permanence to the fact that the writer knew his subject personally and over a long period of time. Boswell, for example, was Johnson's friend for over twenty years. But Boswell was no ordinary biographer. By nature he was endowed with a fixed determination to penetrate the inmost privacy of anyone in whom he was interested, especially of the great, and he had an unusual ability to detect greatness. Before he met Johnson, he was determined to become his friend, and from the first he set down conversations, kept letters, noted what others knew, until, when he composed the biography, he had not merely his personal recollections of the man, but a mass of the most intimate and illuminating biographical material. The result is unique, for we are enabled through print to see Dr. Johnson live practically day by day, surrounded by his friends in eighteenth-century London. Other eighteenth-century biographies approach Boswell's *Johnson* in merit, but it overshadows them all. The record of eighteenth-century life is also vividly presented in the autobiographies, memoirs, and letters, both English and American, of Gibbon, Franklin, Wesley, Lady Montague, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Sewall, and Cotton Mather. Consciously or unconsciously these people have revealed to us enough of themselves to make their lives significant and interesting.

The nineteenth century offers the richest field for the study of both biography and autobiography. The diversification of life and endeavor which was produced first by the Industrial Revolution, second by the colonial expansion of the British Empire, and third by the revelations of science, made life much richer and more varied than it had ever been before. A series of diaries, memoirs, and biographies reveal the conservative court from the time of the late Georges through the early years of Victoria; and that conservatism is gloriously buttressed with biographies on literary or eccle-

siastical figures of the age—often saintly, cold, and reserved, viewing life only through a transforming veil. The exploration, conquest, and defense group yields such treasures as the *Journals* of Livingston and Stanley, and Southey's *Life of Nelson*, while in the literary and artistic realm we must record Ruskin's *Praeterita*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Byron's *Journals and Letters*, and the reminiscences and letters of the Carlyles. Science is represented by Huxley's *Autobiography*, the journals of his researches, and Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*. Not only is there a wealth of material, but a corresponding diversity of treatment. In addition to the mere narrative of achievement, we now find successful psychological studies, or investigations of the effect of his times upon a man. Sometimes the subject sinks into the time, as in Guedalla's *Second Empire*, sometimes it rises above the time, as in Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. The wealth of material available for nineteenth-century biographies, when acted upon by the mental attitude developed by scientific investigation, has produced a power of analysis and synthesis, as well as a sense of contrast, hitherto unknown in the type.*

In America a peculiar development of biography may be observed in the personal records of immigrants who have found a new life on our shores. The pioneer is beautifully recorded by John Muir in *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth;* the settler in our cities is revealed in Jacob Riis's *The Making of an American*, and Mary Antin's *The Promised Land;* the scientist in Pupin's *From Immigrant to Inventor;* the capitalist in Andrew Carnegie's *Autobiography;* the teacher and the journalist in Ludwig Lewisohn's *Upstream* and in Edward Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok*. Illogically, perhaps, we include here Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*. In one sense all Americans who have written are immigrants, from Bradford, Winthrop, and Mrs. Rowlandson, to Pupin, and no more interesting or inspiring record of American achievement exists than these American autobiographies. America has made a richer contribution to autobiography than to biography, although such a monumental work as Nicolay and Hay's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, the biographical sketches of Gamaliel Bradford, and the various biographies by Thayer command respect.

Biography is not the usual reading of youth, unless it be some record of heroism, such as Captain Scott's *Last Antarctic Expedition*. Youth prefers the products of the imagination. But men learn by experience that while life is not as certain types of imaginative fiction would have us believe, yet in compensation the realities are often more stirring than what has been imagined. Consequently biography has a sure grip upon the attention of mature minds, and as long as men are interested in human life, so long will they be interested in its personal record.

The selections included here run from the personal daily record of Pepys and the remembered experience of Mrs. Rowlandson, Boswell, and Trelawny, through the scientific autobiographical sketch of Huxley, to the brilliant, humorous, and analytical biography of Queen Victoria by Strachey.

*An interesting comment on modern biography, especially on the work of Strachey, is contained in "Satan Among the Biographers," by Samuel McChord Crothers (page 598).

CHAPTER VIII

SELECTIONS

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON

NOTE

This early account of the captivity of an American colonist among the Indians bears the following title page:

"The Soveraignty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises Displayed;

"Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, commended by her, to all that desires to know the Lord's doings to, and dealings with her, Especially to her dear children and Relations.

"The Second Addition corrected and amended Written by Her own Hand for Her private use, and now made Publick at the earnest desire of some Friends, and for the Benefit of the Afflicted.

"Deut. 32. 39. See now that I, even I am he, and there is no God with me. I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal. Neither is there any can deliver out of my hand.

"Cambridge, Printed by Samuel Green 1682."

The Indian war of 1675-1676, known as King Philip's War from the Indian chief who led the Indian tribes of Massachusetts and Rhode Island against the English colonists, kept the frontier settlements in great alarm. Early in January, 1676, scouts warned the colonists of Lancaster, Massachussetts, that an attack on their village would occur about February 10, and the Rev. Joseph Rowlandson went to the settlements about the Bay to ask for aid. Before he returned with the aid, the attack took place, on February 10, 1676, and many of the villagers were killed. For purposes of defense the village had been divided into four or five garrisons, and at the first alarm everyone retired to that fortified stockade, or blockhouse, which his garrison was to defend. The Rowlandson garrison unfortunately had not completed their blockhouse, and it was burned.

What happened at the time and thereafter is described by Mr. Rowlandson's wife, Mary, who was carried away by the Indians, although she was wounded, together with her six-year-old daughter Sarah, who was mortally wounded. Mrs. Rowlandson's anguish was increased by the knowledge that her son Joseph and her other daughter Mary were being carried away to separate Indian villages, and during her captivity she gradually lost touch with them. After the death of her little daughter Mrs. Rowlandson was carried west through Massachusetts to the Connecticut river, then north into Vermont, and back again to Princeton, five miles south of Lancaster, where she was ransomed about May 2, 1676. Her son and her daughter were restored to her later.

This example of Puritan biography is closely allied in style and thought with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, for faith in God is indissolubly interwoven with the horrible suffering undergone by Mary Rowlandson. The narrative is simple and effective, and is filled with spiritual emotion and power.

The text is based upon a facsimile of the reprint of the 1682 edition, Cambridge, Mass., made in 1903 at Lancaster, Mass. by John Wilson for the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

[SELECTIONS]

On the tenth of February, 1675, came the Indians with great numbers upon Lancaster. Their first coming was about sunrising; hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house, the father and the mother and a sucking child they knocked on the head; the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garrison upon some occasion were set upon; one was knocked on the head, the other escaped. Another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money (as they told me), but they would not hearken to him but knocked him in head, and stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another, seeing many of the Indians about his barn, ventured and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the Indians getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on, burning, and destroying before them.

At length they came and beset our own house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw.

1. 1675. 1675 old style; 1676 new style. 34. house, blockhouse.

The house stood upon the edge of a hill; some of the Indians got behind the hill, others into the barn, and others behind anything that could shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail; and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation, in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it (which they did with flax and hemp, which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defense about the house, only two flankers at two opposite corners and one of them not finished) they fired it once and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour come that I have often heard of (in time of war, as it was the case of others), but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves, and one another, "Lord, what shall we do?" Then I took my children (and one of my sisters, hers) to go forth and leave the house. But as soon as we came to the door and appeared, the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them, so that we were fain to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison, but none of them would stir, though another time, if any Indian had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law (being before wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes; the bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children, named William, had then his leg broken, which the Indians perceiving, they knocked him on head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathen, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister being yet in the house, and seeing those woeful sights, the infidels haling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood; and her elder son telling her that her son William was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, "And, Lord, let me die with them"; which was no sooner said, but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshhold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good labors, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious Scripture take hold of her heart, 2 Cor. xii. 9, "And he said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee." More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: The Indians laid hold of us, pulling me one way and the children another, and said, "Come go along with us." I told them they would kill me. They answered, if I were willing to go along with them they would not hurt me.

Oh, the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth." Of thirty-seven persons who were in this one

16. **flankers**, lateral projecting fortifications or bastions at the corners of the house, which enabled the defenders to enfilade their own walls. 32. **children.** Mrs. Rowlandson had at the time three children: Joseph, who was about fifteen years old; Mary, about eleven; and Sarah, about six. Sarah was mortally wounded during the attack, and died nine days later. Joseph and Mary were carried away by the Indians, and were separated from their mother, but after many vicissitudes were restored to her as the story tells.

97 ff. **Come**, etc., Psalm xlvi, 8.

house none escaped either present death or a bitter captivity, save only one, who might say as he, Job i, 15, "And I only am escaped alone to tell the news." There were twelve killed, some shot, some stabbed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, O the little that we think of such dreadful sights, and to see our dear friends and relations lie bleeding out their heart-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopped into the head with a hatchet, and stripped naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves, all of them stripped naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out; yet the Lord by his Almighty power preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous beasts than that moment to end my days; and that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down the wilderness.

The First Remove

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town, where they intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians). I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered, "What! will you love English men still?" This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh, the roaring, and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowl (which they had plundered in the Town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay, and to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home and all our comforts within door, and without, all was gone (except my life), and I knew not but the next moment that might go too. There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, aye even those that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

Those seven that were killed at Lancaster the summer before upon a Sabbath day, and the one that was afterwards killed upon a week-day, were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by one-eyed John, and Marl-

38. **removes.** The Indians moved twenty times during the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, remaining varying lengths of time at each encampment.

72. **in the Bay.** Mr. Rowlandson had gone to Boston or the vicinity—known as the Bay—to fetch help against the expected attack. 81. **babe.** See note on line 32, page 350. 91. **Lancaster.** This was a previous Indian raid. 96. **one-eyed John,** a well-known Indian sachem who was hanged in Boston in 1676 for his raids upon the colonists.

borough's Praying Indians, which Captain Mosely brought to Boston, as the Indians told me.

The Second Remove

But now, the next morning, I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I knew not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me, in a wonderful manner, carrying me along, and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse; it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die." I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhumane creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, as overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power; yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopped. And now down I must sit in the snow by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up; yet so it must be that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no Christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh, I may see the wonderful power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction; still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.

The Third Remove

The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got up upon a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child's being so exceeding sick and in a lamentable condition with her wound. It may be easily judged what a poor feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths, from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, viz., an Indian town, called Wenimesset, northward of Quabaug. When we were come, O the number of pagans (now merciless enemies) that there came about me, that I may say as David, Psal. xxvii. 13, "I had fainted, unless I had believed," etc. The next day was the Sabbath. I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time, how many Sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close unto my spirit that it was easier for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence forever. Yet the Lord still showed mercy to me, and upheld me; and as he wounded me with

1. **Marlborough's Praying Indians.** There was, at Marlborough, Massachusetts, a settlement of Indians who had been converted to Christianity. In August, 1675, Captain Mosely, in reprisal for Indian hostilities, sent fifteen of these Indians to Boston under guard, although their complicity in the massacres was not established. 24. **furniture**, saddle or blanket.

75. **Wenimesset**, on the Ware River, near New Braintree, Massachusetts. 76. **Quabaug**, Brookfield, Massachusetts. 81. **etc.**, "to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." 82. **Sabbath**, February 13, 1676.

one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper (a man belonging to Roxbury) who was taken in Captain Beers his fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians; and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beers his fight; and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and as he took oaken leaves and laid to his wound, and through the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then I took oaken leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also; yet before the cure was wrought I may say, as it is in Psal. xxxviii. 5, 6, "My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long." I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her, but instead of that, sometimes one Indian would come and tell me one hour, that "Your master will knock your child in the head," and then a second, and then a third, "Your master will quickly knock your child in the head."

This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again; my child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on Feb. 18, 1675; it being about six years, and five months old. It was nine days, from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down by my dead babe, side by side all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me in the use of my reason and senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent for me home to my master's wigwam; (by my master in this writing must be understood Quan-opin, who was a sagamore, and married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another Narraganset Indian, who took me when first I came out of the garrison). I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone; there was no resisting, but go I must and leave it. When I had been at my master's wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to go look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it; then they told me it was upon the hill. Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in this wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this wilderness-condition, to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at this same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another. She was about ten years old, and taken from the

4. **Captain Beers his fight.** (*His* here stands for the possessive, i.e., 's.) On September 4, 1675, Captain Beers was hurrying to the relief of Northfield, Mass., which was being besieged by the Indians, when he was ambushed and slain with most of his men. The remainder fled to Captain Mosely near by, who, with sixty men, fought off the Indians. 8. **King Philip**, chief of the Wampanoags, who organized the Indian War against the colonists in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 1675-1676. 15. **go**, walk, travel. 37. **he**, meaning Job. See Job xvi, 2.

71. **sagamore**, tribal chief. 94. **Mary.** See note on line 32, page 350.

door at first by a Praying Indian and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a-weeping; at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bade me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where; the third they would not let me come near to. "Me," as he said, "have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also; all these things are against me." I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation which I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good and, if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And indeed quickly the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayers; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son came to me, and asked me how I did; I had not seen him before, since the destruction of the town, and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was amongst a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off; with tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead; and told me he had seen his sister Mary; and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: There was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them (among whom was my son's master) to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of the absence of his master, his dame brought him to see me. I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day, viz., to this, the Indians returned from Medfield, all the company, for those that belonged to the other small company came through the town that now we were at. But before they came to us, oh! the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was. They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and whooping they signified how many they had destroyed (which was at that time twenty-three). Those that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rung again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the Sagamore's wigwam; and then, oh, the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me if I would have a Bible, he had got one in his basket. I was glad of it, and asked him whether he thought the Indians would let me read. He answered, yes. So I took the Bible, and in that melancholy time it came into my mind to read first the 28 Chap. of Deut., which I did, and when I had read it my dark heart wrought on this manner, that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses come in their room, and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading till I came to Chap. 30, the seven first verses, where I found there was mercy promised again if we would return to

1. **Praying Indian.** Mrs. Rowlandson evidently thought he was a convert, like Marlborough's Indians. See note on line 1, page 832. 10. **Me,** etc., the lament of Jacob when his sons wished to take Benjamin into Egypt (Genesis xlii, 36). 29. **son.** See note on line 32, page 350.

50. **Medfield,** a Massachusetts settlement about thirty miles southeast of Lancaster. The assault took place on February 21.

him by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this Scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

Now the Indians began to talk of removing from this place, some one way, and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place (all of them children except one woman). I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them; they being to go one way, and I another, I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance; they told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, viz., Goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away; I wished her not to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town, and she very big with child, and had but one week to reckon; and another child in her arms, two years old, and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble, with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me; I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible and lighted on Psal. xxvii, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that, ver. ult., "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

. . . .

[About May 2, 1676, the Indians made their twentieth encampment, during the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, on Wachusett Lake, five miles south of Lancaster. Negotiations for ransoming the prisoners were undertaken between the Council of the Bay and the Indians. We take up the narrative where the Indians are discussing the ransom.]

21. **Goodwife Joslin.** She was knocked on the head by the Indians, and her baby as well. Both were then burned in a bonfire. The Indians told the other captive children that they would suffer the same fate if they attempted to escape. 37. **ver. ult.**, last verse.

But to return again to my going home, where we may see a remarkable change of Providence: At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me; but afterwards they assented to it, and seemed much to rejoice in it; some asked me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in; not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desire, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an Indian came to me, and told me, if I were willing, he and his squaw would run away, and go home along with me. I told him, no; I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time, that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experience that I have had. I have been in the midst of those roaring lions, and savage bears, that feared neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company; sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered me the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action. Though some are ready to say, I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to his glory. God's power is as great now and as sufficient to save as when he preserved Daniel in the lion's den; or the three children in the fiery furnace. I may well say as his Psal. cvii, 12, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies quietly and peaceably, and not a dog moving his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again.

42. **they**, the Indians.

About the sun going down, Mr. Hoar, and myself, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbors, and now not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing.

We went on to a farmhouse that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow; joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; she being shot down by the house was partly burned. So that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, and came back afterward, and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children amongst the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received, and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband, but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the others we could not tell where, abated our comfort each to other. I was not before so much hemmed in with the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted, and compassionate Christians. In that poor, and distressed, and beggarly condition I was received in, I was kindly entertained in several houses. So much love I received from several (some of whom I knew, and others I knew not) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name. The Lord reward them seven-fold into their bosoms of his spirituals, for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlemen, and Mrs. Usher, whose bounty and religious charity I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. Thomas Shepard of Charlestown received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks; and a father and mother they were to us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart for our poor children, and other relations, who were still in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the Governor and Council sent forth to the Indians again; and that not without success; for they brought in my sister, and Goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us still, and yet we were not without secret hopes that we should see them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirit than those which were alive and amongst the heathen; thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was no way able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts; sometime we should hear a report that they were gone this way, and sometimes that; and that they were come in, in this place or that. We kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the Council had ordered a day of public thanksgiving; though I thought I had still cause of mourning, and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride toward the eastward, to see if we could hear anything concerning our children. And as we were riding along (God is the wise disposer of all things) between Ipswich and Rowly we

1. **Mr. Hoar**, John Hoar, of Concord, who arranged for Mrs. Rowlandson's ransom.

53. **The Lord**, etc., "may the Lord reward them seven-fold in their bosoms with his spiritual gifts for their earthly gifts to us." 95. **thanksgiving**, June 29, 1676.

met with Mr. William Hubbard, who told us that our son Joseph was come in to Major Waldren's, and another with him, which was my sister's son. I asked him how he knew it. He said the Major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but would go over to Salisbury, to hear further, and come again in the morning; which he did, and preached there that day. At night, when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come in at Providence. Here was mercy on both hands. Now hath God fulfilled that precious Scripture which was such a comfort to me in my distressed condition. When my heart was ready to sink into the earth (my children being gone I could not tell whither) and my knees trembled under me, and I was walking through the valley of the shadow of death, then the Lord brought, and now has fulfilled that reviving word unto me: "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west. Our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him, and with the Major also; who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds; which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the Major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labor of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the Council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other; going back through Newbury, my husband preached there on the Sabbath day; for which they rewarded him many fold.

On Monday we came to Charlestown, where we heard that the Governor of Rhode Island had sent over for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer Rehoboth than Rhode Island, Mr. Newman went over, and took care of her, and brought her to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that he raised up passionate friends on every side to us, when we had nothing to recompense any for their love. The Indians were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her. But the carts which carried provision to the English army, being guarded, brought her with them to Dorchester, where we received her safe. Blessed be the Lord for it, for great is his power, and he can do whatsoever seemeth him good. Her coming in was after this manner: She was traveling one day with the Indians, with her basket at her back; the company of Indians were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one squaw; she followed the squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, and under them but the earth. Thus she traveled three days together, not knowing whither she was going; having nothing to eat or drink but water and green hirtle-berries. At last they came into Providence, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The Indians often said that I should never have her under twenty pounds. But now the Lord hath brought her in upon free-cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing, indeed, each to others. Now have I seen that Scripture also fulfilled, Deut. xxx, 4, 7. "If any of thine be driven out to the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee. And the Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine

3. **Major Waldren**, who lived in Dover, New Hampshire. 28. **Thus saith**, etc., Jeremiah xxxi, 19.

59. **Rehoboth**, a village in the southeast corner of Massachusetts about ten miles north of Fall River. 64. **passionate**, warm. 88. **hirtle-berries**, blueberries.

enemies, and on them which hate thee, which persecuted thee." Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. It is the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

Our family being now gathered together (those of us that were living), the South Church in Boston hired an house for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepard's, those cordial friends, and went to Boston, where we continued about three-quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up housekeeping with bare walls; but as Solomon says, "Money answers all things," and that we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and others; and some from England, that in a little time we might look, and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessaries, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those toward us that we wanted neither food nor raiment for ourselves or ours, Proverbs xviii, 24. "There is a Friend which sticketh closer than a brother." And how many such friends have we found, and now living amongst? And truly such a friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived, viz., Mr. James Whitcomb, a friend unto us near hand, and afar off.

I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other ways with me. When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but His who ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord toward us; upon his wonderful power and might, in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It is then hard work to persuade myself that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat, and, as I may say, with honey out of the rock. Instead of the husk, we have the fatted calf. The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God toward us, make it true of me what David said of himself, Psal. vi, 5, "I watered my couch with my tears." Oh! the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world: One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing; but the next hour in sickness, and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction.

Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of the world about me, my relations by me, my heart cheerful, and taking little care for anything, and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before myself, under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous least I should have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, Heb. xii, 6, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and chasten me. The portion of some is to have their afflictions by drops, now one drop and then another; but the dregs of the cup, the wine of

21. **Money**, etc. Ecclesiastes, x, 19.

58. **that ever**, etc., "that I should ever have my hunger satisfied with bread again," i. e., get bread. 60-63. **with the finest . . . . calf**, alluding both to the promises of God to the Children of Israel that the Promised Land should flow with milk and honey (Joshua v, 6) and to the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv, 11-32). 67. **I watered**, etc. Really it is Psalm vi, 6. 73. **I have**, etc. Cf. Ecclesiastes i, 14. 89. **I should**, etc. I was sometimes anxious lest I should have all my happiness on earth.

astonishment, like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure (I thought) pressed down and running over; yet I see, when God calls a person to anything, and through never so many difficulties, yet he is fully able to carry them through and make them see, and say they have been gainers thereby. And I hope I can say in some measure, as David did, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The Lord hath showed me the vanity of these outward things. That they are the vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit; that they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. That we must rely on God himself, and our whole dependence must be upon him. If trouble from smaller matters begin to arise in me, I have something at hand to check myself with, and say, why am I troubled? It was but the other day that if I had had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a servant to a Christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as Moses said, Exod. xiv, 13, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

(1682)

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

NOTE

For Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Navy or, more properly, of the Admiralty, under Charles II, life had a wondrous fascination. By birth he came from an old and respectable middle-class family, but after his graduation from Magdalene College, Cambridge (1653) and his early marriage with Elizabeth St. Michel, the daughter of a Frenchman who came to England in the retinue of Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I, Pepys had to make his living by his own wits. His cousin, Sir Edward Montague, General at sea during the Commonwealth and Earl of Sandwich and Admiral of the fleet during the early Restoration, provided him with various positions, culminating in the office of Clerk of the Acts, or Registrar of the Admiralty. Inasmuch as the office made Pepys of equal authority with the Commissioners of the Navy, it opened to him opportunities for social and financial advancement, both of which he craved. Throughout the *Diary* we watch his steady advance. But Pepys is interesting chiefly as the revealer of his inner heart. Always a hard worker in spite of the desire to play, he observed and sensed every phase of the multiform London life during the Restoration, and though his foibles are many, beneath them may be discerned clearly the abiding English traits whose development we have observed hitherto.

The present selection from the *Diary* culminates in the coronation of Charles II. Pepys was living in the Navy Office, and his daily routine included an early morning inspection of workmen who were putting his house in order, office work, naval inspections, visits to high naval authorities—chiefly the Earl of Sandwich, who is spoken of as "My Lord"—and then recreation in shape of strolling around London from the Court to the market, buying clothing and food, going to the theater, playing or singing either at home or in the houses of friends, visiting the taverns, and finally home, writing the *Diary*, and to bed. Pepys wrote the *Diary* in shorthand, and the informality of the style is apparent. The present transcription is that of Wheatley, published in 1893.

FROM HIS DIARY

ENTRIES FOR APRIL 1-24, 1661

April 1st, 1661. This day my waiting at the Privy Seal comes in again. Up early among my workmen. So to the office, and went home to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and after that to the Goat Tavern by Charing Cross to meet Dr. Castle, where he and I drank a pint of wine and talked about Privy Seal business. Then to the Privy Seal Office and there found Mr. Moore, but no business yet. Then to Whitefriars, and there saw part of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, which I never saw before, but do not like it. So to my father, and there finding a discontent between my

34. **Privy Seal.** Pepys was deputy for the Earl of Sandwich as a clerk of the Privy Seal. 35. **among my workmen.** Pepys was having a new staircase built in his apartment or house in the Navy building. He delighted in overseeing the men, and as Mrs. Pepys despised the dirt she stayed elsewhere until the changes were completed. 37. **Sir W. Batten,** one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty on the Board of which Pepys was clerk. Pepys came into daily contact with him and with Sir William Penn, another Commissioner and father of the founder of Pennsylvania. Pepys often calls them the Sir Williams, and his opinion of them as men was frequently not high. 39. **Dr. Castle,** another clerk of the Privy Seal. 43. **Whitefriars,** a London theater between Fleet Street and the north bank of the Thames River. 44. **Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,** a comedy by John Fletcher, originally licensed for production in 1624.

father and mother about the maid (which my father likes and my mother dislikes), I stayed till ten at night, persuading my mother to understand herself, and that in some high words, which I was sorry for, but she is grown, poor woman, very froward. So leaving them in the same discontent I went away home, it being a brave moonshine, and to bed.

2nd. Among my workmen early and then along with my wife and Pall to my father's by coach, there to have them lie awhile till my house be done. I found my mother alone weeping upon my last night's quarrel and so left her, and took my wife to Charing Cross and there left her to see her mother, who is not well. So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and after we had dined, in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having ate up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. Then to the Privy Seal, and signed some things, and so to Whitefriars, and saw *The Little Thief*, which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to my father's, where I found my mother and my wife in very good mood, and so left them and went home. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten and Penn, and other company, among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwit and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it. But parted all friends at twelve at night after drinking a great deal of wine. So home and alone to bed.

3rd. Up among my workmen, my head aching all day from last night's debauch. To the office all the morning, and at noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Penn, who would have me drink two good drafts of sack today, to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true. Then home with my workmen all the afternoon, at night into the garden to play on my flageolet, it being moonshine, where I stayed a good while, and so home and to bed. I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugal; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indies is also stayed.

4th. To my workmen, then to my Lord's, and there dined with Mr. Shepley. After dinner I went in to my Lord and there we had a great deal of music, and then came my cousin Tom Pepys and there did accept of the security which we gave him for his £1000 that we borrow of him, and so the money to be paid next week. Then to the Privy Seal, and so with Mr. Moore to my father's, where some friends did sup there and we with them, and late went home, leaving my wife still there. So to bed.

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir William Penn's, with the other Sir William, and Sir John Lawson to dinner, and after that with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where among others I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrel of oysters, and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Up among my workmen, then to Whitehall, and there at Privy Seal and elsewhere did business, and among other things met with Mr. Townsend,

12. **Pall**, Paulina, the sister of Mr. Pepys. 21. **Pelemele**, a sport of French royalty brought to England by Charles II, at the Restoration. It seems to have been like a simplified form of croquet. 22. **my Lord**, Sir Edward Montague, later created Earl of Sandwich. 31. **The Little Thief**, *The Night Walker or The Little Thief*, a comedy by John Fletcher and James Shirley, first acted at the court of Charles I in 1633. 38. **Penn**, Sir William. See note on Sir William Batten (page 359, line 37). 41. **betwit**, censure.

63. **match with Portugal**. Charles II married Catherine of Braganza (of the royal house of Portugal) in 1661. 74. **borrow**, probably for the Navy, which had a hard time to keep in funds.

who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of the knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Then with Mr. Creed and Moore to the Leg in the Palace to dinner, which I gave them, and after dinner I saw the girl of the house, being very pretty, go into a chamber, and I went in after her and kissed her. Then by water Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw *Love's Quarrel* acted the first time, but I do not like the design nor words. So calling at my father's, where they and my wife well, and so home to bed.

7th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at home making up my accounts (God forgive me!), to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then about eleven o'clock out of doors toward Westminster and put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. So to Whitehall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland; and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of Ireland, and how it came to pass, through the joining of the Fanatics and the Presbyterians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatics. After dinner my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts, and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money, and other things of his family, etc. Then to my father's, where I found Mr. Hunt and his wife at supper with my father and mother and my wife, where after supper I left them and so home, and then I went to Sir W. Batten's and resolved of a journey tomorrow to Chatham, and so home and to bed.

5. **the Leg**, an inn in King Street. 11. **Love's Quarrel**, a play unknown to us. 21. **Paul's**, St. Paul's Cathedral. 23. **Whitehall**, the London palace of Charles II, located near the north bank of the Thames River and St. James's Park. 30. **Fanatics**, extreme Puritans, who were called Fifth Monarchy Men because they believed that the Protectorate of Cromwell would usher in the millennium and that it was therefore the fifth and final monarchy promised by the Bible according to certain interpretations. The allusion here is to the banding in Ireland of the Presbyterians and Fifth Monarchists. After 1660 the latter sect died out. 45. **Chatham**, an arsenal and refitting station of the Navy, south of London, at the mouth of the Medway.

8th. Up early, my Lady Batten knocking at her door that comes into one of my chambers. I did give directions to my people and workmen, and so about eight o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler, and I. A very pleasant passage, and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them and me, and Mr. Fowler with some others came from Rochester to meet us on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's, and there drank, and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill House at Chatham, where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house, and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborrow, his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber did make me somewhat afraid, but not so much as, for mirth's sake, I did seem. So to bed, in the Treasurer's chamber.

9th. And lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcame all, and so lay till nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I stayed here to see how I am respected and honored by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock, and there viewed all the storehouses, and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and, among other strangers that came, there was

49. **chambers.** The Navy Office was a large building with outbuildings in which many of the officials connected with the Navy had apartments or houses. 55. **Gravesend**, a naval station twenty miles down the Thames River from London. 59. **Mr. Alcock**, a school friend of Pepys's. 65. **arms**, coat-of-arms.

Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater being this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms, which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronation night. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pett, and Mr. Castle took barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereign*, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasure, I took my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lanthorn, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principal officer, withal which we were exceeding merry, and drank some bottles of wine, and neat's tongue, etc. Then back again home, and so supped, and, after much mirth, to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the *Prince*, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that, back home, and there ate a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedral, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, which they say were covered with the skins of the Danes, and also had much mirth at a tomb on which was "Come, sweet Jesu," and I read, "Come, sweet Mall," etc., at which Captain Pett and I had good laughter. So to the Salutacion Tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and hither came Sir John Minnes to us, who is come today from London to see the *Henry*, in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is the greatest fault that I think can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a bass viol, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst music that ever I heard. We had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the music, and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance, too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best-humored woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who

8. **fit**, prepare. 26. **lanthorn**, probably the small glassed-in cabin directly under the poop. 30. **neat's**, beef. 38. **Mingo**, the black servant of Sir William Batten.

61. **skins of the Danes**, a tradition related of more than one English Cathedral that the doors were covered with the skins of Danish warriors. 64. **Mall**, Moll, Mary. 73. **the narrow seas**, the English Channel and the Irish Sea. 84. **lyra**, a bass viol tuned and played like a lute.

seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favors and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsichon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, what with talk and singing (her, the father, and I), Mrs. Turner and I stayed there till two o'clock in the morning and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. . . . .

11th. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I arose, and we did some business, and then came Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among other took great pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-by." The young ladies came, too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester, calling and taking leave of Mr. Alcock at the door, Captain Cuttance going with us. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood of mirth. Among other things I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them and give him twopence. By and by we came to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing; and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. I sent to see how my wife do, who is well, and my brother John come from Cambridge. To Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen and about seven o'clock comes my wife to see me, and my brother John with her, who I am glad to see, but I sent them away because of going to the office, and there dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then home and looking over my workmen, and then into the City, and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronation, which will be very magnificent. Then back again home, and to my chamber, to set down in my diary all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing, comes one with a ticket to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's burial, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rosse taken and sent to the Counter by

8. **harpsichon**, harpsichord, the seventeenth-century predecessor of the piano. 37. **baited**, fed and watered the horses on the road. 45. **that**, etc., because she escorted me. 47. **to break up against Easter**, to disperse before Easter vacation.

65. **man that hangs**. Highwaymen were left hanging on the gallows until their bones fell to the ground. 66. **Shooter's Hill**, near Woolwich. 93. **ticket**, card, notice. 100. **Counter**, a London prison.

Sir Thomas Allen for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day at the office have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him. To bed.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Tower Wharf, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronation. With Sir W. Penn, then to my Lord's, and thence with Captain Cuttance and Captain Clark to drink our morning draft together, and before we could get back again my Lord was gone out. So to Whitehall again and met with my Lord above with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-House, and there saw the King heal, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. That done, to my Lord's and dined there, and so by water with Parson Turner toward London, and upon my telling him of Mr. Moore to be a fit man to do his business with Bishop Wren, about which he was going, he went back out of my boat into another to Whitehall, and so I forward home and there by and by took coach with Sir W. Penn and Captain Terme and went to the burial of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we could not go to church with them, but with our coach we returned home, and there stayed a little, and then he and I alone to the Dolphin (Sir W. Batten being this day gone with his wife to Walthamstow to keep Easter), and there had a supper by ourselves, we both being very hungry, and staying there late drinking, I became very sleepy, and so we went home and I to bed.

14th. (Easter. Lord's day.) In the morning toward my father's, and by the way heard Mr. Jacomb, at Ludgate, upon these words, "Christ loved you, and therefore let us love one another," and made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian. Then to my father's and dined there, and Dr. Fairbrother (lately come to town) with us. After dinner I went to the Temple and there heard Dr. Griffith, a good sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he showed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good. Here my Lord saw us and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and govern his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do, and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Then hearing that Mr. Barnwell was come, with some of my Lord's little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronation, I went and found them at the Goat, at Charing Cross, and there I went and drank with them a good while, whom I found in very good health, and very merry. Then to my father's, and after supper seemed willing to go home, and my wife seeming to be so, too, I went away in a discontent, but she, poor wretch, followed me as far in the rain and dark as Fleet Bridge to fetch me back again, and so I did. . . . .

15th. From my father's. It being a very foul morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor. I went to the office and there met Mr. Coventry and Sir Robert Slingsby, but did no business, but only appoint to go to Deptford together tomorrow. Mr. Coventry being gone, and I having at home laid up £200 which I had brought this morning home from Alderman Blackwell's, I went home with Sir R. Slingsby, and dined with him and had a very good dinner. His lady seems a good woman, and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle, wherein he is con-

17. **saw the King heal.** The kings of England were supposed to have the power of healing scrofula, which was called the King's Evil. 21. **simple**, foolish. 32. **Wapping**, a suburb of London two miles down the Thames River from London Bridge. It is part of the Port of London, and is a center for sailors. 33. **ring**, given in memory of the deceased. 34. **dirty**, bad weather.

50. **like a Presbyterian.** The Presbyterian sect had been influential during the Commonwealth, and was consequently out of favor during the Restoration. 58. **my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl.** The Lord Chancellor of England issued patents (documents conferring privilege or title) in the king's name. The present patent created Pepys's chief, Sir Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich. For the actual ceremony see page 368, lines 38 ff. The Lord Chancellor at this time was the Earl of Clarendon.

cerned, but the letters are not come yet. To my Uncle Wight's, and after a little stay with them he and I to Mr. Rawlinson's, and there stayed all the afternoon, it being very foul, and had a little talk with him what good I might make of these ships that go to Portugal by venturing some money by them, and he will give me an answer to it shortly. So home and sent for the barber, and after that to bed.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Tower, I sent to him, and found him reading of the Psalms in shorthand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences of divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Here he and I sat till the Comptroller came, and then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure-boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. From thence to Commissioner Pett's lodging, and there had a good breakfast, and in came the two Sir Wms. from Walthamstow, and so we sat down and did a great deal of public business about the fitting of the fleet that is now going out. That done we went to the Globe and there had a good dinner, and by and by took barge again and so home. By the way they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry, who went up to Sir William Batten's, and there we stayed and talked a good while, and then broke up and I home . . . .

17th. By land, and saw the arches, which are now almost done, and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East India House, which are well done. So to the office, and that being done, I went to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and then home to my workmen, and saw them go on with great content to me. Then comes Mr. Allen, of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre, and there did drink with him. . . . . His daughters are to come to town tomorrow, but I know not whether I shall see them or no. That done I went to the Dolphin by appointment and there I met Sir Wms. both and Mr. Castle, and did eat a barrel of oysters and two lobsters, which I did give them, and were very merry. Here we had great talk of Mr. Warren's being knighted by the King, and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him.

18th. Up with my workmen, and then, about nine o'clock, took horse with both the Sir Williams, for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all; and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad mood, which we were troubled at, and had she been noble she would not have been so with her servants, when we came thither, and this Sir W. Penn took notice of, as well as I. After dinner we all went to the Church Stile, and there ate and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, we left Sir W. Batten, and we two returned and called at Mr. ———, and drank some brave wine there, and then homeward again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir Wm. Penn would not, but struck them, and they him, and so passed away, but they, giving him some high words, he went back again and struck them off their horse in a simple fury, and without much honor, in my mind, and so came away. Home, and I sat with him a good while talking, and then home and to bed.

19th. Among my workmen and then to the office, and after that dined with Sir W. Batten, and then home, where Sir. W. Warren came, and I took him and Mr. Shepley and Moore with me to the Mitre, and there I cleared with Warren for the deals I bought lately for my Lord of him, and he went away

13. **Mr. Coventry**, secretary to the Duke of York. 28. **the two Sir Wms.** See note on line 37, page 359. 40. **arches**, erected by the City of London for the coronation. 44. **East India House**, the London office of the East India Company, which controlled England's trade with India. Clive (page 312) was one of their employees in India, and Charles Lamb (page 447) was a clerk in the home office.

and we stayed afterwards a good while and talked, it being so foul that I could not go to Whitehall to see the Knights of the Bath made today, which do trouble me mightily. So home, and having stayed awhile till Will came in (with whom I was vexed for staying abroad), he comes, and then I went by water to my father's and then after supper to bed. . . .

20th. Here comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principal officers, etc., to come to him today. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there stayed and talked a good while with him till all the rest came. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habit he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closet, where we saw, among other things, two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East India Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algiers (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. And from thence to the Privy Seal, where little to do, and after that to my Lord's, where Sir W. Penn came to me and dined with my Lord. After dinner he and others that dined there went away; and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liveries which are come home today, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to Whitehall and in the Banqueting-House saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, earls, and Mr. Crew and several others, barons; the first being led up by heralds and five old earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for the barons, only he is led up by three of the old barons. And they are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back, and I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver be changed for an old hat; then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange, and bought some things, as gloves, and bandstrings, etc. So back to the Cockpit, and there, by the favor of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw *The Humorsome Lieutenant* acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being now so dirty, and stopped up with the rails which are this day set up in the streets, I would not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's and there lay all night.

21st. (Lord's day). In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show tomorrow. After I was ready I walked to my father's and there found the late maid to be gone and another come by my mother's choice, which my father do not like, and so great difference there will be between my father and mother about it. Here dined Dr. Thomas Pepys and Dr. Fayrebrother; and all our talk about tomorrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. After dinner comes in my cousin Snow and his wife, and I think stay there till the show be over. Then I went home, and all the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphal arches that I could hardly pass for them. So home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so

3. **Knights of the Bath**, an honorary order of knighthood conferred by the English kings. 6. **Will**, Pepys's houseboy.

58. **beaver**, hat. 61. **bandstrings**, strings that were used to hold lace collars or ruffs in place. 67. **The Humorsome Lieutenant**, "The Humorous Lieutenant," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

up to my chamber, and set down these last five or six days' diaries. My mind a little troubled about my workmen which, being foreigners, are like to be troubled by a couple of lazy rogues that worked with me the other day, that are citizens, and so my work will be hindered, but I must prevent it if I can.

22nd. The King's going from the Tower to Whitehall. Up early, and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn and his son and I went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's. Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an esquire to one of the knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops came next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all graveled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took notice of and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we had seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and I called, and drank some mum, and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name, which he says not to be Mary, and so I won above twenty shillings. So home, where Will and the boy stayed, and saw the show upon Tower Hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's, The. Turner, and my wife at Charles Glassecocke's in Fleet Street. In the evening by water to Whitehall to my Lord's and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200 and very rich it is with embroidery. I lay with Mr. Shepley.

3. **my workmen being foreigners**, that is, men living outside of London. 34. **The Bishops came next**, etc. They had been expelled from the House of Lords by the Puritan Parliament of 1641. They were restored by the Restoration Parliament of 1661. 38. **My Lord Monk**, a Puritan general in command of the Army of the Commonwealth in Scotland at the time of Oliver Cromwell's death, in 1658. Monk secured the election of a new parliament, which voted for the return of Charles II. Monk became Duke of Albemarle.

66. **mum**, an ale brewed from wheat. 72. **Jane**, Pepys's maidservant, who is sister to Will, the houseboy. **T. Pepys**, cousin to Samuel Pepys, and a furniture maker by trade. 73. **The. Turner**, Theophila Turner, daughter of a friend of the Pepyses. 83. **Surveyor.** Sir John Denham was at this time Surveyor-General of the Works, i.e., Inspector General of whatever military, naval, or public works came under the jurisdiction of the crown. 86. **his man**, "his" stands for the possessive "'s." 87. **Abbey**, Westminster, where the English kings are crowned.

Coronation Day

23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the

middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown, too. The King in his robes bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and Bishops came, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England that now he should come and speak. And a general pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. . . . . I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there were of the heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, were these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so till dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims that "If any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful king of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him." And with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up toward the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others

6. **Prebends**, clergy in the chapter of a cathedral who are supported by its tithes or income. 13. **mond**, the orb. 31. **King at Arms**, the chief heraldic officer of England.

64. **Cinque Ports**, originally five important ports on the coasts of Kent and Sussex which obtained special privileges in return for special sea service and defense. 73. **my Lord of Albemarle's**, etc. Monk, who was made Duke of Albemarle at the coronation, was given the post of honor of tasting the king's food to be sure that there was no poison in it. In medieval times the office of the king's tasters of food and wine was important. 78. **Duke of Ormond . . . courses.** The Duke of Ormond was Lord High Steward of England, and as such rode into the hall before each course of the Coronation banquet. 83. **target**, shield.

at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it, and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall ate it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife and there met with a pretty lady (Mrs. Frankleyn, a Doctor's wife, a friend of Mr. Bowyer's), and kissed them both, and by and by took them down to Mr. Bowyer's. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, but only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till tomorrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed tonight; only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home tonight, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so after drinking a pot of ale along at Mrs. Harper's I returned to Mr. Bowyer's and after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's tonight) to Axeyard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a fagot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King) to his house, and there with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay spewing; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner abed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to hum, . . . and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. . . . . Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Sergeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's sergeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut

40. **leads**, flat roof; so-called because covered with plates of lead.

55. **Axeyard**, where the Navy Office was situated. 80. **foxed**, intoxicated. 87. **Sergeant Glynne.** This lawyer and judge was unpopular because in 1660 he had shifted from the side of the Commonwealth to that of the King, and had procured for himself knighthood and the post of attorney, or sergeant, to the King. 93. **Maynard**, a lawyer with acumen similar to that of Sergeant Glynne.

my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach. And after that, I to my wife, who lay with Mrs. Frankleyn at the next door to Mrs. Hunt's, and they were ready, and so I took them up in a coach, and carried the ladies to Paul's, and there set her down, and so my wife and I home, and I to the office. That being done my wife and I went to dinner to Sir W. Batten, and all our talk about the happy conclusion of these last solemnities. After dinner home, and advised with my wife about ordering things in my house, and then she went away to my father's to lie, and I stayed with my workmen, who do please me very well with their work. At night set myself to write down these three days' diary, and, while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them. So to bed.

29. **chambers**, small cannon. (1661)

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

Note

No stranger friendship is known to us than that of Johnson and Boswell. Boswell, the son of a Scotch laird, always on the hunt for great men whom he might lionize, spent much of his life in exploring the recesses of the lives and characters of such outstanding personalities as he could get at. But his curiosity and vanity were counterbalanced by an infallible ability to understand and record clearly the significant actions of his subjects; and though he himself amounted to little, he made his friends stand out in literature as if they were before us in the flesh. Johnson, his chief subject, and the literary arbiter of the middle-eighteenth century, combined with the inherent common sense and healthy code of morals of the English a classical and philosophical training. He incarnates for us the reserved good sense of his generation, which often became ridiculous through its rigid logic and lack of imagination, but which in general successfully kept the middle of the road. Today, though we discount many of Johnson's literary judgments, we still admire his sound and tenacious scholarship much, but the man most of all.

It is to Boswell that we owe the immeasurable debt of preserving for us in his daily life the Johnson who ruled literary London. In this respect *The Life of Johnson* has no equal in English literature. Moreover, in the development of biography as a type it occupies a most significant place, for it is halfway between a subjective diary and an objective biography. Boswell kept notebooks of his conversations with Johnson, but he rewrote them as a narrative in the perspective of later years. On the other hand, Boswell is not an objective biographer. He knew his subject personally, and took part in many of the scenes which he relates. Boswell, therefore, stands midway between Pepys and Strachey.

The extract given here reveals the quintessence of Boswell's social and literary method. Dr. Johnson was a conservative, respectable Tory; John Wilkes a liberal, radical, and free-living Whig, who, though a member of Parliament, had been imprisoned for criticizing the King and his ministers. Moreover, his moral life was decidedly not of that pattern which eighteenth-century Englishmen approved. But he was brilliant, fascinating, and humorous. Boswell became interested in him as soon as Wilkes attained notoriety by his term of confinement in the Tower. An acquaintanceship was struck up by Boswell, which endured many years. With the impudent curiosity for which he was noted Boswell wondered what would happen if Johnson and Wilkes came together under the same roof, and with the ingenuity of an impressario he arranged for a dinner at which both were to be present, characteristically shoving the burden of responsibility off on Edward and Charles Dilly, his booksellers, at whose house the dinner was to be held.

From THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

HOW DR. JOHNSON AND MR. WILKES DINED TOGETHER, MAY 15, 1776

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my own observation; of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could

37. **pars magna fui**, "a great part I was," i.e., in which I played a large part (*Aeneid* II, 5).

perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once, very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematics, where two things, each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible; so I desisted; knowing, indeed, that the repulsion was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause, unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL. "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his *patriotic friends* with him." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray, forgive me, sir; I

10. **Sir John Pringle** (1707-1782), a Scotch physician who was Boswell's godfather. 27. **Scotchman.** Dr. Johnson made fun of the Scotch on all occasions, much to the Scotch Boswell's discomfort. 35. **Poultry**, a district east of Cheapside where poultry was sold in medieval and Elizabethan times. 39. **Sir Joshua Reynolds** (1723-1790), the famous eighteenth-century English painter.

64. **Jack Ketch**, a public executioner, who died in 1686. His successors inherited his name in popular slang. 86. **patriotic friends.** Those Whigs who were most violently opposed to the autocracy of George III and his minister, Lord North, styled themselves patriots. Johnson was a stanch Tory and disliked them heartily.

meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's; it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you, unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him today. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation: I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson that, all things considered, she thought he should certainly go. I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."—JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain

19. **Mrs. Williams**, a friend of Mrs. Johnson's, who had stayed at the Johnson home when her eyes were operated on for cataracts. She eventually became blind, and, after Mrs. Johnson's death, stayed in Johnson's home as a dependent. Every evening he drank tea with her, and it was a signal favor to be invited by Johnson to attend.

71. **Frank**, Johnson's negro servant, Francis. 76. **Gretna Green**, a small village in Scotland, just over the English border, where runaway matches from England were made, because of the easy Scotch marriage laws. 84. **Arthur Lee** (1740-1792), an American lawyer who practiced in London, 1770-1776, and was English agent for the Massachusetts Colony, 1770-1775, first as assistant to Benjamin Franklin, and after 1775 as his successor. He helped negotiate the treaty between France and the United States in 1778, and went to Spain as the American diplomatic representative. He was recalled in 1779.

himself and, taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table" dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humor. There were present, beside Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimic." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon." JOHNSON. "But he has wit, too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES. "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." JOHNSON. "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened

42. **surly virtue**, from Johnson's "London, a Poem," v. 145. [Boswell's note.] 44. **Foote**, Samuel (1720-1777), a popular comedian and dramatist.

60. **Garrick**, David (1719-1779), a former pupil of Johnson's and the greatest English actor of the eighteenth century. 63. **Lord Chesterfield** (1694-1773), an English earl who was both a statesman and an author. His manners were elegant, his ethics cynical and revolting. 65. **Fitzherbert**, William, a friend of Johnson's. 75. **irresistible.** Foote told me that Johnson said of him, "For loud obstreperous broad-faced mirth I know not his equal." [Boswell's note.] 80. **small-beer**, weak beer.

to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace that when he went downstairs, he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer.'"

Somebody observed that Garrick could not have done this. WILKES. "Garrick would have made the small-beer still smaller. He is now leaving the stage; but he will play *Scrub* all his life." I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so, to bring out his commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, "I have heard Garrick is liberal." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began life; so when he came to have money, he probably was very unskillful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion, the reputation of avarice which he has had has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendor than is suitable to a player; if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they have kept clamoring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentic information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the *Life of Dryden*, and in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him; these were old Swinney and old Cibber. Swinney's information was no more than this, that 'at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair.' Cibber could tell no more but that he remembered him 'a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL. "Yet Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON. "I think not." BOSWELL. "You will allow his *Apology* to be well done." JOHNSON. "Very well done, to be sure, sir. That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

> Each might his several province well command,
> Would all but stoop to what they understand."

BOSWELL. "And his plays are good." JOHNSON. "Yes, but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps;* he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the best company, and learned all that can be got by the ear. He abused Pindar to me, and then showed me an ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing. I told him that when the ancients made a simile they always made it like something real."

Mr. Wilkes remarked that "among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination the boldest was making Birnam wood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed that "the clannish

12. **Scrub**, a country servant in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, by Farquhar (1707). 50. **Swinney**, Owen M'Swinney, a former manager of Drury Lane, who died in 1754. **Cibber**, Colley (1671-1757), a popular actor and dramatist of the early eighteenth century. The *Apology for the Life of Mr Colley Cibber* (1740) is his autobiography.

81. **Pindar** (522-422 B.C.), a Greek lyric poet, famous for the triumphal odes which he composed for victors in the athletic contests of the Greeks. 82. **showed me**, etc. Johnson had alluded to this episode in a conversation with Boswell at the Mitre Tavern, June 25, 1763. Pindar created superb word pictures, but Cibber's imitations were bombast.

slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshiped in all hilly countries."—"When I was at Inverary," said he, "on a visit to my old friend Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 'It is then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

Off with his head! so much for Aylesbury.'

I was then member for Aylesbury."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes talked of the contested passage in Horace's Art of Poetry, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus: "It is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavor to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers." But upon reading my note he tells me that he meant to say that "the word *communia*, being a Roman law term signifies here things *communis juris*, that is to say, what have never yet been treated by anybody; and this appears clearly from what followed,

——————Tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

You will easier make a tragedy out of the *Iliad* than on any subject not handled before." JOHNSON. "He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done."

WILKES. "We have no City Poet now; that is an office which has gone into disuse. The last was *Elkanah Settle*. There is something in *names* which one cannot help feeling. Now *Elkanah Settle* sounds so *queer*, who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden, in preference to Elkanah Settle, from the names only, without knowing their different merits." JOHNSON. "I suppose, sir, Settle did as well for aldermen in his time as *John Home* could do now. Where did *Beckford* and *Trecothick* learn English?"

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The *Scotch* would not know it to be barren." BOSWELL. "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topic he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was conscious that as both of them had visited *Caledonia*, both were fully satisfied of the strange narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes. When I claimed a superiority for Scotland over England in one respect, that no man can be arrested there for a debt merely because another swears it against

13. **Campbell.** The Duke of Argyll was and still is head of the Campbell Clan. 18. **member for Aylesbury.** Wilkes was elected from Aylesbury as Member of Parliament in 1757 and 1761. 23. **note.** Boswell frequently made notes of Johnson's conversations.

54. **Elkanah Settle** (1648-1723), a poet and dramatist of only average attainments, who became City Poet of London in 1691, through political influence, and finally, when an old man, became a pensioner in Charterhouse, where he died. 58. **John Home** (1772-1808), a Scotch dramatic poet of only average attainments. 59. **Beckford and Trecothick.** William Beckford (1709-1770) was Alderman of London, and twice Lord Mayor (1762, 1769). He was a supporter of John Wilkes. Trecothick was another London Alderman. Johnson is retorting to Wilkes's criticism of Settle by reminding him that some of his own followers rose from very modest beginnings. 82. **Caledonia**, Scotland.

him, but there must first be the judgment of a court of law ascertaining its justice, and that a seizure of the person, before judgment is obtained, can take place only if his creditor should swear that he is about to fly from the country, or, as it is technically expressed, is *in meditatione fugae*. WILKES. "That, I should think, may be safely sworn of all the Scotch nation." JOHNSON [to Mr. Wilkes]. "You must know, sir, I lately took my friend Boswell, and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Litchfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." WILKES. "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people, like you and me." JOHNSON [smiling]. "And we ashamed of him."

They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the arguments for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterwards, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the Attorney-General, *Diabolus Regis;* adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer, for I was prosecuted for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now, *indeed*, "a good-humored fellow."

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents and of Mr. Alderman Lee. Amidst some patriotic groans, somebody (I think the Alderman) said, "Poor old England is lost," JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." WILKES. "Had Lord Bute governed Scotland only, I should not have taken the trouble to write his eulogy, and dedicate *Mortimer* to him."

Mr. Wilkes held a candle to show a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom with the finger of an arch-connoisseur. He afterwards in a conversation with me waggishly insisted that all the time Johnson showed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agreeable and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which, in the various bustle of political contest, had been produced in the minds of two men, who though widely different, had so many things in common—classical learning, modern literature, wit and humor, and ready repartee—that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been forever at a distance from each other.

Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful *negotiation;* and pleasantly said that there was "nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *Corps Diplomatique*."

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed. (1791)

25. **Mrs. Macaulay.** Mrs. Catherine Macaulay (1731-1791) was a radical, a politician, and a writer, activities which Johnson considered as not among those suitable for women. 33. **Diabolus Regis**, the King's Devil, instead of the true title, *Alfornatus Regis*. 36. **libel**, referring to No. 45 of the *North-Briton*, published by Wilkes, in which he criticized the speech of George III in opening Parliament, 1763. 44. **various talents.** On April 15, 1778, Dr. Johnson had dinner with Mrs. Knowles and she argued very persuasively for equal rights for men and women.

48. **Sir**, etc. It would not become me to expatiate on this strong and pointed remark, in which a great deal of meaning is condensed. [Boswell's note.] 51. **Lord Bute.** At the beginning of the reign of George III, Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, was intensely unpopular, both because he was Scotch and because his relations with the Queen Mother were suspected. Wilkes found the opening scene of a play by Ben Jonson on the love affair of Earl Mortimer with the mother of Edward III, and dedicated it to Lord Bute. 81. **Mr. Burke**, Edmund Burke (1729-1797), the brilliant British statesman who was at this time defending the American Colonies before Parliament.

EDWARD J. TRELAWNY
(1792-1881)

NOTE

The following memoir reveals many of the moods which we have hitherto been tracing. A group of English—emigrants part by choice and part by social necessity—gathered at Pisa in the winter of 1821. The emigrants by choice were former officers in both services: Captain Roberts of the Navy, Lieutenant E. E. Williams of both the Navy and the Army, with his family, and Captain Trelawny of the Navy, a romantic wanderer such as Byron would have liked to be. The emigrants by social necessity were the poet Shelley and his family, and the poet Byron. The Shelleys lived simply; Byron with great ostentation. During the summer of 1822 the Williamses, the Shelleys, Byron, and Trelawny settled at Lerici, upon the Gulf of Spezzia, near Leghorn, where they lived a semi-aquatic life. Two sailboats were built, one for Shelley, and one for Byron. The tragedy of Shelley's death was recounted by Trelawny years afterwards in the *Recollections*. The fate that overtook the poet was strange. Though hitherto unlured by the sea, he finally fulfilled the national tradition of seafaring, perished while on the sea, and received a burial similar to that of the Viking seamen from whom the English sprang, combined with rites used over the warriors fallen in the Trojan War.

SELECTIONS FROM

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON

CHAPTER X

THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

SHELLEY.

The following morning I told Byron our plan. Without any suggestion from me he eagerly volunteered to join us, and asked me to get a yacht built for him, and to look out for a house as near the sea as possible. I allowed some days to pass before I took any steps, in order to see if his wayward mind would change. As he grew more urgent I wrote to an old naval friend, Captain Roberts, then staying at Genoa, a man peculiarly fitted to execute the order, and requested him to send plans and estimates of an open boat for Shelley, and a large decked one for Byron. Shortly after, Williams and I rode along the coast to the Gulf of Spezzia. Shelley had no pride or vanity to provide for, yet we had the greatest difficulty in finding any house in which the humblest civilized family could exist.

On the shores of this superb bay, only surpassed in its natural beauty and capability by that of Naples, so effectually has tyranny paralyzed the energies and enterprise of man that the only indication of human habitation was a few most miserable fishing villages scattered along the margin of the bay. Near its center, between the villages of Sant' Arenzo and Lerici, we came upon a lonely and abandoned building called the Villa Magni, though it looked more like a boat- or bathing-house than a place to live in. It consisted of a terrace, or ground-floor, unpaved, and used for storing boat-gear and fishing-tackle, and of a single story over it divided into a hall, or saloon, and four small rooms which had once been whitewashed; there was one chimney for cooking. This place we thought the Shelleys might put up with for the summer. The only good thing about it was a veranda facing the sea, and almost over it. So we sought the owner and made arrangements, dependent on Shelley's approval, for taking it for six months. As to finding a palazzo grand enough for a *Milordo Inglese*, within a reasonable distance of the bay, it was out of the question.

Williams returned to Pisa; I rode on to Genoa, and settled with Captain Roberts about building the boats. He had already, with his usual activity, obtained permission to build them in the government dockyards, and had his plans and estimates made out. I need hardly say that though the Captain was a great arithmetician, this estimate, like all the estimates as to time and cost that were ever made, was a mere delusion,

2. **plan.** On the preceding day Trelawny and Shelley had boarded an American clipper at Leghorn. Shelley was so entranced with her beauty and with the romance of the sea that he wished to spend the rest of the summer on the Gulf of Spezzia and asked Trelawny to get Byron to join the party.

49. **Milordo Inglese,** "my English Lord," as the Italians called Byron.

which made Byron wroth, but did not ruffle Shelley's serenity.

On returning to Pisa I found the two poets going through the same routine of habits they had adopted before my departure; the one getting out of bed after noon, dawdling about until two or three, following the same road on horseback, stopping at the same *podere*, firing his pop-guns, and retracing his steps at the same slow pace—his frugal dinner followed by his accustomed visit to an Italian family, and then—the midnight lamp, and the immortal verses.

The other was up at six or seven, reading Plato, Sophocles, or Spinoza, with the accompaniment of a hunch of dry bread; then he joined Williams in a sail on the Arno, in a flat-bottomed skiff, book in hand, and from thence he went to the pine-forest, or some out-of-the-way place. When the birds went to roost he returned home, and talked and read until midnight. The monotony of this life was only broken at long intervals by the arrival of some old acquaintances of Byron's: Rogers, Hobhouse, Moore, Scott—not Sir Walter—and these visits were brief. John Murray, the publisher, sent out new books, and wrote amusing gossiping letters, as did Tom Moore and others. These we were generally allowed to read, or hear read, Byron archly observing, "My private and confidential letters are better known than any of my published works."

Shelley's boyish eagerness to possess the new toy, from which he anticipated never-failing pleasure in gliding over the azure seas, under the cloudless skies of an Italian summer, was pleasant to behold. His comrade Williams was inspired by the same spirit. We used to draw plans on the sands of the Arno of the exact dimensions of the boat, dividing her into compartments (the forepart was decked for stowage), and then, squatting down within the lines, I marked off the imaginary cabin. With a real chart of the Mediterranean spread out before them, and with faces as grave and anxious as those of Columbus and his companions, they held councils as to the islands to be visited, coasts explored, courses steered, the amount of armament, stores, water and provisions which would be necessary. Then we would narrate instances of the daring of the old navigators, as when Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1446, with two vessels each of fifty tons burden; or when Drake went round the world, one of his craft being only thirty tons; and of the extraordinary runs and enterprises accomplished in open boats of equal or less tonnage than the one we were building, from the earliest times to those of Commodore Bligh. Byron, with the smile of a Mephistophiles, standing by, asked me the amount of salvage we, the salvors, should be entitled to in the probable event of our picking up and towing Shelley's water-logged craft into port.

As the world spun round, the sandy plains of Pisa became too hot to be agreeable, and the Shelleys, longing for the sea breezes, departed to their new abode. Byron could not muster energy enough to break through his dawdling habits, so he lingered on under the fair plea of seeing the Leigh Hunts settled in his ground-floor, which was prepared for them. I rode on to Genoa to hasten the completion and dispatch of the long-promised boat-flotilla. I found Captain Roberts had nearly finished Shelley's boat. Williams had brought with him, on leaving England, the section of a boat as a model to build from, designed

9. **podere**, inn. 10. **firing his pop-guns.** Byron used to ride horseback to some country inn, where he would dismount, practice with his pistols, and return to his lodgings in Pisa. 16. **Plato** (427-347 B.C.), a Greek philosopher and author. **Sophocles** (496-406 B.C.), an Athenian tragic dramatist. **Spinoza** (1632-1677), Baruch, a Dutch Jewish philosopher. 19. **Arno**, an Italian river on which both Florence and Pisa are situated. 27. **Rogers** (1763-1855), Samuel, an English poet. **Hobhouse** (? -1855), John Cam, Baron Broughton de Gyfford, Byron's bosom friend. 28. **Moore** (1779-1852), Thomas, an Irish poet and humorist. **Scott**, Alexander, a British traveler.

69. **Bligh**, Rear-Admiral William Bligh (1754-1817), who cruised much in the South Sea Islands, fought under Nelson at Copenhagen (1801), and became Governor of New South Wales (1805). 83. **Leigh Hunt**, an English essayist and journalist. Between 1819 and 1821 his financial affairs became greatly embarrassed, and he accepted an invitation from Shelley to come to Pisa and start a new quarterly review of liberal views with the aid of Byron and himself. The Hunts arrived at Pisa July 1, 1822. 89. **boat.** The *Don Juan*, as it was called, had a mainmast forward, and a small jurymast near the stern.

by a naval officer, and the two friends had so often sat contemplating this toy, believing it to be a marvel of nautical architecture, that nothing would satisfy them but that their craft should be built exactly on the same lines. Roberts and the builder at Genoa, not approving, protested against it. You might as well have attempted to persuade a young man after a season of boating, or hunting, that he was not a thorough seaman and sportsman; or a youngster flushed with honors from a university that he was not the wisest of men. Williams was on ordinary occasions as humble-minded as Shelley, but having been two or three years in the navy, and then in the cavalry, he thought there was no vanity in his believing that he was as good a judge of a boat or horse as any man. In these small conceits we are all fools at the beginning of life, until time, with his sledge hammer, has let the daylight into our brain-boxes; so the boat was built according to his cherished model. When it was finished, it took two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and then she was very crank in a breeze, though not deficient in beam. She was fast, strongly built, and Torbay rigged. I dispatched her under charge of two steady seamen, and a smart sailor lad, aged eighteen, named Charles Vivian. Shelley sent back the two sailors and only retained the boy; they told me, on their return to Genoa, that they had been out in a rough night, that she was a ticklish boat to manage, but had sailed and worked well, and with two good seamen she would do very well; and that they had cautioned the gentlemen accordingly. I shortly after received the following letter from Shelley:

Lerici, May 16, 1822

MY DEAR TRELAWNY:

The *Don Juan* is arrived, and nothing can exceed the admiration she has excited; for we must suppose the name to have been given her during the equivocation of sex which her godfather suffered in the harem. Williams declares her to be perfect, and I participate in his enthusiasm, inasmuch as would be decent in a landsman. We have been out now several days, although we have sought in vain for an opportunity of trying her against the feluccas or other large craft in the bay; she passes the small ones as a comet might pass the dullest planet of the heavens. When do you expect to be here in the *Bolivar*? If Roberts's £50 grow into a £500, and his ten days into months, I suppose I may expect that I am considerably in your debt, and that you will not be round here until the middle of the summer. I hope that I shall be mistaken in the last of these conclusions; as to the former, whatever may be the result, I have little reason and less inclination to complain of my bargain. I wish you could express from me to Roberts how excessively I am obliged to him for the time and trouble he has expended for my advantage, and which I wish could be as easily repaid as the money which I owe him, and which I wait your orders for remitting.

I have only heard from Lord Byron once, and solely upon that subject. Tita is with me, and I suppose will go with you in the schooner to Leghorn. We are very impatient to see you, and although we cannot hope that you will stay long on your *first* visit, we count upon you for the latter part of the summer, as soon as the novelty of Leghorn is blunted. Mary desires her best regards to you, and unites with me in a sincere wish to renew an intimacy from which we have already experienced so much pleasure.

Believe me, my dear Trelawny,
Your very sincere friend,
P. B. SHELLEY.

Lerici, June 18, 1822

MY DEAR TRELAWNY:

I have written to Guelhard to pay you 154 Tuscan crowns, the amount of the balance against me according to Roberts's calculation, which I keep for your satisfaction, deducting sixty, which I paid the *aubergiste* at Pisa, in all 214. We saw you about eight miles in the offing this morning; but the

31. **Torbay**, a Devonshire port. 50. **equivocation**. In Canto V of Byron's *Don Juan*, the hero is sold as a slave for a harem, and is there clad as a girl.

57. **feluccas**, lateen-rigged vessels of the Mediterranean. 61. **Bolivar**, Byron's boat. 78. **Tita**, Byron's Venetian servant. 99. **aubergiste**, innkeeper.

abatement of the breeze leaves us little hope that you can have made Leghorn this evening. Pray write us a full, true, and particular account of your proceedings, etc. —how Lord Byron likes the vessel; what are your arrangements and intentions for the summer; and when we may expect to see you or him in this region again; and especially whether there is any news of Hunt.

Roberts and Williams are very busy in refitting the *Don Juan;* they seem determined that she shall enter Leghorn in style. I am no great judge of these matters; but am excessively obliged to the former, and delighted that the latter should find amusement, like the sparrow, in educating the cuckoo's young.

You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn. Should you meet with any scientific person, capable of preparing the *Prussic Acid*, or *essential oil of bitter almonds*, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity. It requires the greatest caution in preparation, and ought to be highly concentrated; I would give any price for this medicine; you remember we talked of it the other night, and we both expressed a wish to possess it; my wish was serious, and sprung from the desire of avoiding needless suffering. I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest. The *Prussic Acid* is used in medicine in infinitely minute doses; but that preparation is weak, and has not the concentration necessary to medicine all ills infallibly. A single drop, even less, is a dose, and it acts by paralysis.

I am curious to hear of this publication about Lord Byron and the Pisa circle. I hope it will not annoy him; as to me I am supremely indifferent. If you have not shown the letter I sent you, don't, until Hunt's arrival, when we shall certainly meet.

Your very sincere friend,
P. B. SHELLEY.

Mary is better, though still excessively weak.

41. **publication.** Wherever Byron went the wildest rumors arose, and frequently his actions justified them. The allusion here is probably to a pamphlet dealing with the wounding of the dragoon described on page 383.

Not long after, I followed in Byron's boat, the *Bolivar* schooner. There was no fault to find with her; Roberts and the builder had fashioned her after their own fancy, and she was both fast and safe. I manned her with five able seamen, four Genoese and one Englishman. I put into the Gulf of Spezzia, and found Shelley in ecstasy with his boat, and Williams as touchy about her reputation as if she had been his wife. They were hardly ever out of her, and talked of the Mediterranean as a lake too confined and tranquil to exhibit her seagoing excellence. They longed to be on the broad Atlantic, scudding under bare poles in a heavy sou'wester, with plenty of sea room. I went out for a sail in Shelley's boat to see how they would manage her. It was great fun to witness Williams teaching the poet how to steer, and other points of seamanship. As usual, Shelley had a book in hand, saying he could read and steer at the same time, as one was mental, the other mechanical.

"Luff!" said Williams.

Shelley put the helm the wrong way. Williams corrected him.

"Do you see those two white objects ahead? keep them in a line; the wind is heading us." Then, turning to me, he said: "Lend me a hand to haul in the main-sheet, and I will show you how close she can lay to the wind to work off a lee-shore."

"No," I answered, "I am a passenger, and won't touch a rope."

"Luff," said Williams, as the boat was yawing about. "Shelley, you can't steer, you have got her in the wind's eye; give me the tiller, and you attend the main-sheet. Ready about!" said Williams. "Helms down—let go the fore-sheet—see how she spins round on her heel—is not she a beauty? Now, Shelley, let go the main-sheet, and boy, haul aft the jib-sheet!"

The main-sheet was jammed, and the boat unmanageable, or as sailors express it, in irons; when the two had cleared it, Shelley's hat was knocked

78. **Luff,** "sail closer to the wind." 91. **yawing,** zigzagging.

overboard, and he would probably have followed, if I had not held him. He was so uncommonly awkward that when they had things shipshape, Williams, somewhat scandalized at the lubberly maneuver, blew up the poet for his neglect and inattention to orders. Shelley was, however, so happy and in such high glee, and the nautical terms so tickled his fancy, that he even put his beloved Plato in his pocket, and gave his mind up to fun and frolic.

"You will do no good with Shelley," I said, "until you heave his books and papers overboard; shear the wisps of hair that hang over his eyes; and plunge his arms up to the elbows in a tar-bucket. And you, captain, will have no authority until you dowse your frock coat and cavalry boots. You see I am stripped for a swim, so please, whilst I am on board, to keep within swimming distance of the land."

The boy was quick and handy, and used to boats. Williams was not as deficient as I anticipated, but over-anxious and wanted practice, which alone makes a man prompt in emergency. Shelley was intent on catching images from the ever-changing sea and sky; he heeded not the boat. On my suggesting the addition to their crew of a Genoese sailor accustomed to the coast—such as I had on board the *Bolivar*—Williams, thinking I undervalued his efficiency as a seaman, was scandalized—"as if we three seasoned salts were not enough to manage an open boat, when lubberly sloops and cutters of fifty or sixty tons were worked by as few men on the rough seas and iron-bound coast of Scotland!"

"Yes," I answered, "but what a difference between those sea-lions and you and our water-poet! A decked cutter besides, or even a frigate, is easier handled in a gale or squall, and out-and-out safer to be on board of than an open boat. If we had been in a squall today with the main-sheet jammed, and the tiller put starboard instead of port, we should have had to swim for it."

19. **dowse**, take off.

"Not I; I should have gone down with the rest of the pigs in the bottom of the boat," said Shelley, meaning the iron-pig ballast.

When I took my departure for Leghorn on board the *Bolivar*, they accompanied me out of the bay, and then we parted. I arrived at Leghorn the same night. I found my Lord *Inglese* had at last mustered sufficient energy to move from Pisa to Monte Nero, near Leghorn; I condoled with him on the change, for his new flimsy-built villa—not unlike the suburban verandaed cockney boxes on the Thames—was ten times hotter than the old palace he had left, with its cool marble halls, and arched and lofty floors that defied the sun. He was satisfied with his boat, but by no means with its cost; he took little interest in her, and I could not induce him to take a cruise; he always had some excuse. The first time he came on board, he said in answer to something I pointed out in the rigging:

"People think I must be a bit of a sailor from my writings. All the sea-terms I use are from authority, and they cost me time, toil, and trouble to look them out; but you will find me a land-lubber. I hardly know the stem from the stern, and don't know the name or use of a single rope or sail; I know the deep sea is blue, and not green, as that greenhorn Shakespeare always calls it."

This was literally true; in regard to Byron he neither knew nor cared to know, nor ever asked a question (except when writing) about sea terms or sea life.

Toward the end of June, 1822, the long-expected family of the Hunts arrived by sea from England.

Byron observed, "You will find Leigh Hunt a gentleman in dress and address."

I found him that, and something more; and with a quaint fancy and cultivated mind. He was in high spirits, and disposed to be pleased with others. His anticipated literary projects in conjunction with Byron and Shelley were a source of great pleasure to him—so was the land of beauty and song. He had come to it as to a new home, in

which as the immortal Robins would have said: "You will find no nuisance but the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales." The pleasure that surpassed all the rest was the anticipation of seeing speedily his friend Shelley. But, alas! all those things which seemed so certain—

Those juggling fiends
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope—

so kept—and so broke—it with Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER XI

What is life, what is death,
What are we? that when the ship sinks
We no longer may be.

SHELLEY.

Shelley, with his friend Williams, soon came in their boat, scudding into the harbor of Leghorn. They went with the Hunts to Pisa, and established them in Lord Byron's palace, Shelley having furnished a floor there for them. In a few days Shelley returned to Leghorn, and found Williams eager to be off. We had a sail outside the port in the two boats. Shelley was in a mournful mood; his mind depressed by a recent interview with Byron.

Byron, at first, had been more eager than Shelley for Leigh Hunt's arrival in Italy to edit and contribute to the proposed new *Review*, and so continued until his English correspondents had worked on his fears. They did not oppose, for they knew his temper too well, but artfully insinuated that he was jeopardizing his fame and fortune, etc., etc., etc. Shelley found Byron so irritable, so shuffling and equivocating, whilst talking with him on the fulfillment of his promise with regard to Leigh Hunt, that, but for imperiling Hunt's prospects, Shelley's intercourse with Byron would then have abruptly terminated; it was doomed to be their last meeting.

On Saturday, the 6th, Williams wrote the following letter to his wife at the Villa Magni.

I have just left the quay, my dearest girl, and the wind blows right across to Spezzia, which adds to the vexation I feel at being unable to leave this place. For my own part, I should have been with you in all probability on Wednesday evening, but I have been kept day after day, waiting for Shelley's definitive arrangements with Lord B. relative to poor Hunt, whom, in my opinion, he has treated vilely. A letter from Mary, of the most gloomy kind, reached S. yesterday, and this mood of hers aggravated my uneasiness to see you; for I am proud, dear girl, beyond words to express, in the conviction, that *wherever* we may be together you could be cheerful and contented.

Would I could take the present gale by the wings and reach you tonight; hard as it blows, I would venture across for *such* a reward. However, tomorrow something decisive shall take place; and if I am detained, I shall depart in a felucca, and leave the boat to be brought round in company with Trelawny in the *Bolivar*. He talks of visiting Spezzia again in a few days. I am tired to death of waiting—this is our longest separation, and seems a year to me. Absence alone is enough to make me anxious, and indeed, unhappy; but I think if I had left you in our own house in solitude, I should feel it less than I do now.—What can I do? Poor S. desires that I should return to you, but I know secretly wishes me not to leave him in the lurch. He, too, by his manner, is as anxious to see you almost as I could be, but the interests of poor H. keep him here—in fact, with Lord B. it appears they cannot do anything—who actually said as much as that he did not wish (?) his name to be attached to the work, and of course to theirs.

In Lord Byron's family all is confusion—the cutthroats he is so desirous to have about him have involved him in a second row; and although the present banishment of the Gambas from Tuscany is attributed to the first affair of the dragoon, the continued disturbances among his and their servants is, I am sure, the principal cause for its being

1. **Robins**, probably George Henry Robins, a well-known auctioneer of the day.

91. **Gambas**, Byron's hosts. Their exile is explained a few lines further on.

carried into immediate effect. Four days (commencing from the day of our arrival in Leghorn) were only given them to find another retreat; and as Lord B. considers this a personal, though tacit, attack upon himself, he chooses to follow their fortunes in another country. Genoa was first selected—of that government they could have no hope—Geneva was then proposed, and this proved as bad, if not worse. Lucca is now the choice, and Trelawny was dispatched last night to feel their way with the governor, to whom he carried letters. All this time Hunt is shuffled off from day to day, and now, Heaven knows when or how it will end.

Lord B.'s reception of Mrs. H. was—as S. tells me—most shameful. She came into his house sick and exhausted, and he scarcely deigned to notice her; was silent, and scarcely bowed. This conduct cut H. to the soul; but the way in which he received our friend Roberts, at Dunn's door, shall be described when we meet—it must be acted. How I long to see you; I had written *when*, but I will make no promises, for I, too, well know how distressing it is to both of us to break them. Tuesday evening at furthest, unless kept by the weather, I will say, "Oh, Jane! how fervently I press you and our little ones to my heart."

Adieu!—Take body and soul; for you are at once my heaven and earth—that is all I ask of both.

E. Elk. W——.

S. is at Pisa, and will write tonight to me.

The last entry in Williams's journal is dated July 4, 1822, Leghorn.

Processions of priests and *religiosi* have been, for several days past, praying for rain; but the gods are either angry, or nature too powerful.

The affair of the dragoon alluded to in Williams's letter, as connected with the Gambas, was this: As Byron and his companions were returning to Pisa on horseback, the road being blocked up by the party—a sergeant-major on duty in their rear trotted his horse through the cavalcade. One of the awkward literary squad—a resolute bore, but timid rider—was nearly spilled from his nag shying. To divert the jeers from his own bad riding, he appealed pathetically to Byron, saying:

"Shall we endure this man's insolence?"

Byron said: "No, we will bring him to an account"; and instantly galloped after the dragoon into Pisa, his party following. The guard at the gate turned out with drawn swords, but could not stop them. Some of the servants of Byron and the Gambas were idling on the steps of his palace; getting a glimpse of the row, one of them armed himself with a stable-fork, rushed at the dragoon as he passed Byron's palace, and wounded him severely in the side. This scene was acted in broad daylight on the Lung' Arno, the most public place in the city, scores of people looking on! yet the police, with their host of spies and backed by the power of a despotic government, could never ascertain who struck the blow.

Not liking to meddle with the poet, they imprisoned two of his servants, and exiled the family of Count Gamba. Byron chose to follow them. Such is the hatred of the Italians to their rulers and all who have authority over them that the blind beggars at the corners of the streets—no others are permitted to beg in Tuscany—hearing that the English were without arms, sidled up to some of them, adroitly putting into their hands formidable stilettos, which they had concealed in the sleeves of their ragged gaberdines.

Shelley wrote me the following note about the dragoon.

My dear T.:

Gamba is with me, and we are drawing up a paper demanded of us by the police. Mary tells me that you have an account from Lord Byron of the affair, and we wish to see it before ours is concluded. The man is severely wounded in the side, and his life is supposed to be in danger from the weapon having grazed the liver. It were as well if you could come here, as we shall decide on no statement without you.

Ever yours truly,

Shelley.

Mrs. Shelley, writing an account of the row, says:

Madame G. and I happened to be in the carriage, ten paces behind, and saw the whole. Taaffe kept at a safe distance during the fray, but fearing the consequence, he wrote such a report that Lord Byron quarreled with him; and what between insolence and abject humility he has kept himself in hot water, when, in fact, he had nothing to fear.

On Monday, July 8, 1822, I went with Shelley to his bankers, and then to a store. It was past one p.m. when we went on board our respective boats—Shelley and Williams to return to their home in the Gulf of Spezzia; I in the *Bolivar* to accompany them into the offing. When we were under way, the guard-boat boarded us to overhaul our papers. I had not got my port clearance, the captain of the port having refused to give it to the mate, as I had often gone out without. The officer of the Health Office consequently threatened me with forty days' quarantine. It was hopeless to think of detaining my friends. Williams had been for days fretting and fuming to be off; they had no time to spare, it was past two o'clock, and there was very little wind.

Suddenly and reluctantly I reanchored, furled my sails, and with a ship's glass watched the progress of my friend's boat. My Genoese mate observed: "They should have sailed this morning at three or four a.m., instead of three p.m. They are standing too much in shore; the current will set them there." I said: "They will soon have the land breeze."

"Maybe," continued the mate, "she will soon have too much breeze; that gaff topsail is foolish in a boat with no deck and no sailor on board." Then pointing to the S.W., "Look at those black lines and the dirty rags hanging on them out of the sky—they are a warning; look at the smoke on the water; the devil is brewing mischief."

5. **Taaffe**, an Irish friend of the Shelleys in Pisa.
44. **gaff topsail**, a triangular sail sprung between the mainsail and the topmast.

There was a sea-fog in which Shelley's boat was soon after enveloped, and we saw nothing more of her.

Although the sun was obscured by mists, it was oppressively sultry. There was not a breath of air in the harbor. The heaviness of the atmosphere and an unwonted stillness benumbed my senses. I went down into the cabin and sank into a slumber. I was roused up by a noise overhead and went on deck. The men were getting up a chain cable to let go another anchor. There was a general stir amongst the shipping; shifting berths, getting down yards and masts, veering out cables, hauling in of hawsers, letting go anchors, hailing from the ships and quays, boats sculling rapidly to and fro. It was almost dark, although only half-past six o'clock. The sea was of the color, and looked as solid and smooth, as a sheet of lead, and covered with an oily scum. Gusts of wind swept over without ruffling it, and big drops of rain fell on its surface, rebounding, as if they could not penetrate it. There was a commotion in the air, made up of many threatening sounds, coming upon us from the sea. Fishing-craft and coasting-vessels under bare poles rushed by us in shoals, running foul of the ships in the harbor. As yet the din and hubbub was that made by men, but their shrill pipings were suddenly silenced by the crashing voice of a thunder squall that burst right over our heads. For some time no other sounds were to be heard than the thunder, wind, and rain. When the fury of the storm, which did not last for more than twenty minutes, had abated, and the horizon was in some degree cleared, I looked to seaward anxiously, in the hope of descrying Shelley's boat, amongst the many small craft scattered about. I watched every speck that loomed on the horizon, thinking that they would have borne up on their return to the port, as all the other boats that had gone out in the same direction had done.

I sent our Genoese mate on board some of the returning craft to make inquiries, but they all professed not to have seen the English boat. So re-

morselessly are the quarantine laws enforced in Italy that, when at sea, if you render assistance to a vessel in distress, or rescue a drowning stranger, on returning to port you are condemned to a long and rigorous quarantine of fourteen or more days. The consequence is, should one vessel see another in peril, or even run it down by accident, she hastens on her course, and by general accord not a word is said or reported on the subject. But to resume my tale. I did not leave the *Bolivar* until dark. During the night it was gusty and showery, and the lightning flashed along the coast; at daylight I returned on board, and resumed my examination of the crews of the various boats which had returned to the port during the night. They either knew nothing, or would say nothing. My Genoese, with the quick eye of a sailor, pointed out, on board a fishing-boat, an English-made oar, that he thought he had seen in Shelley's boat, but the entire crew swore by all the saints in the calendar that this was not so. Another day was passed in horrid suspense. On the morning of the third day I rode to Pisa. Byron had returned to the Lanfranchi Palace. I hoped to find a letter from the Villa Magni; there was none. I told my fears to Hunt, and then went upstairs to Byron. When I told him, his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he questioned me. I sent a courier to Leghorn to dispatch the *Bolivar*, to cruise along the coast, whilst I mounted my horse and rode in the same direction. I also dispatched a courier along the coast to go as far as Nice. On my arrival at Via Reggio I heard that a punt, a water-keg, and some bottles had been found on the beach. These things I recognized as having been in Shelley's boat when he left Leghorn. Nothing more was found for seven or eight days, during which time of painful suspense I patrolled the coast with the coast-guard, stimulating them to keep a good lookout by the promise of a reward. It was not until many days after this that my worst fears were confirmed. Two bodies were found on the shore—one near Via Reggio, which I went and examined. The face and hands, and parts of the body not protected by the dress, were fleshless. The tall slight figure, the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's. The other body was washed on shore three miles distant from Shelley's, near the tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio. I went there at once. This corpse was much more mutilated; it had no other covering than the shreds of a shirt, and that partly drawn over the head, as if the wearer had been in the act of taking it off; a black silk handkerchief, tied sailor-fashion around the neck; socks, and one boot, indicating also that he had attempted to strip. The flesh, sinews, and muscles hung about in rags, like the shirt, exposing the ribs and bones. I had brought with me from Shelley's house a boot of Williams's, and this exactly matched the one the corpse had on. That, and the handkerchief, satisfied me that it was the body of Shelley's comrade. Williams was the only one of the three who could swim, and it is probable he was the last survivor. It is likewise possible, as he had a watch and money, and was better dressed than the others, that his body might have been plundered when found. Shelley always declared that in case of wreck he would vanish instantly, and not imperil valuable lives by permitting others to aid in saving his, which he looked upon as valueless. It was not until three weeks after the wreck of the boat that a third body was found—four miles from the other two. This I concluded to be that of the sailor boy, Charles Vivian, although it was a mere skeleton, and impossible to be identified. It was buried in the sand, above the reach of the waves. I mounted my

43. **punt**, a narrow flat-bottomed boat, usually square at the ends.

horse, and rode to the Gulf of Spezzia, put up my horse, and walked until I caught sight of the lone house on the seashore in which Shelley and Williams had dwelt, and where their widows still lived. Hitherto in my frequent visits—in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary—I had buoyed up their spirits by maintaining that it was not impossible but that the friends still lived; now I had to extinguish the last hope of these forlorn women. I had ridden fast, to prevent any ruder messenger from bursting in upon them. As I stood on the threshold of their house, the bearer, or rather confirmer, of news which would rack every fiber of their quivering frames to the utmost, I paused, and, looking at the sea, my memory reverted to our joyous parting only a few days before.

The two families, then, had all been in the veranda, overhanging a sea so clear and calm that every star was reflected on the water, as if it had been a mirror; the young mothers singing some merry tune, with the accompaniment of a guitar. Shelley's shrill laugh —I heard it still—rang in my ears, with Williams's friendly hail, the general *buona notte* of all the joyous party, and the earnest entreaty to me to return as soon as possible, and not to forget the commissions they had severally given me. I was in a small boat beneath them, slowly rowing myself on board the *Bolivar*, at anchor in the bay, loath to part from what I verily believed to have been at that time the most united, and happiest, set of human beings in the whole world. And now by the blow of an idle puff of wind the scene was changed. Such is human happiness.

My reverie was broken by a shriek from the nurse Caterina, as, crossing the hall, she saw me in the doorway. After asking her a few questions, I went up the stairs, and, unannounced, entered the room. I neither spoke, nor did they question me. Mrs. Shelley's large gray eyes were fixed on my face. I turned away. Unable to bear this horrid silence, with a convulsive effort she exclaimed:

"Is there no hope?"

I did not answer, but left the room, and sent the servant with the children to them. The next day I prevailed on them to return with me to Pisa. The misery of that night and the journey of the next day, and of many days and nights that followed, I can neither describe nor forget. It was ultimately determined by those most interested that Shelley's remains should be removed from where they lay, and conveyed to Rome, to be interred near the bodies of his child and of his friend Keats, with a suitable monument, and that Williams's remains should be taken to England. To do this, in their then far advanced state of decomposition, and to obviate the obstacles offered by the quarantine laws, the ancient custom of burning and reducing the body to ashes was suggested. I wrote to our minister at Florence, Dawkins, on the subject, and solicited his friendly intercession with the Lucchese and Florentine governments, that I might be furnished with authority to accomplish our purpose.

The following was his answer:

DEAR SIR:

An order was sent yesterday from hence to the Governor of Via Reggio, to deliver up the remains of Mr. Shelley to you, or any person empowered by you to receive them.

I said they were to be removed to Leghorn for interment, but that need not bind you. If they go by sea, the governor will give you the papers necessary to insure their admittance elsewhere. If they travel by land, they must be accompanied by a guard as far as the frontier—a precaution always taken to prevent the possibility of infection. Quicklime has been thrown into the graves, as is usual in similar cases.

With respect to the removal of the other

31. **buona notte**, good-night.

79. **Lucchese and Florentine governments.** In the first half of the nineteenth century Italy was composed of a number of small states partly under the dominance of Austria, partly under that of France. The Lucchese States (so-called from Lucca, the principal town) were on the west coast of Italy, north of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany or Tuscan States, whose capital was Florence.

corpse, I can tell you nothing till I hear from Florence. I applied for the order as soon as I received your letter, and I expect an answer to my letter by tomorrow's post.

I am very sensible of Lord Byron's kindness, and should have called upon him when I passed through Pisa, had he been anybody but Lord Byron. Do not mention trouble; I am here to take as much as my countrymen think proper to give me; and all I ask in return is fair play and good humor, which I am sure I shall always find in the S. S. S.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
W. DAWKINS.

Such were his subsequent influence and energy that he ultimately overcame all the obstacles and repugnance of the Italians to sanction such an unprecedented proceeding in their territories.

CHAPTER XII

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot,
Love itself would, did they not.
SHELLEY.

I got a furnace made at Leghorn, of iron-bars and strong sheet-iron, supported on a stand, and laid in a stock of fuel, and such things as were said to be used by Shelley's much loved Hellenes on their funeral pyres.

On August 13, 1822, I went on board the *Bolivar*, with an English acquaintance, having written to Byron and Hunt to say I would send them word when everything was ready, as they wished to be present. I had previously engaged two large feluccas, with drags and tackling, to go before, and endeavor to find the place where Shelley's boat had foundered; the captain of one of the feluccas having asserted that he was out in the fatal squall, and had seen Shelley's boat go down off Via Reggio, with all sail set. With light and fitful breezes we were eleven hours reaching our destination—the tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio, in the Tuscan States. There was a village there, and about two miles from that place Williams was buried. So I anchored, landed, called on the officer in command, a major, and told him my object in coming, of which he was already apprised by his own government. He assured me I should have every aid from him. As it was too late in the day to commence operations, we went to the only inn in the place, and I wrote to Byron to be with us next day at noon. The major sent my letter to Pisa by a dragoon, and made arrangements for the next day. In the morning he was with us early, and gave me a note from Byron, to say he would join us as near noon as he could. At ten we went on board the commandant's boat, with a squad of soldiers in working dresses, armed with mattocks and spades, an officer of the quarantine service, and some of his crew. They had their peculiar tools, so fashioned as to do their work without coming into personal contact with things that might be infectious—long-handled tongs, nippers, poles with iron hooks and spikes, and divers others that gave one a lively idea of the implements of torture devised by the holy inquisitors. Thus freighted, we started, my own boat following with the furnace, and the things I had brought from Leghorn. We pulled along the shore for some distance, and landed at a line of strong posts and railings which projected into the sea—forming the boundary dividing the Tuscan and Lucchese States. We walked along the shore to the grave, where Byron and Hunt soon joined us; they, too, had an officer and soldiers from the tower of Migliarino, an officer of the Health Office, and some dismounted dragoons, so we were surrounded by soldiers, but they kept the ground clear, and readily lent their aid. There was a considerable gathering of spectators from the neighborhood, and many ladies richly dressed were amongst them. The spot where the body lay was marked by the gnarled root of a pine tree.

A rude hut, built of young pine-tree

12. S.S.S., a Masonic salute, hence the Masonic Order.

stems, and wattled with their branches, to keep the sun and rain out, and thatched with reeds, stood on the beach to shelter the look-out man on duty. A few yards from this was the grave, which we commenced opening—the Gulf of Spezzia and Leghorn at equal distances of twenty-two miles from us. As to fuel, I might have saved myself the trouble of bringing any, for there was an ample supply of broken spars and planks cast on the shore from wrecks, besides the fallen and decaying timber in a stunted pine forest close at hand. The soldiers collected fuel whilst I erected the furnace, and then the men of the Health Office set to work, shoveling away the sand which covered the body, while we gathered round, watching anxiously. The first indication of their having found the body was the appearance of the end of a black silk handkerchief—I grubbed this out with a stick, for we were not allowed to touch anything with our hands—then some shreds of linen were met with, and a boot with the bone of the leg and the foot in it. On the removal of a layer of brushwood, all that now remained of my lost friend was exposed—a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. The limbs separated from the trunk on being touched.

"Is that a human body?" exclaimed Byron; "why it's more like the carcass of a sheep, or any other animal, than a man; this is a satire on our pride and folly."

I pointed to the letters E. E. W. on the black silk handkerchief.

Byron looking on, muttered, "The entrails of a worm hold together longer than the potter's clay, of which man is made. Hold! let me see the jaw," he added, as they were removing the skull; "I can recognize anyone by the teeth with whom I have talked. I always watch the lips and mouth; they tell what the tongue and eyes try to conceal."

I had a boot of Williams's with me; it exactly corresponded with the one found in the grave. The remains were removed piecemeal into the furnace.

"Don't repeat this with me," said Byron; "let my carcass rot where it falls."

The funeral pyre was now ready; I applied the fire, and the materials being dry and resinous the pine-wood burned furiously, and drove us back. It was hot enough before, there was no breath of air, and the loose sand scorched our feet. As soon as the flames became clear, and allowed us to approach, we threw frankincense and salt into the furnace, and poured a flask of wine and oil over the body. The Greek oration was omitted, for we had lost our Hellenic bard. It was now so insufferably hot that the officers and soldiers were all seeking shade.

"Let us try the strength of these waters that drowned our friends," said Byron, with his usual audacity. "How far out do you think they were when their boat sank?"

"If you don't wish to be put into the furnace, you had better not try; you are not in condition."

He stripped, and went into the water, and so did I and my companion. Before we got a mile out, Byron was sick, and persuaded to return to the shore. My companion, too, was seized with cramp, and reached the land by my aid. At four o'clock the funeral pyre burned low, and when we uncovered the furnace nothing remained in it but dark-colored ashes, with fragments of the larger bones. Poles were now put under the red-hot furnace, and it was gradually cooled in the sea. I gathered together the human ashes, and placed them in a small oak-box, bearing an inscription on a brass plate, screwed it down, and placed it in Byron's carriage. He returned with Hunt to Pisa, promising to be with us on the following day at Via Reggio. I returned with my party in the same way we came, and supped and slept at the inn. On the following morning we went on board the same boats, with the same things and party, and rowed down the little river near Via Reggio to the sea, pulled along the coast toward Massa, then landed, and began our preparations as before.

Three white wands had been stuck in

66. **our Hellenic bard**, Shelley; so-called from his interest in Greek poetry.

the sand to mark the poet's grave, but as they were at some distance from each other, we had to cut a trench thirty yards in length, in the line of the sticks, to ascertain the exact spot, and it was nearly an hour before we came upon the grave.

In the meantime Byron and Leigh Hunt arrived in the carriage, attended by soldiers, and the Health Officer, as before. The lonely and grand scenery that surrounded us so exactly harmonized with Shelley's genius that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraji, and Elba, was before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight. As I thought of the delight Shelley felt in such scenes of loneliness and grandeur whilst living, I felt we were no better than a herd of wolves or a pack of wild dogs, in tearing out his battered and naked body from the pure yellow sand that lay so lightly over it, to drag him back to the light of day; but the dead have no voice, nor had I power to check the sacrilege—the work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. Even Byron was silent and thoughtful. We were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered. Lime had been strewn on it; this, or decomposition, had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo color. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of Williams's body, so that the corpse was removed entire into the furnace. I had taken the precaution of having more and larger pieces of timber, in consequence of my experience of the day before of the difficulty of consuming a corpse in the open air with our apparatus. After the fire was well kindled we repeated the ceremony of the previous day; and more wine was poured over Shelley's dead body than he had consumed during his life. This with the oil and salt made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off; and, as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a caldron, for a very long time.

Byron could not face this scene; he withdrew to the beach and swam off to the *Bolivar*. Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to gray ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull, but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burned; and had anyone seen me do the act I should have been put into quarantine.

After cooling the iron machine in the sea, I collected the human ashes and placed them in a box, which I took on board the *Bolivar*. Byron and Hunt retraced their steps to their home, and the officers and soldiers returned to their quarters. I liberally rewarded the men for the admirable manner in which they behaved during the two days they had been with us.

As I undertook and executed this novel ceremony, I have been thus tediously minute in describing it.

Byron's idle talk during the exhumation of Williams's remains did not proceed from want of feeling, but from his anxiety to conceal what he felt from others. When confined to his bed and racked by spasms, which threatened his

life, I have heard him talk in a much more unorthodox fashion, the instant he could muster breath to banter. He had been taught during his town-life that any exhibition of sympathy or feeling was maudlin and unmanly, and that the appearance of daring and indifference denoted blood and high breeding. (1858)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY
(1825-1895)

NOTE

Although a mere sketch, the autobiography of Huxley is significant for the scientific attitude which it exhibits toward life. Before the nineteenth century, Englishmen had regarded life as an adventure first in the flesh, second in the imagination, and third in the spirit. The early Anglo-Saxons fought for a physical existence; upon the basis of their conquests the Elizabethans fought for a new world empire; and in turn upon the basis of their conquests Englishmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fought for freedom of the spirit both in philosophy and in religion. The most recent battle with life was that of the nineteenth-century scientists who sought the truth through a scientific investigation of life. Huxley was the polemist of the new school and from 1860 to 1895 fought its battle and won almost single-handed. "To learn what is true in order to do what is right is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority." Such is one of his many statements of the object of man's existence. He seeks facts, underlying truths, eternal laws, and without any embellishment of style lays them before the reader. For Huxley, the fact itself is very impressive, not its emotional periphery. Consequently, he is the standard-bearer for the group who seek to understand life and nature through an arduous, exact, and unbiased scrutiny of the natural phenomena in which we live and move and have our being.

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[A SKETCH]

And when I consider, in one view, the many things . . . which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But, in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance, seem to be put upon me to do.—*Bishop Butler* to the Duchess of Somerset.*

The "many things" to which the Duchess's correspondent here refers are the repairs and improvements of the episcopal seat at Auckland. I doubt if the great apologist, greater in nothing than in the simple dignity of his character, would have considered the writing an account of himself as a thing which could be put upon him to do whatever circumstances might be taken in. But the good bishop lived in an age when a man might write books and yet be permitted to keep his private existence to himself; in the pre-Boswellian epoch, when the germ of the photographer lay in the womb of the distant future, and the interviewer who pervades our age was an unforeseen, indeed unimaginable, birth of time.

At present the most convinced believer in the aphorism *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit* is not always able to act up to it. An importunate person informs him that his portrait is about to be published and will be accompanied by a biography which the importunate person proposes to write. The sufferer knows what that means; either he undertakes to revise the "biography" or he does not. In the former case he makes himself responsible; in the latter he allows the publication of a mass of more or less fulsome inaccuracies for which he will be held responsible by those who are familiar with the prevalent art of self-advertisement. On the whole, it may be better to get over the "burlesque of being employed in this manner" and do the thing himself.

It was by reflections of this kind that, some years ago, I was led to write and permit the publication of the subjoined sketch.

I was born about eight o'clock in the morning on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within a half-a-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Now it is a suburb of London with, I believe, 30,000 inhabitants. My father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school, which at one time had a high reputa-

*Butler (1692-1752), Joseph, Bishop of Durham, a distinguished theologian and philosopher.

29. Bene, etc., "he who has kept himself well concealed has lived well" (Ovid, *Tristia*, III, 4, 25).

tion. I am not aware that any portents preceded my arrival in this world, but, in my childhood, I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window-sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy. Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely—even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them—that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately, in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.

My mother was a slender brunette, of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, "I cannot help it, things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks; and it has always been a danger. But, after all, if my time were to come over again, there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit.

I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully, would sometimes say, "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of looks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was vicar of our parish, and who was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forward in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My regular school training was of the briefest, perhaps fortunately, for though my way of life has made me

17-18. **swarm . . . lips.** Greek mythology relates this story about many poets, such as Pindar, upon whose infant lips bees were said to have deposited honey.

85. **Prince George of Cambridge**, a grandson of George III, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.
95. **Herbert Spencer** (1820-1903), an English philosopher and friend of Huxley's who expounded evolution.

acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us. Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my class-mates, who had bullied me until I could stand it no longer. I was a very slight lad, but there was a wild-cat element in me which, when roused, made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectually. However, one of my first experiences of the extremely rough-and-ready nature of justice, as exhibited by the course of things in general, arose out of the fact that I—the victor—had a black eye, while he—the vanquished—had none, so that I got into disgrace and he did not. We made it up, and thereafter I was unmolested. One of the greatest shocks I ever received in my life was to be told a dozen years afterwards by the groom who brought me my horse in a stable-yard in Sydney that he was my quondam antagonist. He had a long story of family misfortune to account for his position, but at that time it was necessary to deal very cautiously with mysterious strangers in New South Wales, and on inquiry I found that the unfortunate young man had not only been "sent out," but had undergone more than one colonial conviction.

As I grew older, my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*. I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt toward the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy—I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age—when I was taken by some older student friends of mine to the first *post-mortem* examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits, but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings, and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection-poison supervened, but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy. By way of a last chance, I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire. I remember staggering from my bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival, and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farmyard in

56. **In partibus infidelium**, "in the realm of the unbelievers."

the early morning, is as good to me as the "sweet south upon a bed of violets." I soon recovered, but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of internal pain, and from that time my constant friend, hypochondriacal dyspepsia, commenced his half century of co-tenancy of my fleshly tabernacle.

Looking back on my *Lehrjahre*, I am sorry to say that I do not think that any account of my doings as a student would tend to edification. In fact, I should distinctly warn ingenuous youth to avoid imitating my example. I worked extremely hard when it pleased me, and when it did not—which was a very frequent case—I was extremely idle (unless making caricatures of one's pastors and masters is to be called a branch of industry), or else wasted my energies in wrong directions. I read everything I could lay hands upon, including novels, and took up all sorts of pursuits, to drop them again quite as speedily. No doubt it was very largely my own fault, but the only instruction from which I ever obtained the proper effect of education was that which I received from Mr. Wharton Jones, who was the lecturer on physiology at the Charing Cross School of Medicine. The extent and precision of his knowledge impressed me greatly, and the severe exactness of his method of lecturing was quite to my taste. I do not know that I have ever felt so much respect for anybody as a teacher before or since. I worked hard to obtain his approbation, and he was extremely kind and helpful to the youngster who, I am afraid, took up more of his time than he had any right to do. It was he who suggested the publication of my first scientific paper—a very little one—in the *Medical Gazette* of 1845, and most kindly corrected the literary faults which abounded in it, short as it was; for at that time, and for many years afterwards, I detested the trouble of writing, and would take no pains over it.

It was in the early spring of 1846 that, having finished my obligatory medical studies and passed the first M. D. examination at the London University—though I was still too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons—I was talking to a fellow-student (the present eminent physician, Sir Joseph Fayrer), and wondering what I should do to meet the imperative necessity for earning my own bread, when my friend suggested that I should write to Sir William Burnett, at that time Director-General for the *Medical Gazette* of the Navy, for an appointment. I thought this rather a strong thing to do, as Sir William was personally unknown to me, but my cheery friend would not listen to my scruples, so I went to my lodgings and wrote the best letter I could devise. A few days afterwards I received the usual official circular acknowledgment, but at the bottom there was written an instruction to call at Somerset House on such a day. I thought that looked like business, so at the appointed time I called and sent in my card, while I waited in Sir William's anteroom. He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent—and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman. I suppose the air of modesty about my appeal must have struck him. I satisfied the Director-General that I was English to the backbone, and he made some inquiries as to my student career, finally desiring me to hold myself ready for examination. Having passed this, I was in Her Majesty's Service, and entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital, about a couple of months after I made my application.

My official chief at Haslar was a very remarkable person, the late Sir John Richardson, an excellent natur-

9. **Lehrjahre**, school years, apprenticeship to one's profession.

76. **Somerset House**, a government office building on the Strand, London.

alist, and far-famed as an indomitable Arctic traveler. He was a silent, reserved man, outside the circle of his family and intimates; and, having a full share of youthful vanity, I was extremely disgusted to find that "Old John," as we irreverent youngsters called him, took not the slightest notice of my worshipful self either the first time I attended him, as it was my duty to do, or for some weeks afterwards. I am afraid to think of the lengths to which my tongue may have run on the subject of the churlishness of the chief, who was, in truth, one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of men. But one day, as I was crossing the hospital square, Sir John stopped me, and heaped coals of fire on my head by telling me that he had tried to get me one of the resident appointments, much coveted by the assistant surgeons, but that the Admiralty had put in another man. "However," said he, "I mean to keep you here till I can get you something you will like," and turned upon his heel without waiting for the thanks I stammered out. That explained how it was I had not been packed off to the West Coast of Africa like some of my juniors, and why, eventually, I remained, all together, seven months at Haslar.

After a long interval, during which "Old John" ignored my existence almost as completely as before, he stopped me again as we met in a casual way, and describing the service on which the *Rattlesnake* was likely to be employed, said that Captain Owen Stanley, who was to command the ship, had asked him to recommend an assistant surgeon who knew something of science; would I like that? Of course I jumped at the offer. "Very well, I give you leave; go to London at once and see Captain Stanley." I went, saw my future commander, who was very civil to me, and promised to ask that I should be appointed to his ship, as in due time I was. It is a singular thing that, during the few months of my stay at Haslar, I had among my messmates two future Directors-General of the Medical Service of the Navy (Sir Alexander Armstrong and Sir John Watt-Reid), with the present President of the College of Physicians and my kindest of doctors, Sir Andrew Clark.

Life on board Her Majesty's ship in those days was a very different affair from what it is now, and ours was exceptionally rough, as we were often many months without receiving letters or seeing any civilized people but ourselves. In exchange we had the interest of being about the last voyagers, I suppose, to whom it could be possible to meet with people who knew nothing of firearms—as we did on the south coast of New Guinea—and of making acquaintance with a variety of interesting savage and semi-civilized people. But, apart from experience of this kind and the opportunities offered for scientific work, to me, personally, the cruise was extremely valuable. It was good for me to live under sharp discipline; to be down on the realities of existence by living on bare necessaries; to find out how extremely well worth living life seemed to be when one woke up from a night's rest on a soft plank, with the sky for canopy and cocoa and weevilly biscuit the sole prospect for breakfast; and, more especially, to learn to work for the sake of what I got for myself out of it, even if it all went to the bottom and I along with it. My brother officers were as good fellows as sailors ought to be and generally are, but, naturally, they neither knew nor cared anything about my pursuits, nor understood why I should be so zealous in pursuit of the objects which my friends, the middies, christened "Buffons," after the title conspicuous on a volume of the *Suites à Buffon*, which stood on my shelf in the chart room.

During the four years of our absence, I sent home communication after communication to the "Linnean Society,"

98. **Suites à Buffon**, supplementary volumes to Buffon's *Natural History* (1749-1804). Buffon (1707-1788) was a famous French naturalist. 103. **Linnean Society**, a scientific society for research in zoölogy and botany, founded in 1788, and named for Linnaeus (1707-1778), a Swedish botanist.

with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the Royal Society. This was my dove, if I had only known it. But owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found that it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education.

Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the Admiralty on the other, as to whether the latter ought, or ought not, to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last the Admiralty, getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join a ship, which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in the *Père Goriot*, says to Paris, I said to London "*à nous deux*." I desired to obtain a Professorship of either Physiology or Comparative Anatomy, and as vacancies occurred I applied, but in vain. My friend, Professor Tyndall, and I were candidates at the same time, he for the Chair of Physics and I for that of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which, fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it, which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the translation of my warm friend Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry de la Beche, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of Paleontologist and Lecturer on Natural History. I refused the former point blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up Natural History as soon as I could get a physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

At that time I disliked public speaking, and had a firm conviction that I should break down every time I opened my mouth. I believe I had every fault a speaker could have (except talking at random or indulging in rhetoric), when I spoke to the first important audience I ever addressed, on a Friday evening at the Royal Institution, in 1852. Yet, I must confess to having been guilty, *malgré moi*, of as much public speaking as most of my contemporaries, and for the last ten years it ceased to be so much of a bugbear to me. I used to pity myself for having to go through this training, but I am now more disposed to compassionate the unfortunate audiences, especially my ever-friendly hearers at the Royal Institution, who were the subjects of my oratorical experiments.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be; I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, by failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of nat-

6. **Royal Society**, the leading British scientific society. It was founded in 1660. 33. **à nous deux**, "the conflict is between us," the last speech of Rastignac to Paris in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*.

51. **translation**, transfer. 75. **malgré moi**, "in spite of myself."

ural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

In striving for the attainment of these objects I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. Circumstances, among which I am proud to reckon the devoted kindness of many friends, have led to my occupation of various prominent positions, among which the Presidency of the Royal Society is the highest. It would be mock modesty on my part, with these and other scientific honors which have been bestowed upon me, to pretend that I have not succeeded in the career which I have followed, rather because I was driven into it than of my own free will; but I am afraid I should not count even these things as marks of success if I could not hope that I had somewhat helped that movement of opinion which has been called the New Reformation. (1893)

48. **New Reformation.** Huxley's career after his return to England in 1850 falls into three periods: 1850-1859 research; 1860-1869 champion of the theory of evolution; 1870-1895 acknowledged leader of biological science in England. See also headnote, page 563.

LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-1932)

NOTE

This is a biography in which personalities reveal the life of an era. It is remarkably successful in catching those shades of changing opinion for which mankind is notable. Strachey's contribution to the new school of biography has been clearly set forth by Dr. Crothers's essay "Satan Among the Biographers" (page 598). The selection from Strachey given here is that which depicts the life of Queen Victoria between 1859 and 1881, and the influence upon it of Gladstone and Disraeli. Gladstone, leader of the Liberal party, and four times Prime Minister (1869-1874, 1880-1885, 1886, 1892-1894), interested himself chiefly with reforms at home which centered in alterations of Parliament, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the institution of national free elementary schools, and the principle of home rule for Ireland; Disraeli, leader of the Conservative party, and twice Prime Minister (1868, 1874-1880) interested himself chiefly with a foreign policy of imperialism which centered in the purchase and completion of the Suez Canal (1875), the placing of India under the British Government with Queen Victoria as Empress of India (1877), and the defeat of Russia's aims for aggrandizement at the Congress of Berlin (1880), after the Russo-Turkish War. Victoria lived for England. It was not given to her, perhaps, to grasp the manifold activities of the age which bears her name, but she understood, practiced herself, and demanded that her people practice, the solid virtues inherent in a clean and happy home, and in a strong and honorable government. Tennyson paid her a true and beautiful tribute in his dedication to her of the first Laureate Edition (1851) of his poems, in which he represents future Englishmen as saying:

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

QUEEN VICTORIA

CHAPTER VIII

MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BEACONSFIELD

I

Lord Palmerston's laugh—a queer metallic "Ha! ha! ha!" with reverberations in it from the days of Pitt and the

50. **Lord Palmerston** (1784-1865). For half a century he served in the British government in the Conservative party. His chief interest was in foreign affairs, where his brusque independence and many indiscretions made him most offensive to Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert. 52. **Pitt,** William Pitt, the younger (1759-1806); Prime Minister 1783-1801, 1804-1806.

Congress of Vienna—was heard no more in Piccadilly; Lord John Russell dwindled into senility; Lord Derby tottered from the stage. A new scene opened; and new protagonists—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—struggled together in the limelight. Victoria, from her post of vantage, watched these developments with that passionate and personal interest which she invariably imported into politics. Her prepossessions were of an unexpected kind. Mr. Gladstone had been the disciple of her revered Peel, and had won the approval of Albert; Mr. Disraeli had hounded Sir Robert to his fall with hideous virulence, and the Prince had pronounced that he "had not one single element of a gentleman in his composition." Yet she regarded Mr. Gladstone with a distrust and dislike which steadily deepened, while upon his rival she lavished an abundance of confidence, esteem, and affection such as Lord Melbourne himself had hardly known.

Her attitude toward the Tory Minister had suddenly changed when she found that he alone among public men had divined her feelings at Albert's death. Of the others she might have said "they pity me and not my grief"; but Mr. Disraeli had understood; and all his condolences had taken the form of reverential eulogies of the departed. The Queen declared that he was "the only person who appreciated the Prince." She began to show him special favor; gave him and his wife two of the coveted seats in St. George's Chapel at the Prince of Wales's wedding, and invited him to stay a night at Windsor.

When the grant for the Albert Memorial came before the House of Commons, Disraeli, as leader of the Opposition, eloquently supported the project. He was rewarded by a copy of the Prince's speeches, bound in white morocco, with an inscription in the royal hand. In his letter of thanks he "ventured to touch upon a sacred theme," and, in a strain which reëchoed with masterly fidelity the sentiments of his correspondent, dwelt at length upon the absolute perfection of Albert. "The Prince," he said, "is the only person whom Mr. Disraeli has ever known who realized the Ideal. None with whom he is acquainted have ever approached it. There was in him an union of the manly grace and sublime simplicity, of chivalry with the intellectual splendor of the Attic Academe. The only character in English history that would, in some respects, draw near to him is Sir Philip Sidney; the same high tone, the same universal accomplishments, the same blended tenderness and vigor, the same rare combination of romantic energy and classic repose." As for his own acquaintance with the Prince, it had been, he said, "one of the most satisfactory incidents of his life; full of refined and beautiful memories, and exercising, as he hopes, over his remaining existence, a soothing and exalting influence." Victoria was much affected by "the depth and delicacy of these touches," and henceforward Disraeli's place in her affections was assured. When, in 1866, the Conservatives came into office, Disraeli's position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House necessarily brought him into a closer relation with the Sovereign. Two years later Lord Derby resigned, and Victoria, with intense delight and peculiar graciousness, welcomed Disraeli as her First Minister.

But only for nine agitated months did he remain in power. The Ministry,

1. **Congress of Vienna** (1815), the congress which reordered Europe at the end of the Napoleonic era, and established a balance of power which was effective until 1870. 2. **Lord John Russell** (1792-1878), Liberal Prime Minister 1846-1852 and 1865-1866. Gladstone succeeded him as party leader. 3. **Lord Derby** (1799-1869), member of the Conservative party and Prime Minister 1852, 1858, and 1866-1868. Disraeli succeeded him as party leader. 14. **Peel**, Sir Robert (1788-1850), leader of the Conservative party before Lord Derby, and Prime Minister 1841-1846. Victoria had not liked him at first. Mr. Gladstone had first been a Conservative, but soon became a Liberal. 24. **Lord Melbourne** (1779-1848), Liberal Prime Minister 1834 and 1835-1841. As the Queen's first Prime Minister he had considerable influence in the formation of her political attitude, and she adopted toward him and his admonitions a filial respect.

43. **Albert Memorial**, erected in memory of Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort Albert (1819-1861). Parliament voted £50,000 toward its erection. 63. **Attic Academe**, the Academy which Plato (427-347 B.C.) founded in Athens for the study of philosophy. 65. **Sir Philip Sidney** (1554-1586), an English statesman, soldier, and writer of poetry and romance.

in a minority in the Commons, was swept out of existence by a general election. Yet by the end of that short period the ties which bound together the Queen and her Premier had grown far stronger than ever before; the relationship between them was now no longer merely that between a grateful mistress and a devoted servant; they were friends. His official letters, in which the personal element had always been perceptible, developed into racy records of political news and social gossip, written, as Lord Clarendon said, "in his best novel style." Victoria was delighted; she had never, she declared, had such letters in her life, and had never before known *everything*. In return she sent him, when the spring came, several bunches of flowers, picked by her own hands. He dispatched to her a set of his novels, for which, she said, she was "most grateful, and which she values much." She herself had lately published her *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, and it was observed that the Prime Minister, in conversing with Her Majesty at this period, constantly used the words "we authors, ma'am." Upon political questions she was his stanch supporter. "Really there never was such conduct as that of the Opposition," she wrote. And when the Government was defeated in the House she was "really shocked at the way in which the House of Commons go on; they really bring discredit on Constitutional Government." She dreaded the prospect of a change; she feared that if the Liberals insisted upon disestablishing the Irish church, her Coronation Oath might stand in the way. But a change there had to be, and Victoria vainly tried to console herself for the loss of her favorite Minister by bestowing a peerage upon Mrs. Disraeli.

Mr. Gladstone was in his shirt-sleeves at Hawarden, cutting down a tree, when the royal message was brought to him. "Very significant," he remarked, when he had read the letter; and went on cutting down his tree. His secret thoughts on the occasion were more explicit, and were committed to his diary. "The Almighty," he wrote, "seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of his own, deeply unworthy as I know myself to be. Glory be to his name."

The Queen, however, did not share her new Minister's view of the Almighty's intentions. She could not believe that there was any divine purpose to be detected in the program of sweeping changes which Mr. Gladstone was determined to carry out. But what could she do? Mr. Gladstone, with his demonic energy and his powerful majority in the House of Commons, was irresistible; and for five years (1869-1874) Victoria found herself condemned to live in an agitating atmosphere of interminable reform—reform in the Irish church and the Irish land system, reform in education, reform in parliamentary elections, reform in the organization of the Army and the Navy, reform in the administration of justice. She disapproved, she struggled, she grew very angry; she felt that if Albert had been living things would never have happened so; but her protests and her complaints were alike unavailing. The mere effort of grappling with the mass of documents which poured in upon her in an ever-growing flood was terribly exhausting. When the draft of the lengthy and intricate Irish Church Bill came before her, accompanied by an explanatory letter from Mr. Gladstone covering a dozen closely-written quarto pages, she almost despaired. She turned from the Bill to the explanation, and from the explanation back again to the Bill, and she could not decide which was the most confusing. But she had to do her

14. **Lord Clarendon** (1800-1870), English Liberal, diplomat, and statesman. 49. **Hawarden**, Mr. Gladstone's country home in Staffordshire.

75. **Irish Church and the Irish land system.** As Ireland was preponderantly Catholic, it irritated the Irish to have the Episcopal churches in Ireland backed by the English financially and governmentally. Gladstone disestablished and disendowed the Episcopal Church in Ireland during his first ministry. The Irish land system presented a more difficult problem, and has not yet been solved satisfactorily. In Gladstone's day little was done by landlords for tenants, and the tenants had scarcely any rights. Gladstone improved conditions somewhat, but toward the end of his career his bills on Home Rule for Ireland were defeated.

duty; she had not only to read, but to make notes. At last she handed the whole heap of papers to Mr. Martin, who happened to be staying at Osborne, and requested him to make a *précis* of them. When he had done so, her disapproval of the measure became more marked than ever; but, such was the strength of the Government, she actually found herself obliged to urge moderation upon the Opposition, lest worse should ensue.

In the midst of this crisis, when the future of the Irish church was hanging in the balance, Victoria's attention was drawn to another proposed reform. It was suggested that the sailors in the Navy should henceforward be allowed to wear beards. "Has Mr. Childers ascertained anything on the subject of the beards?" the Queen wrote anxiously to the First Lord of the Admiralty. On the whole, Her Majesty was in favor of the change. "Her own personal feeling," she wrote, "would be for the beards without the moustaches, as the latter have rather a soldierlike appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained, viz., to prevent the necessity of shaving. Therefore it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean." After thinking over the question for another week, the Queen wrote a final letter. She wished, she said, "to make one additional observation respecting the beards, viz., that on no account should moustaches be allowed without beards. That must be clearly understood."

Changes in the Navy might be tolerated; to lay hands upon the Army was a more serious matter. From time immemorial there had been a particularly close connection between the Army and the Crown; and Albert had devoted even more time and attention to the details of military business than to the processes of fresco-painting or the planning of sanitary cottages for the deserving poor. But now there was to be a great alteration: Mr. Gladstone's fiat had gone forth, and the Commander-in-Chief was to be removed from his direct dependence upon the Sovereign, and made subordinate to Parliament and the Secretary of State for War. Of all the liberal reforms this was the one which aroused the bitterest resentment in Victoria. She considered that the change was an attack upon her personal position—almost an attack upon the personal position of Albert. But she was helpless, and the Prime Minister had his way. When she heard that the dreadful man had yet another reform in contemplation—that he was about to abolish the purchase of military commissions—she could only feel that it was just what might have been expected. For a moment she hoped that the House of Lords would come to the rescue; the Peers opposed the change with unexpected vigor; but Mr. Gladstone, more conscious than ever of the support of the Almighty, was ready with an ingenious device. The purchase of commissions had been originally allowed by Royal Warrant; it should now be disallowed by the same agency. Victoria was faced by a curious dilemma: she abominated the abolition of purchase; but she was asked to abolish it by an exercise of sovereign power which was very much to her taste. She did not hesitate for long; and when the Cabinet, in a formal minute, advised her to sign the Warrant, she did so with a good grace.

Unacceptable as Mr. Gladstone's policy was, there was something else about him which was even more displeasing to Victoria. She disliked his personal demeanor toward herself. It was not that Mr. Gladstone, in his intercourse with her, was in any degree

3. **Martin**, Sir Theodore (1816-1909), the friend and biographer of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. 4. **Osborne**, the favorite English residence of the Queen, situated on the Isle of Wight. 5. **précis**, abstract, summary. 19. **Mr. Childers**, First Lord of the Admiralty (1868-1871).

68. **purchase of military commissions**. Though William III abolished this system, Queen Anne put it again in effect, and it remained until 1871. Under the system officers had to buy from their predecessors every step in their commissioned advancement. Consequently, poor men did not advance. 79. **Royal Warrant**. When George III abolished the practice of purchasing offices in certain governmental departments, he gave the crown discretion to continue the practice in the Army. Queen Victoria revoked the practice by royal warrant in 1871.

lacking in courtesy or respect. On the contrary, an extraordinary reverence impregnated his manner, both in his conversation and his correspondence with the Sovereign. Indeed, with that deep and passionate conservatism which, to the very end of his incredible career, gave such an unexpected coloring to his inexplicable character, Mr. Gladstone viewed Victoria through a haze of awe which was almost religious —as a sacrosanct embodiment of venerable traditions—a vital element in the British Constitution—a Queen by Act of Parliament. But unfortunately the lady did not appreciate the compliment. The well-known complaint—"He speaks to me as if I were a public meeting"—whether authentic or no—and the turn of the sentence is surely a little too epigrammatic to be genuinely Victorian —undoubtedly expresses the essential element of her antipathy. She had no objection to being considered as an institution; she was one, and she knew it. But she was a woman, too, and to be considered *only* as an institution—that was unbearable. And thus all Mr. Gladstone's zeal and devotion, his ceremonious phrases, his low bows, his punctilious correctitudes, were utterly wasted; and when, in the excess of his loyalty, he went further, and imputed to the object of his veneration, with obsequious blindness, the subtlety of intellect, the wide reading, the grave enthusiasm, which he himself possessed, the misunderstanding became complete. The discordance between the actual Victoria and this strange Divinity made in Mr. Gladstone's image produced disastrous results. Her discomfort and dislike turned at last into positive animosity, and, though her manners continued to be perfect, she never for a moment unbent; while he on his side was overcome with disappointment, perplexity, and mortification.

Yet his fidelity remained unshaken. When the Cabinet met, the Prime Minister, filled with his beatific vision, would open the proceedings by reading aloud the letters which he had received from the Queen upon the questions of the hour. The assembly sat in absolute silence while, one after another, the royal missives, with their emphases, their ejaculations, and their grammatical peculiarities, boomed forth in all the deep solemnity of Mr. Gladstone's utterance. Not a single comment, of any kind, was ever hazarded; and, after a fitting pause, the Cabinet proceeded with the business of the day.

II

Little as Victoria appreciated her Prime Minister's attitude toward her, she found that it had its uses. The popular discontent at her uninterrupted seclusion had been gathering force for many years, and now burst out in a new and alarming shape. Republicanism was in the air. Radical opinion in England, stimulated by the fall of Napoleon III and the establishment of a republican government in France, suddenly grew more extreme than it ever had been since 1848. It also became for the first time almost respectable. Chartism had been entirely an affair of the lower classes; but now Members of Parliament, learned professors, and ladies of title openly avowed the most subversive views. The monarchy was attacked both in theory and in practice. And it was attacked at a vital point; it was declared to be too expensive. What benefits, it was asked, did the nation reap to counterbalance the enormous sums which were expended upon the Sovereign? Victoria's retirement gave an unpleasant handle to the argument. It was pointed out that the ceremonial functions of the Crown had virtually lapsed; and the awkward question remained whether any of the other functions which it did continue to perform were really worth £385,000 per annum. The royal balance-sheet was curiously examined. An anonymous pamphlet entitled "What does she do with it?"

77. **1848**, the year of the overthrow of the French King, Louis Philippe, and the proclamation of the Second Republic. 78. **Chartism**, a movement among the workingmen (1832-1848) to obtain universal suffrage, the abolition of any property qualification for membership in Parliament, and other similar reforms. 90. **Victoria's retirement.** After Prince Albert's death (1861) Queen Victoria long remained in complete seclusion.

appeared, setting forth the financial position with malicious clarity. The Queen, it stated, was granted by the Civil List £60,000 a year for her private use; but the rest of her vast annuity was given, as the Act declared, to enable her "to defray the expenses of her royal household and to support the honor and dignity of the Crown." Now it was obvious that, since the death of the Prince, the expenditure for both these purposes must have been very considerably diminished, and it was difficult to resist the conclusion that a large sum of money was diverted annually from the uses for which it had been designed by Parliament, to swell the private fortune of Victoria. The precise amount of that private fortune it was impossible to discover; but there was reason to suppose that it was gigantic; perhaps it reached a total of five million pounds. The pamphlet protested against such a state of affairs, and its protests were repeated vigorously in newspapers and at public meetings. Though it is certain that the estimate of Victoria's riches was much exaggerated, it is equally certain that she was an exceedingly wealthy woman. She probably saved £20,000 a year from the Civil List, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster were steadily increasing, she had inherited a considerable property from the Prince Consort, and she had been left, in 1852, an estate of half a million by Mr. John Neild, an eccentric miser. In these circumstances it was not surprising that when, in 1871, Parliament was asked to vote a dowry of £30,000 to the Princess Louise on her marriage with the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle, together with an annuity of £6000, there should have been a serious outcry.

In order to conciliate public opinion, the Queen opened Parliament in person, and the vote was passed almost unanimously. But a few months later another demand was made: the Prince Arthur had come of age, and the nation was asked to grant him an annuity of £15,000. The outcry was redoubled. The newspapers were filled with angry articles; Bradlaugh thundered against "princely paupers" to one of the largest crowds that had ever been seen in Trafalgar Square; and Sir Charles Dilke expounded the case for a republic in a speech to his constituents at Newcastle. The Prince's annuity was ultimately sanctioned in the House of Commons by a large majority; but a minority of fifty members voted in favor of reducing the sum to £10,000.

Toward every aspect of this distasteful question Mr. Gladstone presented an iron front. He absolutely discountenanced the extreme section of his followers. He declared that the whole of the Queen's income was justly at her personal disposal, argued that to complain of royal savings was merely to encourage royal extravagance, and successfully convoyed through Parliament the unpopular annuities, which, he pointed out, were strictly in accordance with precedent. When, in 1872, Sir Charles Dilke once more returned to the charge in the House of Commons, introducing a motion for a full inquiry into the Queen's expenditure with a view to a root and branch reform of the Civil List, the Prime Minister brought all the resources of his powerful and ingenious eloquence to the support of the Crown. He was completely successful; and amid a scene of great disorder the motion was ignominiously dismissed. Victoria was relieved; but she grew no fonder of Mr. Gladstone.

It was perhaps the most miserable moment of her life. The Ministers, the press, the public, all conspired to

4. **Civil List**, the budgeted appropriations conferred at the beginning of each reign by Parliament upon British sovereigns since the reign of William and Mary. 27. **Victoria's riches.** In 1889 it was officially stated that the Queen's total savings from the Civil List amounted to £824,025, but that out of this sum much had been spent on special entertainments to foreign visitors (Lee, 499). Taking into consideration the proceeds from the Duchy of Lancaster, which were more than £60,000 a year (Lee, 79), the savings of the Prince Consort, and Mr. Neild's legacy, it seems probable that, at the time of her death, Victoria's private fortune approached two million pounds. [Strachey's note.]

55. **Bradlaugh**, Charles (1833-1891), a free-thinker sent up to Parliament by Northampton in 1886 about whose admission to the House of Commons there was much disagreement and disorder. 58. **Trafalgar Square**, located at the juncture of Pall Mall and the Strand. **Sir Charles Dilke** (1843-1911), an ardent supporter of the radical wing of the Liberal party.

vex her, to blame her, to misinterpret her actions, to be unsympathetic and disrespectful in every way. She was "a cruelly misunderstood woman," she told Mr. Martin, complaining to him bitterly of the unjust attacks which were made upon her, and declaring that "the great worry and anxiety and hard work for ten years, alone, unaided, with increasing age and never very strong health" were breaking her down, and "almost drove her to despair." The situation was indeed deplorable. It seemed as if her whole existence had gone awry; as if an irremediable antagonism had grown up between the Queen and the nation. If Victoria had died in the early seventies, there can be little doubt that the voice of the world would have pronounced her a failure.

III

But she was reserved for a very different fate. The outburst of republicanism had been in fact the last flicker of an expiring cause. The liberal tide, which had been flowing steadily ever since the Reform Bill, reached its height with Mr. Gladstone's first administration; and toward the end of that administration the inevitable ebb began. The reaction, when it came, was sudden and complete. The General Election of 1874 changed the whole face of politics. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals were routed; and the Tory party, for the first time for over forty years, attained an unquestioned supremacy in England. It was obvious that their surprising triumph was preëminently due to the skill and vigor of Disraeli. He returned to office, no longer the dubious commander of an insufficient host, but with drums beating and flags flying, a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero Victoria welcomed her new Prime Minister.

Then there followed six years of excitement, of enchantment, of felicity, of glory, of romance. The amazing being, who now at last, at the age of seventy, after a lifetime of extraordinary struggles, had turned into reality the absurdest of his boyhood's dreams, knew well enough how to make his own, with absolute completeness, the heart of the Sovereign Lady whose servant, and whose master, he had so miraculously become. In women's hearts he had always read as in an open book. His whole career had turned upon those curious entities; and the more curious they were, the more intimately at home with them he seemed to be. But Lady Beaconsfield, with her cracked idolatry, and Mrs. Brydges-Williams, with her clogs, her corpulence, and her legacy, were gone; an even more remarkable phenomenon stood in their place. He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past-master; and he was not for a moment at a loss. He realized everything—the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuousness of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential female elements impregnating every particle of the whole. A smile hovered over his impassive features, and he dubbed Victoria "the Faery." The name delighted him, for, with that epigrammatic ambiguity so dear to his heart, it precisely expressed his vision of the Queen. The Spenserian allusion was very pleasant—the elegant evocations of Gloriana; but there was more in it than that: there was the

26. **Reform Bill.** The Reform Bill of 1832, which substituted popular election in many boroughs for nomination by individual borough-holders, led the way to further reforms in Mr. Gladstone's first ministry (1868-1874), not only in the franchise, but in education, the Church, and the Army.

63. **Lady Beaconsfield.** Mrs. Disraeli (later Lady Beaconsfield) idolized her husband. Her social presence and her dress were eccentric. 64. **Mrs. Brydges-Williams,** a rather eccentric friend of the Disraelis, who left them a considerable fortune on her death, 1863. 65. **clogs,** stout shoes with very heavy soles. 85. **the Faery.** Spenser had dedicated to Queen Elizabeth his allegory of the chivalric virtues under the title of *The Faerie Queene*. She was also called *Gloriana*, the queen of Faerie, or fairyland. The extravagant, though sincere, adulation of the Elizabethan courtiers for their queen was adopted for Queen Victoria by Disraeli.

suggestion of a diminutive creature, endowed with magical—and mythical—properties, and a portentousness almost ridiculously out of keeping with the rest of her make-up. The Faery, he determined, should henceforward wave her wand for him alone. Detachment is always a rare quality, and rarest of all, perhaps, among politicians; but that veteran egotist possessed it in a supreme degree. Not only did he know what he had to do, not only did he do it; he was in the audience as well as on the stage; and he took in with the rich relish of a connoisseur every feature of the entertaining situation, every phase of the delicate drama, and every detail of his own consummate performance.

The smile hovered and vanished, and, bowing low with Oriental gravity and Oriental submissiveness, he set himself to his task. He had understood from the first that in dealing with the Faery the appropriate method of approach was the very antithesis of the Gladstonian; and such a method was naturally his. It was not his habit to harangue and exhort and expatiate in official conscientiousness; he liked to scatter flowers along the path of business, to compress a weighty argument into a happy phrase, to insinuate what was in his mind with an air of friendship and confidential courtesy. He was nothing if not personal; and he had perceived that personality was the key that opened the Faery's heart. Accordingly, he never for a moment allowed his intercourse with her to lose the personal tone; he invested all the transactions of State with the charms of familiar conversation; she was always the royal lady, the adored and revered mistress, he the devoted and respectful friend. When once the personal relation was firmly established, every difficulty disappeared. But to maintain that relation uninterruptedly in a smooth and even course a particular care was necessary; the bearings had to be most assiduously oiled. Nor was Disraeli in any doubt as to the nature of the lubricant. "You have heard me called a flatterer," he said to Matthew Arnold, "and it is true. Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." He practiced what he preached. His adulation was incessant, and he applied it in the very thickest slabs. "There is no honor and no reward," he declared, "that with him can ever equal the possession of your Majesty's kind thoughts. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections are now concentrated in your Majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve your Majesty, or, if that service ceases, to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating." "In life," he told her, "one must have for one's thoughts a sacred depository, and Lord Beaconsfield ever presumes to seek that in his Sovereign Mistress." She was not only his own solitary support; she was the one prop of the State. "If your Majesty is ill," he wrote during a grave political crisis, "he is sure he will himself break down. All, really, depends upon your Majesty." "He lives only for Her," he asseverated, "and works only for Her, and without Her all is lost." When her birthday came he produced an elaborate confection of hyperbolic compliment. "Today Lord Beaconsfield ought fitly, perhaps, to congratulate a powerful Sovereign on her imperial sway, the vastness of her Empire, and the success and strength of her fleets and armies. But he cannot, his mind is in another mood. He can only think of the strangeness of his destiny that it has come to pass that he should be the servant of one so great, and whose infinite kindness, the brightness of whose intelligence, and the firmness of whose will, have enabled him to undertake labors to which he otherwise would be quite unequal, and supported him in all things by a condescending sympathy, which in the hour of difficulty alike charms and inspires. Upon the Sovereign of many lands and many hearts may an omnipotent Providence shed every blessing that the wise can desire and the

virtuous deserve!" In those expert hands the trowel seemed to assume the qualities of some lofty masonic symbol—to be the ornate and glittering vehicle of verities unrealized by the profane.

Such tributes were delightful, but they remained in the nebulous region of words, and Disraeli had determined to give his blandishments a more significant solidity. He deliberately encouraged those high views of her own position which had always been native to Victoria's mind and had been reënforced by the principles of Albert and the doctrines of Stockmar. He professed to a belief in a theory of the Constitution which gave the Sovereign a leading place in the councils of government; but his pronouncements upon the subject were indistinct; and when he emphatically declared that there ought to be "a real Throne," it was probably with the mental addition that that throne would be a very unreal one indeed whose occupant was unamenable to his cajoleries. But the vagueness of his language was in itself an added stimulant to Victoria. Skillfully confusing the woman and the Queen, he threw, with a grandiose gesture, the government of England at her feet, as if in doing so he were performing an act of personal homage. In his first audience after returning to power he assured her that "whatever she wished should be done." When the intricate Public Worship Regulation Bill was being discussed by the Cabinet, he told the Faery that his "only object" was "to further your Majesty's wishes in this matter." When he brought off his great *coup* over the Suez Canal, he used expressions which implied that the only gainer by the transaction was Victoria. "It is just settled," he wrote in triumph; "you have it, Madam . . . Four millions sterling! and almost immediately. There was only one firm that could do it—Rothschilds. They behaved admirably; advanced the money at a low rate, and the entire interest of the Khedive is now yours, Madam." Nor did he limit himself to highly-spiced insinuations. Writing with all the authority of his office, he advised the Queen that she had the constitutional right to dismiss a Ministry which was supported by a large majority in the House of Commons; he even urged her to do so, if, in her opinion, "your Majesty's Government have from wilfulness, or even from weakness, deceived your Majesty." To the horror of Mr. Gladstone he not only kept the Queen informed as to the general course of business in the Cabinet, but revealed to her the part taken in its discussions by individual members of it. Lord Derby, the son of the late Prime Minister and Disraeli's Foreign Secretary, viewed these developments with grave mistrust. "Is there not," he ventured to write to his Chief, "just a risk of encouraging her in too large ideas of her personal power, and too great indifference to what the public expects? I only ask; it is for you to judge."

As for Victoria, she accepted everything—compliments, flatteries, Elizabethan prerogatives—without a single qualm. After the long gloom of her bereavement, after the chill of the Gladstonian discipline, she expanded to the rays of Disraeli's devotion like a flower in the sun. The change in her situation was indeed miraculous. No longer was she obliged to puzzle for hours over the complicated details of business, for now she had only to ask Mr. Disraeli for an explanation, and he would give it her in the most concise, in the most amusing, way. No longer was she worried by alarming novelties; no longer was she put out at finding herself treated, by a reverential gentleman in high collars, as if she were some embodied precedent, with a recondite knowledge of Greek. And her deliverer was surely the most fascinating of men. The strain of charlatanism, which had

15. **Stockmar**, Baron Christian Friedrich (1787-1863), who was physician to Leopold, King of Belgium, uncle of Queen Victoria. In 1838 he became physician and adviser to Prince Albert, and followed him to England when he married the Queen in 1840. Thereafter he was the chief unofficial adviser of the pair until 1857, when he retired to his home in Coburg. 42. **coup**, stroke. **Suez Canal**. In 1875 Disraeli had the government buy a controlling interest in the Suez Canal. It was the commencement of British control in Egypt.

unconsciously captivated her in Napoleon III, exercised the same enchanting effect in the case of Disraeli. Like a dram-drinker, whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rococo allurements with peculiar zest. She became intoxicated, entranced. Believing all that he told her of herself, she completely regained the self-confidence which had been slipping away from her throughout the dark period that followed Albert's death. She swelled with a new elation, while he, conjuring up before her wonderful Oriental visions, dazzled her eyes with an imperial grandeur of which she had only dimly dreamed. Under the compelling influence her very demeanor altered. Her short, stout figure, with its folds of black velvet, its muslin streamers, its heavy pearls at the heavy neck, assumed an almost menacing air. In her countenance, from which the charm of youth had long since vanished, and which had not yet been softened by age, the traces of grief, of disappointment, and of displeasure were still visible, but they were overlaid by looks of arrogance and sharp lines of peremptory hauteur. Only, when Mr. Disraeli appeared, the expression changed in an instant, and the forbidding visage became charged with smiles. For him she would do anything. Yielding to his encouragements, she began to emerge from her seclusion; she appeared in London in semi-state, at hospitals and concerts; she opened Parliament; she reviewed troops and distributed medals at Aldershot. But such public signs of favor were trivial in comparison with her private attentions. During his hours of audience she could hardly restrain her excitement and delight. "I can only describe my reception," he wrote to a friend on one occasion, "by telling you that I really thought she was going to embrace me. She was wreathed with smiles, and, as she tattled, glided about the room like a bird."

7. **rococo**, a florid style of decoration made of shell, beadwork, or flowers, popular in the eighteenth-century architecture and decoration. 41. **Aldershot**, a large military camp near London.

In his absence she talked of him perpetually, and there was a note of unusual vehemence in her solicitude for his health. "John Manners," Disraeli told Lady Bradford, "who has just come from Osborne, says that the Faery only talked of one subject, and that was her Primo. According to him it was her gracious opinion that the Government should make my health a Cabinet question. Dear John seemed quite surprised at what she said; but you are more used to these ebullitions." She often sent him presents; an illustrated album arrived for him regularly from Windsor on Christmas Day. But her most valued gifts were the bunches of spring flowers which, gathered by herself and her ladies in the woods at Osborne, marked in an especial manner the warmth and tenderness of her sentiments. Among these it was, he declared, the primroses that he loved the best. They were, he said, "the ambassadors of spring," "the gems and jewels of Nature." He liked them, he assured her, "so much better for their being wild; they seem an offering from the Fauns and Dryads of Osborne." "They show," he told her, "that your Majesty's scepter has touched the enchanted Isle." He sat at dinner with heaped-up bowls of them on every side, and told his guests that "they were all sent to me this morning by the Queen from Osborne, as she knows it is my favorite flower."

As time went on, and as it became clearer and clearer that the Faery's thraldom was complete, his protestations grew steadily more highly-colored and more unabashed. At last he ventured to import into his blandishments a strain of adoration that was almost avowedly romantic. In phrases of baroque convolution, he conveyed the message of his heart. The pressure of business, he wrote, had "so absorbed and exhausted him that toward the hour of post he has not had clearness of mind, and vigor of pen, adequate to convey his thoughts and facts to the

97. **baroque**, a grotesque and decadent type of Renaissance architecture.

most loved and illustrious being, who deigns to consider them." She sent him some primroses, and he replied that he could "truly say they are 'more precious than rubies,' coming, as they do, and at such a moment, from a Sovereign whom he adores." She sent him snowdrops, and his sentiment overflowed into poetry. "Yesterday eve," he wrote, "there appeared, in Whitehall Gardens, a delicate-looking case, with a royal superscription, which, when he opened, he thought, at first, that your Majesty had graciously bestowed upon him the stars of your Majesty's principal orders. And, indeed, he was so impressed with this graceful illusion that having a banquet, where there were many stars and ribbons, he could not resist the temptation, by placing some snowdrops on his heart, of showing that he, too, was decorated by a gracious Sovereign.

"Then, in the middle of the night, it occurred to him that it might all be an enchantment, and that, perhaps, it was a Faery gift and came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them."

A Faery gift! Did he smile as he wrote the words? Perhaps; and yet it would be rash to conclude that his perfervid declarations were altogether without sincerity. Actor and spectator both, the two characters were so intimately blended together in that odd composition that they formed an inseparable unity, and it was impossible to say that one of them was less genuine than the other. With one element he could coldly appraise the Faery's intellectual capacity, note with some surprise that she could be on occasion "most interesting and amusing," and then continue his use of the trowel with an ironical solemnity; while, with the other, he could be overwhelmed by the immemorial panoply of royalty, and, thrilling with the sense of his own strange elevation, dream himself into a gorgeous phantasy of crowns and powers and chivalric love. When he told Victoria that "during a somewhat romantic and imaginative life nothing has ever occurred to him so interesting as this confidential correspondence with one so exalted and so inspiring," was he not in earnest after all? When he wrote to a lady about the Court, "I love the Queen—perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love," was he not creating for himself an enchanted palace out of the *Arabian Nights*, full of melancholy and spangles, in which he actually believed? Victoria's state of mind was far more simple; untroubled by imaginative yearnings, she never lost herself in that nebulous region of the spirit where feeling and fancy grow confused. Her emotions, with all their intensity and all their exaggeration, retained the plain prosaic texture of everyday life. And it was fitting that her expression of them should be equally commonplace. She was, she told her Prime Minister, at the end of an official letter, "yours aff'ly, V. R. and I." In such a phrase the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest. The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the *rusé* cynic who was in the air.

He had taught her, however, a lesson, which she had learned with alarming rapidity. A second Gloriana, did he call her? Very well, then, she would show that she deserved the compliment. Disquieting symptoms followed fast. In May, 1874, the Tsar, whose daughter had just been married to Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, was in London, and, by an unfortunate error, it had been arranged that his departure should not take place until two days after the date on which his royal hostess had previously decided to go to Balmoral. Her Majesty refused to modify her plans. It was pointed out to her

10. **Whitehall Gardens**, adjacent to the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street. 28. **Queen Titania**, Shakespeare's Queen of the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

84. **rusé**, cunning. 100. **Balmoral**, a castle in the northeast of Scotland which Queen Victoria and her husband built for their summer home.

that the Tsar would certainly be offended, that the most serious consequences might follow; Lord Derby protested; Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State for India, was much perturbed. But the Faery was unconcerned; she had settled to go to Balmoral on the 18th, and on the 18th she would go. At last Disraeli, exercising all his influence, induced her to agree to stay in London for two days more. "My head is still on my shoulders," he told Lady Bradford. "The great lady has absolutely postponed her departure! Everybody had failed, even the Prince of Wales; . . . and I have no doubt I am not in favor. I can't help it. Salisbury says I have saved an Afghan War, and Derby compliments me on my unrivaled triumph." But before very long, on another issue, the triumph was the Faery's. Disraeli, who had suddenly veered toward a new Imperialism, had thrown out the suggestion that the Queen of England ought to become the Empress of India. Victoria seized upon the idea with avidity, and, in season and out of season, pressed upon her Prime Minister the desirability of putting his proposal into practice. He demurred; but she was not to be balked; and in 1876, in spite of his own unwillingness and that of his entire Cabinet, he found himself obliged to add to the troubles of a stormy session by introducing a bill for the alteration of the Royal Title. His compliance, however, finally conquered the Faery's heart. The measure was angrily attacked in both Houses, and Victoria was deeply touched by the untiring energy with which Disraeli defended it. She was, she said, much grieved by "the worry and annoyance" to which he was subjected; she feared she was the cause of it; and she would never forget what she owed to "her kind, good, and considerate friend." At the same time her wrath fell on the Opposition. Their conduct, she declared, was "extraordinary, incomprehensible, and mistaken," and, in an emphatic sentence which seemed to contradict both itself and all her former proceedings, she protested that she "would be glad if it were more generally known that it was *her* wish, as people *will* have it, that it has been *forced upon her!*" When the affair was successfully over, the imperial triumph was celebrated in a suitable manner. On the day of the Delhi Proclamation, the new Earl of Beaconsfield went to Windsor to dine with the new Empress of India. That night the Faery, usually so homely in her attire, appeared in a glittering panoply of enormous uncut jewels, which had been presented to her by the reigning Princes of her *Raj*. At the end of the meal the Prime Minister, breaking through the rules of etiquette, arose, and in a flowery oration proposed the health of the Queen-Empress. His audacity was well received, and his speech was rewarded by a smiling curtsy.

These were significant episodes; but a still more serious manifestation of Victoria's temper occurred in the following year, during the crowning crisis of Beaconfield's life. His growing imperialism, his desire to magnify the power and prestige of England, his insistence upon a "spirited foreign policy," had brought him into collision with Russia; the terrible Eastern Question loomed up; and when war broke out between Russia and Turkey, the gravity of the situation became extreme. The Prime Minister's policy was fraught with difficulty and danger. Realizing perfectly the appalling implications of an Anglo-Russian war, he was yet prepared to face even that eventuality if he could obtain his ends by no other

18. **Afghan War.** Russia disapproved of English domination in northern India, as it weakened Russian influence in central Asia. Accordingly Russia encouraged the Northern Mountain Afghan tribes to resist the English advance, and the First Afghan War started in 1839. The British suffered at first several disastrous defeats, and some of the tribes which had formerly been subdued revolted.

62. **Delhi Proclamation.** At Delhi, on January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. 69. **Raj,** kingdom or rule. 86. **Eastern Question.** The problem of what to do with Turkey and the Balkan States, or how far to let Russia absorb them, faced the European Powers from 1850 on. At the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War (1877-1878), victorious Russia was defeated diplomatically by Disraeli at the Congress of Berlin and limited as to territorial aggrandizement in the Balkans, in European Turkey, and in Asiatic Turkey.

method; but he believed that Russia in reality was still less desirous of a rupture, and that, if he played his game with sufficient boldness and adroitness, she would yield, when it came to the point, all that he required, without a blow. It was clear that the course he had marked out for himself was full of hazard, and demanded an extraordinary nerve; a single false step, and either himself, or England, might be plunged in disaster. But nerve he had never lacked; he began his diplomatic egg-dance with high assurance; and then he discovered that, besides the Russian Government, besides the Liberals and Mr. Gladstone, there were two additional sources of perilous embarrassment with which he would have to reckon. In the first place there was a strong party in the Cabinet, headed by Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, which was unwilling to take the risk of war; but his culminating anxiety was the Faery.

From the first her attitude was uncompromising. The old hatred of Russia, which had been engendered by the Crimean War, surged up again within her; she remembered Albert's prolonged animosity; she felt the prickings of her own greatness; and she flung herself into the turmoil with passionate heat. Her indignation with the Opposition—with anyone who ventured to sympathize with the Russians in their quarrel with the Turks—was unbounded. When anti-Turkish meetings were held in London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster and Lord Shaftesbury, and attended by Mr. Gladstone and other prominent Radicals, she considered that "the Attorney-General ought to be set at these men"; "it can't," she exclaimed, "be constitutional." Never in her life, not even in the crisis over the Ladies of the Bedchamber, did she show herself a more furious partisan. But her displeasure was not reserved for the Radicals; the backsliding Conservatives equally felt its force. She was even discontented with Lord Beaconsfield himself. Failing entirely to appreciate the delicate complexity of his policy, she constantly assailed him with demands for vigorous action, interpreted each finesse as a sign of weakness, and was ready at every juncture to let slip the dogs of war. As the situation developed, her anxiety grew feverish. "The Queen," she wrote, "is feeling terribly anxious lest delay should cause us to be too late and lose our prestige forever! It worries her night and day." "The Faery," Beaconsfield told Lady Bradford, "writes every day and telegraphs every hour; this is almost literally the case." She raged loudly against the Russians. "And the language," she cried, "the insulting language—used by the Russians against us! It makes the Queen's blood boil!" "Oh," she wrote a little later, "if the Queen were a man, she would like to go and give those Russians, whose word one cannot believe, such a beating! We shall never be friends again till we have it out. This the Queen feels sure of."

The unfortunate Prime Minister, urged on to violence by Victoria on one side, had to deal, on the other, with a Foreign Secretary who was fundamentally opposed to any policy of active interference at all. Between the Queen and Lord Derby he held a harassed course. He gained, indeed, some slight satisfaction in playing off the one against the other—in stimulating Lord Derby with the Queen's missives, and in appeasing the Queen by repudiating Lord Derby's opinions; on one occasion he actually went so far as to compose, at Victoria's request, a letter bitterly attacking his colleague, which Her Majesty forthwith signed, and sent, without alteration, to the Foreign Secretary. But such devices only gave a temporary relief; and it soon became evident that Victoria's

47. **crisis over the Ladies of the Bedchamber.** It was customary for an in-coming Prime Minister to nominate certain ladies for the positions of Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. In 1839, during a change of ministry, Queen Victoria refused to give up two of her outgoing Whig Ladies in favor of two incoming Tory ladies. To avoid a crisis the Whig Government under Lord Melbourne continued until the general election of 1841.

martial ardor was not to be sidetracked by hostilities against Lord Derby; hostilities against Russia were what she wanted, what she would, what she must, have. For now, casting aside the last relics of moderation, she began to attack her friend with a series of extraordinary threats. Not once, not twice, but many times she held over his head the formidable menace of her imminent abdication. "If England," she wrote to Beaconsfield, "is to kiss Russia's feet, she will not be a party to the humiliation of England and would lay down her crown," and she added that the Prime Minister might, if he thought fit, repeat her words to the Cabinet. "This delay," she ejaculated, "this uncertainty by which, abroad, we are losing our prestige and our position, while Russia is advancing and will be before Constantinople in no time! Then the Government will be fearfully blamed and the Queen so humiliated that she thinks she would abdicate at once. Be bold!" "She feels," she reiterated, "she cannot, as she before said, remain the Sovereign of a country that is letting itself down to kiss the feet of the great barbarians, the retarders of all liberty and civilization that exists." When the Russians advanced to the outskirts of Constantinople she fired off three letters in a day demanding war; and when she learned that the Cabinet had only decided to send the Fleet to Gallipoli she declared that "her first impulse" was "to lay down the thorny crown, which she feels little satisfaction in retaining if the position of this country is to remain as it is now." It is easy to imagine the agitating effect of such a correspondence upon Beaconsfield. This was no longer the Faery; it was a genie whom he had rashly called out of her bottle, and who was now intent upon showing her supernal power. More than once, perplexed, dispirited, shattered by illness, he had thoughts of withdrawing altogether from the game. One thing alone, he told Lady Bradford, with a wry smile, prevented him. "If I could only," he wrote, "face the scene which would occur at headquarters if I resigned, I would do so at once."

He held on, however, to emerge victorious at last. The Queen was pacified; Lord Derby was replaced by Lord Salisbury; and at the Congress of Berlin *der alte Jude* carried all before him. He returned to England in triumph, and assured the delighted Victoria that she would very soon be, if she was not already, the "Dictatress of Europe."

But soon there was an unexpected reverse. At the General Election of 1880 the country, mistrustful of the forward policy of the Conservatives, and carried away by Mr. Gladstone's oratory, returned the Liberals to power. Victoria was horrified, but within a year she was to be yet more nearly hit. The grand romance had come to its conclusion. Lord Beaconsfield, worn out with age and maladies, but moving still, an assiduous mummy, from dinner-party to dinner-party, suddenly moved no longer. When she knew that the end was inevitable, she seemed, by a pathetic instinct, to divest herself of her royalty, and to shrink, with hushed gentleness, beside him, a woman and nothing more. "I send some Osborne primroses," she wrote to him with touching simplicity, "and I meant to pay you a little visit this week, but I thought it better you should be quite quiet and not speak. And I beg you will be very good and obey the doctors." She would see him, she said, "when we come back from Osborne, which won't be long." "Everyone is so distressed at your not being well," she added; and she was, "Ever yours very aff'ly, V.R.I." When the royal letter was given him, the strange old comedian, stretched on his bed of death, poised it in his hand, appeared to consider deeply, and then whispered to those about him, "This ought to be read to me by a Privy Councillor." (1921)

59. **der alte Jude**, the old Jew, as Disraeli was often called. 101. **Privy Councillor**, a member of the Privy Council, which is a small body of statesmen appointed to advise the crown. Disraeli jestingly spoke of the royal letter as deserving a ceremonial reading such as one of these gentlemen would provide.

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CHAPTER IX

THE ESSAY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. Why the Literature of Thought Is Generally Expressed in Prose

As has been suggested in earlier chapters, the development of literature follows the development of the race. Primitive peoples, like children, are controlled more by emotions than by reflections, more by their hearts than by their heads; they are spontaneous and intuitional rather than reflective and rational. Hence their literature is preponderantly emotional; it is largely narrative—epic, ballad, and romance—and is designed to stir the feelings of the audience rather than move them to reflection. Advancing civilization, however, throws upon man an increasing burden of thought. Education has been defined, indeed, as the process of gradually substituting rational for intuitional processes. This increasing emphasis on the intellectual is reflected in the later literature of any race of men. The literature of the emotions is by no means discarded; it tends to become, however, less elemental and primitive and less direct, and by its side there grows up a new literature, the literature of thought, the literature of rational beings, a literature which is on the whole illuminating rather than stirring, incandescent rather than warm. The gradual invasion of literature by self-conscious thought is shown in the introduction of prose as a method of expression. The ballad maker, aiming to stir the emotions with his story of the deeds of Douglas and Percy or of the sorrows of Barbara Allan, uses all the devices of rhythm, rime, and refrain, so that music is to him the handmaid of literature. But where the appeal is to the brain rather than to the heart, such devices would only serve to divert the thinker from his thought. Prose, indeed, became in the course of centuries so nearly the normal form of utterance that, in the early Victorian period, Macaulay thought—incorrectly—that the glory of poetry as a form of literary art had departed forever. But prose attained its predominance very tardily; it came into its own only when the intellectual element over-topped the emotional. These facts account for the comparatively late appearance of the type of literature known as the essay, which did not appear until the sixteenth century and attained its fullest development very much later.

II. The Nature of the Essay

The word *essay* helps us very little in defining the type. It comes from the French *essai*, an attempt, trial, or *assay*, and refers probably more to the writer's attitude toward his task than to the task itself. In the three hundred odd years since the form became known to English literature the application of the term has become exceedingly loose. The essay must have meant to Bacon and his contemporaries both in England and in France a brief, compressed treatment in prose, reflective in manner, of some social, political, religious, or ethical subject of universal interest to thinking men and women. The word has come to be applied, however, to almost any brief piece of prose not primarily narrative. Pope even applied it to his *Essay on Criticism*, a poem in heroic couplets, but no one now thinks of the essay as being anything but a prose form. One of its original characteristics the essay seems to have retained. An essay may be very short and still be an essay; it must not, however, be too long or it will become a treatise, thesis, or monograph.

Essays may be divided roughly into three great groups: first, the personal or individual; second, the reflective or ideational; third, the purely informative. These divisions

are, of course, rough, and there is much overlapping. When an essayist sits down to write an essay, he does not select first the label under which his composition is to fall; instead, he allows his personality, mood, and material quite unconsciously to shape the form, and since he is not writing to specifications, he is quite indifferent to the purity of the type. Hence the personal essay may contain many general ideas or even cold information, and the reflective essay may contain much that is personal. Nevertheless, for purposes of analysis and study, these divisions are useful, and a careful examination of the essential characteristics of each group will result in a clearer conception of the literary type which we are here considering.

The personal and informal essay is sometimes thought of as merely rambling and inconsequential, characterized by chaotic shapelessness and lightness, with little or no substance—a variety of literary cream-puff—sweet and pleasing to the palate, but hardly suitable for a steady diet. It is true that some ephemeral essays may be thus characterized, but the best of them are certainly not of this type; if Lamb's essays contained as little as some people think they do, they could hardly have survived to give delight to later generations. The informal essay does possess a certain easiness of style, but it is far from chaotic. The informality comes from the personal element and from the racy narrative manner. The formal essay suggests evening clothes and a rostrum; the informal essay suggests a smoking-jacket and a warm nook by a crackling log-fire. The first is essentially an address or lecture; the second, a talk or gossip. It is very interesting to note that most creators of informal essays, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Stevenson, for example, were great talkers, and that many of the formal essayists, Arnold, Newman, and Huxley, for example, were noted lecturers.

The popularity of the informal essay, which to most readers seems more like "literature" than do the other types, comes largely from the characteristics which have been already suggested—its easy style and its personal manner. Narrative is easy to read; the informal essay, though not often pure narrative, is narrative-like. Furthermore, the personal elements which creep into the informal essay connect this type of literature with another favorite type, autobiography. Next to fiction, perhaps, people like biography; intensely interested in themselves, they are also inquisitive about the doings of other men. And since many informal essays are charged with the personality of their authors, we gain in reading them fascinating contacts with human souls. The informal essay is, therefore, the most intimate of prose types.

What subjects concern the informal essayist? Their name is legion. He may range from an interpretation of the profoundest problems of human life to a light and trivial bit of whimsicality as insubstantial and fleeting as a dream. He may seem to remain entirely within the range of personal experience, self-analysis, and confession, or he may interpret the commonplace in life or the customs of society. Not infrequently his essay, like a lyric, will be but the expression of a mood, lightly and skillfully entangled in words. Such an essay is Lamb's "Dream-Children," in which the mood is pathetic longing for the things that never were and never could be. This is, of course, very personal, as is also De Quincey's "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow," filled with a mood of melancholy. Highly personal, too, though seemingly objective, is Stevenson's "Æs Triplex." Here Stevenson does not speak of himself directly, but the mood is that of a brave heart, and the brave heart is that of Robert Louis Stevenson. So, briefly, the essay of power—if we may borrow De Quincey's phrase for all emotional literature—is more moving than thought-provoking. It is often personal, but not narrowly individual; it is light but usually not trivial; and it may range over a wide area of human experiences, human emotions, and human ideals.

The second of the divisions of the essay, the reflective or ideational, is more formal and more definitely didactic than the first; here the reader is more concerned with the ideas themselves than with the author of them. In manner it need not be serious, but it tends to be more so than the informal essay. Its mood is that of the teacher who is explaining or even trying to convince. Its pressure upon the reader is heavier than

that of the first type; he must read with more attention and often with more challenge. The reflective essay defines, classifies, expounds, weighs, balances, appraises, and criticizes. It plays less lightly upon the surface. Its style is less narrative and more expository; the ideas, instead of floating, as they often seem to do in the informal essay, have their feet solidly on the ground. The reflective essay appeals, in brief, to our intellects primarily; as we follow the development of the author's explanation or argument, we think with him and try to understand his reasoning in terms of our own ideas. Sometimes we are simply receptive to what he tells us; ordinarily, however, he stimulates us to some reconstruction and modification of his opinions.

Like the informal essay, the reflective deals with a wide range of subjects. Sometimes it is philosophical or ethical; Emerson's essays are usually of this sort. Sometimes it treats of social problems, like marriage and divorce, or industrial ones, like capital and labor. Or it may deal with social manners, or with religion, government, or education. It covers also the field of art; it weighs man's work and passes judgment on his skill and on the merit of his product. In this field it may be content simply with definition, with drawing lines and marking clearly the boundaries between divisions. This is the function of Newman's "Literature" and Arnold Bennett's "Why a Classic Is a Classic." Or it may analyze a man's book, point out the merits and defects, and evaluate the whole in terms of an ideal or standard. Such an attempt is called criticism; where it is applied to a single book the result is a book-review. When the essayist tries to explain and appraise a man and his work, he often runs into that type of essay which is called biographical, a form which crosses with the pure biography. But whatever the subject, this type of essay tends to be instructional and didactic, to transfer to the reader the ideas and opinions rather than the sentiments and the emotions of the writer.

In the third division of the essay, the informational, the emphasis is upon fact, and the attitude of the reader is purely receptive, unless he may be sufficiently well informed to deny the truth of the author's assertions. The personality of the writer disappears entirely. He may in some instances tell of his personal adventures and recount his experiences in gathering his data, but the reader's interest seldom swerves from the facts to the character of the man who presents them, and often the author has dropped so completely out of sight that the reader never gives him a thought. In the informational essay the author becomes, in effect, only the colorless agent to bring information to the reader; if he seasons his facts with an occasional dash of anecdote or personal reference, it is only because he realizes that dry facts, like dry food, go down better when flavored to taste.

Specification of the subject-matter of this type of essay seems almost needless. When Huxley explains the physical structure of the horse, or Thoreau tells of the habits of the woodchuck, or Ruskin points out the differences between two blades of grass, they are writing informational prose—with more intensity and color, to be sure, than this type usually possesses. Similarly, the explanation of a process—whether it is manufacturing or balloting—generalized descriptions, clarifications of any group of facts, fall within this third division of the essay. Between some of these plain, cold, factual essays and the warm, emotional expressions of the first group a wide difference exists.

III. The History of the Essay in England

It is impossible here to give an adequate history of the development of the essay in England. It may be worth while, however, to outline rapidly the history of this type through various important periods since its first appearance during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Such a sketch will reveal that, in general, the essay, like other literary forms, tends to reflect the period in which it is produced.

The first essays which bear that title were not English but French. They were those of Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), who published in 1580 two volumes of *Essais*, in which his treatment of life and art is characterized by an individuality hitherto unknown in similar kinds of writing. Hazlitt declares Montaigne to have been the first

"who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man." In this particular the English Bacon, whose first essays appeared in 1597, did not follow Montaigne. Bacon's essays, most notably his earlier ones, are cold, objective, formal. Montaigne's essays are charmingly discursive; Bacon's, on the other hand, are compressed and aphoristic. They cover a wide range of subject-matter, but on whatever topic Bacon chose to speak he exhibited the same authoritative, almost dogmatic, manner; and his chief rule of conduct as reflected in the essays seems to have been expediency, so that his essays have been referred to as the best known manual and guidebook for the worldly-wise man.

The essays of the seventeenth century, though not without personal traces, tend to be serious and heavy; the subjects are critical, ethical, and moral; and the style shows the influence of the classical learning of the writers. At the beginning of the following century, under the influence of Swift, Addison, and Steele, the essay became the instrument of social, religious, and political reform. Swift's method was to bludgeon men and women into recognition of their sins; Addison relied upon gentle raillery to make folly absurd; Steele was the most human and personal of the three. The various short-lived journals, *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, and others, carried into the clubs and coffee-houses vivid pictures of social life and manners, and from their sparkling pages England gathered much pleasure and wisdom. The didactic comment on society continued at the end of the century in the essays of Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, who sought to reform their fellows much as Addison and Steele had done in an earlier generation.

The essayists of the early nineteenth century reveal in their work the growing individualism of the period. Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt wrote frankly about themselves and their friends, or chatted charmingly in their pages on a wide variety of themes. It was the period of confession, personal interests, and light gossip about society. With the passing of this talking group of essayists came the age of the major prophets, the Victorians, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, and Arnold, each diagnosing the diseases of the industrial era and thundering forth his remedy. In their essays there is no lightness and ease; they took themselves and their tasks seriously, damning the materialism and sordid interests of what they believed to be an ugly age, and preaching endlessly the spiritual values of truth, culture, and beauty. At the end of the century Stevenson revived the spirit of romance, which had been almost lost in the mid-Victorian paper-battles, and, though he, too, preached, his sermons were sugar-coated with a delightfully spontaneous and personal style, and there was nothing of the social and industrial propagandist about him. Dying in 1894, six years before Ruskin, he was really the last of the great essayists of the nineteenth century.

In the twentieth century the essay is an important literary type. Like other forms of literature, it shows a tendency to split up into many variations; we have personal, reflective, social, journalistic, critical, didactic, humorous essays. Some of the most prominent of living essayists are John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, and E. V. Lucas, in England; James Truslow Adams, Agnes Repplier, Stephen Leacock, Stuart Chase, and Christopher Morley in America. With the aid of their pens, and through the increasing agency of the popular magazine, all forms of the essay are enjoying a wide vogue.

CHAPTER IX

SELECTIONS

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

NOTE

Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, one of the most amazing figures of the Elizabethan period, may be called the father of the English essay. He was a humanist and characteristically Renaissance in variety of interests, breadth of mind, and ceaseless activity. Though he strove for advancement under Elizabeth, most of the important dates in his life came during the reign of James I, who honored him with office after office, from King's Counsel, in 1604, to Lord High Chancellor, in 1618. Three years after his elevation to this last high office he was found guilty of receiving bribes and sentenced by the House of Lords to fine and imprisonment. No historian of English philosophy can ignore Bacon's theory of inductive reasoning; he was also one of the first of modern scientists. His essays were written as recreation, though he recognized their importance and was pleased with their popularity. Ten of them appeared in 1597; twenty-eight new ones came out in 1612; and in 1625 the final and complete edition of fifty-eight was issued. They reveal the outlook upon morality, politics, religion, and society of a cold, dispassionate man of intellect, who was an opportunist and a seeker after success and advancement. In style they vary; in general, however, the expression is extremely compact, so that each sentence reads like the topic of a paragraph or whole essay. This compression makes them as epigrammatic as the verses from the Book of Proverbs; and few writers lend themselves so readily to quotation. English literature has no richer manual of worldly wisdom than Bacon's compact volume of essays.

OF DEATH

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher, and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa.* Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety: *Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.* A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Caesar died in a compliment; *Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et*

5. **wages of sin.** See Romans, vi, 23.

24. **Pompa,** etc., "the trappings of death are more terrifying than death itself." This is possibly a reference to Seneca's *Epistles* (III, 3, 14). 27. **blacks,** mourning clothes. 31. **mates,** checkmates. 38. **Otho.** Augustus Caesar (line 55), and Tiberius, Vespasian, Galba, and Septimius Severus (page 416) were also Roman emperors. Galba was killed in 69 A. D., while attempting to suppress a military uprising in favor of Otho. 44. **Cogita,** etc., "consider whether you would have done the same thing; he could will to die, not so much valiantly or miserably, but as elegantly as he could" (Seneca's *Epistles* x, 1, 6). 56. **Livia,** etc., "Livia, in memory of our life together, live and farewell" (Suetonius: *Augustus,* caput 99).

vale. Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him, *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant;* Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool, *Ut puto Deus fio;* Galba with a sentence, *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,* holding forth his neck; Septimius Severus in dispatch, *Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum;* and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better, saith he, *qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ.* It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis,* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: *Extinctus amabitur idem.* (1612, 1625)

OF TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that traveleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth; for else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he traveleth, which will be a good key to

2. **Jam**, etc., "already his strength and his powers, but not his capacity for dissimulation, were deserting Tiberius" (Tacitus: *Annales*, vi, 50). 5. **Ut**, etc., "I believe I'm becoming a god" (Suetonius: *Vespasian*, caput 23). 6. **Feri**, etc., "strike, if this may prove of advantage to the Roman people" (Tacitus: *Historiae*, I, 41). 8. **Adeste**, etc., "hasten, if there is anything more to be done by me" (*Dio Cassius*, LXXVI, 17). 10. **Stoics**, members of a school of philosophy founded by Zeno in the fourth century B. C. It was a part of their creed to keep themselves free from emotion and to submit willingly to death. 13. **qui**, etc., "he who places the end of his life among the gifts of nature" (Juvenal, *Satires*, X, 357). *He* refers to the poet Juvenal. 24. **Nunc**, etc., "now let thy servant depart"; the song of Simeon (Luke, ii, 29-32), used as a hymn or canticle. 29. **Extinctus**, etc., "though dead, he will ever be loved" (Horace: *Epistolae*, II, 1).

Of Travel. 37. **allow well**, approve of.

58. **consistories ecclesiastic**, church tribunals. 68. **burses**, bourses or exchanges. 89. **card**, map.

his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he traveleth; let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know; thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in traveling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame; for quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveler returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country. (1625)

8. **adamant**, a lodestone, here represented figuratively as drawing new acquaintances.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds, better and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Caesar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam!* And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Caesar, Cosmos, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor

69. **Juventutem**, etc., "he spent a youth full of errors and even of mad acts" (Spartianus: *Vita Severi*). 88. **manage**, management, a figure from horseback riding. 94. **care not to**, do not take pains. 98. **unready**, headstrong.

turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the preeminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned—such as was Hermogenes, the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.* The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant.*

(1612, 1625)

13. **extern**, external. 18. **rabbin**, Isaac Abrabanel (1437-1508). **Your young men**, etc. Joel, ii, 28. 32. **Hermogenes**, a Greek rhetorician of Tarsus who flourished in the second century. He lost his mind at twenty-five after having written several brilliant books. 40. **Tully**, Cicero, called Tully from his middle name, Tullius. **Hortensius**, a Roman orator. **Idem**, etc., "he continued the same, when it was no longer becoming." 46. **Ultima**, etc., "his end fell below his beginning." The quotation is from Ovid.

OF NEGOTIATING

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as effect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must

58. **tender**, delicate. 73. **effect**, are interested in. 74. **quickeneth**, encourages. 85. **prescription**, reputation. 90. **in appetite**, eager to advance.

go before; or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him, or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him, or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches, and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees. (1597, 1612, 1625)

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores!* Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores!* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. (1597, 1612, 1625)

4. **All**, etc., all negotiation has as its object to find out a man's character or purposes, or to get him to do something.
Of Studies. 29. **expert men**, men of experience. 46. **admire**, wonder at.

57. **curiously**, with great care. 65. **flashy**, flat; tasteless. 70. **present wit**, a ready, alert mind. In the lines following, wit means intelligence or understanding. 77. **Abeunt**, etc., "studies develop into habits" (Ovid: *Heroides*, XV, 83). 82. **stone and reins**, the calculus (gall, kidney, or bladder stone) and the kidneys. 92. **cymini sectores**, splitters of cummin seeds; hair splitters.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729)

NOTE

The Tatler (founded 1709) and *The Spectator* (founded 1711) were the literary instruments by which Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele tried to reform society in the days of Queen Anne. Their method was gentle raillery distilled into short papers that sparkled with wit and vivid portraiture of London and country life. Both wrote simply and easily; Addison is the more sedate, Steele the more natural. Naturalness Thackeray declares to be Steele's great charm: "He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him." His Irish heart, and his easy irresponsibility made him loved, while his friend Addison was only admired. The following essay from *The Tatler* (No. 181, June 6, 1710) is characteristic of Steele's amiable tenderness—and of his Micawberesque ability to shift responsibility and sober thought and turn at once from death to the bottle.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

*... *Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum, Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.* VERG. *Æn.* v. 49.

There are those among mankind who can enjoy no relish of their being except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after such a manner as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions, yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody

*The day has come, if I mistake not, which I shall hold always bitter, always memorable, if ye gods will it.

14. manes, spirits.

was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widows on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honor. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it, I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? O death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant

knocked at my closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having today met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before. (1710)

5. **Garraway's coffee-house.** The London coffee-houses of Queen Anne's time were the popular meeting places of men of all ranks and occupations. They were also the centers at which the essays in *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* were read and discussed; accordingly they are referred to frequently in these papers.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

NOTE

Addison, like Steele, was a reformer of society. Thackeray, in his estimate of the essayist (page 531), lists him among the humorists of the eighteenth century, and Macaulay says that he "laughed England out of her follies." He was more austere than Steele, and on the whole more painstaking in his writing; but what he sometimes lacked in spontaneity he made up in moral sincerity, and the essays of this "dear preacher without orders," as Thackeray calls him, did much to correct the vice and folly of the age. The early eighteenth-century essayists wrote under the name of an *eidolon*, or image; thus Addison and Steele appeared not under their own names but as the Spectator or the Tatler, and Swift, as Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. "The Vision of Mirza" was originally published as Spectator Paper No. 159 for Saturday, September 1, 1711. It differs from most of *The Spectator* papers in not being a humorous satire on contemporary life, but, like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory or moral apologue on life, death, and eternity. "The Fine Lady's Journal" is a characteristic satire on the idle rich; it should be compared with other *Spectator* papers and with Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

*—*Omnem quae nunc obducta tuenti*
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.—Vergil.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly

*The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light, hangs o'er thy eyes and blunts thy mortal sight, I will remove.

23. **Grand Cairo.** In the first *Spectator* paper Addison represents the Spectator as reporting his travels to Grand Cairo. The fiction of the translated manuscript appears frequently in literature, as for example, in Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Addison has attempted throughout the essay to retain the flavor of a translation and the solemn tone and mood which the apocalyptic subject demands. It would be well to compare Addison's vision with those of St. John in the Book of Revelation or with the visions in *Pilgrim's Progress*. 38. **Bagdad**, a city in Turkey which figures prominently in the *Arabian Nights' Tales*. 44. **man is**, etc., a familiar conception of life; cf. I Chronicles xxix. 15; Job viii, 9; xx. 8; Psalms lxxiii. 20; cii. 11; cxliv. 4; Ecclesiastes viii. 13, and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* iv. 1, 156-158, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," etc.

airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a

9. **Genius**, one of the spirits of the air, frequently referred to in the *Arabian Nights' Tales* and other oriental literature.

54. **bridge.** The representation of life as a bridge over which all must pass appears frequently in medieval woodcuts. 59. **threescore and ten**, the "psalmist's span" of life. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away" (Psalm xc, 10).

deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respec-

15. **scimitars.** The whole allusion is to war (scimitars) and disease (urinals, or physicians' test-tubes). 41. **in vain.** "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes i, 2).

94. **mansions.** "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John xiv, 2).

tive inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

(1711)

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL

*... *Modo vir, modo fœmina.* VERG.

The journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, ... and among several others a very curious piece, entitled "The Journal of a Mohock." By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities. Offenses of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gayety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR:

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read *The Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilet,

*Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

The Fine Lady's Journal. From *Spectator*, No. 322, for March 10, 1712. 27. **on Tuesday last.** Paper No. 317, for Tuesday, March 4, 1712, gives the diary for one week of "a sober citizen." Like Clarinda's diary, the record is filled with an account of trivial personal activities. The paper concludes with Addison's recommendation that every reader keep a journal for one week. 33. **Mohock,** a member of one of the gangs of young ruffians who, under the name of the Mohawks, committed outrages in Queen Anne's London.

tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. . . . Tea-table. Read the playbills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. . . .

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practiced Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilet.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. Kitty called upon me to go to the opera, before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third

5. **Change**, exchange or market. **Cheapened**, bought; from the Old English *ceapian*, to price or bargain for. 13. **Basset**, a popular card game. 14. **set**, bet or gamble. 18. **punted**, played at cards. 20. **Aurengzebe**, a play by Dryden. 26. **tire-woman**, lady's maid. 27. **wash**, a face-wash. 41. **crimp**, an old card game.

52. **skuttle**, a mincing, fashionable walk. 74. **Indamora**, the heroine of *Aurengzebe*. 77. **patch**, a "beauty-mark" made of black courtplaster. 98. **Nicolini**, Cavalier Grimaldi, an Italian singer who did much to popularize opera in the age of Queen Anne; he first appeared in England in 1709 in *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* and is referred to repeatedly in the *Spectator* papers; see Nos. 5 and 13.

act. Mr. Froth cried out 'Ancora'. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Waked by Mrs. Kitty. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, etc.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,
Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee. (1712)

1. **Ancora**, encore (Italian); Mr. Froth was showing off. 12. **mobs**, mob-caps, frilled caps which tied beneath the chin. **the dumb man**, a popular fortune-teller of the time.

52. **Underneath**, etc. The epitaph is usually ascribed to William Browne (1591-1643)—sometimes to Ben Jonson (1573-1637). Addison leaves Clarinda and the reader to guess why he concludes with the tribute to the noble Elizabethan matron.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754)

NOTE

Henry Fielding is usually thought of as the greatest of eighteenth-century novelists, the creator of Tom Jones and of other really flesh-and-blood heroes. He was, however, a miscellaneous writer who produced plays, essays, and even poems, as well as novels. The following essay, even though it smacks of pedantry here and there, is characteristically sound and wholesome. Fielding's theory that literature should aim primarily to teach rather than to please is an opinion from which Coleridge, Keats, and other nineteenth-century writers dissented. With this essay should be compared Bacon's essay "Of Studies" (page 419).

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

**At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et*
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque
Ne dicam stulte, mirati.

MODERNIZED

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly praised †Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

The present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertain-

*From Horace's *Ars Poetica* (lines 270–272) with *nostri* substituted for Horace's *vestri*. "But our ancestors praised both Plautine versification and (Plautine) witticisms, admiring them too tolerantly—not to say stupidly."

†Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown were minor miscellaneous writers in the early eighteenth century.

ment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter; this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "For why," as Horace says, "should not anyone promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humor are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of *Clarissa* says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men. But when no moral, no lesson, no instruction is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humor alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavored, with the utmost force of their wit and humor, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries. I would not be thought to confine wit and humor to these writers; Shakespeare, Molière, and some other authors have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them that, had the consecration of their labors been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum;
Condo et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

7. **jack-puddings**, clowns, buffoons. 17. **Ridicule**, etc. This was the method of Addison and of Steele. 26. **Clarissa**, Samuel Richardson's novel (1748). 37. **Latin proverb**, the one with which he begins the essay. 49-50. **Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift**, respectively, famous Greek, Spanish, and English satirists.

76. **ridicule**, etc. This is not the usual view of the Greek and French satirists.

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, Will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavored to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in showing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavored to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain.

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared is owing either to

81. **Pons Asinorum**, "bridge of asses," the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid demonstrating that "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another"; hence any stumbling-block for fools.

the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper endeavor to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the meanwhile I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

(1743)

21. **Evil**, etc. I Corinthians xv, 33. Menander was a Greek comic dramatist.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

NOTE

Oliver Goldsmith, like Steele, was a genial, tender-hearted Irishman, even more gifted than the earlier essayist with a sense of humor that did much to make up for his utter irresponsibility and incapacity for managing his own affairs. Like so many of the eighteenth-century essayists he turned his hand with equal facility to all types of writing, quite justifying Dr. Johnson's Latin tribute which is inscribed on his cenotaph in Westminster Abbey: "There is almost no kind of composition which he did not touch, and nothing he touched which he did not adorn." His fame rests mainly on *The Deserted Village* (1770), a sentimental description of his native village of Lissoy, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), an idyllic novel, in which he idealizes his father, and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), a rollicking comedy based on a personal experience. His essays, like his other work, are streaked with his personality and his experiences. The two brisk and vivacious satires of Beau Tibbs given here are from a group of three which appeared in *The Citizen of the World*, an imaginary series of letters written by a hypothetical Chinese gentleman who describes English life and manners to a friend at home; the two are respectively Letters LIV and LV. The tarnished but gay gentleman herein described is the prototype of Dickens's Micawber, Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers, and a dozen other shabby-genteel pretenders to position and respectability.

BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally pensive, yet am I fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the center of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigor.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster; but in vain. The person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding yourself this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were

pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery—on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already, for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?"

"Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."

"I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I; "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town."

"Did I say so?" replied he coolly. "To be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town! Egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret.—Well, there happened to be no asafoetida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that'—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience."—

(1760)

BEAU TIBBS AT HOME

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums, before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There's no company at all today; not a single face to be seen."

"No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company, where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?"

"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Tripp, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife today; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-Night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that—she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar. I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tiptop, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

24. **pocket-book**, memorandum book. 34. **the Park**, probably Hyde Park, a fashionable resort in London. 48. **Creolian**, Creole.

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."

"My two shirts!" cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion; "what does the idiot mean?"

"I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—"

"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures which, he observed, were all his own drawing.

"What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me an hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for hang it! that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."

"Poor Jack!" cries he; "a dear, good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do—a turbot, an ortolan, a—"

"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"

"The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase. The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the servant a

57. **Grisoni**, a popular contemporary Florentine portrait-painter. **keeping**, harmony, a technical term in painting. 62. **mechanical**, like a common workman. 69. **the gardens**, probably Ranelagh Gardens, a fashionable pleasure resort. 71. **the horns**, the wind instruments in the orchestra. 81. **turbot, ortolan**. Both fish and bird were highly esteemed table delicacies, and, of course, quite beyond Beau Tibbs's pocketbook.

piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours. (1760)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

NOTE

The majority of writers have no inclination to describe their theory and craftsmanship. Wordsworth is an exception, as are also Edgar Allan Poe, who tells how he wrote "The Raven" (page 509), and Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote frequently on his art (cf. page 579). Wordsworth may be called the dean of the poets of the Romantic Movement. This movement was the literary aspect of the general revolt about 1800 against artificiality and convention; some of its details were a reversion to medievalism, a shift of interest from city to country, an increased concern for the rights of the individual, and a new interest in verbal and metrical experimentation. Wordsworth described himself as "nature's priest," the intermediator between man and the spirit of nature. He was heart and soul a part of the new movement, not only in his poetry, but in his expression of the theories which he believed himself to be following. These theories of poetry are embodied in various poems and are expressed directly in the following famous preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800). This epochal collection of poems appeared originally in 1798. It was the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who thus explains its origin in Chapter XIV of his *Biographia Literaria*.

". . . . . It was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world . . . . ."

Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* to the collection; Wordsworth, a large number of his earlier poems. It is not apparent, however, that Coleridge had any part in the following essay; indeed in his *Biographia Literaria* (Chapters IV, XIV, XVII, XVIII, XIX, XXII) he attacked Wordsworth's theories sharply and ungraciously, with a resulting estrangement between the two men. Wordsworth's essay contains his oft-quoted definition of "all good poetry" as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" and "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

PREFACE TO THE "LYRICAL BALLADS"

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an author, in the present day, makes to his reader; but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness; they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose; that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonorable accusation which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings. And as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensi-

bility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by observing blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my reader what this purpose will be found principally to be; namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavored in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the "Idiot Boy" and the "Mad Mother"; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the poem of the "Forsaken Indian"; by showing, as in the stanzas entitled "We Are Seven," the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in "The Brothers"; or, as in the incident of "Simon Lee," by placing my reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "The Old Man Traveling," "The Two Thieves," etc., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these poems from the popular poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my reader to the poems entitled "Poor Susan" and the "Childless Father," particularly to the last stanza of the latter poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting that I point my reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly

gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavored to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these poems, I shall request the reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which writers in meter seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these pieces little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written than by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently, I hope that there is in these poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of meter, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon

these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these pieces. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the meter, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire.
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rime, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for *fruitlessly*, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and I have previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and, accordingly, we call them sisters. But where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears "such as angels weep" but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rime and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such poetry as I am recommending is,

80. **Poetry.** I here use the word "poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word "prose" and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science. The only strict antithesis to prose is meter. Nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of meter so naturally occur in writing prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable. [Wordsworth's note.] 82. **ichor,** in Greek mythology the fluid which took the place of blood in the veins of the gods.

as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if meter be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters. It cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for if the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent reader, should the poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests. It is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the poems I now present to the reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure. And our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word "poet"? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men; a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet

to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature. And the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian and of their consequent utility are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this, and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is an homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure,

63. **Frontignac or Sherry**, respectively, a French and a Spanish wine.

by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure. I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude. The poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defense of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general

indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that anyone, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight that I will conclude there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual poet or belonging simply to poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in meter, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my reader to the description which I have before given of a poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a poet is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves.

To this it may be added that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to meter; for, as it may be proper to remind the reader, the distinction of meter is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case the reader is utterly at the mercy of the poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other the meter obeys certain laws, to which the poet and reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which coexists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavored to superadd the charm, which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by poetry depends upon the meter, and that it is injudicious to write in meter, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which meter is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying meter with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of meter in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these poems, have been almost sufficient to observe that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion

55-56. **poetry . . . meter.** Wordsworth expresses here what is part of the theory of the writers of free verse; cf. the paragraph on free verse in the Introductory Essay to Chapter V of Volume I, page 341.

of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of meter to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rime, than in prose. The meter of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope if the poems referred to be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe* or *The Gamester*. While Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the poet's choice of his meter has been grossly injudicious) in the feelings of pleasure which the reader has been accustomed to connect with meter in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of meter, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defense of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of meter, and to have shown that meter is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. It takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated, till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the

35. Clarissa Harlowe or The Gamester, mid-eighteenth century novels by Samuel Richardson and Edward Moore respectively.

mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his reader, those passions, if his reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. How the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from the works of rime or meter of the same or similar construction, and indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of meter, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in meter the tale of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a ballad, and in a more impressive meter than is usual in ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations

on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself; for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added that the reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree; for there can be no presumption in saying that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

> These pretty babes with hand in hand
> Went wandering up and down;
> But never more they saw the man
> Approaching from the town.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the meter, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry, but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is, that in judging these poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound, unadulterated judgment, is almost universal. I have therefore to request that the reader would abide independently by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us

to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste; for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend; for the reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the poems, the reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself; he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.

(1800)

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

NOTE

The individualism which is characteristic of the Romantic Movement in English literature crops out not only in the poetry of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries but also in the essays. Thus Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and other essayists of the time colored to an unusual degree all of their observations and reflections on life with their own personal characteristics. They wrote about themselves and about each other with no embarrassment whatever. But since all felt profoundly and thought acutely, there is no more readable group of essays in English than those of the early nineteenth-

century romanticists. Of all these writers Lamb possessed the greatest quaintness and charm. He and his sister Mary kept house together in one of those rare and delightful companionships of which William and Dorothy Wordsworth provide another instance. Under the title *Essays of Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia* he collected a group of easy personal essays which possess a wide emotional range. They are characterized by quaintness, whimsicality, spiritual and intellectual penetration, vivacity that is sometimes rollicking, love of humanity and especially of children, and finally, the most touching pathos. This last quality appears in "Dream-Children," in which Lamb distills his sense of longing for the human relationships which never were his. This essay, like many others, is autobiographical—or partly so, for it is hard to say at what point fact ends and fancy begins. His "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" should be compared with Bacon's essay "Of Studies" (page 419) and Fielding's "On Taste in the Choice of Books" (page 427). Lamb loved old wine, old books, old friends, and wore many a jacket threadbare that he might purchase some old Elizabethan folio. His "Old China" is an excellent illustration of his quaint method of merging fact, fancy, and philosophy of life; upon a foundation of his own experience and that of his sister Mary he has woven here a charming sermon on poverty, riches, and happiness. The first of the three essays is from *The Essays of Elia;* the other two are from *Last Essays of Elia.* Elia was the name of a friend of Lamb's brother which the essayist used as a nom de plume.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimneypiece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it, too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry, too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer —here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain;

10. **Norfolk**, identified with Blakesware in Hertfordshire, where Lamb's grandmother, Alice Field, was housekeeper. Cf. Lamb's "Blakesmoor." The first part of the essay is a prose lyric, describing this haunt of Lamb's childhood.

but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—

23. **Twelve Caesars**, the first twelve Roman emperors, whose busts were frequently used to decorate bookcases.

or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens, too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain—and how in after life he became lame-footed, too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it

haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever. (1823)

23. **Alice W—n**, vaguely identified with Anne Simmons, whom Lamb may have courted; she actually did marry a man named Bartrum. 50. **John L. (or James Elia)** Bridget and James Elia were the names Lamb gave to his sister Mary and brother John.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own. *Lord Foppington in "The Relapse."*

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-books, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without"; the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the

66. **Shaftesbury**, Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), English philanthropist and writer. Most of the other proper names in this essay are those of English authors; the allusions to them reveal Lamb's wide and varied reading. 67. **Jonathan Wild**, the highwayman hero of Fielding's novel *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743). 74. **Pocket-books**, memorandum books.

sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed encyclopedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios—would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kind of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakespeare or a Milton (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odor (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" *Tom Jones* or *Vicar of Wakefield!* How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes—

> We know not where is that Promethean torch
> That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted, but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenizened themselves (not possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakespeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text, and, without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his plays, and I like those editions of him best which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled. On the contrary I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio. The octavo edi-

69. **We know**, etc., inaccurately quoted from Shakespeare's *Othello*, v, ii, 12-13.

tions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular? The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakespeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By——, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets. I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book.

In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stopgap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes's sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piecemeal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its

7 **The Anatomy of Melancholy**, a prose treatise by Robert Burton, an English essayist (1577-1640). 14. **Malone**, an Irish Shakespearean scholar (1741-1812). The whitewash was subsequently removed from Shakespeare's bust.

76. **pro bono publico**, for the public benefit.

amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——"; "The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*) between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book;
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy,
Who looked as if he had not any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder.
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressèd meat;
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learned to eat. (1833)

16. **Candide**, a philosophical story by Voltaire (written in 1759), in which the hero is characterized by cynical indifference. 43. **Lardner**, Nathaniel (1684-1768), an English divine and Biblical scholar.

65. **Martin B—**, Martin Burney, a friend of Lamb's, who is mentioned several times in Lamb's essays and letters. 74. **poetess**, Lamb's sister Mary.

OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the-hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and coextensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be

48. **hays**, a country dance. 49. **couchant, and coextensive**, reclining and of the same size.

57. **speciosa miracula**, brilliant wonders. 67. **Bridget**. Elia's cousin Bridget is Lamb's sister Mary. 95. **Covent Garden**, a section of London in which there was a famous playhouse.

too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedward) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical—give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we *ride* part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that

20. **corbeau**, a dark-green cloth. 33. **Lionardo**, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), an Italian painter. The picture referred to is "Modesty and Vanity" and is the subject of a poem by Mary Lamb. 40. **Colnaghi**, a contemporary London art dealer.

65. **Piscator.** He is the fisherman in Izaak Walton's *The Complete Angler* (1653); his favorite inn was Trout Hall. 78-80. **Battle of Hexham, Surrender of Calais, Children in the Wood.** The first two plays are by George Colman the younger (1763-1836); the third is by Thomas Morton (1764-1838). 92-94. **Rosalind . . . Illyria.** The references are to Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, respectively.

the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard, too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at that makes what I call a treat—when two people, living together as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never *do* make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then—betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor ——hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is

74. Mr. Cotton, Charles (1630-1687), a miscellaneous writer who added a second part to Walton's *The Complete Angler*. The quotations are from his poem, "The New Year."

supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked; live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theater down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house." (1833)

10. **Bannister and Mrs. Bland**, friends of the Lambs. 31. **Jew R—**, Nathan Meyer, Baron de Rothschild (1777-1836), a famous London banker. 35. **bed-tester**, a canopy over a four-poster bed.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)

NOTE

The title of William Hazlitt's collected essays, *Table Talk* (1821-1822), is indicative of the type of essay in the volume. He belonged to a talking age, and like Coleridge and Lamb he was an excellent conversationalist. The outstanding personal characteristics which affected his writing are his pugnacity, his sympathetic understanding of men and women, and his love of nature and art. His father was a Unitarian minister, and Hazlitt was himself educated for the ministry. His connection with a dissenting minority threw Hazlitt upon the defensive and gave to his character and work a certain acerbity and directness which estranged many of his friends. His love of a good fight, either as witness or participant, is reflected in his essays entitled "The Dissenters"—a tribute to his father's sturdy resistance—"The Fight," and the famous open letter to Mr. Gifford, a publisher whose measure Hazlitt took in a piece of invective which outdoes in directness any other essay of the period. His love of art almost prompted him to become, like his brother, a painter. He finally took up the pen instead of the brush, but the influence of his training in painting appears in the vivid concreteness of many of his essays. His love of the out-of-doors was increased by the long country walks which he took with his father in England and during a sojourn in New England. Hazlitt is the best example in English literature of a writer who has deliberately developed his own art. At the time of his return from the Hackney Theological College, where he was presumably preparing for the ministry, he describes himself as "dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless" . . . . . when "to convey the slightest conception of my meaning in words was the height of an almost hopeless ambition." But, partly under the inspiration of Coleridge's pulpit eloquence—described in "On My First Acquaintance with Poets"—he grappled valiantly with the problems of composition, as he did indeed with all his problems, and became in time so lucid and polished a writer that he could boast proudly that he "never wrote a line that licked the dust." When Stevenson came to "play the sedulous ape" to older essayists, it was Hazlitt who more than any other writer affected his style. Hazlitt's notable contributions to criticism—and particularly to Shakespearean criticism—are not represented in this chapter. Of the three familiar essays selected, "On Going a Journey" shows in its content his interest in nature, and in its style his felicity of expression and his trick of weaving quotations into his own work. The essay should be compared with Bacon's "Of Travel" (page 416) and Stevenson's "Walking Tours" (page 570). The two reflective essays which follow are examples of Hazlitt's philosophical manner. They should be compared with Bacon's "Of Death" (page 415), and Stevenson's "Æs Triplex" (page 575) and "Pulvis et Umbra."

ON GOING A JOURNEY

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out-of-doors, Nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, Nature was his book.

45. **The fields**, etc., from a poem by Robert Bloomfield, "The Farmer's Boy."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

> a friend in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

> May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, as neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time. So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation,

15. **a friend**, etc., from Cowper's "Retirement." 26. **May plume**, etc., from Milton's *Comus*. 33. **Tilbury**, a two-wheeled, uncovered carriage.

49. **sunken**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, I, ii. 60. **Leave**, etc., from Gray's translation of the Norse *Descent of Odin*. 63. **very stuff**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Othello*, I, ii. 83. **Out upon**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, I, iii. 89. **Mr. Cobbett**, a political writer (1766-1835).

by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but in my opinion this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid; if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of Nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humor. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it—otherwise the end is not answered—is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C——, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had"; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams, and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,

66. **give it an understanding**, from *Hamlet*, I, ii. 68. **old friend C—**, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 73. **He talked**, etc., from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *Philaster*. 81. **All-Foxden**, in Somersetshire. Hazlitt's visit to the home of Wordsworth here and to that of Coleridge in the neighboring village of Nether-Stowey is described in his "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." **that fine madness**, from Drayton's poem, "Censure of Poets." 87. **Here be**, etc., from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, I, iii.

Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

—*Faithful Shepherdess.*

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds; but at the sight of Nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot—I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects; it should be reserved for table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out-of-doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn"! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my traveling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having someone with you that

22. **L—**, Charles Lamb. 42. **take one's ease**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part 1, 3, iii.

53. **The cups**, etc., from Cowper's *The Task*. 58. **Sancho**, the squire in the burlesque romance of Cervantes, *Don Quixote*. 63. **Shandean**, like Tristram Shandy's father in Sterne's novel *Tristram Shandy*; whimsical. 65. **Procul**, etc., "hence, O hence, ye profane," a warning to the uninitiated (Vergil's *Aeneid*, Book VI). 77. **from the West Riding of Yorkshire**, that is, an uncouth provincial. 80. **breaks no squares**, a reference to the regimental square, used as a symbol of the hedges which surround men's personalities.

knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused, free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of oneself, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of Nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the gentleman in the parlor!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's—I think it was—where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly—for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist—with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame d'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheater, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green, upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the highroad that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large

4. **unhoused**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Othello*, I, ii. 7. **lord of oneself**, etc., from a poem of Dryden's "To My Honored Kinsman John Dryden." 44. **Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons**, plates made by the engraver Gribelin from Raphael's drawings, or cartoons, in Hampton Court palace. 48. **Westall**, an historical painter (1765-1836).

58. **Paul and Virginia**, Bernardin de St. Pierre's romance (French 1788; translated into English, 1796). 63. **Camilla**, a novel by Frances Burney (1796). 65. **New Eloise**, Rousseau's romance (1761). 72. **bonne bouche**, a delicacy. 83. **green upland**, etc., from Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year."

as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O silvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than traveling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it; the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In traveling through a wild, barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written on a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So, in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the

4. **light of common day.** The phrase is from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"; the allusion is to Hazlitt's bitter disappointment at the failure of his hopes in the outcome of the French Revolution. 6. **The beautiful,** etc., from Coleridge's version of Schiller's *The Death of Wallenstein*, v, 1. 20. **I myself have changed.** Like Wordsworth, Coleridge became a conservative; Hazlitt remained a radical to the end. 27. **I will drink,** etc. Revelation xxi, 6.

59. **Sir Fopling Flutter,** the hero of a comedy by Etheredge (1676).

spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!

To return to the question I have quitted above.—I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure the first consideration always is where we shall go to; in taking a solitary ramble the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place"; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

> With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and cottages—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by oneself, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in traveling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hal-

16. **Stonehenge**, a circle of standing stones on Salisbury Plain in southern England. 23. **The mind**, etc., from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I. 31. **With glistering spires**, etc., from *Paradise Lost*, Book III. 35. **Bodleian**, the library of Oxford University. 36. **Blenheim**, not on the battlefield but at the mansion built by a grateful nation in Oxfordshire for the Duke of Marlborough.

77. **the vine-covered hills**, from William Roscoe's "Lines Written in 1788." 87. **Bourbons**, the French royal family. The entire allusion is to the French Revolution.

lucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and, in one sense, instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable, individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

> Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfill our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in traveling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

(1821-1822)

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH

> Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.
>
> —Sir Thomas Browne.

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of eternity in youth, which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortal gods. One half of time indeed is flown—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own.

> The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us.

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idle air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still be liable to them—we "bear a charméd life," which laughs to scorn all such sickly fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager gaze forward—

> Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,

and see no end to the landscape, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; so, in the commencement of life, we set no bounds to our inclinations, nor to the unrestricted opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag; and it seems that we can go on so forever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feel in ourselves all the vigor and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were *abstractedness* of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with Nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with existence, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union—a honeymoon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it

5. **jump.** The word was borrowed from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, v, vii; it means *chance* or *risk*.

45. **The vast,** etc., from Addison's *Cato*, v, i, 13. 50. **bear a charméd life,** from *Macbeth*, v, viii, 12. 55. **Bidding,** etc., from Collins's "Ode on the Passions."

only overflows the more—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death. From the plenitude of our being we cannot change all at once to dust and ashes, we cannot imagine "this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod"—we are too much dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream around us to look into the darkness of the tomb. We no more see our end than our beginning; the one is lost in oblivion and vacancy, as the other is hid from us by the crowd and hurry of approaching events. Or the grim shadow is seen lingering in the horizon, which we are doomed never to overtake, or whose last, faint glimmering outline touches upon heaven and translates us to the skies! Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts from the present objects and pursuits, even if we would. What is there more opposed to health, than sickness; to strength and beauty, than decay and dissolution; to the active search of knowledge, than mere oblivion? Or is there none of the usual advantage to bar the approach of Death, and mock his idle threats; Hope supplies their place, and draws a veil over the abrupt termination of all our cherished schemes. While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere the "wine of life is drank up," we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations; it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favorite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that passion loosens its hold upon the breast, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, and allow ourselves to contemplate, "as in a glass, darkly," the possibility of parting with it for good. The example of others, the voice of experience, has no effect upon us whatever. Casualties we must avoid; the slow and deliberate advances of age we can play at *hide-and-seek* with. We think ourselves too lusty and too nimble for that blear-eyed decrepit old gentleman to catch us. Like the foolish fat scullion, in Sterne, when she hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is, "So am not I!" The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, rather seems to strengthen and enhance our possession and our enjoyment of life. Others may fall around like leaves, or be mowed down like flowers by the scythe of Time; these are but tropes and figures to the unreflecting ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of love, hope, and joy withering around us, and our own pleasures cut up by the roots, that we bring the moral home to ourselves, that we abate something of the wanton extravagance of our pretensions, or that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us to the stillness of the grave!

> Life! thou strange thing, thou hast a power to feel
> Thou art, and to perceive that others are.

Well might the poet begin his indignant invective against an art, whose professed object is its destruction, with this animated apostrophe to life. Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most miraculous. Nor is it singular that when the splendid boon is first granted us, our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness, or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are taken from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we very innocently transfer its durability as well as magnificence to ourselves. So newly found, we cannot make up our minds to parting with it yet and at least put off that consideration to an indefinite term. Like a clown at a fair we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thoughts of going home, or that it will

8. **this sensible**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 36. **wine of life**, etc., from *Macbeth*, II, iii, 100. 46. **as in a glass, darkly**, I Corinthians, xiii, 12.

58. **So am not I.** From *Tristram Shandy*, Book vi, ch. 77. **Life**, etc., from Fawcett's "Art of War," a poem, 1794. [Hazlitt's note.]

soon be night. We know our existence only from external objects, and we measure it by them. We can never be satisfied with gazing; and Nature will still want us to look on and applaud. Otherwise, the sumptuous entertainment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to which they were invited, seems little better than mockery and a cruel insult. We do not go from a play till the scene is ended and the lights are ready to be extinguished. But the fair face of things still shines on; shall we be called away before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother Nature holds us up to see the raree-show of the universe; and then, as if life were a burden to support, lets us instantly down again. Yet in that short interval, what "brave sublunary things" does not the spectacle unfold; like a bubble, at one minute reflecting the universe, and the next, shook to air!—To see the golden sun and the azure sky, the outstretched ocean, to walk upon the green earth, and to be lord of a thousand creatures, to look down the giddy precipices or over the distant flowery vales, to see the world spread out under one's finger in a map, to bring the stars near, to view the smallest insects in a microscope, to read history, and witness the revolutions of empires and the succession of generations, to hear of the glory of Sidon and Tyre, of Babylon and Susa, as of a faded pageant, and to say all these were and are now nothing, to think that we exist in such a point of time, and in such a corner of space, to be at once spectators and a part of the moving scene, to watch the return of the seasons, of spring and autumn, to hear

> The stockdove plain amid the forest deep,
> That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale—

to traverse desert wilderness, to listen to the midnight choir, to visit lighted halls, or plunge into the dungeon's gloom, or sit in crowded theaters and see life itself mocked, to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony, to worship fame and to dream of immortality, to have read Shakespeare and belong to the same species as Sir Isaac Newton, to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing, to have it all snatched from one like a juggler's ball or a phantasmagoria; there is something revolting and incredible to sense in the transition, and no wonder that, aided by youth and warm blood, and the flush of enthusiasm, the mind contrives for a long time to reject it with disdain and loathing as a monstrous and improbable fiction, like a monkey on a house-top, that is loath, amidst its fine discoveries and specious antics, to be

7. **the feast**, etc., from Pope's *Satires* I, 128. 18. **raree-show**, a cheap show carried about in a box and exhibited on streets and at fairs. 37. **Susa**, the Royal Persian palace. 45. **plain**, complain.

57. **Sir Isaac Newton.** Lady Wortley Montague says, in one of her letters, that she "would much rather be a rich effendi, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton, with all his knowledge." This was not perhaps an impolitic choice, as she had a better chance of becoming one than the other, there being many rich effendis to one Sir Isaac Newton. The wish was not a very intellectual one. The same petulance of rank and sex breaks out everywhere in these *Letters*. She is constantly reducing the poets or philosophers who have the misfortune of her acquaintance, to the figure they might make at her ladyship's levee or toilet, not considering that the public mind does not sympathize with this process of a fastidious imagination. In the same spirit she declares of Pope and Swift, that "had it not been for the good nature of mankind, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys." *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Rape of the Lock* go for nothing in this critical estimate, and the world raised the authors to the rank of superior beings, in spite of their disadvantage of birth and fortune, *out of pure good nature!* So again she says of Richardson, that he had never got beyond the servant's hall, and was utterly unfit to describe the manners of people of quality; till in the capricious workings of her vanity, she persuades herself that Clarissa is very like what she was at her age, and that Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison strongly resembled what she had heard of her mother and remembered of her father. It is one of the beauties and advantages of literature that it is the means of abstracting the mind from the narrowness of local and personal prejudices, and of enabling us to judge of truth and excellence by their inherent merits alone. Woe be to the pen that would undo this fine illusion (the only reality), and teach us to regulate our notions of genius and virtue by the circumstances in which they happen to be placed! You would not expect a person whom you saw in the servant's hall, or behind a counter, to write *Clarissa*; but after he had written the work, to *prejudge* it from the situation of the writer is an unpardonable piece of injustice and folly. His merit could only be the greater from the contrast. If literature is an elegant accomplishment, which none but persons of birth and fashion should be allowed to excel in, or to exercise with advantage to the public, let them by all means take upon them the task of enlightening and refining mankind; if they decline this responsibility as too heavy for their shoulders, let those who do the drudgery in their stead, however inadequately, for want of their polite example, receive the meed that is their due, and not be treated as low pretenders who have encroached upon the provinces of their betters. Suppose Richardson to have been

tumbled headlong into the street, and crushed to atoms, the sport and laughter of the multitude!

The change, from the commencement to the close of life, appears like a fable, after it had taken place; how should we treat it otherwise than as a chimera before it has come to pass? There are some things that happened so long ago, places or persons we have formerly seen, of which such dim traces remain, we hardly know whether it was sleeping or waking they occurred; they are like dreams within the dream of life, a mist, a film before the eye of memory, which, as we try to recall them more distinctly, elude our notice altogether. It is but natural that the lone interval that we thus look back upon should have appeared long and endless in prospect. There are others so distinct and fresh they seem but of yesterday—their very vividness might be deemed a pledge of their permanence. Then, however far back our impressions may go, we find others still older (for our years are multiplied in youth), descriptions of scenes that we had read, and people before our time, Priam and the Trojan war; and even then, Nestor was old and dwelt delighted on his youth, and spoke of the race of heroes that were no more—what wonder that, seeing this long line of being pictured in our minds, and reviving as it were in us, we should give ourselves involuntary credit for an indeterminate existence? In the cathedral at Peterborough there is a monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, at which I used to gaze when a boy, while the events of the period, all that had happened since, passed in review before me. If all this mass of feeling and imagination could be crowded into a moment's compass, what might not the whole of life be supposed to contain? We are heirs of the past, we count on the future as our natural reversion. Besides, there are some of our early impressions so exquisitely tempered, it appears that they must always last—nothing can add to or take away from their sweetness and purity—the first breath of spring, the hyacinth dipped in the dew, the mild luster of the evening-star, the rainbow after a storm—while we have the full enjoyment of these, we must be young; and what can ever alter us in this respect? Truth, friendship, love, books, are also proof against the canker of time; and while we live but for them, we can never grow old. We take out a new lease of existence from the objects on which we set our affections, and become abstracted, impassive, immortal in them. We cannot conceive how certain sentiments should ever decay or grow cold in our breasts; and, consequently, to maintain them in their first youthful glow and vigor, the flame of life must continue to burn as bright as ever, or rather, they are the fuel that feed the

acquainted with the great man's steward, or valet, instead of the great man himself, I will venture to say that there was more difference between him who lived in an *ideal world*, and had the genius and felicity to open that world to others, and his friend the steward, than between the lackey and the mere lord, or between those who lived in different rooms of the same house, who dined on the same luxuries at different tables, who rode outside or inside of the same coach, and were proud of wearing or of bestowing the same tawdry livery. If the lord is distinguished from his valet by anything else, it is by education and talent, which he has in common with the author. But if the latter shows these in the highest degree, it is asked what are his pretensions? Not birth or fortune, for neither of these would enable him to write *Clarissa*. One man is born with a title and estate, another with genius. That is sufficient; and we have no right to question the genius for want of the *gentility*, unless the former ran in families, or could be bequeathed with a fortune, which is not the case. Were it so, the flowers of literature, like jewels and embroidery, would be confined to the fashionable circles; and there would be no pretenders to taste or elegance but those whose names were found in the court list. No one objects to Claude's landscapes as the work of a pastry-cook, or withholds from Raphael the epithet of *divine*, because his parents were not rich. This impertinence is confined to men of letters; the evidence of the senses baffles the envy and foppery of mankind. No quarter ought to be given to this *aristocratic* tone of criticism whenever it appears. People of quality are not contented with carrying all the external advantages for their own share, but would persuade you that all the intellectual ones are packed up in the same bundle. Lord Byron was a later instance of this double and unwarrantable style of pretension—*monstrum ingens, biforme*. He could not endure a lord who was not a wit, nor a poet who was not a lord. Nobody but himself answered to his own standard of perfection. Mr. Moore carries a proxy in his pocket from some noble persons to estimate literary merit by the same rule. Lady Mary calls Fielding names, but she afterwards makes atonement by doing justice to his frank, free, hearty nature, where he says "his spirits gave him raptures with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret, and his happy constitution made him forget everything when he was placed before a venison-pasty or over a flask of champagne." She does not want shrewdness and spirit when her petulance and conceit do not get the better of her, and she has done ample and merited execution on Lord Bolingbroke. She is, however, very angry at the freedoms taken with the Great; *smells a rat* in this indiscriminate scribbling, and the familiarity of writers with the reading public; and inspired by her Turkish costume, foretells a French and English revolution as the consequences of transferring the patronage of letters from the *quality* to the mob, and of supposing that ordinary writers or readers can have any notions in common with their superiors. [Hazlitt's note.]

sacred lamp, that kindle "the purple light of love," and spread a golden cloud around our heads! Again, we not only flourish and survive in our affections (in which we will not listen to the possibility of a change, any more than we foresee the wrinkles on the brow of a mistress), but we have a further guarantee against the thoughts of death in our favorite studies and pursuits and in their continual advance. Art we know is long; life, we feel, should be so, too. We see no end of the difficulties we have to encounter; perfection is slow of attainment, and we must have time to accomplish it in. Rubens complained that when he had just learned his art, he was snatched away from it. We trust we shall be more fortunate! A wrinkle in an old head takes whole days to finish it properly; but to catch "the Raphael grace, the Guido air," no limit should be put to our endeavors. What a prospect for the future! What a task we have entered upon! and shall we be arrested in the middle of it? We do not reckon our time thus employed lost, or our pains thrown away, or our progress slow—we do not droop or grow tired, but "gain a new vigor at our endless task"—and shall Time grudge us the opportunity to finish what we have auspiciously begun, and have formed a sort of compact with Nature to achieve? The fame of the great names we look up to is also imperishable; and shall not we, who contemplate it with such intense yearnings, imbibe a portion of ethereal fire, the *divinae particula aurae*, which nothing can extinguish? I remember to have looked at a print of Rembrandt for hours together, without being conscious of the flight of time, trying to resolve it into its component parts, to connect its strong and sharp gradations, to learn the secret of its reflected lights, and found neither satiety nor pause in the prosecution of my studies. The print over which I was poring would last long enough; why should the idea in my mind, which was finer, more impalpable, perish before it? At this I redoubled the ardor of my pursuit, and by the very subtlety and refinement of my inquiries seemed to bespeak for them an exemption from corruption and the rude grasp of Death.

Objects, on our first acquaintance with them, have that singleness and integrity of impression that it seems as if nothing could destroy or obliterate them, so firmly are they stamped and riveted on the brain. We repose on them with a sort of voluptuous indolence, in full faith and boundless confidence. We are absorbed in the present moment, or return to the same point—idling away a great deal of time in youth, thinking we have enough to spare. There is often a local feeling in the air, which is as fixed as if it were marble; we loiter in dim cloisters, losing ourselves in thought and in their glimmering arches; a winding road before us seems as long as the journey of life, and as full of events. Time and experience dissipate this illusion; and by reducing them to detail, circumscribe the limits of our expectations. It is only as the pageant of life passes by and the masks turn their backs upon us, that we see through the deception, or believe that the train will have an end. In many cases the slow progress and monotonous texture of our lives, before we mingle with the world and are embroiled in its affairs, has a tendency to aid the same feeling. We have a difficulty, when left to ourselves, and without the resource of books or some more lively pursuit, to "beguile the slow and creeping hours of time," and argue that if it moves on always at this tedious snail's-pace, it can never come to an end. We are willing to skip over certain portions of it that separate us from favorite objects, that irritate ourselves at the unnecessary delay. The young are prodigal of life from a superabundance of it; the old are tenacious on the same score, because they have little

1. **the purple light of love**, from Gray's *The Progress of Poesy*, 1, 3, line 16. 16, 22, 42. **Rubens, Raphael, Guido, Rembrandt**, painters; Rubens was Flemish; Rembrandt, Dutch; Raphael and Guido, Italian. 39. **divinae particula aurae**, particles of divine air.

53. **I redoubled**, etc. Is it not this that frequently keeps artists alive so long, *viz.*, the constant occupation of their minds with vivid images, with little of the *wear and tear* of the body? [Hazlitt's note.]

left, and cannot enjoy even what remains of it.

For my part, I set out in life with the French Revolution, and that event had considerable influence on my early feelings, as on those of others. Youth was then doubly such. It was the dawn of a new era, a new impulse had been given to men's minds, and the sun of Liberty rose upon the sun of Life in the same day, and both were proud to run their race together. Little did I dream, while my first hopes and wishes went hand in hand with those of the human race, that long before my eyes should close that dawn would be overcast, and set once more in the night of despotism—"total eclipse!" Happy that I did not. I felt for years, and during the best part of my existence, *heart-whole* in that cause, and triumphed in the triumphs over the enemies of man! At that time, while the fairest aspirations of the human mind seemed about to be realized, ere the image of man was defaced and his breast mangled in scorn, philosophy took a higher, poetry could afford a deeper, range. At that time to read *The Robbers* was indeed delicious, and to hear

> From the dungeon of the tower time-rent,
> That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,

could be borne only amidst the fullness of hope, the crash of the fall of the strongholds of power, and the exulting sounds of the march of human freedom. What feelings the death-scene in *Don Carlos* sent into the soul! In that headlong career of lofty enthusiasm, and the joyous opening of the prospects of the world and our own, the thought of death crossing it, smote doubly cold upon the mind; there was a stifling sense of oppression and confinement, an impatience of our present knowledge, a desire to grasp the whole of our existence in one strong embrace, to sound the mystery of life and death, and in order to put an end to the agony of doubt and dread, to burst through our prison-house, and confront the King of Terrors in his grisly palace! . . . As I was writing out this passage my miniature-picture when a child lay on the mantelpiece, and I took it out of the case to look at it. I could perceive few traces of myself in it; but there was the same placid brow, the dimpled mouth, the same timid, inquisitive glance as ever. But its careless smile did not seem to reproach me with having become recreant to the sentiments that were then sown in my mind, or with having written a sentence that could call up a blush in this image of ingenuous youth!

"That time is past with all its giddy raptures." Since the future was barred to my progress, I have turned for consolation to the past, gathering up the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into a form that might live. It is thus, that when we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and substituted one in our thoughts; we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names at least to posterity. As long as we can keep alive our cherished thoughts and nearest interests in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage; we still occupy a place in the estimation of mankind, exercise a powerful influence over them, and it is only our bodies that are trampled into dust or dispersed to air. Our darling speculations still find favor and encouragement, and we make as good a figure in the eyes of our descendants, nay, perhaps, a better than we did in our lifetime. This is one point gained; the demands of our self-love are so far satisfied. Besides, if by the proofs of intellectual superiority we survive ourselves in this world, by exemplary virtue or unblemished faith, we are taught to insure an interest in another and a higher state of being, and to anticipate at the same time the applauses of men and angels.

> Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

28. **The Robbers**, Schiller's play, *Die Räuber*. 36. **Don Carlos**, a play by Schiller.

65. **That time**, etc., inaccurately quoted from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," line 83, page I-453. 100. **Even from**, etc., from Gray's "Elegy," lines 91-92, page I-418.

As we advance in life, we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We try to arrest its few last tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has ever been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown," dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenaciousness of whatever we possess, by a distrust and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, everything is flat and insipid. The world is a painted witch, that puts us off with false shows and tempting appearances. The ease, the jocund gayety, the unsuspecting security of youth are fled; nor can we, without flying in the face of common sense,

> From the last dregs of life, hope to receive
> What its first sprightly runnings could not give.

If we can slip out of the world without notice or mischance, can tamper with bodily infirmity, and frame our minds to the becoming composure of *still-life*, before we sink into total insensibility, it is as much as we ought to expect. We do not in the regular course of nature die all at once; we have moldered away gradually long before; faculty after faculty, attachment after attachment, we are torn from ourselves piecemeal while living; year after year takes something from us; and death only consigns the last remnant of what we were to the grave. The revulsion is not so great, and a quiet *euthanasia* is a winding-up of the plot, that is not out of reason or nature.

That we should thus in a manner outlive ourselves, and dwindle imperceptibly into nothing, is not surprising, when even in our prime the strongest impressions leave so little traces of themselves behind, and the last object is driven out by the succeeding one. How little effect is produced on us at any time by the books we have read, the scenes we have witnessed, the sufferings we have gone through! Think only of the variety of feelings we experience in reading an interesting romance, or being present at a fine play—what beauty, what sublimity, what soothing, what heartrending emotions! You would suppose these would last forever, or at least subdue the mind to a correspondent tone and harmony—while we turn over the page, while the scene is passing before us, it seems as if nothing could ever after shake our resolution, that "treason domestic, foreign levy, nothing could touch us farther!" The first splash of mud we get, on entering the street, the first pettifogging shopkeeper that cheats us out of twopence, and the whole vanishes clean out of our remembrance, and we become the idle prey of the most petty and annoying circumstances. The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty; it is at home in the groveling, the disagreeable, and the little. This happens in the height and heyday of our existence, when novelty gives a stronger impulse to the blood and takes a faster hold of the brain (I have known the impression on coming out of a gallery of pictures then last half a day)—as we grow old, we become more feeble and querulous, every object "reverbs its own hollowness," and both worlds are not enough to satisfy the peevish importunity and extravagant presumption of our desires! There are a few superior, happy beings, who are born with a temper exempt from every trifling annoyance. This spirit sits serene and smiling as in its native skies, and a divine harmony (whether heard or not) plays around them. This is to be at peace. Without this it is in vain to fly into deserts, or to build a hermitage on the top of rocks, if regret and ill-humor follow us there; and with this it is needless to make the experiment. The only true retirement is

25. **From the last dregs**, etc., inaccurately quoted from Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, IV. i.

67. **treason domestic**, quoted loosely from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, III. ii.

that of the heart; the only true leisure is the repose of the passions. To such persons it makes little difference whether they are young or old; and they die as they have lived, with graceful resignation. (1821-1822)

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH

*"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not; this gives us no concern; why, then, should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne; why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom?

When Bickerstaff wrote his essays, I knew nothing of the subjects of them; nay, much later, and but the other day, as it were, in the beginning of the reign of George III, when Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, used to meet at the Globe, when Garrick was in his glory, and Reynolds was over head and ears with his portraits, and Sterne brought out the volumes of *Tristram Shandy* year by year, it was without consulting me; I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on; the debates in the House of Commons on the American War, or the firing at Bunker's Hill, disturbed not me; yet I thought this no evil—I neither ate, drank, nor was merry, yet I did not complain; I had not then looked out into this breathing world, yet I was well; and the world did quite as well without me as I did without it! Why then should I make all this outcry about parting with it, and being no worse off than I was before? There is nothing in the recollection that at a certain time we were not come into the world, that "the gorge rises at"—why should we revolt at the idea that we must one day go out of it? To die is only to be as we were before we were born, yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburdening of the mind; it seems to have been holiday time with us then; we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded; we had lain *perdus* all this while, snug, out of harm's way, and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up; at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And the worst that we dread is, after a short, fretful, feverish being—after vain hopes and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life! Ye armed men, knights templars, that sleep in the stone aisles of that old Temple Church, where all is silent above, and where a deeper silence reigns below, not broken by the pealing organ, are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War? Or do ye complain that pain no longer visits you, that sickness has done its worst, that you have paid the last debt to nature, that you hear no more of the thickening phalanx of the foe or your lady's waning love, and that while this ball of earth rolls its eternal round, no sound shall ever pierce through to disturb your lasting repose, fixed as the marble over your tombs, breathless as the grave that holds you! And thou, oh! thou, to whom my heart turns, and will turn while it has feeling left, who didst love in vain, and whose first was thy last sigh, wilt not thou, too, rest in peace (or wilt thou cry to me complaining from thy clay-cold bed) when that sad heart is no longer sad, and that sorrow is dead which thou wert only called into the world to feel! . . . . . .

*From Shakespeare's *Tempest*, IV, i, 157-158. 20. **Bickerstaff**, Swift's pen-name. 25. **Globe**, a London coffee-house frequented by Dr. Johnson and his followers.

46. **the gorge**, etc., from *Hamlet*, v, i. 59. **perdus**, concealed.

It is certain that there is nothing in the idea of a preëxistent state that excites our longing like the prospect of a posthumous existence. We are satisfied to have begun life when we did; we have no ambition to have set out on our journey sooner; and feel that we have had quite enough to do to battle our way through since. We cannot say,

> The wars we well remember of King Nine,
> Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

Neither have we any wish; we are contented to read of them in story, and to stand and gaze at the vast sea of time that separates us from them. It was early days then; the world was not *well-aired* enough for us; we have no inclination to have been up and stirring. We do not consider the six thousand years of the world before we were born as so much time lost to us; we are perfectly indifferent about the matter. We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the grand mask and pageant of human life going on in all that period; though we are mortified at being obliged to quit our stand before the rest of the procession passes.

It may be suggested in explanation of this difference that we know from various records and traditions what happened in the time of Queen Anne, or even in the reigns of the Assyrian monarchs, but that we have no means of ascertaining what is to happen hereafter but by awaiting the event, and that our eagerness and curiosity are sharpened in proportion as we are in the dark about it. This is not at all the case; for at that rate we should be constantly wishing to make a voyage of discovery to Greenland or to the moon, neither of which we have, in general, the least desire to do. Neither, in truth, have we any particular solicitude to pry into the secrets of futurity but as a pretext for prolonging our own existence. It is not so much that we care to be alive a hundred or a thousand years hence, any more than to have been alive a hundred or a thousand years ago; but the thing lies here, that we would all of us wish the present moment to last forever. We would be as we are, and would have the world remain just as it is, to please us.

> The present eye catches the present object,

to have and to hold while it may; and abhors, on any terms, to have it torn from us, and nothing left in its room. It is the pang of parting, the unloosing our grasp, the breaking asunder some strong tie, the leaving some cherished purpose unfulfilled, that creates the repugnance to go, and "makes calamity of so long life" as it often is.

> Oh, thou strong heart!
> There's such a covenant 'twixt the world and thee
> They're loath to break!

The love of life, then, is an habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. Simply *to be* does not "content man's natural desire"; we long to be in a certain time, place, and circumstance. We would much rather be now, "on this bank and shoal of time," than have our choice of any future period, than take a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the millennium, for instance. This shows that our attachment is not confined either to *being* or to *well-being*, but that we have an inveterate prejudice in favor of our immediate existence, such as it is. The mountaineer will not leave his rock nor the savage his hut; neither are we willing to give up our present mode of life, with all its advantages and disadvantages, for any other that could be substituted for it. No man would, I think, exchange his existence with any other man, however fortunate. We had as lief not be, as not be ourselves. There are some persons of that reach of soul that they would like to live two hundred and fifty years hence, to see to what height of empire America will have grown up in that period, or whether the English constitution will last so long. These

66. **makes calamity**, etc., from *Hamlet*, III, 1. 68. **Oh, thou**, etc., from Webster's tragedy, *The White Devil*.

are points beyond me. But I confess I should like to live to see the downfall of the Bourbons. That is a vital question with me, and I shall like it the better, the sooner it happens!

No young man ever thinks he shall die. He may believe that others will, or assent to the doctrine that "all men are mortal" as an abstract proposition, but he is far enough from bringing it home to himself individually. Youth, buoyant activity, and animal spirits hold absolute antipathy with old age as well as with death; nor have we, in the heyday of life, any more than in the thoughtlessness of childhood, the remotest conception how

> This sensible warm motion can become
> A kneaded clod,

nor how sanguine, florid health and vigor shall "turn to withered, weak, and gray." Or if in a moment of idle speculation we indulge in this notion of the close of life as a theory, it is amazing at what a distance it seems—what a long, leisurely interval there is between—what a contrast its slow and solemn approach affords to our present gay dreams of existence! We eye the farthest verge of the horizon, and think what a way we shall have to look back upon ere we arrive at our journey's end; and without our in the least suspecting it, the mists are at our feet, and the shadows of age encompass us. The two divisions of our lives have melted into each other; the extreme points close and meet with none of that romantic interval stretching out between them that we had reckoned upon; and for the rich, melancholy, solemn hues of age, "the sear, the yellow leaf," the deepening shadows of an autumnal evening, we only feel a dank, cold mist encircling all objects, after the spirit of youth is fled. There is no inducement to look forward, and, what is worse, little interest in looking back to what has become so trite and common. The pleasures of our existence have worn themselves out, are "gone into the wastes of time," or have turned their indifferent side to us; the pains by their repeated blows have worn us out, and have left us neither spirit nor inclination to encounter them again in retrospect. We do not want to rip up old grievances, nor to renew our youth like the phoenix, nor to live our lives twice over. Once is enough. As the tree falls, so let it lie. Shut up the book and close the account once for all!

It has been thought by some that life is like the exploring of a passage that grows narrower and darker the farther we advance, without a possibility of ever turning back, and where we are stifled for want of breath at last. For myself, I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more, formerly, when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. At present I rather feel a thinness and want of support, I stretch out my hand to some object and find none, I am too much in a world of abstraction; the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in the emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me. In my youth I could not behold him for the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying—"Never mind that old fellow!" If I had lived indeed, I should not care to die. But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded. My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be reëdified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly

3. **Bourbons**, the royal family of France. Hazlitt was a stanch radical. 18. **This sensible**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III, i. 42. **the sear, the yellow leaf.** From Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, V, iii.

71. **I felt**, etc. I remember once, in particular, having this feeling on reading Schiller's *Don Carlos*, where there is a description of death, in a degree that almost stifled me. [Hazlitt's note.]

hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb, "GRATEFUL AND CONTENTED." But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain. In looking back, it sometimes appears to me as if I had in a manner slept out my life in a dream or shadow on the side of the hill of knowledge, where I have fed on books, on thoughts, on pictures, and only heard in half-murmurs the trampling of busy feet, or the noises of the throng below. Waked out of this dim, twilight existence, I have felt a wish to descend to the world of realities, and join in the chase. But I fear too late, and that I had better return to my bookish chimeras and indolence once more! . . . . . .

It is not wonderful that the contemplation and fear of death become more familiar to us as we approach nearer to it; that life seems to ebb with the decay of blood and youthful spirits; and that as we find everything about us subject to chance and change, as our strength and beauty die, as our hopes and passions, our friends and our affections, leave us, we begin by degrees to feel ourselves mortal!

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It is years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over: but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me; and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the churchyard over his little grave, the welcome breeze helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast!

An ivory or marble image, like Chantrey's monument of the two children, is contemplated with pure delight. Why do we not grieve and fret that the marble is not alive, or fancy that it has a shortness of breath? It never was alive; and it is the difficulty of making the transition from life to death, the struggle between the two in our imagination, that confounds their properties painfully together, and makes us conceive that the infant that is but just dead, still wants to breathe, to enjoy, and look about it, and is prevented by the icy hand of death, locking up its faculties and benumbing its senses; so that, if it could, it would complain of its own hard state. Perhaps religious considerations reconcile the mind to this change sooner than any others, by representing the spirit as fled to another sphere, and leaving the body behind it. So in reflecting on death generally, we mix up the idea of life with it, and thus make it the ghastly monster it is. We think, how we should feel, not how the dead feel.

> Still from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!

There is an admirable passage on this subject in Tucker's *Light of Nature Pursued*, which I shall transcribe, as by much the best illustration I can offer of it.

"The melancholy appearance of a lifeless body, the mansion provided for it to inhabit, dark, cold, close, and solitary, are shocking to the imagination; but it is to the imagination only, not the understanding; for whoever consults this faculty will see at first glance that there is nothing dismal in all these circumstances: if the corpse were kept wrapped up in a warm bed, with a roasting fire in the chamber, it would feel no comfortable warmth therefrom; were store of tapers lighted up as soon as day shuts in, it would see no objects to divert it; were it left at large it would have no liberty, nor if

53. **Chantrey**, an English sculptor (1781-1841).

79. **Still from the tomb**, etc., from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." 82. **Tucker**, an English philosopher and moralist (1705-1774)

surrounded with company would be cheered thereby; neither are the distorted features expressions of pain, uneasiness, or distress. This everyone knows, and will readily allow upon being suggested, yet still cannot behold, nor even cast a thought upon those objects without shuddering; for knowing that a living person must suffer grievously under such appearances, they become habitually formidable to the mind, and strike a mechanical horror, which is increased by the customs of the world around us."

There is usually one pang added voluntarily and unnecessarily to the fear of death, by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably set our minds at rest. The pathetic exhortation on country tombstones, "Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear," etc., is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. We do not leave so great a void in society as we are inclined to imagine, partly to magnify our own importance, and partly to console ourselves by sympathy. Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sooner than we should expect. Nay, *our room* is not unfrequently thought better than *our company*. People walk along the streets the day after our deaths just as they did before, and the crowd is not diminished. While we were living, the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime. The million are devoid of sentiment, and care as little for you or me as if we belonged to the moon. We live the week over in the Sunday's paper, or are decently interred in some obituary at the month's end! It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are on it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China—they have hardly been heard of in the next street. We are hand and glove with the universe, and think the obligation is mutual. This is an evident fallacy. If this, however, does not trouble us now, it will not hereafter. A handful of dust can have no quarrel to pick with its neighbors, or complaint to make against Providence, and might well exclaim, if it had but an understanding and a tongue, "Go thy ways, old world, swing round in blue ether, voluble to every age; you and I shall no more jostle!"

It is amazing how soon the rich and titled, and even some of those who have wielded great political power, are forgotten.

> A little rule, a little sway,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Betwixt the cradle and the grave—

and, after its short date, they hardly leave a name behind them. "A great man's memory may, at the common rate, survive him half a year." His heirs and successors take his titles, his power, and his wealth—all that made him considerable or courted by others; and he has left nothing else behind him either to delight or benefit the world. Posterity are not by any means so disinterested as they are supposed to be. They give their gratitude and admiration only in return for benefits conferred. They cherish the memory of those to whom they are indebted for instruction and delight; and they cherish it just in proportion to the instruction and delight they are conscious they receive. The sentiment of admiration springs immediately from this ground, and cannot be otherwise than well founded.

The effeminate clinging to life as such, as a general or abstract idea, is the effect of a highly civilized and artificial state of society. Men formerly plunged into all the vicissitudes and dangers of war, or staked their all upon a single die, or some one passion, which if they could not have gratified, life

71. **A little rule**, etc., from John Dyer's "Grongar Hill," inaccurately quoted and with one line omitted. 75. **A great man's memory**, etc., inexactly quoted from *Hamlet*, III, ii.

became a burden to them; now our strongest passion is to think, our chief amusement is to read new plays, new poems, new novels, and this we may do at our leisure, in perfect security, *ad infinitum*. If we look into the old histories and romances, before the *belles lettres* neutralized human affairs and reduced passion to a state of mental equivocation, we find the heroes and heroines not setting their lives "at a pin's fee," but rather courting opportunities of throwing them away in very wantonness of spirit. They raise their fondness for some favorite pursuit to its height, to a pitch of madness, and think no price too dear to pay for its full gratification. Everything else is dross. They go to death as to a bridal bed, and sacrifice themselves or others without remorse at the shrine of love, of honor, of religion, or any other prevailing feeling. Romeo runs his "sea-sick, weary bark upon the rocks" of death the instant he finds himself deprived of his Juliet, and she clasps his neck in their last agonies, and follows him to the same fatal shore. One strong idea takes possession of the mind and overrules every other; and even life itself, joyless without that, becomes an object of indifference or loathing. There is at least more of imagination in such a state of things, more vigor of feeling and promptitude to act, than in our lingering, languid, protracted attachment to life for its own poor sake. It is perhaps also better, as well as more heroical, to strike at some daring or darling object, and if we fail in that to take the consequences manfully, than to renew the lease of a tedious, spiritless, charmless existence, merely (as Pierre says) "to lose it afterwards in some vile brawl" for some worthless object. Was there not a spirit of martyrdom, as well as a spice of the reckless energy of barbarism, in this bold defiance of death? Had not religion something to do with it? the implicit belief in a future life, which rendered this of less value, and embodied something beyond it to the imagination; so that the rough soldier, the infatuated lover, the valorous knight, etc., could afford to throw away the present venture, and take a leap into the arms of futurity, which the modern skeptic sinks back from, with all his boasted reason and vain philosophy, weaker than a woman! I cannot help thinking so myself; but I have endeavored to explain this point before, and will not enlarge farther on it here.

A life of action and danger moderates the dread of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on which we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this score. Dr. Johnson was an instance in point. A few years seemed to him soon over, compared with those sweeping contemplations on time and infinity with which he had been used to pose himself. In the still life of a man of letters, there was no obvious reason for a change. He might sit in an armchair and pour out cups of tea to all eternity. Would it had been possible for him to do so! The most rational cure, after all, for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life. If we merely wish to continue on the scene to indulge our headstrong humors and tormenting passions, we had better be gone at once; and if we only cherish a fondness for existence according to the good we derive from it, the pang at parting with it will not be very severe! (1821-1822)

43. **Pierre**, a character in Otway's Restoration play, *Venice Preserved*.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

Note

Thomas De Quincey was the most eccentric of the essayists of the early nineteenth century. He was a queer, shy man, dreamy and melancholy from boyhood. He shared with Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt the disposition to write about himself; of the four essayists he was probably the most autobiographical. But the "facts" which he gives about himself in *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* and elsewhere are never more than half-facts; in all his work fact and fancy are woven together, and truth and poetry are mingled freely. A large proportion of De

Quincey's writing is essentially lyrical. Although he used prose altogether as the medium of his expression, much of his prose differs from poetry only in the absence of meter. So "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow" is a dream fantasy in which mood and biographical facts are caught in lyrical phrasing as melodious as organ tones. The capacity for condensing melancholy moods into prose form was not De Quincey's only power. He was a profound scholar with an immense breadth of knowledge and an ability to penetrate and analyze which sometimes descended to pedantry. With the American poet and story-teller, Edgar Allan Poe, De Quincey shared more than the distinction of belonging to the neurotic, drug-consuming school of writers. Like Poe, he was a combination of poet and scientist. Thus in his amazing piece of Shakespearean criticism, "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*," he has produced an uncannily clever bit of psychological analysis, and in his penetrating classification of literature into that of knowledge and that of power he has created a definition which still guides critics. The following essays, therefore, illustrate two phases of De Quincey's genius, the work of the melancholy, dreamy writer of prose-lyrics, and that of the clear-minded critic clearing a sure pathway through the difficulties of abstract definition and classification. With his essay on literature should be compared that of Newman (page 504).

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE OF POWER

What is it that we mean by *literature?* Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition. The most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is some relation to a general and common interest of man—so that what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature, but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm—does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten-thousandth part of its extent. The drama again—as, for instance, the finest part of Shakespeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage—operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea coextensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books, and much that does come into books may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought not so much in a better definition of literature as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfills. In that great social organ which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices, that may blend and often do so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move;* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel toward an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls "dry light"; but proximately it does and must operate—else it ceases to be a literature of *power*—on and through that *humid* light which

74. **dry light.** The phrase appears in Plutarch's *Life of Romulus*, where Bacon may have found it.

clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds; it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale.

Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth—namely *power*, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldy—are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz., the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost?* Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is *power*—that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upward, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or coöperation with the mere discursive understanding. When speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "the understanding heart"—making the heart, i. e., the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration.

63. **Jacob's ladder.** See Genesis xxviii, 12. 101. **epopee,** an epic poem.

What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice?* It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence, for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it attains its object—a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing, not with the refractory elements of earthly life, but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the preëminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*, or that teaches, if at all, indirectly by moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work—a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu bene se gesserit.* Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded—nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order —and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a Laplace, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, the *Othello* or *King Lear*, the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant, but triumphant forever, as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and, if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ, and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less—they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison. . . . At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer, never equaled on this earth for their tenderness and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the pagan tales of Ovid, never equaled on this earth for the

35. **quamdiu bene se gesserit**, during good behavior. 51. **Laplace**, a French astronomer (1744-1829).

58. **nominis umbra**, the shadow of a name.

gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust, but *he* is alive; he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years, "and shall a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plow; but the literature of power builds nests in aërial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. This is a great prerogative of the *power* literature, and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An encyclopedia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that before one generation has passed, an encyclopedia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the repose of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature properly so called—literature κατ' ἐξοχήν—for the very reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power for bad or good over human life that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let everyone be assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mold him through life, like forgotten incidents of his childhood. . . . . (1848)

30. The Greek means *par excellence*, preëminently.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the newborn infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative of mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now the word *edūco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever

educes, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years; he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offenses that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters.

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.*

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dul-

31. **on the foundation,** on a scholarship provided by the endowment fund. 37. **speak of what I know.** The sensitive De Quincey had had painful experiences at private schools, though not as a charity boy, and had observed the suffering of other boys.

cimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it

10. **telegraphed**, communicated from a distance; the word is used in its etymological meaning. 25-26. **Rama . . . Rachel**. Cf. Jeremiah, xxxi, 15, and Matthew, ii, 18.

68. **Czar**, Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia (1825-1855).

is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether toward pardon that he might implore, or toward reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning Maytime by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden. Through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:

6. **Pariah**, etc. De Quincey lists here the low caste, outcasts, and slaves. Norfolk Island, which belongs to New South Wales, contained one of the British criminal colonies. 44. **Shem**, the son of Noah; cf. Genesis, ix, 18-27.

58. **Cybele**, in Roman mythology the Great Mother of the gods, who rode in a chariot drawn by lions and who wore a mural crown. 90. **Sublime Goddesses.** The word is usually rendered *venerable* in dictionaries—but I am disposed to think that it comes nearest to our idea of the *sublime*, as near as a Greek word could come. [De Quincey's note.]

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled; and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshiped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy scepter lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope; wither the relentingoflove; scorch the fountainsof tears; curse him as only *thou* canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit." (1845)

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

NOTE

Macaulay stands, in a sense, between the early group of nineteenth-century romantic essayists, many of whom had no close connection with the social and economic problems of their age, and the later group of Victorians who were absorbed in their task of pointing out the diseases of the English social fabric. Unlike most of these writers, Macaulay took an active part in the world. Somehow or other, at least to a modern reader, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, and perhaps Hazlitt, seem detached, not from life but from public interests; and although Carlyle, Newman, and Arnold were vitally interested in public affairs, their interest expressed itself in writing and not in active participation. But Macaulay both wrote and acted. He was a lawyer, a member of parliament at thirty, and a brilliant and effective parliamentary orator. Two qualities exhibited in his debating appear also in his writing: one was his capacity for remembering facts and assembling them rapidly and in vast quantities; the other was a fondness for the dramatic effects which could be secured by exaggeration, vivid description, and sharp and startling antithesis. These qualities of style made him a sparkling writer but sometimes an unsafe and superficial one. Too frequently he distorted the essential truth of a statement by overcoloring it. Macaulay wrote essays and poetry as well as history. In his theory of the way to write history he is a romanticist; his *History of England* is as readable and brilliant as one of Scott's romances. Like other essayists of his time, Macaulay contributed many of his essays to the quarterly reviews or magazines, and particularly to the famous *Edinburgh Review*. His essays were nominally book-reviews; actually, however, he usually made short work of his comments on the book considered, and then launched into an independent treatise on the subject of the volume. Thus his Essay on History (*Edinburgh Review* for May, 1828) passed for a study of Henry Neele's *The Romance of History, England*. Actually it is a study of the development of the theory and art of writing history and a comparison of the classical with the modern historians. Only the last quarter of the essay is reprinted here; this is the section, however, which contains the outline of his theory of how history should be written. It should be compared with Carlyle's theory (page 495) and with the extracts from Macaulay's *Lord Clive* (page 312). The second essay, reprinted here under the title which Professor R. M. Alden has given it, is a section covering approximately the second quarter of Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1831, on Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron*. It is a highly significant and beautifully clear contribution to the debate between classicism and romanticism. It should be studied in connection with Pater's "Romanticism" (page 566) and Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 579).

HISTORY

. . . While our historians are practicing all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration—the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired deserves the serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's *Charles the Twelfth*, Marmontel's *Memoirs*, Bos-

well's *Life of Johnson*, Southey's account of Nelson are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. Whenever any tolerable book of the same description makes its appearance, the circulating libraries are mobbed, the book societies are in commotion, the new novel lies uncut, the magazines and newspapers fill their columns with extracts. In the meantime histories of great empires, written by men of eminent ability, lie unread on the shelves of ostentatious libraries.

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama. The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because—as we are told—they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.

That history would be more amusing if this etiquette were relaxed will, we suppose, be acknowledged. But would it be less dignified or less useful? What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike tickets collected by Sir Matthew Mite.

Let us suppose that Lord Clarendon, instead of filling hundreds of folio pages with copies of state papers, in which the same assertions and contradictions are repeated till the reader is overpowered with weariness, had condescended to be the Boswell of the Long Parliament. Let us suppose that he had exhibited to us the wise and lofty self-government of Hampden, leading while he seemed to follow, and propounding unanswerable arguments in the strongest forms with the modest air of an inquirer anxious for information; the delusions which misled the noble spirit of Vane; the coarse fanaticism which concealed the yet loftier genius of Cromwell, destined to control a mutinous army and a factious people, to abase the flag of Holland, to arrest the victorious arms of Sweden, and to hold the balance firm between the rival monarchies of France and Spain. Let us suppose that he had made his Cavaliers and Roundheads talk in their own style; that he had reported some of the ribaldry of Rupert's pages, and some of the cant of Harrison and Fleetwood. Would not his work in that case have been more interesting? Would it not have been more accurate?

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity —these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand

23. **French drama.** French tragedy in the time of Corneille (1606-1684) and Racine (1639-1699) was characterized by a rigid adherence to a code that was based largely on a narrow and distorted interpretation of the theory of tragedy in Aristotle's *Poetics*. As a result, French classical tragedy was stiff, formal, and unnatural. 47. **Sir Matthew Mite**, a character in a comedy by Samuel Foote (1720-1779).

49. **Lord Clarendon**, Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), Lord Chancellor of England, and author of the *History of the Rebellion*. The allusions in this paragraph are all to figures in the Great Rebellion. Hampden and Vane were republican statesmen; Prince Rupert was a German nephew of Charles I and a Royalist general; Harrison and Fleetwood were generals in the Commonwealth army.

counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories. But we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers and of the rise of profligate favorites. But we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil effected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system.

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but it is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

In the works of such writers as these, England, at the close of the Seven Years' War, is in the highest state of prosperity; at the close of the American War she is in a miserable and degraded condition; as if the people were not on the whole as rich, as well governed, and as well educated at the latter period as at the former. We have read books called Histories of England under the reign of George the Second, in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct. If it should still exist, the late ministerial interregnum will be described in terms which will seem to imply that all government was at an end, that the social contract was annulled, and that the hand of every man was against his neighbor, until the wisdom and virtue of the new cabinet educed order out of the chaos of anarchy. We are quite certain that misconceptions as gross prevailed at this moment respecting many important parts of our annals.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner men may know the dates of many battles and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the King, has hunted with the Master of the Staghounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a Knight of the Garter installed, has cantered along Regent Street, has visited St. Paul's and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and

15. **Bishop Watson**, Richard Watson (1737-1816), bishop of Llandaff and author. 28. **Seven Years' War**, the contest between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria for the possession of Silesia (1756-1763). England fought on the side of Frederick. 41. **late ministerial interregnum**, the ministry of Lord Castlereagh, which preceded the accession of George IV in 1820. George III was insane in the last years of his life.

debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate; but he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man such as we are supposing should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them, in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly—in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality;* for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders —the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory, and the High Mass in its chapel—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The Revival of Letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appe-

84. **Tabard.** See *The Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* (page I-150). 102. **villain,** usually *villein;* cf. page 324, lines 6 ff.

tite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous, and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne—the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth*, without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished.

13. **Tacitus**, a Roman historian of the first century.

We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the house of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause—the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the Independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans—the valor, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises—the dreams of the raving Fifth Monarchy men; the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican—all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their prog-

62. **Thucydides**, an Athenian historian of the fifth century B. C. **Fifth Monarchy men**, a fanatical sect in the time of the Commonwealth who believed that Christ's coming to establish the "fifth monarchy" should be hastened by force. See note on line 30, page 361.

ress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative defective in this respect is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease, and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot, indeed, produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist. (1828)

CORRECTNESS AND CLASSICISM

. . . Wherein especially does the poetry of our times differ from that of the last century? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and irregular, presented far more vivid images and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope. In the same manner we constantly hear it said that the poets of the age of Elizabeth had far more genius, but far less correctness, than those of the age of Anne. It seems to be taken for granted that there is some incompatibility, some antithesis, between correctness and creative power. We rather suspect that this notion arises merely from an abuse of words, and that it has been the parent of many of the fallacies which perplex the science of criticism.

What is meant by correctness in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth and in the principles of human nature, then correctness is only another name for excellence. If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dullness and absurdity.

A writer who describes visible objects falsely, and violates the propriety of character, a writer who makes the mountains "nod their drowsy heads" at night, or a dying man take leave of the world with a rant like that of Maximin, may be said, in the high and just sense of the phrase, to write incorrectly. He violates the first great law of his art. His imitation is altogether unlike the thing imitated. The four poets who are most eminently free from incorrectness of this description are Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. They are therefore, in one sense, and that the best sense, the most correct of poets.

When it is said that Vergil, though he had less genius than Homer, was a more correct writer, what sense is attached to the word correctness? Is it meant that the story of the *Aeneid* is developed more skillfully than that of the *Odyssey?* that the Roman describes the face of the external world, or the emotions of the mind, more accurately than the Greek? that the characters of Achates and Mnestheus are more nicely discriminated, and more consistently supported, than those of Achilles, of Nestor, and of Ulysses? The fact incontestably is that, for every violation of the fundamental laws of poetry which can be found in Homer, it would be easy to find twenty in Vergil.

Troilus and Cressida is perhaps, of all the plays of Shakespeare, that which is

71. **Maximin**, from Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*. **92, 95. Achates and Mnestheus, Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses.** The first two are characters from Vergil's *Aeneid*; the others are from Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

commonly considered as the most incorrect. Yet it seems to us infinitely more correct, in the sound sense of the term, than what are called the most correct plays of the most correct dramatists. Compare it, for example, with the *Iphigénie* of Racine. We are sure that the Greeks of Shakespeare bear a far greater resemblance than the Greeks of Racine to the real Greeks who besieged Troy; and for this reason, that the Greeks of Shakespeare are human beings, and the Greeks of Racine mere names, mere words printed in capitals at the head of paragraphs of declamation. Racine, it is true, would have shuddered at the thought of making a warrior at the siege of Troy quote Aristotle. But of what use is it to avoid a single anachronism, when the whole play is one anachronism, the sentiments and phrases of Versailles in the camp of Aulis?

In the sense in which we are now using the word correctness, we think that Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, are far more correct poets than those who are commonly extolled as the models of correctness—Pope, for example, and Addison. The single description of a moonlight night in Pope's *Iliad* contains more inaccuracies than can be found in all the *Excursion*. There is not a single scene in *Cato* in which all that conduces to poetical illusion, all the propriety of character, of language, of situation, is not more grossly violated than in any part of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. No man can possibly think that the Romans of Addison resemble the real Romans so closely as the moss-troopers of Scott resemble the real moss-troopers. Wat Tinlinn and William of Deloraine are not, it is true, persons of so much dignity as Cato. But the dignity of the persons represented has as little to do with the correctness of poetry as with the correctness of painting. We prefer a gypsy by Reynolds to His Majesty's head on a signpost, and a Borderer by Scott to a senator by Addison.

In what sense, then, is the word correctness used by those who say, with the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, that Pope was the most correct of English poets, and that next to Pope came the late Mr. Gifford? What is the nature and value of that correctness, the praise of which is denied to *Macbeth*, to *Lear*, and to *Othello*, and given to Hoole's translations and to all the Seatonian prize-poems? We can discover no eternal rule, no rule founded in reason and in the nature of things, which Shakespeare does not observe much more strictly than Pope. But if by correctness be meant the conforming to a narrow legislation which, while lenient to the *mala in se*, multiplies without the shadow of a reason the *mala prohibita*—if by correctness be meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion—then, assuredly, Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakespeare; and, if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope. But it may well be doubted whether this kind of correctness be a merit, nay, whether it be not an absolute fault.

It would be amusing to make a digest of the irrational laws which bad critics have framed for the government of poets. First in celebrity and in absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find anything that could, even by courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practice of the Greeks. It requires no very profound examination to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of

7. **Racine.** Cf. footnote on French drama (page 485).
34. **Cato,** Addison's classical tragedy (1713).
55. **The Pursuits of Literature,** a satire by T. J. Mathias (1794).
62. **Hoole,** an English translator and dramatist (1727-1803).
70, 72. **mala in se, mala prohibita,** genuine crimes and statutory crimes, respectively.
80. **Colley Cibber,** English dramatist and actor (1671-1757), who reconstructed many of Shakespeare's plays to make them conform to the prevailing literary taste.
89. **dramatic unities,** the theory, ascribed incorrectly to Aristotle, that all dramatic action should occur in one place and within the period of one day. The third unity, which is actually explained in Aristotle's *Poetics*, is that of action.

human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth. Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. It would, therefore, have been little less than a miracle if the laws of the Athenian stage had been found to suit plays in which there was no chorus. All the greatest masterpieces of the dramatic art have been composed in direct violation of the unities, and could never have been composed if the unities had not been violated. It is clear, for example, that such a character as that of Hamlet could never have been developed within the limits to which Alfieri confined himself. Yet such was the reverence of literary men during the last century for the unities, that Johnson, who, much to his honor, took the opposite side, was, as he says, "frightened at his own temerity," and "afraid to stand against the authorities which might be produced against him."

There are other rules of the same kind without end. "Shakespeare," says Rymer, "ought not to have made Othello black; for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." "Milton," says another critic, "ought not to have taken Adam for his hero; for the hero of an epic poem ought always to be victorious." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book; for the first book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the *Iliad*." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have placed in an epic poem such lines as these:

> While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither."

And why not? The critic is ready with a reason—a lady's reason. "Such lines," says he, "are not, it must be allowed, unpleasing to the ear; but the redundant syllable ought to be confined to the drama, and not admitted into epic poetry." As to the redundant syllable in heroic rime on serious subjects, it has been, from the time of Pope downward, proscribed by the general consent of all the correct school. No magazine would have admitted so incorrect a couplet as that of Drayton:

> As when we lived untouched with these disgraces,
> When as our kingdom was our dear embraces.

Another law of heroic rime which, fifty years ago, was considered as fundamental, was that there should be a pause, a comma at least, at the end of every couplet. It was also provided that there should never be a full stop except at the end of a line. Well do we remember to have heard a most correct judge of poetry revile Mr. Rogers for the incorrectness of that most sweet and graceful passage—

> Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
> When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
> 'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
> At midnight in a sister's arms to die.
> O thou wert lovely; lovely was thy frame,
> And pure thy spirit as from heaven it came;
> And when recalled to join the blest above
> Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
> Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
> When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
> Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee:
> And now I write what thou shalt never see.

Sir Roger Newdigate is fairly entitled, we think, to be ranked among the great critics of this school. He made a law that none of the poems written for the prize which he established at Oxford should exceed fifty lines. This law seems to us to have at least as much

18. **Alfieri**, Italian dramatist (1749-1803). 28. **Shakespeare**, etc., quoted from Rymer's *A Short View of Tragedy* (1692).

70. **Such grief**, etc., from Samuel Roger's *Human Life* (1819).

foundation in reason as any of those which we have mentioned—nay, much more, for the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better. We do not see why we should not make a few more rules of the same kind; why we should not enact that the number of scenes in every act shall be three or some multiple of three, that the number of lines in every scene shall be an exact square, that the *dramatis personae* shall never be more or fewer than sixteen, and that, in heroic rimes, every thirty-sixth line shall have twelve syllables. If we were to lay down these canons, and to call Pope, Goldsmith, and Addison incorrect writers for not having complied with our whims, we should act precisely as those critics act who find incorrectness in the magnificent imagery and the varied music of Coleridge and Shelley.

The correctness which the last century prized so much resembles the correctness of those pictures of the garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles. We have an exact square, inclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the center, rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in; the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the center of the grand alley, the snake twined round it, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the squares are correct, the circles are correct; the man and the woman are in a most correct line with the tree; and the snake forms a most correct spiral. But if there were a painter so gifted that he could place on the canvas that glorious paradise seen by the interior eye of him whose outward sight had failed with long watching and laboring for liberty and truth—if there were a painter who could set before us the mazes of the sapphire brook, the lake with its fringe of myrtles, the flowery meadows, the grottoes overhung by vines, the forests shining with Hesperian fruit and with the plumage of gorgeous birds, the massy shade of that nuptial bower which showered down roses on the sleeping lovers—what should we think of a connoisseur who should tell us that this painting, though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, was not so correct? Surely we should answer, It is both finer and more correct, and it is finer because it is more correct. It is not made up of correctly drawn diagrams, but it is a correct painting, a worthy representation of that which it is intended to represent.

It is not in the fine arts alone that this false correctness is prized by narrow-minded men, by men who cannot distinguish means from ends, or what is accidental from what is essential. M. Jourdain admired correctness in fencing. "You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in quart till you have thrust in tierce." M. Tomès liked correctness in medical practice. "I stand up for Artemius. That he killed his patient is plain enough. But still he acted quite according to rule. A man dead is a man dead, and there is an end of the matter. But if rules are to be broken, there is no saying what consequences may follow." We have heard of an old German officer who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. "In my youth we used to march and countermarch all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who flies about from Bologne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect." The world is of opinion, in spite of critics

33. **Tuileries**, famous gardens in Paris.

76. **You had**, etc., from Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*., 80. **I stand**, etc., from Molière's *L'Amour Medecin*. 92. **Marshal Daun**, Count von Daun (1705-1766), Austrian field marshal.

like these, that the end of fencing is to hit, that the end of medicine is to cure, that the end of war is to conquer, and that those means are the most correct which best accomplish the ends.

And has poetry no end, no eternal and immutable principles? Is poetry like heraldry, mere matter of arbitrary regulation? The heralds tell us that certain scutcheons and bearings denote certain conditions, and that to put colors on colors, or metals on metals, is false blazonry. If all this were reversed, if every coat of arms in Europe were new fashioned, if it were decreed that *or* should never be placed but on *argent*, or *argent* but on *or*, that illegitimacy should be denoted by a *lozenge*, and widowhood by a *bend*, the new science would be just as good as the old science, because both the new and old would be good for nothing. The mummery of Portecullis and Rouge Dragon, as it has no other value than that which caprice has assigned to it, may well submit to any laws which caprice may impose upon it. But it is not so with that great imitative art, to the power of which all ages, the rudest and the most enlightened, bear witness. Since its first great masterpieces were produced, everything that is changeable in this world has been changed. Civilization has been gained, lost, gained again. Religions, and languages, and forms of government, and usages of private life, and modes of thinking, all have undergone a succession of revolutions. Everything has passed away but the great features of nature and the heart of man, and the miracles of that art of which it is the office to reflect back the heart of man and the features of nature. Those two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness. They still command the veneration of minds enriched by the literature of many nations and ages. They are still, even in wretched translations, the delight of schoolboys. Having survived ten thousand capricious fashions, having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain to us, immortal with the immortality of truth, the same when perused in the study of an English scholar as when they were first chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes.

Poetry is, as was said more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the art of painting, sculpture, and acting. The imitations of the painter, the sculptor, and the actor are indeed, within certain limits, more perfect than those of the poet. The machinery which the poet employs consists merely of words; and words cannot, even when employed by such an artist as Homer or Dante, present to the mind images of visible objects quite so lively and exact as those which we carry away from looking on the works of the brush and the chisel. But, on the other hand, the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art, or than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate only form; the painter only form and color; the actor—until the poet supplies him with words—only form, color, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts; the heart of man is the province of poetry and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face, always an imperfect, often a deceitful, sign of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things which really exist, all things of which we can form an image in our minds by combining together parts of things which really

16, 18, 19. **or, argent, lozenge, bend,** terms in heraldry; *or* is gold; *argent*, silver; *lozenge*, a diamond-shaped figure; *bend*, a broad band across the shield. 23. **Portecullis, Rouge Dragon,** pursuivants, or officers below the rank of herald in the English College of Heralds.

59. **as was said,** in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

exist. The domain of this imperial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty.

An art essentially imitative ought not, surely, to be subjected to rules which tend to make its imitations less perfect than they otherwise would be; and those who obey such rules ought to be called, not correct, but incorrect, artists. The true way to judge of the rules by which English poetry was governed during the last century is to look at the effects which they produced.

It was in 1780 that Johnson completed his *Lives of the Poets*. He tells us in that work that since the time of Dryden English poetry had shown no tendency to relapse into its original savageness, that its language had been refined, its numbers tuned, and its sentiments improved. It may perhaps be doubted whether the nation had any great reason to exult in the refinements and improvements which gave it *Douglas*, for *Othello*, and *The Triumphs of Temper* for *The Faerie Queene*. It was during the thirty years which preceded the appearance of Johnson's *Lives* that the diction and versification of English poetry were, in the sense in which the word is commonly used, most correct. Those thirty years are, as respects poetry, the most deplorable part of our literary history. They have indeed bequeathed to us scarcely any poetry which deserves to be remembered. Two or three hundred lines of Gray, twice as many of Goldsmith, a few stanzas of Beattie and Collins, a few strophes of Mason, and a few clever prologues and satires were the masterpieces of this age of consummate excellence. They may all be printed in one volume, and that volume would be by no means a volume of extraordinary merit. It would contain no poetry of the very highest class, and little which could be placed very high in the second class. The *Paradise Regained* or *Comus* would outweigh it all.

At last, when poetry had fallen into such utter decay that Mr. Hayley was thought a great poet, it began to appear that the excess of the evil was about to work the cure. Men became tired of an insipid conformity to a standard which derived no authority from nature or reason. A shallow criticism had taught them to ascribe a superstitious value to the spurious correctness of poetasters. A deeper criticism brought them back to the true correctness of the first great masters. The eternal laws of poetry regained their power, and the temporary fashions which had superseded those laws went after the wig of Lovelace and the hoop of Clarissa.

(1830)

24. **Douglas**, a tragedy by John Home (1756).
25. **The Triumphs of Temper**, a poem by William Hayley (1781).

67. **wig of Lovelace**, etc. Lovelace and Clarissa were stock names for the beau and belle of the Restoration Age; the *hoop* was the fashionable hoop-skirt of the time.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

Note

The mid-Victorian writers took themselves very seriously. It seemed to them that society was disintegrating, with industrialism and reliance on physical values replacing spirituality, intellectuality, and love of beauty. Each of the major prophets among the Victorian essayists—Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, and Arnold—made his own diagnosis and prescribed his own cure. They agreed in more than one respect, but notably in their belief that the salvation of England lay in restoring the vanishing moral values of the past. So it was that Carlyle hated democracy and prescribed leadership by the strong hero; that Newman's search for spiritual truth and refuge led him back to Catholicism; that Ruskin sought to restore the simple industry of the days of hand-work and the beauty of a countryside unspotted by the ugliness of factories; that Arnold clung to the values of culture and defended the old classical education against the invasion of a scientific training that threatened to submerge all. Of the four Carlyle was the most thundering. He has been called "a moral brass band," and his prodigious literary labor has been sarcastically referred to as the "doctrine of silence in forty volumes." He is essentially a preacher. In his insistence upon the religious value of labor, the necessity of spiritual bonds between man and man, and the corruptive force of "mammon" worship, he is vigorous, but not always practical. His hatreds were many and strong. He loathed the economists, the scientists, the legislators, and all who would regulate the world by man-made devices. In his prose style, as in his ideas, he is like thunder on a mountain-top; he uses all of the violent rhetorical devices of apostrophe, exclamation, hyberbole, and personification, crush-

ing his reader with the weight of his emphasis. But his writing is unforgettably superb and vigorous—a fitting instrument for a writer whose insistence on spiritual values provided a strong check to the growing worship of material things. Carlyle's essay "On History" was first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1830. It reflects his theory of hero-worship. His conception is that "history is the essence of innumerable biographies." His essay "Labor" is Chapter 11 of the third book of *Past and Present* (1843), a volume in which he sets forth his industrial and social theories in his usual thundering style.

ON HISTORY

Clio was figured by the ancients as the eldest daughter of Memory, and chief of the Muses; which dignity, whether we regard the essential qualities of her art, or its practice and acceptance among men, we shall still find to have been fitly bestowed. History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought. It is a looking both before and after; as, indeed, the coming time already waits, unseen, yet definitely shaped, predetermined and inevitable, in the Time come; and only by the combination of both is the meaning of either completed. The Sibylline Books, though old, are not the oldest. Some nations have prophecy, some have not; but of all mankind there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted History, though several have not arithmetic enough to count Five. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red man as well as the White, lives between two eternities, and, warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united, with the whole Future and the whole past.

1. **Clio**, in Greek mythology the muse of history. 18. **Sibylline Books**, in Roman religion a collection of Greek oracles sold to King Tarquinius Superbus by the Cumaean sibyl and consulted as guides to religious belief. 24. **quipo-threads**, a mnemonic device used by the ancient Peruvians.

A talent for History may be said to be born with us, as our chief inheritance. In a certain sense all men are historians. Is not every memory written quite full with Annals, wherein joy and mourning, conquest and loss, manifoldly alternate; and, with or without philosophy, the whole fortunes of one little inward kingdom, and all its politics, foreign and domestic, stand ineffaceably recorded? Our very speech is curiously historical. Most men, you may observe, speak only to narrate; not in imparting what they have thought, which indeed were often a very small matter, but in exhibiting what they have undergone or seen, which is a quite unlimited one, do talkers dilate. Cut us off from Narrative, how would the stream of conversation, even among the wisest, languish into detached handfuls, and among the foolish utterly evaporate! Thus, as we do nothing but enact History, we say little but recite it; nay, rather, in that widest sense, our whole spiritual life is built thereon. For, strictly considered, what is all Knowledge, too, but recorded Experience, and a product of History; of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials?

Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable action, has, in all modern as well as ancient times, ranked among the highest arts; and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours. For whereas, of old, the charm of History lay chiefly in gratifying our common appetite for the wonderful, for the unknown, and her office was but as that of a Minstrel and Story-teller, she has now farther become a Schoolmistress, and professes to instruct in gratifying. Whether, with the stateliness of that venerable character, she may not have taken up something of its austerity and frigidity; whether, in the logical terseness of a Hume or Robertson, the graceful ease and gay pictorial heartiness of a Herodotus or Froissart may not be wanting, is not the question for

us here. Enough that all learners, all inquiring minds of every order, are gathered round her footstool, and reverently pondering her lessons, as the true basis of Wisdom. Poetry, Divinity, Politics, Physics, have each their adherents and adversaries; each little guild supporting a defensive and offensive war for its own special domain; while the domain of History is as a free Emporium, where all these belligerents peaceably meet and furnish themselves; and Sentimentalist and Utilitarian, Skeptic and Theologian, with one voice advise us: Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."

Far be it from us to disparage such teaching, the very attempt at which must be precious. Neither shall we too rigidly inquire: How much it has hitherto profited? Whether most of what little practical wisdom men have has come from study of professed History, or from other less boasted sources; whereby, as matters now stand, a Marlborough may become great in the world's business, with no History save what he derives from Shakespeare's Plays? Nay, whether in that same teaching by Experience, historical Philosophy has yet properly deciphered the first element of all science in this kind: What the aim and significance of that wondrous changeful Life it investigates and paints may be? Whence the course of man's destinies in this Earth originated, and whither they are tending? Or, indeed, if they have any course and tendency, are really guided forward by an unseen mysterious Wisdom, or only circle in blind mazes without recognizable guidance? Which questions, altogether fundamental, one might think, in any Philosophy of History, have, since the era when Monkish Annalists were wont to answer them by the long-ago extinguished light of their Missal and Breviary, been by most philosophical Historians only glanced at dubiously and from afar; by many, not so much as glanced at.

13. **Utilitarian.** Carlyle was vigorously opposed to the philosophy of Utilitarianism advocated by Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), believing that it destroyed a true conception of spiritual values.

The truth is, two difficulties, never wholly surmountable, lie in the way. Before Philosophy can teach by Experience, the philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded. Now, overlooking the former consideration, and with regard only to the latter, let anyone who has examined the current of human affairs, and how intricate, perplexed, unfathomable, even when seen into with our own eyes, are their thousandfold blending movements, say whether the true representing of it is easy or impossible. Social Life is the aggregate of all the individual men's Lives who constitute society; History is the essence of innumerable Biographies. But if one Biography, nay, our own Biography, study and recapitulate it as we may, remains in so many points unintelligible to us, how much more must these million, the very facts of which, to say nothing of the purport of them, we know not, and cannot know!

Neither will it adequately avail us to assert that the general inward condition of life is the same in all ages; and that only the remarkable deviations from the common endowment and common lot, and the more important variations which the outward figure of Life has from time to time undergone, deserve memory and record. The inward condition of Life, it may rather be affirmed, the conscious or half-conscious aim of mankind, so far as men are not mere digesting-machines, is the same in no two ages; neither are the more important outward variations easy to fix on, or always well capable of representation. Which was the greatest innovator, which was the more important personage in man's history, he who first led armies over the Alps, and gained the victories of Cannae and Thrasymene; or the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself an iron spade? When

68. **History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.** This theory is developed further in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Carlyle was opposed to the idea of democracy and favored the rule of a benevolent monarch. 98. **Cannae and Thrasymene,** victories won (216 and 217 B. C.) by the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, over the Romans.

the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war-tumults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy or terror intoxicate every heart, pass away like tavern-brawls; and, except some few Marathons and Morgartens, are remembered by accident, not by desert. Laws themselves, political Constitutions, are not our Life, but only the house wherein our Life is led; nay, they are but the bare walls of the house; all whose essential furniture, the inventions and traditions and daily habits that regulate and support our existence, are the work not of Dracos and Hampdens, but of Phoenician mariners, of Italian masons and Saxon metallurgists, of philosophers, alchemists, prophets, and all the long-forgotten train of artists and artisans; who from the first have been jointly teaching us how to think and how to act, how to rule over spiritual and over physical Nature. Well may we say that of our History the more important part is lost without recovery; and—as thanksgivings were once wont to be offered "for unrecognized mercies"—look with reverence into the dark untenanted places of the Past, where, in formless oblivion, our chief benefactors, with all their sedulous endeavors, but not with the fruit of these, lie entombed.

So imperfect is that same experience, by which philosophy is to teach. Nay, even with regard to those occurrences which do stand recorded, which at their origin have seemed worthy of record, and the summary of which constitutes what we now call History, is not our understanding of them altogether incomplete; is it even possible to represent them as they were? The old story of Sir Walter Raleigh's looking from his prison-window on some street tumult, which afterwards three witnesses reported in three different ways, himself differing from them all, is still a true lesson for us. Consider how it is that historical documents and records originate; even honest records, where the reporters were unbiased by personal regard; a case which, were nothing more wanted, must ever be among the rarest. The real leading features of a historical Transaction, those movements that essentially characterize it, and alone deserve to be recorded, are nowise the foremost to be noted. At first, among the various witnesses, who are also parties interested, there is only vague wonder, and fear or hope, and the noise of Rumor's thousand tongues; till, after a season, the conflict of testimonies has subsided into some general issue; and then it is settled, by majority of votes, that such and such a "Crossing of the Rubicon," an "Impeachment of Stafford," a "Convocation of the Notables," are epochs in the world's history, cardinal points on which grand world-revolutions have hinged. Suppose, however, that the majority of votes was all wrong; that the real cardinal points lay far deeper; and had been passed over unnoticed, because no Seer, but only mere Onlookers, chanced to be there! Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from Era to Era. Men understand not what is among their hands; as calmness is the characteristic of strength, so the weightiest causes may be most silent. It is, in no case, the real historical Transaction, but only some more or less plausible scheme and theory of the Transaction, or the harmonized result of many such schemes each varying from truth, that we can ever hope to behold.

Nay, were our faculty of insight into

8. **Marathons and Morgartens.** At the Battle of Marathon (490 B. C.), a small army of Greeks under Miltiades defeated a large Persian army; at Morgarten, in 1315, a small body of Swiss routed an Austrian army. 17. **Draco and Hampden,** an Athenian and an English statesman, respectively.

69. **Crossing of the Rubicon.** Julius Caesar's passage of this river with his army was the signal for civil war. 70. **Stafford.** Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, was a Royalist statesman impeached and ordered to execution by the House of Commons in 1641. 71. **Convocation of the Notables,** the States-general Assembly convened by order of Louis XVI of France in August, 1788. The Third Estate broke with the Assembly and in June, 1789, created the National Assembly, which continued in power until September, 1791. All three of the historical events referred to were crises.

passing things never so complete, there is still a fatal discrepancy between our manner of observing these, and their manner of occurring. The most gifted man can observe, still more can record, only the *series* of his own impressions; his observation, therefore, to say nothing of its other imperfections, must be *successive*, while the things done were often *simultaneous;* the things done were not a series, but a group. It is not in acted, as it is in written, History: actual events are nowise so simply related to each other as parent and offspring are; every single event is the offspring not of one, but of all other events, prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all others to give birth to new; it is an ever-living, ever-working Chaos of Being, wherein shape after shape bodies itself forth from innumerable elements. And this Chaos, boundless as the habitation and duration of man, unfathomable as the soul and destiny of man, is what the historian will depict, and scientifically gage, we may say, by threading it with single lines of a few ells in length! For as all action is, by its nature, to be figured as extended in breadth and in depth, as well as in length; that is to say, is based on Passion and Mystery, if we investigate its origin; and spreads abroad on all hands, modifying and modified; as well as advances toward completion—so all Narrative is, by its nature, of only one dimension; only travels forward toward one, or toward successive points: Narrative is *linear*, Action is *solid*. Alas for our "chains," or chainlets, of "causes and effects," which we so assiduously track through certain handbreadths of years and square miles, when the whole is a broad, deep immensity, and each atom is "chained" and complected with all! Truly, if History is "Philosophy teaching by Experience," the writer fitted to compose History is hitherto an unknown man. The experience itself would require All-knowledge to record it—were the All-wisdom needful for such philosophy as would interpret it, to be had for asking. Better were it that mere earthly Historians should lower such pretensions, more suitable for Omniscience than for human science; and, aiming only at some picture of the things acted, which picture itself will at best be a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret; or at most, in reverent Faith, far different from that teaching of Philosophy, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him whose path is in the great deep of Time, whom History indeed reveals, but only all History, and in Eternity, will clearly reveal.

Such considerations truly were of small profit, did they, instead of teaching us vigilance and reverent humility in our inquiries into History, abate our esteem for them, or discourage us from unweariedly prosecuting them. Let us search more and more into the Past; let all men explore it, as the true fountain of knowledge; by whose light alone, consciously or unconsciously employed, can the Present and the Future be interpreted or guessed at. For though the whole meaning lies far beyond our ken, yet in that complex Manuscript, covered over with formless, inextricably-entangled, unknown characters — nay, which is a *Palimpsest*, and had once prophetic writing, still dimly legible there—some letters, some words, may be deciphered; and if no complete philosophy, here and there an intelligible precept, available in practice, be gathered: well understanding, in the meanwhile, that it is only a little portion we have deciphered; that much still remains to be interpreted; that History is a real Prophetic Manuscript, and can be fully interpreted by no man.

But the Artist in History may be Distinguished from the Artisan in History; for here, as in all other provinces, there are Artists and Artisans; men who labor mechanically in a department, without eye for the Whole, not feeling that there is a Whole; and men who inform and ennoble the humblest department with an Idea of the Whole,

47. **Philosophy teaching by Experience**, an idea expressed by Thucydides, the Athenian historian. Carlyle repudiated the doctrine.

and habitually know that only in the Whole is the partial to be truly discerned. The proceedings and the duties of these two, in regard to History, must be altogether different. Not, indeed, that each has not a real worth, in his several degree. The simple husbandman can till his field, and, by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman, he is blameless in disregarding those higher wonders; but as a thinker, a faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian, who examines some special aspect of History; and from this or that combination of circumstances, political, moral, economical, and the issues it has led to, infers that such and such properties belong to human society, and that the like circumstances will produce the like issue; which inference, if other trials confirm it, must be held true and practically valuable. He is wrong only, and an artisan, when he fancies that these properties, discovered or discoverable, exhaust the matter; and sees not, at every step, that it is inexhaustible.

However, that class of cause-and-effect speculators, with whom no wonder would remain wonderful, but all things in Heaven and Earth must be computed and "accounted for"; and even the Unknown, the Infinite in man's life, had under the words *Enthusiasm*, *Superstition*, *Spirit of the Age*, and so forth, obtained, as it were, an algebraical symbol and given value—have now wellnigh played their part in European culture; and may be considered as, in most countries, even in England itself where they linger the latest, verging toward extinction. He who reads the inscrutable Book of Nature as if it were a Merchant's Ledger is justly suspected of having never seen that Book, but only some School synopsis thereof; from which, if taken for the real Book, more error than insight is to be derived.

Doubtless also, it is with a growing feeling of the infinite nature of History that in these times the old principle, division of labor, has been so widely applied to it. The Political Historian, once almost the sole cultivator of History, has now found various associates, who strive to elucidate other phases of human Life; of which, as hinted above, the political conditions it is passed under are but one, and, though the primary, perhaps not the most important of the many outward arrangements. Of this Historian himself, moreover, in his own special department, new and higher things are beginning to be expected. From of old it was too often to be reproachfully observed of him that he dwelt with disproportionate fondness in Senate-houses, in Battlefields, nay even in Kings' Antechambers; forgetting that far away from such scenes the mighty tide of Thought and Action was still rolling on its wondrous course, in gloom and brightness; and in its thousand remote valleys, a whole world of Existence, with or without an earthly sun of Happiness to warm it, with or without a heavenly sun of Holiness to purify and sanctify it, was blossoming and fading, whether the "famous victory" were won or lost. The time seems coming when much of this must be amended; and he who sees no world but that of courts and camps; and writes only how soldiers were drilled and shot, and how this ministerial conjuror outconjured that other, and then guided, or at least held, something which he called the rudder of Government, but which was rather the spigot of Taxation, wherewith, in place of steering, he could tap, and the more cunningly the nearer the lees—will pass for a more or less instructive Gazetteer, but will no longer be called a Historian.

However, the political historian, were his work performed with all conceivable perfection, can accomplish but a part, and still leaves room for numerous fellow-laborers. Foremost among these comes the Ecclesiastical Historian; en-

deavoring, with catholic or sectarian view, to trace the progress of the church; of that portion of the social establishment which respects our religious condition; as the other portion does our civil, or rather, in the long run, our economical condition. Rightly conducted, this department were undoubtedly the more important of the two; inasmuch as it concerns us more to understand how man's moral well-being had been and might be promoted, than to understand in the like sort his physical well-being; which latter is ultimately the aim of all Political arrangements. For the physically happiest is simply the safest, the strongest; and, in all Conditions of Government, power (whether of wealth as in these days, or of arms and adherents as in old days) is the only outward emblem and purchase-money of Good. True Good, however, unless we reckon Pleasure synonymous with it, is said to be rarely, or rather never, offered for sale in the market where that coin passes current. So that, for man's true advantage, not the outward condition of his life, but the inward and spiritual, is of prime influence; not the form of Government he lives under, and the power he can accumulate there, but the Church he is a member of, and the degree of moral elevation he can acquire by means of its instruction. Church History, then, did it speak wisely, would have momentous secrets to teach us; nay, in its highest degree, it were a sort of continued Holy Writ; our sacred books being, indeed, only a history of the primeval church, as it first arose in man's soul, and symbolically embodied itself in his external life. How far our actual Church Historians fall below such unattainable standards, nay, below quite attainable approximations thereto, we need not point out. Of the Ecclesiastical Historian we have to complain, as we did of his Political fellow-craftsman, that his inquiries turn rather on the outward mechanism, the mere hulls and superficial accidents of the object, than on the object itself; as if the Church lay in Bishops' Chapter-houses, and Ecumenic Council-halls, and Cardinals' Conclaves, and not far more in the hearts of Believing Men; in whose walk and conversation, as influenced thereby, its chief manifestations were to be looked for, and its progress or decline ascertained. The History of the Church is a history of the invisible as well as of the visible church; which latter, if disjoined from the former, is but a vacant edifice; gilded, it may be, and overhung with old votive gifts, yet useless, nay, pestilentially unclean; to write whose history is less important than to forward its downfall.

Of a less ambitious character are the Histories that relate to special separate provinces of human Action; to Sciences, Practical Arts, Institutions, and the like; matters which do not imply an epitome of man's whole interest and form of life; but wherein, though each is still connected with all, the spirit of each, at least its material results, may be in some degree evolved without so strict a reference to that of the others. Highest in dignity and difficulty, under this head, would be our histories of Philosophy, of man's opinions and theories respecting the nature of his being, and relations to the universe visible and invisible; which History, indeed, were it fitly treated, or fit for right treatment, would be a province of Church History; the logical or dogmatical province thereof; for Philosophy, in its true sense, is or should be the soul, of which Religion, Worship, is the body; in the healthy state of things the Philosopher and Priest were one and the same. But Philosophy itself is far enough from wearing this character; neither have its Historians been men, generally speaking, that could in the smallest degree approximate it thereto. Scarcely since the rude era of the Magi and Druids has that same healthy identification of Priest and Philosopher had place in any country; but rather the worship of divine things, and the scientific investigation of divine things, have been in quite different hands; their relations not friendly, but hostile.

55. Ecumenic, pertaining to the church as a whole.

Neither have the Bruckers and Buhles, to say nothing of the many unhappy Enfields who have treated of that latter department, been more than barren reporters, often unintelligent and unintelligible reporters, of the doctrine uttered; without force to discover how the doctrine originated, or what reference it bore to its time and country, to the spiritual position of mankind there and then. Nay, such a task did not perhaps lie before them, as a thing to be attempted.

Art also and literature are intimately blended with religion; as it were, outworks and abutments, by which that highest pinnacle in our inward world gradually connects itself with the general level, and becomes accessible therefrom. He who should write a proper History of Poetry would depict for us the successive Revelations which man had obtained of the Spirit of Nature; under what aspects he had caught and endeavored to body forth some glimpse of that unspeakable Beauty, which in its highest clearness is Religion, is the inspiration of a Prophet, yet in one or the other degree must inspire every true Singer, were his theme never so humble. We should see by what steps men had ascended to the Temple; how near they had approached; by what ill hap they had, for long periods, turned away from it, and groveled on the plain with no music in the air, or blindly struggled toward other heights. That among all our Eichhorns and Wartons there is no such Historian must be too clear to everyone. Nevertheless, let us not despair of far nearer approaches to that excellence. Above all, let us keep the Ideal of it ever in our eye; for thereby alone have we even a chance to reach it.

Our histories of Laws and Constitutions, wherein many a Montesquieu and Hallam has labored with acceptance, are of a much simpler nature; yet deep enough if thoroughly investigated; and useful, when authentic, even with little depth. Then we have Histories of Medicine, of Mathematics, of Astronomy, Commerce, Chivalry, Monkery; and Goguets and Beckmanns have come forward with what might be the most bountiful contribution of all, a history of inventions. Of all which sorts, and many more not here enumerated, not yet devised and put in practice, the merit and the proper scheme may, in our present limits, require no exposition.

In this manner, though, as above remarked, all Action is extended three ways, and the general sum of human action is a whole universe, with all limits of it unknown, does history strive by running path after path, through the impassable, in manifold directions and intersections, to secure for us some oversight of the Whole; in which endeavor, if each Historian look well around him from his path, tracking it out with the *eye*—not, as is more common, with the *nose*—she may at last prove not altogether unsuccessful. Praying only that increased division of labor do not here, as elsewhere, aggravate our already strong mechanical tendencies; so that in the manual dexterity for parts we lose all command over the whole, and the hope of any Philosophy of History be farther off than ever—let us all wish her great and greater success. (1830)

1, 3. **Brucker and Buhle, Enfield.** Johann Brucker (1696-1770) and Johann Buhle (1763-1821) were German theologians and philosophers; William Enfield (1741-1797) was an English clergyman and scholar. 38. **Eichhorn and Warton.** Johann Eichhorn (1752-1827) was a German biblical critic; Thomas Warton (1728-1790), an English poet and critic. 47. **Montesquieu and Hallam.** Baron de Montesquieu (1689-1755) was a French philosopher; Henry Hallam (1777-1859) was an English historian and critic.

LABOR

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself

55. **Goguet and Beckmann,** a French and a German eighteenth-century writer on the history of inventions, respectively. 92. **Mammonish,** from Mammon, the god of riches (Matthew, vi, 24).

lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink mumuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel —one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness — to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

49. **Hast thou**, etc., not in Ezekiel, but in Jeremiah, xviii, 3, 4.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these —if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland stone there!

9. **Sir Christopher**, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, who rebuilt London after the great fire in 1666.
12. **Nell Gwyn Defenders**, a reference to Charles II; Nell Gwyn was an actress and a favorite of the king's.

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward—and the huge winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among

61. **Gideon.** See Judges, vi, 36-40.

articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them; see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad southwester spends itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defense, the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring east, the possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage. Thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-soldier, thou of the World Marine-service—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills! (1843)

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)

NOTE

Cardinal Newman is invariably thought of in connection with the Oxford Movement, which may be described briefly as the religious aspect of the movement in the nineteenth century to restore spiritual values to an England that threatened to become purely mechanical. Newman's spiritual struggle, wonderfully described in his *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864) and embodied in his novel *Loss and Gain* (1848), led him, in 1845, to become a Catholic. His study of what he believed to be the social and religious diseases of his time is preserved in a series of essays which are notable for lucidity of thought and purity of diction. His essays may be divided roughly into two classes: those dealing with religious and those dealing with educational and literary subjects. The following essay is taken from sections 3, 4, 9, and 10 of a lecture delivered in 1858 when Newman was rector of the projected Catholic University of Ireland. This and other lectures on educational themes were included in a volume called *The Idea of a University*.

LITERATURE

Here, then, in the first place, I observe, gentlemen, that literature, from the derivation of the word, implies writing, not speaking; this, however, arises from the circumstance of the copiousness, variety, and public circulation of the matters of which it consists. What is spoken cannot outrun the range of the speaker's voice, and perishes in the uttering. When words are in demand to express a long course of thought, when they have to be conveyed to the ends of the earth, or perpetuated for the benefit of posterity, they must be written down, that is, reduced to the shape of literature; still, properly speaking, the terms by which we denote this characteristic gift of man belong to its exhibition by means of the voice, not of handwriting. It addresses itself, in its primary idea, to the ear, not to the eye. We call it the power of speech, we call it language, that is, the use of the tongue; and, even when we write, we still keep in mind what was its original instrument, for we use freely such terms in our books as "saying," "speaking," "telling," "talking," "calling"; we use the terms "phraseology" and "diction"; as if we were still addressing ourselves to the ear.

Now I insist on this, because it shows that speech, and therefore literature, which is its permanent record, is essentially a personal work. It is not some production or result, attained by the partnership of several persons, or by machinery, or by any natural process, but in its very idea it proceeds, and must proceed, from some one given individual. Two persons cannot be the authors of the sounds which strike our ear; and, as they cannot be speaking one and the same speech, neither can they be writing one and the same lecture or discourse—which must certainly belong to some one person or other, and is the expression of that one person's ideas and feelings—ideas and feelings personal to himself, though others may have parallel and similar ones—proper to himself, in the same sense as his voice,

his air, his countenance, his carriage, and his action are personal. In other words, literature expresses, not objective truth, as it is called, but subjective; not things, but thoughts.

Now this doctrine will become clearer by considering another use of words, which does relate to objective truth, or to things; which relates to matters not personal, not subjective to the individual, but which, even were there no individual man in the whole world to know them or to talk about them, would exist still. Such objects become the matter of science, and words indeed are used to express them, but such words are rather symbols than language, and however many we use, and however we may perpetuate them by writing, we never could make any kind of literature out of them, or call them by that name. Such, for instance, would be Euclid's *Elements;* they relate to truths universal and eternal; they are not mere thoughts, but things. They exist in themselves, not by virtue of our understanding them, not in dependence upon our will, but in what is called the *nature* of things, or at least on conditions external to us. The words, then, in which they are set forth are not language, speech, literature, but rather, as I have said, symbols. And, as a proof of it, you will recollect that it is possible, nay usual, to set forth the propositions of Euclid in algebraical notation, which, as all would admit, has nothing to do with literature. What is true of mathematics is true also of every study, so far forth as it is scientific; it makes use of words as the mere vehicle of things, and is thereby withdrawn from the province of literature. Thus metaphysics, ethics, law, political economy, chemistry, theology, cease to be literature in the same degree as they are capable of a severe scientific treatment. And hence it is that Aristotle's works on the one hand, though at first sight literature, approach in character, at least a great number of them, to mere science; for even though the things which he treats of and exhibits may not always be real and true, yet he treats them as if they were, not as if they were the thoughts of his own mind; that is, he treats them scientifically. On the other hand, law or natural history has before now been treated by an author with so much of coloring derived from his own mind as to become a sort of literature; this is especially seen in the instance of theology, when it takes the shape of pulpit eloquence. It is seen, too, in historical composition, which becomes a mere specimen of chronology, or a chronicle, when divested of the philosophy, the skill, or the party and personal feelings of the particular writer. Science, then, has to do with things, literature with thoughts, science is universal, literature is personal; science uses words merely as symbols, but literature uses language in its full compass, as including phraseology, idiom, style, composition, rhythm, eloquence, and whatever other properties are included in it.

Let us then put aside the scientific use of words when we are to speak of language and literature. Literature is the personal use or exercise of language. That this is so is further proved from the fact that one author uses it so differently from another. Language itself in its very origination would seem to be traceable to individuals. Their peculiarities have given it its character. We are often able in fact to trace particular phrases or idioms to individuals; we know the history of their rise. Slang surely, as it is called, comes of, and breathes of the personal. The connection between the force of words in particular languages and the habits and sentiments of the nations speaking them has often been pointed out. And, while the many use language as they find it, the man of genius uses it indeed, but subjects it withal to his own purposes, and molds it according to his own peculiarities. The throng and succession of ideas, thoughts, feelings, imaginations, aspirations, which pass within him, the abstractions, the juxtapositions, the comparisons, the discriminations, the conceptions, which are so original in him, his views of external things, his judgments upon life, man-

ners, and history, the exercises of his wit, of his humor, of his depth, of his sagacity, all these innumerable and incessant creations, the very pulsation and throbbing of his intellect, does he image forth, to all does he give utterance, in a corresponding language, which is as multiform as this inward mental action itself and analogous to it, the faithful expression of his intense personality, attending on his own inward world of thought as its very shadow; so that we might as well say that one man's shadow is another's as that the style of a really gifted mind can belong to any but himself. It follows him about *as* a shadow. His thought and feeling are personal, and so his language is personal.

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been laying down, and this is literature: not *things*, not the verbal symbols of things; not on the other hand mere *words*, but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special prerogative of man over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called Logos. What does Logos mean? it stands both for *reason* and for *speech*, and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once. Why? Because really they cannot be divided—because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the convex and the concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it—then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose pages I have quoted. Such men as he is consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of—a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style. We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favor to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labor. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have been referring.

We have an instance in literary history of this very proceeding nearer home, in a great university, in the latter years of the last century. I have referred to it before now in a public lecture elsewhere; but it is too much in point here to be omitted. A learned Arabic scholar had to deliver a set of lectures before its doctors and professors on an historical subject in which his reading had lain. A linguist is conversant with science rather than with literature; but this gentleman felt that his lectures must not be without a style. Being of the opinion of the Orientals, with whose

writings he was familiar, he determined to buy a style. He took the step of engaging a person, at a price, to turn the matter which he had got together into ornamental English. Observe, he did not wish for mere grammatical English, but for an elaborate, pretentious style. An artist was found in the person of a country curate, and the job was carried out. His lectures remain to this day, in their own place in the protracted series of annual Discourses to which they belong, distinguished amid a number of heavyish compositions by the rhetorical and ambitious diction for which he went into the market. This learned divine, indeed, and the author I have quoted, differ from each other in the estimate they respectively form of literary composition; but they agree together in this—in considering such composition a trick and a trade; they put it on a par with the gold plate and the flowers and the music of a banquet, which do not make the viands better, but the entertainment more pleasurable; as if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house.

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? this is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the ode or the elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. Nay, according to the well-known line, "*facit indignatio versus*," not the words alone, but even the rhythm, the meter, the verse, will be the contemporaneous offspring of the emotion or imagination which possesses him. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," says the proverb; and this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power. And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree; who will not recognize in the vision of Mirza a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression? . . . . .

I shall then merely sum up what I have said, and come to a conclusion. Reverting, then, to my original question, what is the meaning of letters, as contained, gentlemen, in the designation of your faculty, I have answered that by letters or literature is meant the expression of thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the art of letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of a personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments. A great author, gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though

50. **facit indignatio versus**, anger creates poetry.

54. **Poeta nascitur, non fit**, the poet is born, not made. 64. **vision of Mirza**, Addison's prose allegory (see page 422). 93. **copia verborum**, abundant supply of words.

these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of expression. He is master of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "*nil molitur inepte.*" If he is an orator, then, too, he speaks, not only "*distincte*" and "*splendide*," but also "*apte.*" His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

> Quo fit, ut omnis
> Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
> Vita senis.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tesselated with the rich fragments of language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such preëminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such preëminently Vergil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family—it will not answer to make light of literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence. (1858)

22. **nil molitur inepte**, "he attempts nothing foolishly" (Horace's *Ars Poetica*). 25. **apte**, fittingly or appropriately. 27. **Quo fit, etc.**, "whence it happens that the whole life of the old man lies open to view as if inscribed on a votive tablet" (Horace's *Satires*, II, 1).

67. **catholic and ecumenical**, general and universal as opposed to national.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

NOTE

Poe was a short-story writer and a poet rather than an essayist. Nevertheless, he did write some excellent criticism, although his judgments of his contemporaries were too frequently streaked with prejudice—as in his accusations of plagiarism against Longfellow. His narrative technique is commented on in the headnote on page 613. Here it is necessary only to say that the following explanation of his own method of writing a lyric poem reveals the same capacity for analysis which appears in his "tales of ratiocination"—unless, as has been frequently suggested, having written the poem, he constructed his theory around it, indulging thereby in one of the numerous hoaxes of which he was so fond. The full text of "The Raven" is printed on pages I-649 ff.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge*, says: "By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens's idea—but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis—or one is suggested by an incident of the day or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment, whatever crevices of fact or action may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects or impressions of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel first, and secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterwards looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world I am much at a loss to say—but perhaps the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the

13. **Godwin**, William Godwin (1756-1836), an English socialist and writer; *Caleb Williams* is a socialistic novel.

42. **consideration of an effect.** Cf. Stevenson's theory of how to write a story (Appendix, topic 23, page 702).

maturity of full view—at the fully-matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders, and demon-traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven" as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded step by step to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing *a* poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression—for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *anything* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a physical necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one-half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting—and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—

12. histrio, actor.

a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed; and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul—not* of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating the "beautiful." Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me), which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation of the soul. It by no means follows from anything here said that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a keynote in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in primitive condition. As commonly used, the refrain, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten the effect, by adhering in general to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought; that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects by the variation *of the application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled I next

bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was of course a corollary, the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt, and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I had at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the preassumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being —I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech, and very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven, the bird of ill-omen, monotonously repeating the one word "Nevermore" at the conclusion of each stanza in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object—*supremeness* or perfection at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death, was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length the answer here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty:* the death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore." I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying at every turn the *application* of the word repeated, but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending, that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one, the second less so, the third still less, and so on, until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different char-

acter—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which reason assures him is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrows. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me, or more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction, I first established in my mind the climax or concluding query—that query to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have had its beginning, at the end where all works of art should begin, for it was here at this point of my preconsiderations that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still if bird of devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven—"Nevermore."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first, that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the meter, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able in the subsequent composition to construct more vigorous stanzas I should without scruple have purposely enfeebled them so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected in versification is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of meter and stanza are absolutely infinite, and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing*. The fact is that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or meter of "The Raven." The former is trochaic—the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short; the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet, the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth the same, the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines taken individually has been employed before, and what originality "The Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanza*, nothing even remotely approaching this combination having ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rime and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover

and the Raven—and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields—but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird—and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of fantastic—approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

> Not the *least obeisance made he*—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
> *But with mien of lord or lady* perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:

> Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
> By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore*,
> "Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven*, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
> Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
> Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
> Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."
>
> Much I marveled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
> Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
> For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
> *Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door*—
> *Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door*,
> With such name as "Nevermore."

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

> But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dé-*

nouement—which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable—of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer, "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skillfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness which repels the artistic eye. Two things are invariably required—first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term), which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under-current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind), the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the line—

> "Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!"
> Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

> And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
> On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
> And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
> And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor
> Shall be lifted—nevermore. (1846)

69. **transcendentalists**, a New England school of philosophers and poets of which Emerson was the leader. They asserted the predominance of the intuitive or spiritual over the purely empirical, or material.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(1803-1882)

NOTE

While Carlyle was battling for spiritual values in England, Emerson was carrying on the same contest, under fewer difficulties, in New England. This philosopher, poet, and prophet is sometimes called a New England Brahman. High caste he certainly was, somewhat austere and aloof, and filled with the noblest sentiments. Carlyle had the highest regard for Emerson, and the two carried on a long-continued correspondence. Although the New Englander's style is not so rough and eccentric as that of the English seer, it has its own peculiarities. It may be described briefly as epigrammatic. Emerson had little ability in building a clearly consecutive whole; but he could take a moral subject and surround it with brilliant sentences until it glowed with the light of interpretation. "Friendship," first published in *Essays: First Series* (1841), is one of Emerson's finest essays.

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt toward others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See in any house where virtue and self-respect abide the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness between pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best, he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner, but the throbbing of the heart, and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which relume a young world for me again? What is so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter, and no night; all

tragedies, all ennuis vanish, all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understand me, becomes mine—a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather, not I, but the Deity in me and in them, both derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, and circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first bard—poetry without stop—hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and, the genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons as have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his—his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments —fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of

56. **crush the sweet poison**, etc., from Milton's *Comus*.

the bald fact amid these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently to himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee, also, in its pied and painted immensity—thee, also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is; thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation forevermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone, for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this, to each new candidate for his love:

DEAR FRIEND:

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappear as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight, we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to

2. **Egyptian skull.** The death's head was introduced at Egyptian banquets to remind the revelers that life is short and should be enjoyed. Emerson follows the usual misconception that the skull was put to a moral or religious use. **19. poor Greek,** a scholar or philosopher.

whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest instantly, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

> The valiant warrior famouséd for fight,
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razéd quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up like an Olympian to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak truth as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and, omitting all compliments and commonplace, spoke to the con-

7. **The valiant**, etc., from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.
18. **naturlangsamkeit**, long processes of nature.

science of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. By persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety, and curiosity reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says: "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall of the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldy alliances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined, more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rime and reason to what was drudgery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well-

85. curricle, a two-wheeled chaise.

tempered, and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired) that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world; rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous, who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy, who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor, if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the

friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the noblest benefits.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb: you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, aequat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and the heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names

61. **Crimen quos inquinat, aequat,** "whatever things reproach stains, it makes equal." 94. **consuetudes,** customs.

with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel, if we will, the absolute isolation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me. I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's, because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced; he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days presentiments hover before me, far before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them; I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions, not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them, not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations

59. **Janus-faced.** In Roman mythology Janus was the god of gates and doors and hence of all beginnings; he was represented with two faces.

less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god that it may deify both. (1841)

HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862)

NOTE

Henry David Thoreau was a close friend of Emerson's and like him at least in his admiration for high thinking and plain living. This philosopher actually lived the simple life which he preached, for between 1845 and 1847 he dwelt in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, where he spent his time studying nature and thinking his way through the problems of living. His experiences resulted in his most popular book, *Walden, or Life in the Woods* (1845). *Walden* is a charming mixture of comments by a sharp observer of nature and a semi-hermit who had learned that really to see life one must get away from it and think. Thoreau's very eccentricities give his work originality and flavor. "Brute Neighbors" is the twelfth chapter in *Walden*. The first part, with its quaint, old-fashioned idyllic dialogue, is modeled after the manner of Izaak Walton's *The Complete Angler*.

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other side of the town, and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit. I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet-fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts—no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef and cider and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And O, the housekeeping! to keep bright the devil's doorknobs, and scour his tubs this bright day! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. Oh, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf.—Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble.—Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world today?

Poet. See those clouds; how they hang! That's the greatest thing I have seen today. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign lands—unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and have not eaten today, that I might go a-fishing. That's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let's along.

Hermit. I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just conclud-

ing a serious meditation. I think that I am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle-worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where the soil was never fattened with manure; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen; and this you may have all to yourself today. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the ground-nuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone. Let me see; where was I? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing? If I should soon bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet occasion be likely to offer? I was as near being resolved into the essence of things as ever I was in my life. I fear my thoughts will not come back to me. If it would do any good, I would whistle for them. When they make us an offer, is it wise to say, We will think of it? My thoughts have left no track, and I cannot find the path again. What was it that I was thinking of? It was a very hazy day. I will just try these three sentences of Con-fut-see; they may fetch that state about again. I know not whether it was the dumps or a budding ecstasy. Mem. There never is but one opportunity of a kind.

Poet. How now, Hermit, is it too soon? I have got just thirteen whole ones, besides several which are imperfect or undersized; but they will do for the smaller fry; they do not cover up the hook so much. Those village worms are quite too large; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer.

Hermit. Well, then let's be off. Shall we to the Concord? There's good sport there if the water be not too high.

Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world? Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbors; as if nothing but a mouse could have filled this crevice? I suspect that Pilpay and Co. have put animals to their best use, for they are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bopeep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterwards cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my win-

41. **Con-fut-see**, Confucius, a famous Chinese philosopher (B. C. 551-478). Thoreau follows the Chinese pronunciation.

63. **Pilpay and Co.** Bidpai, or Pilpai, was the reputed author of a group of animal fables of very ancient origin. Thoreau is alluding to the way in which writers of animal fables have made the animals illustrate human ideas.

dows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterwards. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such gem. The traveler does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither, too, the wood-cock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There, too, the turtledoves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the

soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a

24. **Myrmidons**, the fierce Thessalian troops of Achilles, who followed him to the Trojan War. Most of the details which follow refer to the events in Homer's *Iliad*; the humor lies, of course, in the absurd and whimsical comparisons.

97. **Austerlitz or Dresden**, the first, the scene of Napoleon's victory over Alexander I and Francis II in 1805; the second, the scene of a battle between Napoleon and the allies in 1813.

Buttrick—"Fire! for God's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Aeneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Many a village Bose, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualing cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens—now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the jerbilla family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the

45. **Hotel des Invalides**, a home for crippled veterans, in Paris.

55. **Kirby and Spence**, English entomologists. 58. **Huber**, a Swiss naturalist (1750-1831). 78. **Christiern the Second**, called the Nero of the North; he was king of Denmark, not Sweden, 1513-1523. The humor of the paragraph lies in the comparison suggested in the last sentence.

most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a "winged cat" in one of the farmhouses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun), but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house; that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flatted out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her "wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) came, as usual, to molt and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spyglasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spyglasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would maneuver, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He maneuvered so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his

44. **winged . . . horse**, a reference to Pegasus, in Greek mythology; used as the symbol of poetic inspiration. 50. **Mill-dam sportsmen**. In Thoreau's time the Mill-dam was a long dam just outside Boston; hence the reference is to the "gentleman sportsman."

course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unweariable that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoiter, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the plash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn un earthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman; tricks which they will have less need to practice in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free;

but what besides safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do. (1854)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

NOTE

Although known primarily as a novelist, Thackeray wrote a great deal of excellent biographical criticism and some personal essays, which possess the quality of whimsical charm and a wholesome and easy sociability. The essay on Addison is the second half of a lecture on Congreve and Addison given in America in 1851. The lecture was the second of a series of six; all were published two years later under the title *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. The eighteenth century was Thackeray's favorite historical period, and many of the literary figures, including Addison, who are analyzed in his lectures appear also in his novel *Henry Esmond* (1852). The charming defense of novel-reading, which is, in a way, a whimsical argument for his own profession, comes from *The Roundabout Papers*, a series of short essays which he wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1860 to 1862.

ADDISON

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humor that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had, and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honored name.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, among which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvelous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own; looking at that calm, fair face, and clear countenance—those chiseled features pure and cold, I cannot but fancy that this great man, in this respect like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture, was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they do not herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary— they are in the world but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He did not praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have. How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and ribbon into discredit. Everybody had his Majesty's orders. Everybody had his Majesty's

25. **famous article in the Edinburgh Review.** Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*.

35. **him of whom we spoke.** Jonathan Swift, the subject of Thackeray's first lecture in this series; see headnote.

cheap portrait, on a box surrounded with diamonds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman; Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett, the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night; Addison praises Don Saltero; Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius. But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty. I do not think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much; I do not think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I do not think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the Church. His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called "a parson in a tie-wig" in London afterwards, at a time when tiewigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes" is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honor of King William, by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyaeus; and many more works are in the Collection, including one on the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he traveled in Italy. His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid; and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great *Boileau*, upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison, of Oxford, proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hartford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace and his lordship, his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hartford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw; at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm. He could scarcely ever have had a degraded thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have had many faults committed for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat, rapt and charmed, to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his govern-

6. **Mr. Pinkethman**, an actor commended in *The Spectator* for May 5, 1712; the paper was written, however, by Steele, not by Addison. Thomas Doggett is a comic actor commended in *The Spectator*. Don Saltero is the generic name for a mountebank. 25, 30. **tiewig, full bottom**, respectively, a wig tied in a queue and one that was brushed out full; the second was more fashionable. 42. **Lyaeus**, an epithet for Bacchus; hence wine.

57. **Boileau**, a French satirist and critic (1636-1711).

ment pension, and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy; and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyaeus overnight. He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends; he writes to Wyche, of Hamburg, gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health today with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honor to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore a tiewig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.

At thirty-three years of age this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of *Travels* had failed; his *Dialogues on Medals* had had no particular success; his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Vergil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a Government-place, and Addison was living up two shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him. A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:

But oh, my muse! what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunders of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh! You think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call

45. Statius, a Latin poet of the first century.

up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the "Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire; and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Scepters and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran
Clasped in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixed,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixed!
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So learned and finished for the camp or court!

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The "Campaign" has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points, like all campaigns.

In the year 1718 *Cato* came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem. Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one—Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him Divus; it was heresy to question that decree.

31. **Cato**, a stiff and formal classical tragedy by Addison. 40. **John Dennis**, a contemporary critic. 43. **Coffee-house Senate**, the groups of amateur critics who gossiped about art and letters in the coffee-houses. 44. **Divus**, as a deity.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales, and birds'-nests, which he has found at Fulham for his lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her ladyship in 1716; and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of *Cato* and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffries—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried; only peccadilloes and small sins against society; only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuffboxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerous from the sidebox; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head;

83. **Jeffries**, George Jeffreys (1648-1689), Lord Chief Justice of England, infamous for his brutality and violence. 92. **Templar**, a young law student, so-called from his residence in the Temple, London, a group of buildings which originally belonged to the Knights Templars. 93. **breaking Priscian's head**, making a mistake in grammar. Priscian was a famous Latin grammarian who flourished about 500 A. D.

or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gayly as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion and, as it seemed, an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old; full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet: a few Latin poems—graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the *Tatler*, Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep; let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *could not* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life; whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into, or reverence for, the love of women, which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theater, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace, or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eying the width of their rivals' hoops or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the Garter, in St. James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and, remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute clubmen of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, which alas! is past praying for, it must be owned, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know he did not write about. I take it there would not be much humor in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow; having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humors of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbor's foible or

101. **to damn him with faint praise**, a famous line from Pope's "Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot," referring to Addison.

eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbor. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *àpropos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator; if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden; if he were wiser than he is; if he had not his humor to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver —of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tiewig. When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

11. **àpropos de bottes**, concerning anything irrelevant. 14. **Madam Doll Tearsheet**, a prostitute in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Among their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name. (1853)

ON A LAZY IDLE BOY

I had occasion to pass a week in the autumn in the little old town of Coire or Chur, in the Grisons, where lies buried that very ancient British king,

52. **Soon as**, etc. See page I-412. 91. **Coire or Chur, in the Grisons**, etc. Stow quotes the inscription still extant "from the table fast chained in St. Peter's church, Cornhill"; and says, "he was after some chronicle buried at London, and after some chronicle buried at Glowcester"—but, oh! these incorrect chroniclers! when Alban Butler, in the *Lives of Saints*, vol. 12, and Murray's *Handbook*, and the Sacristan at Chur, all say Lucius was killed there, and I saw his tomb with my own eyes. [Thackeray's note.] Chur is a town in the Grisons, a canton of Switzerland.

saint, and martyr, Lucius, who founded the Church of St. Peter, on Cornhill. Few people note the church nowadays, and fewer ever heard of the saint. In the cathedral at Chur his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and scepter, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image; and from what I may call his peculiar position with regard to Cornhill, I beheld this figure of St. Lucius with more interest than I should have bestowed upon personages who, hierarchically, are, I daresay, his superiors.

The pretty little city stands, so to speak, at the end of the world—of the world of today, the world of rapid motion, and rushing railways, and the commerce and intercourse of men. From the northern gate, the iron road stretches away to Zürich, to Basle, to Paris, to home. From the old southern barriers, before which a little river rushes, and around which stretch the crumbling battlements of the ancient town, the road bears the slow diligence or lagging vetturino by the shallow Rhine, through the awful gorges of the Via Mala, and presently over the Splügen to the shores of Como.

I have seldom seen a place more quaint, pretty, calm, and pastoral than this remote little Chur. What need have the inhabitants for walls and ramparts, except to build summer-houses, to trail vines, and hang clothes to dry on them? No enemies approach the great moldering gates; only at morn and even the cows come lowing past them, the village maidens chatter merrily round the fountains, and babble like the ever-voluble stream that flows under the old walls. The schoolboys, with book and satchel, in smart uniforms, march up to the gymnasium, and return thence at their stated time. There is one coffee-house in the town, and I see one old gentleman goes to it. There are shops with no customers seemingly, and the lazy tradesmen look out of their little windows at the single stranger sauntering by. There is a stall with baskets of queer little black grapes and apples, and a pretty brisk trade with half-a-dozen urchins standing round. But, beyond this, there is scarce any talk or movement in the street. There's nobody at the bookshop. "If you will have the goodness to come again in an hour," says the banker, with his mouth full of dinner at one o'clock, "you can have the money." There is nobody at the hotel save the good landlady, the kind waiters, the brisk young cook who ministers to you. Nobody is in the Protestant church—(oh! strange sight, the two confessions are here at peace!)—nobody in the Catholic church; until the sacristan, from his snug abode in the cathedral close, espies the traveler eying the monsters and pillars before the old shark-toothed arch of his cathedral, and comes out (with a view to remuneration possibly) and opens the gate, and shows you the venerable church, and the queer old relics in the sacristy, and the ancient vestments (a black velvet cope, amongst other robes, as fresh as yesterday, and presented by that notorious "pervert," Henry of Navarre and France), and the statue of St. Lucius who built St. Peter's Church, on Cornhill.

What a quiet, kind, quaint, pleasant, pretty old town! Has it been asleep these hundreds and hundreds of years, and is the brisk young Prince of the Sidereal Realms in his screaming car drawn by his snorting steel elephant coming to waken it? Time was when there must have been life and bustle and commerce here. Those vast, venerable walls were not made to keep out cows, but men-at-arms, led by fierce captains, who prowled about the gates, and robbed the traders as they passed in and out with their bales, their goods, their pack-horses, and their

2. **Cornhill**, a district in London. 29. **vetturino**, a slow cart. 47. **gymnasium**, in continental Europe an upper-grade preparatory school.

74. **monsters**, the gargoyles and other figures which decorate the cathedral. 83. **Henry of Navarre**, Henry IV, King of France and Navarre, assassinated 1610. 91. **screaming car**, an allusion to the invasion of the steam locomotive; cf. the reference to the "iron road" in the second paragraph of the essay.

wains. Is the place so dead that even the clergy of the different denominations can't quarrel? Why, seven or eight, or a dozen, or fifteen hundred years ago (they haven't the register at St. Peter's up to that remote period. I daresay it was burned in the fire of London)—a dozen hundred years ago, when there was some life in the town, St. Lucius was stoned here on account of theological differences, after founding our church in Cornhill.

There was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening and mark the mountains round glooming with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times in the course of our sober walks we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, with a rusty coat, and trousers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I daresay so charmed and ravished him that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for tomorrow; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding—absorbed utterly and entirely in his book.

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple-cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain! What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing) cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be assured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pronounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favorite author); and as for the anger, or it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one fig. No! figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

Have you ever seen a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of *Antar* or the *Arabian Nights?* I was once present when a young gentleman at table put a tart away from him, and said to his neighbor, the Younger Son (with rather a fatuous air), "I never eat sweets."

"Not eat sweets! and do you know why?" says T.

"Because I am past that kind of thing," says the young gentleman.

"Because you are a glutton and a sot!" cries the Elder (and Juvenis winces a little). "All people who have

7. **the fire of London**, September 2 to September 6, 1666. **40. Pons Asinorum.** See note on **page 429, line 81.**

52. **D'Artagnan**, the hero of Dumas's *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (1844). 55. **prisoner of the Château d'If**, Edmond Dantès, the hero of Dumas's novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1841-1845). 57. **I mention**, etc. Cf. Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 579). 88. **Antar**, an Arabian romance. 99. **Juvenis**, the younger.

natural, healthy appetites love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people, whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink." And a plateful of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher.

You take the allegory? Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women —a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Why, one of the most learned physicians in England said to me only yesterday, "I have just read *So-and-So* for the second time" (naming one of Jones's exquisite fictions). Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel-readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?

As for that lazy naughty boy at Chur, I doubt whether *he* will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will know most plots by the time he is twenty, so that *he* will never be surprised when the Stranger turns out to be the rightful earl—when the old Waterman, throwing off his beggarly gabardine, shows his stars and the collars of his various orders, and clasping Antonia to his bosom, proves himself to be the prince, her long-lost father. He will recognize the novelist's same characters, though they appear in red-heeled pumps and *ailes-de-pigeon*, or the garb of the nineteenth century. He will get weary of sweets, as boys of private schools grow (or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself, and the practice may have ended, too)—as private schoolboys used to grow tired of the pudding before their mutton at dinner.

And pray what is the moral of this apologue? The moral I take to be this: the appetite for novels extending to the end of the world; far away in the frozen deep, the sailors reading them to one another during the endless night—far away under the Syrian stars, the solemn sheiks and elders hearkening to the poet as he recites his tales; far away in the Indian camps, where the soldiers listen to ——'s tales, or ——'s, after the hot day's march; far away in little Chur yonder where the lazy boy pores over the fond volume, and drinks it in with all his eyes—the demand being what we know it is, the merchant must supply it, as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay or Calcutta.

But as surely as the cadet drinks too much pale ale, it will disagree with him; and so surely, dear youth, will too much novels cloy on thee. I wonder, do novel-writers themselves read many novels? If you go into Gunter's you don't see those charming young ladies (to whom I present my most respectful compliments) eating tarts and ices, but at the proper eventide they have good plain wholesome tea and bread and butter. Can anybody tell me does the author of the *Tale of Two Cities* read novels? does the author of the *Tower of London* devour romances? does the dashing *Harry Lorrequer* delight in *Plain or Ringlets* or *Spunge's Sporting Tour?* Does the veteran, from whose flowing pen we had the books which delighted our young days, *Darnley*, and *Richelieu*, and *Delorme*, relish the works of Alexandre the Great, and thrill over the *Three Musqueteers?* Does the accomplished author of *The Caxtons* read the other tales in *Blackwood?* (For example, that ghost-story printed last August, and which for my part, though I read it in the public reading-room at the "Pavilion Hotel" at Folkestone, I protest frightened me so that I scarce dared look over my shoulder.) Does *Uncle Tom* admire *Adam Bede;* and does the author of the *Vicar of Wrexhill* laugh over *The War-*

20. **Eldon**, John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England (1751-1838). 39. **ailes-de-pigeon**, pigeon wings, a method of brushing men's side-hair; also a wig similarly dressed.

78 ff. **Tale of Two Cities**, Dickens's romance of the French Revolution; the *Tower of London* is an historical romance by William Ainsworth (1805-1882). Other references in this paragraph are to the work of contemporary novelists, most of them English. 83. **veteran**. By the way, what a strange fate is that which befell the veteran novelist! He was appointed her Majesty's Consul-General in Venice, the only city in Europe where the famous "Two Cavaliers" cannot by any possibility be seen riding together. [Thackeray's note.]

den and the *Three Clerks?* Dear youth of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous pudor! I make no doubt that the eminent parties above named all partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies—but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled.

Here, dear youth aforesaid! our *Cornhill Magazine* owners strive to provide thee with facts as well as fiction; and though it does not become them to brag of their Ordinary, at least they invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company. That story of the *Fox* was written by one of the gallant seamen who sought for poor Franklin under the awful Arctic Night; that account of China is told by the man of all the empire most likely to know of what he speaks; those pages regarding Volunteers come from an honored hand that has borne the sword in a hundred famous fields, and pointed the British guns in the greatest siege in the world.

Shall we point out others? We are fellow-travelers, and shall make acquaintance as the voyage proceeds. In the Atlantic steamers, on the first day out (and on high and holy-days subsequently), the jellies set down on table are richly ornamented; *medioque in fonte leporum* rise the American and British flags nobly emblazoned in tin. As the passengers remark this pleasing phenomenon, the Captain no doubt improves the occasion by expressing a hope, to his right and left, that the flag of Mr. Bull and his younger Brother may always float side by side in friendly emulation. Novels having been previously compared to jellies—here are two (one perhaps not entirely saccharine, and flavored with an *amari aliquid* very distasteful to some palates)—two novels under two flags, the one that ancient ensign which has hung before the well-known booth of *Vanity Fair;* the other that fresh and handsome standard which has lately been hoisted on *Barchester Towers.* Pray, sir, or madam, to which dish will you be helped?

So have I seen my friends Captain Lang and Captain Comstock press their guests to partake of the fare on that memorable "First day out," when there is no man, I think, who sits down but asks a blessing on his voyage, and the good ship dips over the bar, and bounds away into the blue water. (1860)

3. **pudor,** shame. 12. **Ordinary,** tavern; here the word is used figuratively. 14. **Fox,** i. e., *The Search for Sir John Franklin* (from the *Private Journal of an Officer of the Fox*). [Thackeray's note.] 17. **account of China,** *The Chinese and the Outer Barbarians,* by Sir John Bowring. [Thackeray's note.] 20. **pages regarding Volunteers,** *Our Volunteers,* by Sir John Burgoyne. [Thackeray's note.] 31. **medioque in fonte leporum,** and in the center of these delights. 43. **amari aliquid,** a something bitter. 44. **two novels,** *Lovel the Widower* and *Framley Parsonage.* [Thackeray's note.]

47. **Vanity Fair,** Thackeray's own novel, as is also *Lovel the Widower.* 49. **Barchester Towers,** a novel by Anthony Trollope, author also of *Framley Parsonage.*

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

Note

Like the other "major prophets" of the Victorian Age, John Ruskin permitted his interest in social problems to eclipse gradually his earlier attachment for literature and art. It was not, however, a total eclipse; one of his missions in life was to bring art into industry. Like Carlyle, Ruskin believed that idleness is crime; to the precept that life without industry is sin, he added, however, the conception that industry without art is brutality. So it was that he applied the resources of an ample fortune and the equipment of a knowledge and love of art to the problem of stripping Victorian England of the ugliness which had come like a blight with the Industrial Revolution. But this was not the whole of his service to his contemporaries. Wordsworth, as "Nature's priest," had long preached the doctrine that "the world is too much with us" and that for the beauties of nature our hearts are out of tune. When factory towns replaced green countrysides, Victorian England came perilously near to forgetting entirely the calming influences of woods and hills and sea. In his early interpretation and defense of Turner, the English landscape artist, and in his interpretation of nature, Ruskin reawakened his countrymen to the glories of what they were in danger of losing, and gave them an understanding of nature which was fuller and richer than anything they had ever had. Some of Ruskin's later essays—especially the economic tracts written after 1860—reveal a crabbed querulousness of style which is only a crackling echo of the thunderings of Carlyle. In most of his interpretations of nature and art, however, he wrote with a rich melodiousness which has placed him among the chief prose writers of his time. Perhaps his facility for expressing his ideas, in flowing cadences which sparkle with vivid imagery came from the rigid drill in the English Bible which he received from his mother.

At any rate the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which appeared in 1843 when Ruskin was only twenty-four, exhibits most of the characteristics of his richest and most ornate style. The following keen criticism is that part of volume 3, chapter 12, of *Modern Painters* which contains Ruskin's famous definition of the pathetic fallacy in observation of nature and in poets. The selection reveals Ruskin's keenness of observation, sharpness of classification, and smoothness and exactness of expression.

OF THE PATHETIC FALLACY

German dullness and English affectation have of late much multiplied among us the use of two of the most objectionable words that were ever coined by the troublesomeness of metaphysicians — namely, *Objective* and *Subjective*. No words can be more exquisitely, and in all points, useless; and I merely speak of them that I may, at once and forever, get them out of my way, and out of my reader's. But to get that done, they must be explained.

The word *blue*, say certain philosophers, means the sensation of color which the human eye receives in looking at the open sky, or at a bell gentian. Now, say they farther, as this sensation can only be felt when the eye is turned to the object, and as, therefore, no such sensation is produced by the object when nobody looks at it, therefore the thing, when it is not looked at, is not blue; and thus, say they, there are many qualities of things which depend as much on something else as on themselves. To be sweet, a thing must have a taster; it is only sweet while it is being tasted, and if the tongue had not the capacity of taste, then the sugar would not have the quality of sweetness.

And then they agree that the qualities of things which thus depend upon our perception of them, and upon our human nature as affected by them, shall be called Subjective; and the qualities of things which they always have, irrespective of any other nature, as roundness or squareness, shall be called Objective.

From these ingenious views the step is very easy to a farther opinion, that it does not much matter what things are in themselves, but only what they are to us; and that the only real truth of them is their appearance to, or effect upon, us. From which position, with a hearty desire for mystification, and much egotism, selfishness, shallowness, and impertinence, a philosopher may easily go so far as to believe, and say, that everything in the world depends upon his seeing or thinking of it, and that nothing, therefore, exists but what he sees or thinks of.

Now, to get rid of all these ambiguities and troublesome words at once, be it observed that the word *blue* does *not* mean the *sensation* caused by a gentian on the human eye; but it means the *power* of producing that sensation; and this power is always there, in the thing, whether we are there to experience it or not, and would remain there though there were not left a man on the face of the earth. Precisely in the same way gunpowder has a power of exploding. It will not explode if you put no match to it. But it has always the power of so exploding, and is therefore called an explosive compound, which it very positively and assuredly is, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary. In like manner, a gentian does not produce the sensation of blueness, if you don't look at it. But it has always the power of doing so, its particles being everlastingly so arranged by its Maker. And therefore the gentian and the sky are always verily blue, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary; and if you do not see them blue when you look at them, it is not their fault, but yours.

Hence I would say to these philosophers: If, instead of using the sonorous phrase, "It is objectively so," you will use the plain old phrase, "It *is* so," and if instead of the sonorous phrase, "It is subjectively so," you will say, in plain old English, "It does so," or "It seems so to me," you will, on the whole, be more intelligible to your fellow-creatures; and besides, if you find that a thing which generally "does so" to other people (as a gentian looks blue to most men) does *not* so to you, on any

particular occasion, you will not fall into the impertinence of saying that the thing is not so, or did not so, but you will say simply (what you will be all the better for speedily finding out) that something is the matter with you. If you find that you cannot explode the gunpowder, you will not declare that all gunpowder is subjective, and all explosion imaginary, but you will simply suspect and declare yourself to be an ill-made match. Which, on the whole, though there may be a distant chance of a mistake about it, is nevertheless the wisest conclusion you can come to until further experiment.

Now, therefore, putting these tiresome and absurd words quite out of our way, we may go on at our ease to examine the point in question—namely, the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearances of things to us, and the extraordinary, or false appearances, when we are under the influence of emotion, or contemplative fancy; false appearances, I say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us.

For instance—

> The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold
> Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.

This is very beautiful, and yet very untrue. The crocus is not a spendthrift, but a hardy plant; its yellow is not gold, but saffron. How is it that we enjoy so much the having it put into our heads that it is anything else than a plain crocus?

It is an important question. For, throughout our past reasonings about art, we have always found that nothing could be good or useful, or ultimately pleasurable, which was untrue. But here is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless *un*true. And what is more, if we think over our favorite poetry, we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so.

31. The spendthrift crocus, from Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Spring."

It will appear also, on consideration of the matter, that this fallacy is of two principal kinds. Either, as in this case of the crocus, it is the fallacy of willful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us, for the time, more or less irrational. Of the cheating of the fancy we shall have to speak presently; but, in this chapter, I want to examine the nature of the other error, that which the mind admits when affected strongly by emotion. Thus, for instance, in *Alton Locke:*

> They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
> The cruel, crawling foam.

The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "pathetic fallacy."

Now we are in the habit of considering this fallacy as eminently a character of poetical description, and the temper of mind in which we allow it, as one eminently poetical, because passionate. But I believe, if we look well into the matter, that we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it.

65. Alton Locke, from Charles Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee" (see page I-243). **86. poets who much delight in it.** I admit two orders of poets, but no third; and by these two orders I mean the Creative (Shakespeare, Homer, Dante), and Reflective, or Perceptive (Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson). But both of these must be *first*-rate in their range, though their range is different; and with poetry second-rate in *quality* no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. There is quite enough of the best—much more than we can ever read or enjoy in the length of a life; and it is a literal wrong or sin in any person to encumber us with inferior work. I have no patience with apologies made by young pseudo-poets, "that they believe there is *some* good in what they have written; that they hope to do better in time," etc. *Some* good! If there is not *all* good, there is no good. If they ever hope to do better, why do they trouble us now? Let them rather courageously burn all they have done, and wait for the better days. There are few men, ordinarily educated, who in moments of strong feeling could not strike out a poetical thought, and afterwards polish it so as to be presentable. But men of sense know better than so to waste their time; and those who sincerely love poetry know the touch of the master's hand on the chords too well to fumble among

Thus, when Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron "as dead leaves flutter from a bough," he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair, without, however, for an instant losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls, and *those* are leaves; he makes no confusion of one with the other. But when Coleridge speaks of

> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,

he has a morbid, that is to say, a so far false, idea about the leaf; he fancies a life in it, and will, which there are not; confuses its powerlessness with choice, its fading death with merriment, and the wind that shakes it with music. Here, however, there is some beauty, even in the morbid passage; but take an instance in Homer and Pope. Without the knowledge of Ulysses, Elpenor, his youngest follower, has fallen from an upper chamber in the Circean palace, and has been left dead, unmissed by his leader or companions, in the haste of their departure. They cross the sea to the Cimmerian land; and Ulysses summons the shades from Tartarus. The first which appears is that of the lost Elpenor. Ulysses, amazed, and in exactly the spirit of bitter and terrified lightness which is seen in Hamlet, addresses the spirit with the simple, startled words:

> Elpenor! How camest thou under the shadowy darkness? Hast thou come faster on foot than I in my black ship?

Which Pope renders thus:—

> Oh, say, what angry power Elpenor led
> To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
> How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoined,
> Outfly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?

I sincerely hope the reader finds no pleasure here, either in the nimbleness of the sail, or the laziness of the wind! And yet how is it that these conceits are so painful now, when they have been pleasant to us in the other instances?

For a very simple reason. They are not a *pathetic* fallacy at all, for they are put into the mouth of the wrong passion —a passion which never could possibly have spoken them—agonized curiosity. Ulysses wants to know the facts of the matter; and the very last thing his mind could do at the moment would be to pause, or suggest in anywise what was *not* a fact. The delay in the first three lines, and conceit in the last, jar upon us instantly like the most frightful discord in music. No poet of true imaginative power could possibly have written the passage.

Therefore we see that the spirit of truth must guide us in some sort, even in our enjoyment of fallacy. Coleridge's fallacy has no discord in it, but Pope's has set our teeth on edge. Without farther questioning, I will endeavor to state the main bearings of this matter.

The temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy is, as I said above, that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them or upon them; borne away, or over-clouded, or over-dazzled by emotion; and it is a more or less noble state, according to the force of the emotion

them after him. Nay, more than this, all inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away the freshness of rimes, blunders upon and gives a wretched commonalty to good thoughts; and, in general, adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woeful and culpable manner. There are few thoughts likely to come across ordinary men, which have not already been expressed by greater men in the best possible way; and it is a wiser, more generous, more noble thing to remember and point out the perfect words, than to invent poorer ones, wherewith to encumber temporarily the world. [Ruskin's note.] 11. **Coleridge**, from *Christabel* (see page I-175). 34. **Hamlet**, "Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground so fast?" [Ruskin's note.] From *Hamlet*, I, v, 162.

64. **No poet**, etc. It is worth while comparing the way a similar question is put by the exquisite sincerity of Keats:

> He wept, and his bright tears
> Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
> Thus, with half-shut suffused eyes, he stood;
> While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
> With solemn step an awful goddess came,
> And there was purport in her looks for him,
> Which he with eager guess began to read
> Perplexed, the while melodiously he said,
> "How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?"
>
> *Hyperion*. iii, 42. [Ruskin's note.]

which has induced it. For it is no credit to a man that he is not morbid or inaccurate in his perceptions, when he has no strength of feeling to warp them; and it is in general a sign of higher capacity and stand in the ranks of being, that the emotions should be strong enough to vanquish, partly, the intellect, and make it believe what they choose. But it is still a grander condition when the intellect also rises, till it is strong enough to assert its rule against, or together with, the utmost efforts of the passions; and the whole man stands in an iron glow, white hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in nowise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of his weight.

So, then, we have the three ranks: the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it. And, in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first; only, however great a man may be, there are always some subjects which *ought* to throw him off his balance; some, by which his poor human capacity of thought should be conquered, and brought into the inaccurate and vague state of perception, so that the language of the highest inspiration becomes broken, obscure, and wild in metaphor, resembling that of the weaker man, overborne by weaker things.

And thus, in full, there are four classes: the men who feel nothing, and therefore see truly; the men who feel strongly, think weakly, and see untruly (second order of poets); the men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly (first order of poets); and the men who, strong as human creatures can be, are yet submitted to influences stronger than they, and see in a sort untruly, because what they see is inconceivably above them. This last is the usual condition of prophetic inspiration. . . . Be it clearly and constantly remembered that the greatness of a poet depends upon the two faculties, acuteness of feeling, and command of it. A poet is great, first in proportion to the strength of his passion, and then, that strength being granted, in proportion to his government of it; there being, however, always a point beyond which it would be inhuman and monstrous if he pushed this government, and, therefore, a point at which all feverish and wild fancy becomes just and true. Thus the destruction of the kingdom of Assyria cannot be contemplated firmly by a prophet of Israel. The fact is too great, too wonderful. It overthrows him, dashes him into a confused element of dreams. All the world is, to his stunned thought, full of strange voices. "Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us.'" So, still more, the thought of the presence of Deity cannot be borne without this great astonishment. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

But by how much this feeling is noble when it is justified by the strength of its cause, by so much it is ignoble when there is not cause enough for it; and beyond all other ignobleness is the mere affectation of it, in hardness of heart. Simply bad writing may almost always, as above noticed, be known by its adoption of these fanciful metaphorical expressions as a sort of current coin; yet there is even a worse, at least a more harmful condition of writing than

86. Since thou art gone, etc. Isaiah, xiv, 8. **91. The mountains**, etc. Isaiah, lv, 12.

this, in which such expressions are not ignorantly and feelinglessly caught up, but, by some master, skillful in handling, yet insincere, deliberately wrought out with chill and studied fancy; as if we should try to make an old lava-stream look red-hot again by covering it with dead leaves, or white-hot with hoar-frost.

When Young is lost in veneration, as he dwells on the character of a truly good and holy man, he permits himself for a moment to be overborne by the feeling so far as to exclaim

> Where shall I find him? Angels, tell me where.
> You know him; he is near you: point him out.
> Shall I see glories beaming from his brow,
> Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?

This emotion has a worthy cause, and is thus true and right. But now hear the cold-hearted Pope say to a shepherd girl

> Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
> Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
> Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
> And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
> But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
> The wondering forests soon should dance again;
> The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
> And headlong streams hang, listening, in their fall.

This is not, nor could it for a moment be mistaken for, the language of passion. It is simple falsehood, uttered by hypocrisy; definite absurdity, rooted in affectation, and coldly asserted in the teeth of nature and fact. Passion will indeed go far in deceiving itself; but it must be a strong passion, not the simple wish of a lover to tempt his mistress to sing. Compare a very closely parallel passage in Wordsworth, in which the lover has lost his mistress:

> Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid,
> When thus his moan he made—
>
> "Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind yon oak,
> Or let the ancient tree uprooted lie,
> That in some other way yon smoke
> May mount into the sky.
> If still behind yon pine-tree's ragged bough,
> Headlong, the waterfall must come,
> Oh, let it, then, be dumb—
> Be anything, sweet stream, but that which thou art now."

Here is a cottage to be moved, if not a mountain, and a waterfall to be silent, if it is not to hang listening: but with what different relation to the mind that contemplates them! Here, in the extremity of its agony, the soul cries out wildly for relief, which at the same moment it partly knows to be impossible, but partly believes possible, in a vague impression that a miracle *might* be wrought to give relief even to a less sore distress—that nature is kind, and God is kind, and that grief is strong; it knows not well what *is* possible to such grief. To silence a stream, to move a cottage wall—one might think it could do as much as that!

I believe these instances are enough to illustrate the main point I insist upon respecting the pathetic fallacy—that so far as it *is* a fallacy, it is always the sign of a morbid state of mind, and comparatively of a weak one. Even in the most inspired prophet it is a sign of the incapacity of his human sight or thought to bear what has been revealed to it. In ordinary poetry, if it is found in the thoughts of the poet himself, it is at once a sign of his belonging to the inferior school; if in the thoughts of the characters imagined by him, it is right or wrong according to the genuineness of the emotion from which it springs; always, however, implying necessarily *some* degree of weakness in the character. . . . (1856)

15. **Where shall**, etc., from Young's *Night Thoughts*, II. 23. **Where'er**, etc., from Pope's *Pastorals*: *Summer*. Ruskin has omitted four lines after the first couplet.

43. **Three years**, etc., inexactly quoted from "'Tis said that some have died for love."

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

NOTE

Matthew Arnold was a conspicuous apostle to his times who viewed pessimistically the industrial advancement of England, fearing that "faith in machinery" would destroy reliance upon spiritual values. His cure for the disease of the times was culture, which he defined, in phrasing characteristically rich and memorable, as "sweetness and light"—that is, "beauty and intelligence," which could come only from "the study of perfection." This perfection he found in the Greek view of life. The Greeks, he thought, could "see life steadily and see it whole." The partial, prejudiced gaze upon life of the Puritans and their descendants, the "Philistines," or, great, smug, self-satisfied middle class of England, to whom he preached untiringly but with an air of hopelessness, he regarded as narrowing and destructive. His ideals of culture, and especially his love of the white radiance of Hellenic civilization, he acquired partly from the training which he had received from his father, Thomas Arnold of Rugby. The work of every one of the "major prophets" among the Victorian essayists acquired from its persistence and earnest intensity an inevitable unity of tone and purpose. Thus the characteristic note of melancholy appears in all of Arnold's poetry as well as in his prose. Similarly his regard for the rounded, dispassionate view of life appears in his statement that true criticism consists largely in seeing the object "as in itself it really is," and in his hatred of all partial, prejudiced ideas. His prose style is marked by the very effective device of creating a significant, memorable phrase and then repeating and interpreting it until it always comes to the reader alive and glowing with the meaning which he has packed into it. He is sometimes irritating in his suggestions that his audience is quite unregenerate, but he is always stimulating; and, like Carlyle and Newman, he dared to stand for spiritual and cultural values in an age that threatened to become altogether mechanical. The first of the two essays reprinted here was written in 1880 as the general introduction to *The English Poets*, an anthology edited by T. H. Ward. The second part of this essay, dealing with the development of English poetry, is omitted here. The second is one of his *Discourses in America*, a series of lectures given during a lecture tour in 1883-1884. It is one of several lectures in which he defended his faith in a "cultural" education as opposed to the "scientific" one of Thomas Henry Huxley.

THE STUDY OF POETRY

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry."

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Our religion, parading evidences such

9-10. religion . . . fact, an allusion to the growth of scientific knowledge and interest, and to the influence of science on religious faith. **23. present work,** that is, Ward's *The English Poets*, to which Arnold's essay serves as preface. **49. the impassioned,** etc., from Wordsworth's *Preface* to the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800), as is the quotation in lines 53-54. See page 441, lines 75 ff.

as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being—what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: "Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?" "Yes," answers Sainte-Beuve, "in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honor is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being." It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefits should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may

20. **Sainte-Beuve**, a French literary critic (1804-1869).

come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with this so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante*, but which, nevertheless, has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that "the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history." "It hinders," he goes on, "it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus; and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready-made from that divine head."

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the

39. **court-tragedy.** Cf. footnote on French drama (page 485). 40. **Pellisson,** a French critic of the seventeenth century. 42. **politesse stérile et rampante,** "artificiality barren and inflated." 48. **M. Charles d'Héricault,** a French journalist of Arnold's time. 49. **Clément Marot,** the court-poet to Francis I (1497-1544).

very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of "historic origins" in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination toward them. Moreover, the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the *Imitation* says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.*

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Caedmon, amongst our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for "historic origins." Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the *Chanson de Roland.* It is indeed a most interesting document. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing "of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver,

70. **Imitation**, *The Imitation of Christ*, a fifteenth-century Latin devotional treatise ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. 72. **Cum**, etc., "although you have read much and know much, you must nevertheless always return to one principle" (*Imitation*, Book III, chapter 43). 93. **M. Vitet**, a French man of letters of Arnold's time. 96. **Chanson de Roland**, the old French poem of the deeds and death of Roland. 98. **Taillefer**, the minstrel who led the Norman troops at Hastings (1066). See introductory essay on Medieval Narrative Poetry and Modern Imitations (page I-107) and footnote on Arthur Quiller-Couch's "The Roll-Call of the Reef" (page 666).

and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux"; and it is suggested that in the *Chanson de Roland* by one Turoldus or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words, of the chant which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigor and freshness; it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer and justly given. Higher praise there can not well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the *Chanson de Roland* at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine tree, with his face turned toward Spain and the enemy:

De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist
De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist,
De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,
De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit.

That is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable poetic quality of its own. It deserves such praise and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer:

Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αἰθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. Vitet gives to the *Chanson de Roland*. If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; or take his

Ἀ δειλὼ τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
θνητῷ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or, take finally, his

Καί σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words:

Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . .

32. **De plusurs choses**, etc. Then began he to call many things to remembrance—all the lands which his valor conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him (*Chanson de Roland*, iii, 939-942). 41-42. "So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedaemon."
(*Iliad*, III, 243-244. Hawtrey's translation.) [Arnold's note.]

74-76. "Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?" (*Iliad*, XVII, 443-445). [Arnold's note.] 79. "Nay, and thou, too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy" (*Iliad*, XXIV, 543). [Arnold's note.] 84. **Io no**, etc., "I wailed not, so of stone grew I within—*they* wailed" (*Inferno*, XXXIII, 39, 40). [Arnold's note.]

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Vergil:

Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale. . . .

take the simple, but perfect, single line:

In la sua volontade è nostra pace.

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . .

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek . . .

add two such lines as:

And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome . . .

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

. . . . . which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples; to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness

3. **Io son**, etc., "of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me" (*Inferno*, II, 91-93). [Arnold's note.] 7. **In la**, etc., "in His will is our peace" (*Paradiso*, III, 85). [Arnold's note.]

(φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον). Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

So stated, these are but dry generalities; their whole force lies in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress itself upon his mind far more deeply than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an important principle more firmly by their means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the course of our English poetry with them in my view. . . . (1880)

1. The Greek means "more philosophical and more instructive" (Aristotle's *Poetics*, IX). 52. The Preface ends with a sketch of the development of poetry in France and England

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

Practical people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas; and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem unpractical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connection with the life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the life of such a world Plato regards with disdain; handicraft and trade and the working professions he regards with disdain; but what becomes of the life of an industrial modern community if you take handicraft and trade and the working professions out of it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts, says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in the principle of excellence in a man, so that he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him, but nurses them, and cannot understand fostering any other. Those who exercise such arts and trades, as they have their bodies, he says, marred, by their vulgar businesses, so they have their souls, too, bowed and broken by them. And if one of these uncomely people has a mind to seek self-culture and philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little tinker, who has scraped together money, and has got his release from service, and has had a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged out like a bridegroom about to marry the daughter of his master who has fallen into poor and helpless estate.

Nor do the working professions fare any better than trade at the hands of Plato. He draws for us an inimitable picture of the working lawyer, and of his life of bondage; he shows how this bondage from his youth up has stunted and warped him, and made him small and crooked of soul, encompassing him with difficulties which he is not man enough to rely on justice and truth as means to encounter, but has recourse, for help out of them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says Plato, this poor

54. **absolute ideas.** By *absolute* Plato meant self-determined, or self-moved; self-determination he held to be the essence of true being. 59. **United States.** The lecture was given in America; hence the comparisons and the allusion here and elsewhere in the essay.

creature is bent and broken, and grows up from boy to man without a particle of soundness in him, although exceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist who draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves that his ideas show the influence of a primitive and obsolete order of things, when the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone in honor, and the humble work of the world was done by slaves. We have now changed all that; the modern majority consists in work, as Emerson declares; and in work, we may add, principally of such plain and dusty kind as tne work of cultivators of the ground, handicraftsmen, men of trade and business, men of the working professions. Above all is this true in a great industrious community such as that of the United States.

Now education, many people go on to say, is still mainly governed by the ideas of men like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste and the priestly or philosophical class were alone in honor, and the really useful part of the community were slaves. It is an education fitted for persons of leisure in such a community. This education passed from Greece and Rome to the feudal communities of Europe, where also the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone held in honor, and where the really useful and working part of the community, though not nominally slaves as in the pagan world, were practically not much better off than slaves, and not more seriously regarded. And how absurd it is, people end by saying, to inflict this education upon an industrious modern community, where very few indeed are persons of leisure, and the mass to be considered has not leisure, but is bound, for its own great good, and for the great good of the world at large, to plain labor and to industrial pursuits, and the education in question tends necessarily to make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and unfitted for them!

That is what is said. So far I must defend Plato, as to plead that his view of education and studies is in the general, as it seems to me, sound enough, and fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, whatever their pursuits may be. "An intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others." I cannot consider *that* a bad description of the aim of education, and of the motives which should govern us in the choice of studies, whether we are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat in the English House of Lords or for the pork trade in Chicago.

Still I admit that Plato's world was not ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft is fantastic, that he had no conception of a great industrial community such as that of the United States, and that such a community must and will shape its education to suit its own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The question is whether the studies which were long supposed to be the best for all of us are practically the best now; whether others are not better. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us injuriously in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass from letters to science; and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in the United States. The design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is, in this intensely modern world of the United States, even more perhaps than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in edu-

cation to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being *to know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilized world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this program."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learned all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowledge of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for anyone whose object is to get at truth, and to be a practical man. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education to under-

38. **discourse**, Huxley's *Science and Culture*.

98. **Renan**, a French author and critic (1823-1892).

stand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right; that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal, and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the center of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature has no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the

material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education; but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely, which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers; while from the fatty yolk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enables it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferryboat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr. Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, they say, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture

46. **Levites**, high priests. 48. **Nebuchadnezzars.** Nebuchadnezzar was a Chaldean king of Babylon (c. 604-561 B.C.) who oppressed the Hebrews, the "children of light."

phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that everyone should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind, at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind leave one important thing out of their account: the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness, with wisdom. This is evident enough and the friends of physical science would admit it.

But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty—and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But everyone knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general

rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing—the vast majority of us experience—the need of relating what we have learned and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantineia in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should forever be present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form. And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose—this desire in men that good should be forever present to them—which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for everyone to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is

that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—religion and poetry; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn medieval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great medieval universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The medieval universities came into being because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself pro-

67. **Faraday**, an English chemist and physicist (1791-1867).

foundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But how, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that everyone will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them —the need of humane letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it—but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "medieval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results—the modern results—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived,

61. **Though a man**, etc., Ecclesiastes, viii, 17. The preacher was Ecclesiasticus, the writer of the book. 69. The Greek line is from the *Iliad*, xxiv, 49. 80. **What is a man advantaged**, etc., Matthew, xvi, 26.

perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life—they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men!"

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really are—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points—so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him

their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

I said that before I ended I would just touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons are now engirdling our English universities—I find that here in America, in colleges like Smith College in Massachusetts, and Vassar College in the State of New York, and in the happy families of the mixed universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca—"The antique symmetry was the one thing wanting to me," said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. I will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that, in the Englishman, the want of this admirable symmetry of the Greeks is a thousand times more great and crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves most glaringly, perhaps, in our architecture, but they show themselves, also, in all our art. *Fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived;* that is just the beautiful *symmetria prisca* of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails. Striking ideas we have, and well-executed details we have; but that high symmetry which, with satisfying and delightful effect, combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come from single fine things stuck about on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there—no, it arose from all things being perfectly

66. **Women will again study Greek.** Arnold saw in the establishment of women's colleges, especially in America, a revival of the interest in classical studies which was possessed by the women of the Elizabethan Age. That his faith in higher education for women was not shared by all of his contemporaries every reader of Tennyson's *Princess* knows.

combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about our deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof this symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here we are coming to our friend Mr. Ruskin's province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last find, it seems, we find flowing in favor of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," this good fellow carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay, more; we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek.

And therefore, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally; they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty. (1885)

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY
(1825-1895)

NOTE

The vivacious autobiography of the apostle of Darwinism is reprinted on pages 390 ff. and should be read in connection with the following essay. Unlike Carlyle, Newman, and Arnold, Huxley did not look for the regeneration of England in the restoration of the values, spiritual or otherwise, of a bygone age. He had as much faith in science as Arnold had in culture, and he gloried in its accomplishments. Many scientists are satisfied to work quietly, leaving to posterity the correct evaluation of their labors. Huxley became, however, the active proponent of the Darwinian theory and the highly effective advocate of the introduction of science in education. His conception of "A Liberal Education" is taken from the first part of an address delivered before the South London Working Men's College in 1868 and published under the title "A Liberal Education, and Where to Find It." It shows his scientific point of view as well as his capacity always to make his ideas clear through similes and concrete language.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

. . . By way of a beginning, let us ask ourselves, What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mold the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter,

but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of over-flowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win —and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then,

47. **Retzsch**, Morris (1779-1857), a German etcher and designer.

long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely—she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter. . . . (1868)

18. **Test-Acts**, laws requiring all members of national universities to be adherents of the Church of England. 24. **Poll**, mob (Greek). 27. **plucked**, dropped.

WALTER PATER (1839-1894)

NOTE

Though seeming at first view to react against the sterner essayists who were his early contemporaries and to lose all sense of duty and service in a self-indulgent epicureanism, Walter Pater's philosophy had much to commend it. His epicureanism was not the false philosophy of sense indulgence, but a higher one which demanded for its satisfaction a life inspired by art. Thus Pater would build for himself, not selfishly, a

palace of art in which his soul might nourish itself on the lovely things which the genius of man had created. His view of criticism was, therefore, the opposite of that of the carping fault-finder. He tried to understand the masterpiece, to appreciate its beauty, and having done so to interpret it to others. As a result his criticisms are *appreciations;* to go through literature or art under his guidance is to acquire an acquaintance with the best and an understanding of the criteria of artistic excellence. The following essay is a clear and penetrating definition of two critical terms, "classicism" and "romanticism," which have troubled critics and readers alike. It appeared first in Macmillan's magazine for November 1876, and was reprinted in 1889 as Postscript to his volume of essays called *Appreciations.* A few paragraphs have been omitted; these relate the development of romanticism in France and Germany. The essay should be compared with Macaulay's essay on "Correctness and Classicism" (page 489) and with Stevenson's "A Gossip on Romance" (page 579).

ROMANTICISM

The words "classical" and "romantic," although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that House Beautiful which the creative minds of all generations—the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together, for the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the Interpreter of the House Beautiful, the true aesthetic critic, uses these divisions only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term "classical," fixed, as it is, to a well-defined literature, and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard and merely scholastic sense by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame.

And as the term "classical" has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term "romantic" has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this—that, in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë, the romance of *Wuthering Heights;* the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliffe—tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death—figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of *Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber Witch.* In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers; and consequently, when Heine criticizes the "Romantic School" in Germany, that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen,* or when Théophile Gautier criticizes the romantic school in France, where, indeed, it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over—where by a certain audacity or *bizarrerie* of motive,

39. **Venus.** In Greek mythology Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, arose from the sea foam and landed at Cythera. The Romans identified her with Venus. 75. **Théophile Gautier,** a French novelist and critic (1811-1872). The Romantic School in Germany and that in France flourished in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and correspond to the Romantic Movement in England.

united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature—they use the word with an exact sense of special artistic qualities indeed, but use it, nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that and other similar uses of the word "romantic" really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

Though the words "classical" and "romantic," then, have acquired an almost technical meaning, in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists—between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty and authority respectively—of strength and order—or what the Greeks called κοσμιότης.

. . . The charm, therefore, of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "Romanticism," says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion—of music—which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillize us. The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess indeed in a preëminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them—to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany—not to distinguish jealously enough between what is admirably done and what is done

36. The Greek means "decorum." 47. **Stendhal**, pen name of Marie Henri Beyle, French novelist (1783-1842).

89. **Racine**, a French dramatic poet (1639-1699); cf. note on French drama, page 485.

not quite so well, in the writings—for instance—of Jean Paul. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and, coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But, however falsely those two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art, molding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other; generating, respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or on that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art; if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty the romantic spirit refuses to have it unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all—the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that . . .

The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of these qualities that it seeks the Middle Age, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Age, there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote. . . .

In his book on *Racine and Shakespeare*, Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day, and this is perhaps true in Stendhal's sense. That little treatise, full of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823, and its object is to defend an entire independence and liberty in the choice and treatment of subject, both in art and literature, against those who upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive, in writings like the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo (which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism) that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating, to keep us from yawning even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly-shifting Time-Spirit, or *Zeitgeist*, understood by French not less than by German criticism, which is always modifying men's taste as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of subject and treatment. To turn always with that ever-changing spirit, yet to retain the flavor of what was admirably done in past generations, in the classics, as we say, is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he observes, "was preëminently the romantic poet. He adored Vergil, yet he wrote the *Divine Comedy*, with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the *Aeneid* as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism,

2. **Jean Paul**, Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), a German writer. **10. Balzac**, a French novelist (1799-1850). Pater is condemning what he considers the excesses, exaggerations, and superabundant novelties in his work. **44. Jean Valjean**, the hero of Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. **45. Redgauntlet**, a character in Scott's *Redgauntlet*.

99. Ugolino, a Pisan nobleman of the thirteenth century, who was imprisoned in a tower by his enemy Archbishop Ruggieri and left to starve. Dante represents him in hell as gnawing the head of Ruggieri while both are frozen in a lake of ice; cf. footnote, page 314.

one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever-increasing common league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty, natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times, it must always be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favor of naturalism in poetry begins in that century, early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with *form*, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognized types in art and literature have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "'Tis art's decline, my son!" they are always saying to the progressive element in their own generation—to those who care for that which in fifty years' time everyone will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, proportionate form; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Phidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise, the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvelous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*, which nevertheless contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus.

. . . Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorized matter, and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome—the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognizable, united in perfect art—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced

there; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

Material for the artist, motives of inspiration, are not yet exhausted; our curious, complex, aspiring age still abounds in subjects for aesthetic manipulation by the literary as well as by other forms of art. For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is to induce order upon the contorted, proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, our science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done hitherto for the most part too unconsciously—to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write. Appealing, as he may, to precedent in this matter, the scholar will still remember that if "the style is the man" it is also the age; that the nineteenth century, too, will be found to have had its style, justified by necessity —a style very different, alike from the baldness of an impossible "Queen Anne" revival, and an incorrect, incondite exuberance, after the mode of Elizabeth; that we can only return to either at the price of an impoverishment of form or matter, or both, although, an intellectually rich age such as ours being necessarily an eclectic one, we may well cultivate some of the excellences of literary types so different as those; that in literature as in other matters it is well to unite as many diverse elements as may be; that the individual writer or artist, certainly, is to be estimated by the number of graces he combines, and his power of interpenetrating them in a given work. To discriminate schools of art, of literature, is of course part of the obvious business of literary criticism; but in the work of literary production it is easy to be overmuch occupied concerning them. For, in truth, the legitimate contention is, not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form. (1889)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

NOTE

The early and mid-Victorian essayists had their center of interest mainly in English problems and their solution. In Stevenson, however, we have a romantic essayist who made no especial diagnosis of his times and prescribed no cure. Like many of the romantic essayists of the early nineteenth century, his interests were personal and general; to use his own phrase from "Æs Triplex," he loved "not life but living." This essay is roughly autobiographical. Stevenson was a consumptive, who died at forty-four; but few healthy men who have exceeded the psalmist's span have packed into their lives more thrills and labor than did Stevenson. The dire need of finding a climate more kindly than that of his native Edinburgh and a certain wandering gypsy quality in his temperament drove him from one country to another. He died in Samoa and lies buried there—"home from the sea" after a life of vagabond activity. Stevenson's revival, toward the end of the last century, of romance in literature is shown best in his novels and stories. In his "Gossip on Romance" he expounds the theories which he has embodied in such stories as "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" (page 634). He preferred a story to an essay, and pure adventure to realism or "problem literature." His "Walking Tours" reflects his love of the outdoors. His "Æs Triplex" is a sermon on living. "I wonder if anyone had ever more energy upon so little strength," he says truthfully in one of his Vailima letters. Like the hero whom he praises in his essay, he died literally with pen in hand, not permitting life to "run out in sandy deltas." "Walking Tours" and "Æs Triplex" both show strongly the influence of Hazlitt, whom Stevenson studied assiduously. The first should be compared with Bacon's "Of Travel" (page 416) and Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey" (page 457); the second, with Bacon's "Of Death" (page 415) and Hazlitt's "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth" (page 464) and "On the Fear of Death" (page 471).

WALKING TOURS

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morn-

ing, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaçoa in liquor glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country," which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly toward his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm in arm with the hag —why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who

21. **brown john**, an earthen jug.

60. **vegetate like the country.** See Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey" (page 457). This is only one of many indications of Stevenson's debt to Hazlitt. 77. **Christian**, the hero of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. 90. **Abudah's chest**, referring to an oriental tale of an evil hag, who took up her residence in a merchant's chest.

walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gayety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner —and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning dose; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rimes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the

40. **red ears**, that is, from blushing with shame at being caught.

change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveler moves from the one extreme toward the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles toward the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical wellbeing, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetops, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live forever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the *fête* on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. "It was on the tenth of April 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat

104. It was, etc. Cf. note on Hazlitt's essay (page 461, line 65).

down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid, habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher

10. **Tristram Shandy**, Sterne's novel.

58. **gathering gear**, getting material wealth together; laying up "treasures on earth."

or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite. (1881)

*ÆS TRIPLEX

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of medieval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going toward the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merrymaking in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and mortification, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, traveling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds traveling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion

*From a phrase used by Horace, "*as triplex circa pectus*," "breast inclosed by triple brass," the symbol of the stout heart. 33. dule, a stake used to mark boundaries; *dule* is Scottish for *dole* or *grief*—hence Stevenson's use of the term here.

like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table; a deadlier spot than any battlefield in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived someone else; and when a draft might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gayety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiae bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Praetorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a checkered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Praetorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their

16. **blue-peter**, a flag used as a signal for sailing.

53. **Balaclava**, the scene of the famous charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War. See Tennyson's poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade." 58. **Curtius**, a young Roman hero who sacrificed his life to save his country by leaping into a gulf which had opened up in the Forum. 64. **Valley of the Shadow of Death**, Psalm xxiii, 4. 69. **Derby**, the great horse-race held in England. 71. **Caligula**, a Roman emperor in the first century who demanded that divine rights be paid him.

hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution toward the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word *life* in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue, we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, someone is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death.

27. **made out of the same stuff with dreams.** Cf Shakespeare's *Tempest*, IV. 156.

96. **Commander's statue,** an allusion to the adventure of Don Juan with an animated statue.

It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair, as a step toward the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running toward anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril toward his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path. And what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with

24. **Bath-chair**, an invalid's chair. 28. **that a man**, etc., Hebrews, xii, 1 and I Corinthians, ix, 24. 34. **lexicographer**, Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of Johnson's *Dictionary*. 41. **twenty-seven individual cups of tea**. Cf. Hazlitt's similar allusions in "On the Fear of Death" (page 476).

98. **mim-mouthed**, prudishly reticent.

something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny postcard? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced; is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land. (1881)

A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

In anything fit to be called by the name of reading the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should

12. **tread down the nettle danger.** Cf. *Henry IV*, Part I, II. iii, 10. 24. **Thackeray and Dickens.** Both left unfinished novels; so also did Stevenson.

88. **trailing with him clouds of glory,** quoted from Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" (page I-465).

run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story—if it be a story—repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where "toward the close of the year 17—" several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words "postchaise," the "great North road," "ostler," and "nag," still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of *What Will He Do with It?* It was no wonder I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sick-room. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck. Different as they are, all these early favorites have a common note—they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build

17. **Malabar**, a district in British India. 32. **John Rann, Jerry Abershaw**, famous outlaws 51. **What Will He Do with It?** a story by Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

65. **the last**, since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley. [Stevenson's note.]

a play, for the serious theater exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build upon this ground the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors and green garden and silent, eddying river—though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion* and Nelson parted from his Emma—still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smolders, waiting for its hour.

39. **miching mallecho, sneaking mischief** (*Hamlet*, III, ii, 143). 44. **Nelson parted from his Emma.** Lord Nelson's attachment for Emma, wife of Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to Naples in 1798, led to a separation from his wife and was one of the unfortunate episodes of his brilliant career.

The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine—in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of *The Antiquary*. But you need not tell me—that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determined at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations—"here my destiny awaits me"—and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man of the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.

Now this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this

89. **boat shall put off**, etc. Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hand in *Kidnapped*. Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters. [Stevenson's note.]

demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together, and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears —these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up at one blow our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative, a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of "Sandy's Mull," preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work in this manner, with even a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the bishop's wife, Mr. Melnette dallying in the deserted banquet-room, are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. Or again look at Thackeray. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, *Vanity Fair* would cease to be a work of art. That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of *Esmond* is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here bor-

91-92. Crawley . . Melnette. Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, Melnette in *The Way We Live Now*.

rowed from the great unblushing French thief; as usual, he has borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of *Robinson Crusoe* with the discredit of *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clarissa* is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art. It contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, while *Clarissa* lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It is like the story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from *Clarissa*, would he have been fired with the same chivalrous ardor? I wonder. Yet *Clarissa* has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted—pictorial or picture-making romance. While *Robinson* depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, on the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment, and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors, in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantés little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and

10. **Clarissa Harlowe**, a novel by Samuel Richardson (1747-1748). 20. **Byronism**, characteristic of the literary manner of Lord Byron (1788-1824), whose heroes were attractively moody and cynical. Compare the characterization of Lord Byron in Trelawny's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* (page 857).

light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into *Monte Cristo*. Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood; their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feverel is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue. Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus in the same book we may have two scenes, each capital in its order: in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its genuine voice; in the second, according circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius—I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war, and murder, is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of Crusoe at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy forever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, *The Sailor's Sweetheart*, by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the Swiss Family Robinson, that dreary family. They found article after article, creature after creature, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection—there was no smack or relish in the invoice, and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's *Mysterious Island* is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamour about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, beside the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has a right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to

17. Lucy and Richard Feverel, characters in George Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

54. arrival, etc., in George Sand's *Consuelo*.

any art. No art produces illusion; in the theater we never forget that we are in the theater; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling; when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death—ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him at every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance. . . .

(1882)

23-24. **Rawdon Crawley, Eugène de Rastignac.** Rawdon Crawley is in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair;* Rastignac, in Balzac's *Père Goriot* and in other stories.

STEPHEN LEACOCK (1869-)

NOTE

Men are often more widely known by their avocations than by their vocations. Thus Lewis Carroll, known the world over as the creator of *Alice in Wonderland*, was a teacher of mathematics, and Stephen Leacock, Professor of political economy at McGill University in Canada, is best known as a delightful humorist. His humor often takes the form of parody, as in the following essay.

*HOMER AND HUMBUG

AN ACADEMIC DISCUSSION

The following discussion is of course only of interest to scholars. But, as the public schools' returns show that in the United States there are now over a million colored scholars alone, the appeal is wide enough.

I do not mind confessing that for a long time past I have been very skeptical about the classics. I was myself trained as a classical scholar. It seemed the only thing to do with me. I acquired such a singular facility in handling Latin and Greek that I could take a page of either of them, distinguish which it was by merely glancing at it, and, with the help of a dictionary and a pair of compasses, whip off a translation of it in less than three hours.

But I never got any pleasure from it. I lied about it. At first, perhaps, I lied through vanity. Any colored scholar will understand the feeling. Later on I lied through habit; later still because, after all, the classics were all that I had and so I valued them. I have seen thus a deceived dog value a pup with a broken leg, and a pauper child nurse a dead doll with the sawdust out of it. So I nursed my dead Homer and my broken Demosthenes

*From *Behind the Beyond*, copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

though I knew in my heart that there was more sawdust in the stomach of one modern author than in the whole lot of them. Observe, I am not saying which it is that has it full of it.

So, as I say, I began to lie about the classics. I said to people who knew no Greek that there was a sublimity, a majesty about Homer which they could never hope to grasp. I said it was like the sound of the sea beating against the granite cliffs of the Ionian Esophagus; or words to that effect. As for the truth of it, I might as well have said that it was like the sound of a rum distillery running a night shift on half time. At any rate this is what I said about Homer, and when I spoke of Pindar—the dainty grace of his strophes —and Aristophanes, the delicious sallies of his wit, sally after sally, each sally explained in a note calling it a sally—I managed to suffuse my face with an animation which made it almost beautiful.

I admitted of course that Vergil in spite of his genius had a hardness and a cold glitter which resembled rather the brilliance of a cut diamond than the soft grace of a flower. Certainly I admitted this; the mere admission of it would knock the breath out of anyone who was arguing.

From such talks my friends went away sad. The conclusion was too cruel. It had all the cold logic of a syllogism (like that almost brutal form of argument so much admired in the Paraphernalia of Socrates). For if:

Vergil and Homer and Pindar had all this grace and pith and these sallies—
And if I read Vergil and Homer and Pindar,
And if they only read Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Humphrey Ward,
Then where were they?

So continued lying brought its own reward in the sense of superiority and I lied more.

When I reflect that I have openly expressed regret, as a personal matter, even in the presence of women, for the missing books of Tacitus, and the entire loss of the Abacadabra of Polyphemus of Syracuse, I can find no words in which to beg for pardon. In reality I was just as much worried over the loss of the ichthyosaurus. More, indeed—I'd like to have seen it; but if the books Tacitus lost were like those he didn't, I wouldn't.

I believe all scholars lie like this. An ancient friend of mine, a clergyman, tells me that in Hesiod he finds a peculiar grace that he doesn't find elsewhere. He's a liar. That's all. Another man, in politics and in the legislature, tells me that every night before going to bed he reads over a page or two of Thucydides to keep his mind fresh. Either he never goes to bed or he's a liar. Doubly so; no one could read Greek at that frantic rate; and anyway his mind isn't fresh. How could it be, he's in the legislature. I don't object to this man talking freely of the classics, but he ought to keep it for the voters. My own opinion is that before he goes to bed he takes whisky; why call it Thucydides?

I know there are solid arguments advanced in favor of the classics. I often hear them from my colleagues. My friend the professor of Greek tells me that he truly believes the classics have made him what he is. This is a very grave statement, if well founded. Indeed I have heard the same argument from a great many Latin and Greek scholars. They all claim, with some heat, that Latin and Greek have practically made them what they are. This damaging charge against the classics should not be too readily accepted. In my opinion some of these men would have been what they are, no matter what they were.

Be this as it may, I for my part bitterly regret the lies I have told about my appreciation of Latin and Greek literature. I am anxious to do what I can to set things right. I am therefore engaged on, indeed have nearly completed, a work which will enable all readers to judge the matter for themselves. What I have done is a translation of all the great classics, not in the usual literal way but on a design that brings them

into harmony with modern life. I will explain what I mean in a minute.

The translation is intended to be within reach of everybody. It is so designed that the entire set of volumes can go on a shelf twenty-seven feet long, or even longer. The first edition will be an *édition de luxe* bound in vellum, or perhaps in buckskin, and sold at five hundred dollars. It will be limited to five hundred copies and, of course, sold only to the feeble-minded. The next edition will be the Literary Edition, sold to artists, authors, actors, and contractors. After that will come the Boarding House Edition, bound in board and paid for in the same way.

My plan is to so transpose the classical writers as to give, not the literal translation word for word, but what is really the modern equivalent. Let me give an odd sample or two to show what I mean. Take the passage in the First Book of Homer that describes Ajax the Greek dashing into the battle in front of Troy. Here is the way it runs (as nearly as I remember), in the usual word for word translation of the classroom, as done by the very best professor, his spectacles glittering with the literary rapture of it.

Then he too Ajax on the one hand leaped (or possibly jumped) into the fight wearing on the other hand, yes certainly a steel corselet (or possibly a bronze under tunic) and on his head of course, yes without doubt he had a helmet with a tossing plume taken from the mane (or perhaps extracted from the tail) of some horse which once fed along the banks of the Scamander (and it sees the herd and raises its head and paws the ground) and in his hand a shield worth a hundred oxen and on his knees too especially in particular greaves made by some cunning artificer (or perhaps blacksmith) and he blows the fire and it is hot. Thus Ajax leaped (or, better, was propelled from behind) into the fight.

Now that's grand stuff. There is no doubt of it. There's a wonderful movement and force to it. You can almost see it move, it goes so fast. But the modern reader can't get it. It won't mean to him what it meant to the early Greek. The setting, the costume, the scene has all got to be changed in order to let the reader have a real equivalent to judge just how good the Greek verse is. In my translation I alter it just a little, not much but just enough to give the passage a form that reproduces the proper literary value of the verses, without losing anything of the majesty. It describes, I may say, the Directors of the American Industrial Stocks rushing into the Balkan War Cloud.

Then there came rushing to the shock of war
Mr. McNicoll of the C. P. R.
He wore suspenders and about his throat
High rose the collar of a sealskin coat.
He had on gaiters and he wore a tie,
He had his trousers buttoned good and high;
About his waist a woolen undervest
Bought from a sad-eyed farmer of the West.
(And every time he clips a sheep he sees
Some bloated plutocrat who ought to freeze,)
Thus in the Stock Exchange he burst to view,
Leaped to the post, and shouted, "Ninety-two!"

There! That's Homer, the real thing! Just as it sounded to the rude crowd of Greek peasants who sat in a ring and guffawed at the rimes and watched the minstrel stamp it out into "feet" as he recited it!

Or let me take another example from the so-called Catalogue of the Ships that fills up nearly an entire book of Homer. This famous passage names all the ships, one by one, and names the chiefs who sailed on them, and names the particular town or hill or valley that they came from. It has been much admired. It has that same majesty of style that has been brought to an even loftier pitch in the New York Business Directory and the City Telephone Book. It runs along, as I recall it, something like this:

"And first, indeed, oh yes, was the ship of Homistogetes the Spartan, long and swift, having both its masts covered with cowhide and two rows of oars. And he,

Homistogetes, was born of Hermogenes and Ophthalmia and was at home in Syncope beside the fast flowing Paresis. And after him came the ship of Preposterus the Eurasian, son of Oasis and Hysteria," . . .

and so on endlessly.

Instead of this I substitute, with the permission of the New York Central Railway, the official catalogue of their locomotives taken almost word for word from the list compiled by their superintendent of works. I admit that he wrote in hot weather. Part of it runs:

Out in the yard and steaming in the sun
Stands locomotive engine number forty-one;
Seated beside the windows of the cab
Are Pat McGaw and Peter James McNab.
Pat comes from Troy and Peter from Cohoes,
And when they pull the throttle off she goes;
And as she vanishes there comes to view
Steam locomotive engine number forty-two.
Observe her mighty wheels, her easy roll,
With William J. Macarthy in control.
They say her engineer some time ago
Lived on a farm outside of Buffalo,
Whereas his fireman, Henry Edward Foy,
Attended school in Springfield, Illinois.
Thus does the race of man decay or rot—
Some men can hold their jobs and some can not.

Please observe that if Homer had actually written that last line it would have been quoted for a thousand years as one of the deepest sayings ever said. Orators would have rounded out their speeches with the majestic phrase, quoted in sonorous and unintelligible Greek verse, "some men can hold their jobs and some can not"; essayists would have begun their most scholarly dissertations with the words—"It has been finely said by Homer that (in Greek) 'some men can hold their jobs' "; and the clergy in mid-pathos of a funeral sermon would have raised their eyes aloft and echoed "some men can not!"

This is what I should like to do. I'd like to take a large stone and write on it in very plain writing:

"The classics are only primitive literature. They belong in the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine"—and then throw it through the windows of a university and hide behind a fence to see the professors buzz! ! (1913)

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
(1874-)

NOTE

Gilbert K. Chesterton is known widely as a master of paradox. All of his essays on life and literature show the same power of penetration and brilliant expression. He has the interest of the mid-Victorian essayists in the Middle Ages and their faith in the artistic and spiritual values of the past, but his manner is, on the whole, lighter and less formal than theirs. (See also the headnote to Chesterton's "Lepanto," page I-323).

*ON SANDALS AND SIMPLICITY

The great misfortune of the modern English is not at all that they are more boastful than other people (they are not); it is that they are boastful about those particular things which nobody can boast of without losing them. A Frenchman can be proud of being bold and logical, and still remain bold and logical. A German can be proud of being reflective and orderly, and still remain reflective and orderly. But an Englishman cannot be proud of being simple and direct and still remain simple and direct. In the matter of these strange virtues, to know them is to kill them. A man may be conscious of being heroic or conscious of being divine, but he cannot (in spite of all the Anglo-Saxon poets) be conscious of being unconscious.

Now, I do not think that it can be honestly denied that some portion of this impossibility attaches to a class very different in their own opinion, at least, to the school of Anglo-Saxonism. I mean that school of the simple life, commonly associated with Tolstoy. If a perpetual talk about one's own robust-

*From *Heretics*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

ness leads to being less robust, it is even more true that a perpetual talking about one's own simplicity leads to being less simple. One great complaint, I think, must stand against the modern upholders of the simple life—the simple life in all its varied forms, from vegetarianism to the honorable consistency of the Doukhobors. This complaint against them stands, that they would make us simple in the unimportant things, but complex in the important things. They would make us simple in the things that do not matter—that is, in diet, in costume, in etiquette, in economic system. But they would make us complex in the things that do matter—in philosophy, in loyalty, in spiritual acceptance, and spiritual rejection. It does not so very much matter whether a man eats a grilled tomato or a plain tomato; it does very much matter whether he eats a plain tomato with a grilled mind. The only kind of simplicity worth preserving is the simplicity of the heart, the simplicity which accepts and enjoys. There may be a reasonable doubt as to what system preserves this; there can surely be no doubt that a system of simplicity destroys it. There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviar on impulse than in the man who eats grape-nuts on principle.

The chief error of these people is to be found in the very phrase to which they are most attached—"plain living and high thinking." These people do not stand in need of, will not be improved by, plain living and high thinking. They stand in need of the contrary. They would be improved by high living and plain thinking. A little high living (I say, having a full sense of responsibility, a little high living) would teach them the force and meaning of the human festivities, of the banquet that has gone on from the beginning of the world. It would teach them the historic fact that the artificial is, if anything, older than the natural. It would teach them that the loving-cup is as old as any hunger. It would teach them that ritualism is older than any religion. And a little plain thinking would teach them how harsh and fanciful are the mass of their own ethics, how very civilized and very complicated must be the brain of the Tolstoyan who really believes it to be evil to love one's country and wicked to strike a blow.

A man approaches, wearing sandals and simple raiment, a raw tomato held firmly in his right hand, and says, "The affections of family and country alike are hindrances to the fuller development of human love"; but the plain thinker will only answer him, with a wonder not untinged with admiration, "What a great deal of trouble you must have taken in order to feel like that." High living will reject the tomato. Plain thinking will equally decisively reject the idea of the invariable sinfulness of war. High living will convince us that nothing is more materialistic than to despise a pleasure as purely material. And plain thinking will convince us that nothing is more materialistic than to reserve our horror chiefly for material wounds.

The only simplicity that matters is the simplicity of the heart. If that be gone, it can be brought back by no turnips or cellular clothing; but only by tears and terror and the fires that are not quenched. If that remain, it matters very little if a few Early Victorian armchairs remain along with it. Let us put a complex *entrée* into a simple old gentleman; let us not put a simple *entrée* into a complex old gentleman. So long as human society will leave my spiritual inside alone, I will allow it, with a comparative submission, to work its wild will with my physical interior. I will submit to cigars. I will meekly embrace a bottle of Burgundy. I will humble myself to a hansom cab. If only by this means I may preserve to myself the virginity of the spirit, which enjoys with astonishment and fear. I do not say that these are the only methods of preserving it. I incline to

9. **Doukhobors**, a fanatical sect of Russian peasants, many of whom migrated to Canada.

85. **cellular clothing**, the simple garb which would be worn by a man living in a cave or cell.

the belief that there are others. But I will have nothing to do with simplicity which lacks the fear, the astonishment, and the joy alike. I will have nothing to do with the devilish vision of a child who is too simple to like toys.

The child is, indeed, in these, and many other matters, the best guide. And in nothing is the child so righteously childlike, in nothing does he exhibit more accurately the sounder order of simplicity, than in the fact that he sees everything with a simple pleasure, even the complex things. The false type of naturalness harps always on the distinction between the natural and the artificial. The higher kind of naturalness ignores that distinction. To the child the tree and the lamppost are as natural and as artificial as each other; or rather, neither of them are natural but both supernatural. For both are splendid and unexplained. The flower with which God crowns the one, and the flame with which Sam the lamplighter crowns the other, are equally of the gold of fairy tales. In the middle of the wildest fields the most rustic child is, ten to one, playing at steam engines. And the only spiritual or philosophical objection to steam engines is not that men pay for them or work at them, or make them very ugly, or even that men are killed by them; but merely that men do not play at them. The evil is that the childish poetry of clockwork does not remain. The wrong is not that engines are too much admired, but that they are not admired enough. The sin is not that engines are mechanical, but that men are mechanical.

In this matter, then, as in all the other matters treated in this book, our main conclusion is that it is a fundamental point of view, a philosophy or religion which is needed, and not any change in habit or social routine. The things we need most for immediate practical purposes are all abstractions. We need a right view of the human lot, a right view of the human society, and if we were living eagerly and angrily in the enthusiasm of those things, we should, *ipso facto*, be living simply in the genuine and spiritual sense. Desire and danger make everyone simple. And to those who talk to us with interfering eloquence about Jaeger and the pores of the skin, and about Plasmon and the coats of the stomach, at them shall only be hurled the words that are hurled at fops and gluttons, "Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed. For after all these things do the Gentiles seek. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Those amazing words are not only extraordinarily good, practical politics; they are also superlatively good hygiene. The one supreme way of making all those processes go right, the processes of health, and strength, and grace, and beauty, the one and only way of making certain of their accuracy, is to think about something else. If a man is bent on climbing into the seventh heaven, he may be quite easy about the pores of his skin. If he harnesses his wagon to a star, the process will have a most satisfactory effect upon the coats of his stomach. For the thing called "taking thought," the thing for which the best modern word is "rationalizing," is in its nature, inapplicable to all plain and urgent things. Men take thought and ponder rationalistically, touching remote things—things that only theoretically matter, such as the transit of Venus. But only at their peril can men rationalize about so practical a matter as health. (1905)

63. **Take no thought**, etc. See Matthew, vi, 25-34.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-1931)

NOTE

Arnold Bennett was better known as a novelist than as an essayist, and his *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* are social studies of merit and genuine power. He was also a popular essayist, writing easily and entertainingly on a variety of subjects. His *Literary Taste, How to Form It* (1909), from which the following chapter was taken, is a wholesome, sensible, and very helpful guidebook to literature, containing, among other

items, some valuable reading lists. Mr. Bennett's definition of a classic should be compared with Matthew Arnold's "The Study of Poetry" (page 546), with Newman's definition of literature (page 504), and with Leacock's "Homer and Humbug" (page 585).

WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC

The large majority of our fellow-citizens care as much about literature as they care about aëroplanes or the program of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it—not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved—but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them.

In the face of this one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reënforced by the ardor of the passionate few. And in the case of an author who has emerged into glory after his death, the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savoring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way.

And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory-jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes—not by reason, but by faith. And he, too, repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the com-

16 **Stubbs**, William Stubbs, English bishop and historian (1825-1901).

plete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvelous stage-effects which accompany *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it.

What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are forever making new researches, forever practicing on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want. Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy today what will seem tedious to them tomorrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street-crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humor, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt or Sainte-Beuve, has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand—

> The woods of Arcady are dead,
> And over is their antique joy—

and I say that those lines are beautiful because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will broadly agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from these lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity, or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help specially to vitalize the reputations of the narrower geniuses, such as Crashaw. But their active predilections never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reënforce it.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary

51. Sainte-Beuve, a French literary critic (1804-1869).

essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of yourself; that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney may be reached *via* Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg. (1909)

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-)

NOTE

Hilaire Belloc was born in France of a French father and an English mother, and his genius shows a happy mixture of both races. Among collections of his essays are *On Nothing*, *Hills and the Sea*, and *First and Last*. The following, with its breath of English country life, is reprinted from *Hills and the Sea*. It should be compared with Thoreau's "Brute Neighbors" (page 524) and with the nature essays of John Burroughs.

THE MOWING OF A FIELD

There is a valley in South England remote from ambition and from fear, where the passage of strangers is rare and unperceived, and where the scent of the grass in summer is breathed only by those who are native to that unvisited land. The roads to the Channel do not traverse it; they choose upon either side easier passes over the range. One track alone leads up through it to the hills, and this is changeable: now green where men have little occasion to go, now a good road where it nears the homesteads and the barns. The woods grow steep above the slopes; they reach sometimes the very summit of the heights, or, when they cannot attain them, fill in and clothe the coombes. And, in between, along the floor of the valley, deep pastures and their silence are bordered by lawns of chalky grass and the small yew trees of the Downs.

The clouds that visit its sky reveal themselves beyond the one great rise, and sail, white and enormous, to the other, and sink beyond that other. But the plains above which they have traveled and the Weald to which they go, the people of the valley cannot see and hardly recall. The wind, when it reaches such fields, is no longer a gale from the salt, but fruitful and soft, an inland breeze; and those whose blood was nourished here feel in that wind the fruitfulness of our orchards and all the life that all things draw from the air.

In this place, when I was a boy, I pushed through a fringe of beeches that made a complete screen between me and the world, and I came to a glade called No Man's Land. I climbed beyond it, and I was surprised and glad, because from the ridge of that glade, I saw the sea. To this place very lately I returned.

The many things that I recovered as I came up the countryside were not less charming than when a distant memory had enshrined them, but much more. Whatever veil is thrown by a longing recollection had not intensified nor even made more mysterious the beauty of that happy ground; not in my very dreams of morning had I, in exile, seen it more beloved or more rare. Much also that I had forgotten now returned to me as I approached—a group of elms, a little turn of the parson's wall, a small paddock beyond the graveyard close, cherished by one man, with a low wall of very old stone guarding it all round. And all these things fulfilled and amplified my delight, till even the good vision of the place, which I had kept so many years, left me and was replaced by its better reality. "Here," I said to myself, "is a symbol of what some say is reserved for the soul; pleasure of a kind which cannot be imagined save in a moment when at last it is attained."

When I came to my own gate and my own field, and had before me the house

35. **coombe**, a short, steep valley. A *down* is a hillock; a *weald*, a stretch of open country; *down* and *weald* are used here as place names.

I knew, I looked around a little (though it was already evening), and I saw that the grass was standing as it should stand when it is ready for the scythe. For in this, as in everything that a man can do—of those things at least which are very old—there is an exact moment when they are done best. And it has been remarked of whatever rules us that it works blunderingly, seeing that the good things given to a man are not given at the precise moment when they would have filled him with delight. But, whether this be true or false, we can choose the just turn of the seasons in everything we do of our own will, and especially in the making of hay. Many think that hay is best made when the grass is thickest; and so they delay until it is rank and in flower, and has already heavily pulled the ground. And there is another false reason for delay, which is wet weather. For very few will understand (though it comes year after year) that we have rain always in South England between the sickle and the scythe, or say just after the weeks of east wind are over. First we have a week of sudden warmth, as though the south had come to see us all; then we have the weeks of east and southeast wind; and then we have more or less of that rain of which I spoke, and which always astonishes the world. Now it is just before, or during, or at the very end of that rain—but not later—that grass should be cut for hay. True, upland grass, which is always thin, should be cut earlier than the grass in the bottoms and along the water meadows; but not even the latest, even in the wettest seasons, should be left (as it is) to flower and even to seed. For what we get when we store our grass is not a harvest of something ripe, but a thing just caught in its prime before maturity; as witness that our corn and straw are best yellow, but our hay is best green. So also Death should be represented with a scythe and Time with a sickle; for Time can take only what is ripe, but Death comes always too soon. In a word, then, it is always much easier to cut grass too late than too early; and I, under that evening and come back to these pleasant fields, looked at the grass and knew that it was time. June was in full advance; it was the beginning of that season when the night has already lost her foothold of the earth and hovers over it, never quite descending, but mixing sunset with the dawn.

Next morning, before it was yet broad day, I awoke, and thought of the mowing. The birds were already chattering in the trees beside my window, all except the nightingale, which had left and flown away to the Weald, where he sings all summer by day as well as by night in the oaks and the hazel spinneys, and especially along the little river Adur, one of the rivers of the Weald. The birds and the thought of the mowing had awakened me, and I went down the stairs and along the stone floors to where I could find a scythe; and when I took it from its nail, I remembered how, fourteen years ago, I had last gone out with my scythe, just so, into the fields at morning. In between that day and this were many things, cities and armies, and a confusion of books, mountains, and the desert, and horrible great breadths of sea.

When I got out into the long grass the sun was not yet risen, but there were already many colors in the eastern sky, and I made haste to sharpen my scythe, so that I might get to the cutting before the dew should dry. Some say that it is best to wait till all the dew has risen, so as to get the grass quite dry from the very first. But, though it is an advantage to get the grass quite dry, yet it is not worth while to wait till the dew has risen. For, in the first place, you lose many hours of work (and those the coolest), and next—which is more important—you lose that great ease and thickness in cutting which comes of the dew. So I at once began to sharpen my scythe.

There is an art also in the sharpening of the scythe, and it is worth describing carefully. Your blade must be dry, and that is why you will see men rub-

bing the scythe-blade with grass before they whet it. Then also your rubber must be quite dry, and on this account it is a good thing to lay it on your coat and keep it there during all your day's mowing. The scythe you stand upright, with the blade pointing away from you, and put your left hand firmly on the back of the blade, grasping it; then you pass the rubber first down one side of the blade-edge and then down the other, beginning near the handle and going on to the point and working quickly and hard. When you first do this you will, perhaps, cut your hand; but it is only at first that such an accident will happen to you.

To tell when the scythe is sharp enough this is the rule. First the stone clangs and grinds against the iron harshly; then it rings musically to one note; then, at last, it purrs as though the iron and stone were exactly suited. When you hear this, your scythe is sharp enough; and I, when I heard it that June dawn, with everything quite silent except the birds, let down the scythe and bent myself to mow.

When one does anything anew, after so many years, one fears very much for one's trick or habit. But all things once learned are easily recoverable, and I very soon recovered the swing and power of the mower. Mowing well and mowing badly—or rather not mowing at all—are separated by very little; as is also true of writing verse, of playing the fiddle, and of dozens of other things, but of nothing more than of believing. For the bad or young or untaught mower without tradition, the mower Promethean, the mower original and contemptuous of the past, does all these things: He leaves great crescents of grass uncut. He digs the point of the scythe hard into the ground with a jerk. He loosens the handles and even the fastening of the blade. He twists the blade with his blunders, he blunts the blade, he chips it, dulls it, or breaks it clean off at the tip. If anyone is standing by he cuts him in the ankle. He sweeps up into the air wildly, with nothing to resist his stroke. He drags up earth with the grass, which is like making the meadow bleed. But the good mower who does things just as they should be done and have been for a hundred thousand years falls into none of these fooleries. He goes forward very steadily, his scythe-blade just barely missing the ground, every grass falling; the swish and rhythm of his mowing are always the same.

So great an art can only be learned by continual practice; but this much is worth writing down, that, as in all good work, to know the thing with which you work is the core of the affair. Good verse is best written on good paper with an easy pen, not with a lump of coal on a whitewashed wall. The pen thinks for you; and so does the scythe mow for you if you treat it honorably and in a manner that makes it recognize its service. The manner is this. You must regard the scythe as a pendulum that swings, not as a knife that cuts. A good mower puts no more strength into his stroke than into his lifting. Again, stand up to your work. The bad mower, eager and full of pain, leans forward and tries to force the scythe through the grass. The good mower, serene and able, stands as nearly straight as the shape of the scythe will let him, and follows up every stroke closely, moving his left foot forward. Then also let every stroke get well away. Mowing is a thing of ample gestures, like drawing a cartoon. Then, again, get yourself into a mechanical and repetitive mood; be thinking of anything at all but your mowing, and be anxious only when there seems some interruption to the monotony of the sound. In this mowing should be like one's prayers—all of a sort and always the same, and so made that you can establish a monotony and work them, as it were, with half your mind; that happier half, the half that does not bother.

In this way, when I had recovered the art after so many years, I went forward over the field, cutting lane after

42. **Promethean.** In Greek mythology Prometheus was a Titan who rebelled against Zeus. The reference here is to the undisciplined, untrained mower.

lane through the grass, and bringing out its most secret essences with the sweep of the scythe until the air was full of odors. At the end of every lane I sharpened my scythe and looked back at the work done, and then carried my scythe down again upon my shoulder to begin another. So, long before the bell rang in the chapel above me—that is, long before six o'clock, which is the time for the Angelus—I had many swathes already lying in order parallel like soldiery; and the high grass yet standing making a great contrast with the shaven part looked dense and high. As it says in the Ballad of Val-ès-Dunes, where—

> The tall son of the Seven Winds
> Came riding out of Hither-hythe,

and his horse-hoofs (you will remember) trampled into the press and made a gap in it, and his sword (as you know)

> was like a scythe
> In Arcus when the grass is high
> And all the swathes in order lie,
> And there's the bailiff standing by
> A-gathering of the tithe.

So I mowed all that morning, till the houses awoke in the valley, and from some of them rose a little fragrant smoke, and men began to be seen.

I stood still and rested on my scythe to watch the awakening of the village, when I saw coming up to my field a man whom I had known in older times, before I had left the Valley.

He was of that dark silent race upon which all the learned quarrel, but which, by whatever meaningless name it may be called—Iberian, or Celtic, or what you will—is the permanent root of all England, and makes England wealthy and preserves it everywhere, except perhaps in the Fens and in a part of Yorkshire. Everywhere else you will find it active and strong. These people are intensive; their thoughts and their labors turn inward. It is on account of their presence in these islands that our gardens are the richest in the world. They also love low rooms and ample fires and great warm slopes of thatch. They have, as I believe, an older acquaintance with the English air than any other of all the strains that make up England. They hunted in the Weald with stones, and camped in the pines of the green-sand. They lurked under the oaks of the upper rivers, and saw the legionaries go up, up the straight paved road from the sea. They helped the few pirates to destroy the towns, and mixed with those pirates and shared the spoils of the Roman villas, and were glad to see the captains and the priests destroyed. They remain; and no admixture of the Frisian pirates, or the Breton, or the Angevin and Norman conquerors, has very much affected their cunning eyes.

To this race, I say, belonged the man who now approached me. And he said to me, "Mowing?" And I answered, "Ar." Then he also said "Ar," as in duty bound; for we so speak to each other in the Stenes of the Downs.

Next he told me that, as he had nothing to do, he would lend me a hand; and I thanked him warmly, or, as we say, "kindly." For it is a good custom of ours always to treat bargaining as though it were a courteous pastime; and though what he was after was money, and what I wanted was his labor at the least pay, yet we both played the comedy that we were free men, the one granting a grace and the other accepting it. For the dry bones of commerce, avarice and method and need, are odious to the Valley; and we cover them up with a pretty body of fiction and observances. Thus, when it comes to buying pigs, the buyer does not begin to decry the pig and the vendor to praise it, as is the custom with lesser men; but tradition makes them do business in this fashion:

First the buyer will go up to the seller when he sees him in his own steading, and, looking at the pig with admiration, the buyer will say that rain may or may not fall, or that we shall have snow or thunder, according to the time of the year. Then the seller, looking critically at the pig, will agree that the weather

is as his friend maintains. There is no haste at all; great leisure marks the dignity of their exchange. And the next step is, that the buyer says: "That's a fine pig you have there, Mr. ——" (giving the seller's name). "Ar, powerful fine pig." Then the seller, saying also "Mr." (for twin brothers rocked in one cradle give each other ceremonious observance here), the seller, I say, admits, as though with reluctance, the strength and beauty of the pig, and falls into deep thought. Then the buyer says, as though moved by a great desire, that he is ready to give so much for the pig, naming half the proper price, or a little less. Then the seller remains in silence for some moments; and at last begins to shake his head slowly, till he says: "I don't be thinking of selling the pig, anyways." He will also add that a party only Wednesday offered him so much for the pig—and he names about double the proper price. Thus all ritual is duly accomplished; and the solemn act is entered upon with reverence and in a spirit of truth. For when the buyer uses this phrase: "I'll tell you what I *will* do," and offers within half a crown of the pig's value, the seller replies that he can refuse him nothing, and names half a crown above its value; the difference is split, the pig is sold, and in the quiet soul of each runs the peace of something accomplished.

Thus do we buy a pig or land or labor or malt or lime, always with elaboration and set forms; and many a London man has paid double and more for his violence and his greedy haste and very unchivalrous higgling. As happened with the land at Underwaltham, which the mortgagees had begged and implored the estate to take at twelve hundred and had privately offered to all the world at a thousand, but which a sharp direct man, of the kind that makes great fortunes, a man in a motor-car, a man in a fur coat, a man of few words, bought for two thousand three hundred before my very eyes, protesting that they might take his offer or leave it; and all because he did not begin by praising the land.

Well then, this man I spoke of offered to help me, and he went to get his scythe. But I went into this house and brought out a gallon jar of small ale for him and for me; for the sun was now very warm, and small ale goes well with mowing. When we had drunk some of this ale in mugs called "I see you," we took each a swathe, he a little behind me because he was the better mower; and so for many hours we swung, one before the other, mowing and mowing at the tall grass of the field. And the sun rose to noon and we were still at our mowing; and we ate food, but only for a little while, and we took again to our mowing. And at last there was nothing left but a small square of grass, standing like a square of linesmen who keep their formation, tall and unbroken, with all the dead lying around them when the battle is over and done.

Then for some little time I rested after all those hours; and the man and I talked together, and a long way off we heard in another field the musical sharpening of a scythe.

The sunlight slanted powdered and mellow over the breadth of the valley; for day was nearing its end. I went to fetch rakes from the steading; and when I had come back the last of the grass had fallen, and all the field lay flat and smooth, with the very green short grass in lanes between the dead and yellow swathes.

These swathes we raked into cocks to keep them from the dew against our return at daybreak; and we made the cocks as tall and steep as we could, for in that shape they best keep off the dew, and it is easier also to spread them after the sun has risen. Then we raked up every straggling blade, till the whole field was a clean floor for the tedding and the carrying of the hay next morning. The grass we had mown was but a little over two acres; for that is all the pasture on my little tiny farm.

When we had done all this, there fell upon us the beneficent and deliberate evening; so that as we sat a little

85. steading, farm-house. 99. tedding, spreading the new-mown hay to dry it.

while together near the rakes, we saw the valley more solemn and dim around us, and all the trees and hedgerows quite still, and held by a complete silence. Then I paid my companion his wage, and bade him a good-night, till we should meet in the same place before sunrise.

He went off with a slow and steady progress, as all our peasants do, making their walking a part of the easy but continual labor of their lives. But I sat on, watching the light creep around toward the north and change, and the waning moon coming up as though by stealth behind the woods of No Man's Land. (1906)

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS
(1857-1927)

NOTE

Samuel McChord Crothers was a Unitarian minister who lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was widely known as an essayist on social, economic, and literary subjects. His analysis is keen and his style clear and entertaining. The following criticism of the new school of biography appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1923. Examples of the types of biography to which he refers will be found in Chapter VIII; these include a section from "Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria." "Satan Among the Biographers" provides at the same time an example of a critical essay and a valuable comment on a type which is defined earlier in this volume.

SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS

I

By Satan I do not mean the evil spirit who goes about like a roaring lion. I have in mind the Satan who appears in the prologue to the Book of Job. He is the adversary, the one who presents the other side. When the sons of God came together, then came the adversary among them. He belonged to the assembly, but he sat on the opposition bench. He introduced questions which had occurred to him as he walked up and down upon the earth. His function was to challenge generally received opinions. There was Job. Everyone looked upon him as a man who was as righteous as he was prosperous. But was he? Satan suggested that his character should be analyzed. Take away Job's prosperity and let us see what becomes of his righteousness.

Now that critical spirit has entered into the biographers and influenced their attitude toward what they used to call the subject of their sketch. It used to be taken for granted that the tone of biography should be eulogistic. "Let us praise famous men and the fathers who begat us." This indicates how closely biography is related to genealogy. The text is often transformed into, "Let us praise the fathers who begat us, and if we have sufficient literary skill we may make them famous."

The lives of the saints have a great sameness, for it is necessary that they should be saintly. Even when their adventures are of the most astonishing character, the chronicler must throw in a word now and then to show that they are not acting out of character. Thus that wild Irish saint, Saint Brandan, who went careering over the Western Sea like another Sindbad the Sailor, must have a religious motive for his voyage. The chronicler declares, "seven years on the back of a whale he rode, which was a difficult mode of piety." Had Brandan been a layman, we might have admired him for his acrobatic gifts. Being a saint, we must see him balancing himself on the back of a whale as a pious exercise.

Biographers on the whole have been a rather modest folk and have had scant recognition in academic circles. Thus there are numberless professors of history — ancient and modern — but when recently a Minnesota college established a professorship of biography, the title seemed a strange one. The educational world has followed the example of Nature — so careful of the type, so careless of the single life.

But a new school of biography has arisen, and it is of interest to compare it with the old. The great difference is in the attitude of the biographer toward his subject. The attitude of the

old biographer was that of a painter who was commissioned to paint the portrait of a great man. He wished to make a likeness and to make it as lifelike as possible; but he had to recognize the proprieties. The painter is frankly on the outside, and can give only so much of character as is revealed in the countenance. So the biographer was dealing frankly with externals. What the great man did or said could be recorded, but what he meant could only be guessed. Every man's mind was his castle, and there were private rooms into which the public had no right to intrude. If a person were very inquisitive, he might, if he got the chance, peep in through the windows of the soul; but that was as far as he could go. He was necessarily an outsider.

But of late the biographer has become bolder and, instead of peeping in, has taken to breaking and entering. His method is described as "penetrating." We see him not only prowling in the consciousness, but penetrating into the most remote portions of the subconsciousness. We see him throwing his flashlight upon motives concealed from nearest friends. It is the era of the X-ray, and human character cannot escape the methods of research. The biographer attempts to show us a man's mind as viewed from the inside. How he gets inside is his business—not ours.

Let us compare John Morley's *Gladstone* with Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Morley takes his subject very seriously. Gladstone was a great man, and knew it, and so did everyone else. He lived in a great period and was an important part of it. Morley was a friend who followed his career with respectful but discriminating interest. He was in a position to know a great many facts. But he did not intrude. A vast number of details are given, but the result of it all is that we feel that we are looking *at* Gladstone and not through him. We know what he did and what he said, and we know what interpretations his friend Morley put upon his words and actions; but we can only guess at his ulterior motives. We see the conclusions to which he came but not all the mental processes by which they were reached. Mr. Gladstone always appears to us clothed and in his right mind. If he had any unlucid intervals, they are not a part of the record. As for exploring Gladstone's subconscious mind, his friend would as soon have thought of poking about in his host's pantry without asking leave. What did Gladstone think when he wasn't addressing the public or preparing to address it? The biographer would say, "That is none of your business, nor is it mine."

The same impression is made by Trevelyan's *John Bright*. We feel that we know John Bright as well as his constituents knew him. It never occurs to us that we know him better.

Turn to Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria. We have a surprise. We are conscious of a new sensation. To say that the book is stimulating is faint praise. It is intoxicating. Here is biography with its crudenesses and irrelevancies distilled away. We get the essential spirit.

It is not that we are behind the scenes as an ordinary playgoer who is allowed this novel experience, that he may see how things look on that side of the curtain. We are behind the scenes as a playwright who is also his own stage manager may be behind the scenes. We feel that somehow we have an intimate knowledge of how the lights should be arranged to produce the best effects. We have no illusions ourselves, but this allows us to watch the production of the play with keener intellectual interest.

We see Queen Victoria, not as her admiring subjects, with superstitious ideas about royalty, saw her, but as she would have seen herself, had she been as clever as we are. The revelation has all the charm that an autobiography would have if a person could speak about himself without vanity and without self-consciousness.

In reading the *Confessions* of St. Augustine or Rousseau, we feel that

they are trying to tell the whole truth about themselves, but we are not convinced that they have succeeded. They confess certain sins that attract their attention; but what of those failings which St. Paul describes as "the sins that so easily beset us"? Some of these beset a person so closely that he doesn't know that they are there. There are certain commonplace faults which are seldom confessed by the most conscientious. I have never come across an autobiography in which the writer drew attention to the fact that his friends often found him a little wearing.

Mr. Strachey gives us Victoria's autobiography written by somebody else who saw through her. There is an awareness of all her limitations and a cool appreciation of her middle-class virtues. We sympathize with her efforts to live up to her station in life. We see her successes and admire her pluck. When she makes mistakes we recognize that she is thoroughly conscientious. Her judgments are often shrewd. She is rather muddle-headed in regard to the new problems of the day, but not more so than her constitutional advisers. She is a real character, and we know her in the same way that we know Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie. We feel that we not only know what she did, but we know the moving why she did it. We know also why she did not do more. It was because it wasn't in her to do more. And her environment was exactly fitted to her personality. We feel that it was no mere coincidence that she lived in the Victorian Age.

In *Eminent Victorians* Mr. Strachey reversed the methods practiced by writers like Walter Scott. They took some well-known historical character and allowed their imagination to play about it. The result was Historical Romance, or Romance founded on fact.

Mr. Strachey takes well-known historical characters of the last generation, like Arnold of Rugby, Cardinal Manning, Chinese Gordon, and Florence Nightingale, and shows us that they have become in a short time little better than noted names of fiction. Every man is his own myth-maker and his friends and enemies collaborate in producing something quite different from the reality. The ordinary biography is, therefore, little more than a collection of facts founded on a fiction. The problem, then, is not simply to reëxamine the facts, but to rearrange them so that they will tell a true story and not a false. The biographer is like a typesetter. He must first distribute the type and then set it up again to form new words and sentences.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authenticated than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was. She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel who went about through the hospitals in the Crimea. She was the one who brought the feminine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter of historic record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of person.

The feminine gives way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person, abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers, and still more the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong-minded, neurasthenic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with; but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes, "The thoughts and feelings I

32. **Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie.** Becky Sharp is an adventuress in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair;* Mrs. Proudie, a character in a series of clerical novels by Anthony Trollope (1815-1882).

have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried—foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?"

Then came the Crimean War with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way and it proved a gloriously right way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Nightingale had fifty years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously. We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellowmen, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conscientious person might love his enemies. "Sometimes," says Mr. Strachey, "her rages were terrible. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it."

This is a triumph of biographical reconstruction. We see Florence Nightingale as great and good, though with very different virtues.

When I turn to Arnold of Rugby and Chinese Gordon, I begin to have misgivings. Mr. Strachey's portraits are marvelously clear, but there is something lacking. Looking through the eyes of Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley, we see Dr. Arnold as a great man. We cannot expect Mr. Strachey to share their awe, for Dr. Arnold was not his schoolmaster. But we do not feel that he accounts for the impression the Doctor made on those who knew him.

As for General Gordon, we see him not through the eyes of a hero worshiper, but as he appeared to one who had no sympathy with his enthusiasms. That irony which is delightful when playing around the figure of Queen Victoria seems out of place when directed toward the hero of Khartum. There was a touch of fanaticism about Gordon, just as there was about Cromwell. But Carlyle's Cromwell stands out against the background of eternity, and is justified. Strachey's Gordon stands condemned against a bleak background of common sense. Even the final tragedy is told without any relenting admiration. The whole thing was so unnecessary. When all was over, we are told of the group of Arabs whom Slatin Pasha saw, one of whom was carrying something wrapped in a cloth. "Then the cloth was lifted and he saw before him Gordon's head. The trophy was taken to the Mahdi; at last the two fanatics met face to face."

Thirteen years after, Kitchener fearfully avenged his death at Omdurman, "after which it was thought proper that a religious ceremony in honor of Gordon should be held at the Palace in Khartum. The service was conducted by four chaplains and concluded with a performance of 'Abide with Me,' General Gordon's favorite hymn. General Gordon, fluttering in some remote Nirvana the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured a satirical remark. But General Gordon had always been a contradictious person, even a little off his head perhaps—though a hero; and besides he was no longer there to contradict. But any rate, all ended happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring."

What is it that offends in this? It is the unfairness not to Gordon but to his contemporaries. Gordon represented an ideal that belonged to his generation. It was British imperialism touched with a sense of responsibility for the government of the world. We have

40. **Thomas Hughes**, an English novelist (1822-1896) who characterized Dr. Arnold in *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*. **Dean Stanley**, Dean of Westminster (1815-1881), a clergyman and author who also wrote sympathetically of Dr. Arnold. Cf. Matthew Arnold's *Rugby Chapel* (page 1-583).

71. **Mahdi**, "leader of the faithful," the title assumed by the fanatical Moslem leader, Mohammed Ahmed, who captured Khartum in 1885.

broken with imperialism, but we ought to be touched by the heroism. In brushing aside the judgment of his contemporaries with a touch of scorn, we feel the kind of unfairness of which Cato complained when, after he had passed his eightieth year, he was compelled to defend himself in the Senate. "It is hard," he said, "to have lived with one generation, and to be tried by another."

Each generation takes itself seriously. It has its own ideals and its own standards of judgment. One who has made a great place for himself in the hearts of his contemporaries cannot be dismissed lightly because he does not conform to the standards of another period. The visitor to Colorado is taken by his friends for a drive over the high plains in sight of the mountains. Pointing to a slight rise of ground that is little more than a hillock, the Coloradian remarks: "That we call Mount Washington, as it happens to be the exact height of your New Hampshire hill."

The New Englander recalls, with shame at his provincialism, the time when he thought Mount Washington sublime. When he recovers his self-respect, he remembers that a mountain is as high as it looks. It should be measured not from the level of the sea but from the level of its surrounding country. Mount Washington seen from the Glen looks higher than Pike's Peak seen from the window of a Pullman car.

In like manner a great man is one who towers above the level of his own times. He dominates the human situation as the great mountain dominates the landscape of which it is a part.

II

A very alluring opportunity is offered for the scientific study of personages who have made a great place for themselves in history. They have all of them been more or less ailing, and have had "symptoms" of one kind and another. An American medical man has given us a number of volumes entitled *Biographic Clinics*.

Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has given us a large volume on *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth*. Elizabeth is defended against the charges made by her enemies, but the defense is damaging to the romance which has gathered around her name. She is treated as if she were an out-patient in the General Hospital. The first thing, of course, is to take her family history. Then we have sixty pages of the medical history of Elizabeth Tudor.

The writer is most conscientious, and says, "Items are numbered consecutively, accompanied by Elizabeth's age and the date of each. It is attempted to confine each disease or illness to one group." In her long life she had a number of ailments. We are spared not one detail. Following the itemized health record, there are twenty-five pages of "The Opinions of Medical Experts." Mr. Chamberlin, who is not by profession a medical man, presented the data he had collected to the leading consultants, to get their opinion as to what was the matter with Queen Elizabeth.

Sir William Osler was rather brief in his answers to the questions. While agreeing that, judging from the records, the patient could hardly be said to be in good health, he says, "Apart from the dropsy, which may have been nephritis, and the smallpox, the descriptions are too indefinite to bear any opinion of much value." To Question IV—What was her probable health during the years for which there are no data supplied?—Dr. Osler answers, "Impossible to say."

Sir Clifford Allbutt is equally unsatisfactory. "Would it be too much to say that after her fifteenth year she was practically an invalid with the possible exception of the years for which no data are supplied, directly or indirectly?" He answers, "It would be too much."

But Dr. Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons gives an opinion at great length, accompanied by a clinical chart. We learn that she had anemia, stomach and liver derangements, septic conditions of the teeth, and the pain in her left arm may have been from rheumatism.

The reader's apprehensions, however, are somewhat relieved by the consideration that all these ailments did not come at once but were scattered over a period of sixty-nine years. Dr. Keith adds very justly that the diagnosis would be more complete had the physician had an opportunity to personally examine the patient. "In the case of Queen Elizabeth, the modern physician is separated from his patient by more than three hundred years; he has to attempt a diagnosis on historical data."

By the way, it is interesting to see how the course of history modifies scientific opinion. When she was about eighteen, Elizabeth had an illness which Dr. Howard at first diagnosed as the most extreme form of kidney disease. "But," he adds, "it seems hardly possible that the subject of nephritis of so severe a type would live to be nearly seventy." He therefore inclines to the theory that the trouble was "acute endocarditis and mitral regurgitation"; and then he adds, with the fairness characteristic of a scientific man, "The same objection to longevity might be raised to this diagnosis also."

Modern pathology may throw light on some historical characters, but one feels that it has its limitations. Not only do the modern physicians find it difficult to make a complete diagnosis when the patient has been dead for three hundred years, but they find it difficult to keep to the highest standard of professional ethics when speaking of the practitioners of a former day.

Thus Sir Clifford, speaking of the doctors who treated Queen Elizabeth, says: "My impression is that in the sixteenth century medicine was below contempt. In Queen Elizabeth's time Clowes did somewhat, and, possibly, Lowe; but really all the medicine of value was in Italy; and only by studying in Italy could our doctors then have known anything. Some few did, of course. The rest were hard-shell Galenish and quacks."

50. **Galenish**, old-fashioned, as one following the ancient medical system of Galen, a Greek physician of the second century.

This is rather hard, coming from a consultant of the twentieth century who was called into a case that belonged to medical men of the sixteenth century. The fact that these medical men had kept the patient alive for almost seventy years, while the modern diagnosticians would have given her up at twenty, ought to count for something.

I am willing to admit that pathological inquiries may have their uses for the biographer, but there are limits. In this sphere pathology may be a good servant, but it is a bad master. The same may be said of psychology. The psychologist in his own sphere is a modest and hard-working person. The advancement of any science within its own territory is always slow work. If one is to get results he must work for them and share them with others.

III

But there is a border line between the sciences which is a fair field for adventure. The bold borderer, with a few merry men, may make a foray and return with booty. The psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have invaded the field of biography in force and are now engaged in consolidating their conquests. Biography is a particularly inviting field. To psychoanalyze a living person takes a great deal of time and patience. But to psychoanalyze historical personages and to point out their various complexes and repressions and conflicts is an inviting pastime. There is no one to contradict.

The old-time theologians in discussing predestination ventured into the recesses of the Divine Mind. Assuming that God both foreknew and foreordained man's fall, they asked which had the priority, foreknowledge or foreordination. Did God foreknow that man would fall and therefore foreordain that he should be punished everlastingly? So said the sub-lapsarians! With more rigid logic the supra-

98-99. **sub-lapsarians . . . supra-lapsarians**, two groups of Calvinists who believed, respectively, that the scheme of salvation was conceived by God *after* the fall of man and *before* the fall.

lapsarians contended that foreordination is absolute and independent of all contingencies. God foreordained man's creation, his fall, and his punishment in one decree, and of course he foreknew that the decree would be fulfilled.

Theologians today are more modest and are inclined to admit that there are some things which they do not know. But there are biographers whose minds seem to be built on the high supralapsarian plan. When we open the book we feel that everything is foreordained. There are no contingencies. The man's character being determined, the biographer presents us with the incidents which illustrate it. We know the kind of person he is, and his deeds are predetermined.

The clear-cut character sketches in which a man represents a single trait are interesting, but they are most sharply defined when we know only one incident. Some of the most familiar characters of the Bible are known only from a chance word or mere gesture. "Gallio cared for none of these things." Generations of preachers have held up Gallio as an example of the sin of indifference. He was the kind of man who, if he lived now, would neglect his religious privileges and forget to register at the primaries. But was Gallio that kind of man? All we know about this Roman magistrate is that he dismissed a case over which he had no jurisdiction, and in regard to which he had little interest. Had we a glimpse of him on another day, we might revise our opinion.

The name of Ananias has been used as a synonym for habitual liar. But in the Book of the Acts it is not said that Ananias *told* a lie; all that is said is that he sold his possessions and laid part of the price at the Apostle's feet. In other words, Ananias did not, on this occasion, make a complete return of his personal property.

When this method is applied to persons whose lives are well known, there will always be a great deal of skepticism. How can we be sure that the clever writer has happened on the right clue to the character he undertakes to reveal to us?

In the *Mirrors of Downing Street*, and *Painted Windows*, and *Uncensored Celebrities*, we have interesting studies of character. We have snapshots of distinguished statesmen and churchmen. But do we really get inside the minds of these persons; and, if we did, should we be as wise as we think we should be?

Take this question in regard to Mr. Lloyd George. The writer, speaking of that statesman's sudden change of front, asks, "How came it that the most pronounced pacifist of a pacifist liberal cabinet, who had, six weeks before, begun a passionate crusade against armaments, on the fateful August 4, 1914, gave his voice for war?"

Now I venture to say that no biographer, furnished with the latest instruments of psychological precision, exploring the recesses of Mr. Lloyd George's mind but ignoring the tremendous events of crowded days, could give the right answer to that question.

Why does it happen that a quiet householder in Kansas, who is shingling his kitchen roof, is seen the next moment frantically digging himself out of a mass of débris? You cannot understand the sudden change of occupation by an intensive study of the Kansas mind — you have to take into account the nature of a cyclone.

The student of Mr. Lloyd George's mind says: "He is always readier to experience than to think. To him the present tick of the clock has all the dignity of the Eternal. If thought is a malady, he is of all men most healthy. The more he advocates a policy, the less he can be trusted to carry it through."

This is clever analysis, but the question intrudes — How does the writer know so much about what goes on inside of Mr. Lloyd George's mind?

29. **Gallio**, a Roman proconsul in the time of the Apostle Paul; cf. Acts, xviii, 12-17. 41. **Ananias**. Cf. Acts, v, 1-5.

57. **Mirrors of Downing Street**, etc., anonymous biographical studies of British statesmen, clergymen, and other celebrities.

Why may he not be doing a good deal of rapid thinking while he is experiencing so vividly? And why may not this thought directed to the question of the moment be fairly accurate? Granted that he changed his mind rapidly, did he change it any more rapidly than the circumstances with which he had to deal changed? Granted that he didn't bring anything to its logical conclusion. Amid the tremendous forces that were struggling in the world, could anything be brought to its logical conclusion? There is room here for honest doubt.

The biographer may well sharpen his wits by means of psychology, but he must not allow a formula to stand in the way of an individual. From the rigid supra-lapsarians we are always happy to escape to the biographers, ancient or modern, who are of the humanistic school. In their pages we see characters developing unevenly under the stress of circumstances. We cannot tell what a person is capable of doing till he does it; and even then we are not always sure that we have all his reasons. There is no program that is followed. Unexpected things are all the time turning up and bringing into play powers which we had not looked for. We are compelled to revise our first impressions both of the man and his times. The more the individual is observed, the more individualistic he appears to be. He becomes less significant as a symbol and more interesting as a personality.

There, for example, is Plutarch's Cato. No attempt is made to analyze his character or to account for his idiosyncrasies. We see him just as he happened to be. He doesn't correspond to any formula. He is just Cato.

Cato was gray-eyed and red-headed. He was a selfmade man. He worked hard and liked to wear old clothes when he was in the country. He was fond of turnips and of cabbage. He was very thrifty, and when his slaves began to grow old he sold them to save the depreciation in his property. He disliked flatterers, but was not averse to praising himself. He loved sharp jests. He was a popular orator and a good soldier. When he was elected to office, he put a super-tax on articles of luxury; he cut the pipes by which wealthy householders had surreptitiously drawn water from the public fountains; he reduced the rates of interest on loans, and conducted himself with such outrageous rectitude that all the best people turned against him.

All these incidents have to do with the outward life of Cato. Plutarch is content to set them down with the remark, "Whether such things are proof of greatness or of littleness of mind, let each reader judge for himself." Yet somehow they make the red-headed Roman seem very real to us. We know him in the same way that we know a contemporary. If we were to drop into Rome on election day and be told that the paramount issue was "Anything to beat old Cato," we should feel at home. We should probably vote for Cato, and regret it after the election.

We have this sense of complete reality in the characters of statesmen and soldiers which we come upon in the crowded pages of Clarendon. Here is Clarendon's Hampden. It is the portrait of a gentleman drawn by another gentleman who was his enemy. But one would prefer to have Clarendon as an enemy rather than another man as a friend.

John Hampden "was a gentleman of good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men. . . . He was of

38. **Plutarch's Cato.** Plutarch was a Greek biographer of the first century, among whose *Lives* is that of Marcus Porcius Cato, a Roman patriot who lived B. C. 234-149.

83. **Clarendon's Hampden.** In his *History of the Rebellion* the Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674) writes of John Hampden (1594-1643), the republican statesman whose opposition to the exactions of Charles I helped to bring on the Great Rebellion.

that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him but a desire of information and instruction; but he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew."

In Clarendon's eyes John Hampden was a very dangerous man. "He begat many opinions and motions, the education of which he committed to other men." Of one thing we are not left in doubt. He was a very great man, though he fought on the wrong side.

"He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend." It is after all these qualities have been acknowledged that Clarendon adds: "*His death therefore seemed a great deliverance to the nation.*"

No psychologist by the most painstaking analysis could produce the effect that these words make upon us. We are conscious of John Hampden's personality as a force against which strong men are contending. We not only see the man himself, but we see why some men loved him and others resisted him. He was part of a mighty movement, which he largely directed.

Biography cannot be reduced to a science, but it may rise into the finest of the arts. It is the art of reproducing not merely the incidents of a great man's life, but the impression he made on those who knew him best. (1923)

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CHAPTER X

PROSE FICTION: THE SHORT STORY

AN INTRODUCTION

I. The Beginnings of Prose Fiction in England

In the chapters on earlier literary types it has been shown that poetry developed before prose. The early tales were chanted in verse, for in this form men could memorize more readily and express their emotions more effectively. It was the cadence of the beat and the harmony of recurring sounds as much as the brave story itself that moved men's hearts "as with a trumpet." In the Middle Ages prose was left principally to the priest for his sermons and to the schoolman for his treatises; the layman could not read, and preferred, no doubt, the easy movement of the ballad to the monotonous drone of the homily. When, however, the revival of learning provided an impulse for reading at the same time that the invention of printing furnished the means, education became widespread, and one of the principal reasons for the earlier confinement of narrative to verse was removed. So in England in the sixteenth century the impulse which literature had received from Malory—to use prose for story-telling—spread rapidly. Verse narratives by no means vanished, as may be seen from a glance at the chapter on modern narrative poetry; but prose narratives increased until, in the novel and the short story, prose found its predominating narrative forms. Of these two types of prose fiction the novel was the first to develop; the short story has yet to celebrate its hundredth birthday, and as the newest of literary types it appears last in this volume. The novel is too long for illustration in this book, but something will be said about its evolution. The short story is illustrated by specimens which will serve to give some idea of the variety of its form and content.

The word *novel* appeared in England in Elizabethan times, when it was applied usually to pastoral tales encrusted with classical allusions. To tales of roguery and prose-romances which dealt with much the same material as the medieval romances the name *history* was sometimes given. These early "novels" and "histories" both show in narrative technique the rough ineptness of first attempts; to a modern reader they seem curiously stiff, formal, and heavy, like the dress of the times. Sidney in *Arcadia*, Lodge in *Rosalind*, and Greene in *Pandosto* exhibit, for example, a distinct literary self-consciousness, as though the prose form was new and strange to them. Somehow, they cannot break away from the tendency to allegorize, preach, and over-ornament their style with various verbal trappings, as if the form were more than the story. Even Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, written about a century later, cannot be said to tell a prose story for the sake of the story; Bunyan's tales are allegories, designed, like the *exempla*, or moral anecdotes of the Middle Ages, to serve as the seasoning for sermons. The fact that Daniel Defoe, as one of his biographers admits, was "perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived" probably qualified him for his post of honor as the first English novelist, for he introduced normal subject-matter—realistic events, treated imaginatively. Defoe's immortal sea-tale, *Robinson Crusoe*, appeared in 1719 and has been rightly described as the first real novel in English. It contains some preaching—it is odd to see how long it took to divorce preaching and prose—but for sheer entertainment nothing is better. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), which was probably influenced by *Robinson Crusoe*, is marvelously clever and harmonious in design, but it shows a reversion to prose allegory, in the service of social and political satire, and was not written primarily for the sake of the narrative.

II. The Novel

With the volumes of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett, who poured out their lengthy products in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the novel became definitely established as a literary form. All these mid-eighteenth century stories, and many a novel which followed them, exhibit one very important development. In all heroic verse-narrative, in the prose romances of Malory, the allegorical tales of Bunyan, and even in the stories of Defoe and Swift either the entire interest is in events, or, at best, the characters are thinly individualized. In most novels, after the middle of the eighteenth century, however, the interest is centered more largely on the personalities of the characters, whereas the events themselves may be relatively unimportant or even trivial. The cause of this great change was chiefly the growth of democracy and of an interest in men as individuals. So, in the novel—as well as in the short story—we get what has been called a "pocket-drama." In the eighteenth-century novel this exhibition of human motives was usually mellowed with sentimentalism; in the work of Fielding and Smollett, however, we get a direct and unwarped contact with life—the beginnings of a realism in the novel which differs from that of Defoe in being closer to everyday people and to customary events.

The realism of Fielding and Smollett was continued at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the work of Jane Austen, whose satires of lower upper-class and upper middle-class life in the English village of her time are among the most delightful in English fiction. Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) and *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) have the distinction, moreover, of being the first realistic novels to be written by a woman—although Anne Radcliffe preceded her in a form to be mentioned later, the Gothic novel. Up to the end of the eighteenth century women had little part in the production of literature. The Countess of Pembroke in the Elizabethan period took a refined and scholarly interest in letters, as did many other learned ladies in the same period and during the two centuries following; and Aphra Behn surpassed her male contemporaries in the licentiousness of her Restoration tales. But it was not until the conclusion of the eighteenth century that women contributed in any considerable quantity to the permanent body of English literature. Jane Austen, then, was in a sense a pioneer for her sex. She was followed by the three Brontë sisters, Anne, Charlotte, and Emily, and by Elizabeth Gaskell, George Eliot, Mary Russell Mitford, Mrs. Oliphant, and dozens more down to the present, who have demonstrated clearly that women, so long silent in English literature, possess a notable capacity for analyzing human nature and a skill in depicting its problems and moods.

Jane Austen's first realistic novels appeared about the same time that another great novelist began pouring out tales of pure romance. Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* was published anonymously in 1814, and from then until his death in 1832 he wrote with amazing industry and fecundity of imagination. Scott's romantic novels, like his verse romances, belong to that part of the Romantic Movement which is sometimes called the return to medievalism. Macaulay called Scott the best of historians, for he breathed the breath of life into the dry bones of history, and charging knights and warring clansmen move vividly through his pages. He had many followers and imitators, including Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose rather ponderous historical romances appeared after the death of Sir Walter, and Robert Louis Stevenson at the end of the century.

Another phase of the return to medievalism is the so-called renaissance of wonder. In poetry this appears in Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and in the verse narratives of Robert Southey and others. In prose fiction it took the form of the "Gothic novels," tales of terror which deal with haunted castles, clanking chains, ghosts that walk by midnight, and various supernatural portents and manifestations. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) was the first. This was followed by Anne Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and the novels of the American writer, Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), all gloomy tales designed to create a chill of horror. The Gothic

influence was of sufficient force to spread to the work of Edgar Allan Poe, Fitzjames O'Brien, and Ambrose Bierce in America; and there is an occasional outcropping of the mood even in modern stories, although the effectiveness of suggestions of physical terror has become largely a thing of the past.

The Victorian novel, like Victorian poetry and the Victorian essay, bears the stamp of the struggle to adjust spiritual impulses to industrial tendencies during the nineteenth century. The social novel is, in fact, the most typical of the Victorian forms of prose fiction. In *Bleak House* Charles Dickens criticized the English law courts; in *Oliver Twist* he exposed the slum conditions of London; in *Nicholas Nickleby* he attacked the Yorkshire schools. The work of his contemporaries, George Eliot and William Makepeace Thackeray, does not contain such definite arguments about contemporary problems; but in all the novels of these writers Victorian morality and Victorian attempts at adjustments are apparent. Eliot's *Silas Marner* argues that "nothing is worth doing wrong for," and throws the events against a background that brings out the shift from country village to industrial community; her *Romola*, though a romance, is also a sermon for truth. Thackeray's novels are a blend of historical fact and universal human law; of the three writers mentioned so far in this paragraph, he was probably the best hater of vice and hypocrisy. The minor writers, such as Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Kingsley, bear the same stamp; they preached while they entertained. Thus at the same time that the clerical Kingsley is thrilling his readers with an epic account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada in *Westward Ho!* he is deeply concerned with the soul of his Puritan hero, Amyas Leigh. Against preaching that was too bald, and realism that was too bare, Stevenson rebelled at the end of the Victorian Age; but even Stevenson's stories of shipwrecks and pirates lean to virtue's side and convey to their readers the flavor of the typical Victorian moral code.

The contemporary British novel is characterized by some radical departures from the Victorian standards. The contemporary novelist is a scientist who dissects. However, he imprints his personality upon his material far more than the Victorian writer ever did. His novel is the vehicle for his individual philosophy; his characters are media through which he expresses his ideas; his style is often highly personal. The contemporary British novel lacks form and pattern; in it the plot is never the most essential element, although the characters may be. Realism is the dominant mood, and the post-war disillusionment has resulted in an almost brutal bleakness and an open cynicism in the novelist's treatment of life. Social problems, mental and spiritual maladjustments—both individual and group—sex and other "complexes" form the stuff out of which contemporary novels are made. The historical romance has all but disappeared. So has the sentimental novel of family and social relationships. There is a tradition that Charles Dickens wept when Little Nell died; no similar tradition will ever be attached to the name of a British novelist of this day. Even the dozen or more British women now writing novels with distinction have broken from sentimentalism and vie with the men in presenting a scientific and satiric view of human specimens. Among the best known of contemporary British novelists are James Joyce, whose *Ulysses* has had a very deep influence on other novelists, D. H. Lawrence (died 1931), Aldous Huxley, and Virginia Woolf.

In America sentimentalism in the novel survives in such popular writers as Harold Bell Wright and Booth Tarkington; and Edith Wharton's carefully patterned novels usually present moral problems akin to those prevalent in the Victorian novel. Nevertheless, in America as in Great Britain the characteristic notes in the novel are those of satire, stark realism, and social protest. Especially since the Great War has the element of disillusionment crept into the American novel, and in the work of such realists as Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis there is nothing of the sentimental and romantic. In America, too, as in Great Britain, many of the novels are stamped unprecedentedly with the personalities of their creators, for the American novelist, like his British contemporary, uses his art as an expression of his own ideas and moods. Contemporary American novels frequently display a lack of artistic form; this comment

may not be made, however, of the careful work of Willa Cather.

III. The Short Story

The ancestry of the short story lies not only in the novel but in earlier forms of prose fiction, including the oriental tales, the brief stories of Boccaccio and his English imitators, and the "novels" and "histories" of the Elizabethan Age. Such tales as Irving's leisurely stories form an intermediate stage. But out of these forms there has developed in the short story a distinctive type, which began with Edgar Allan Poe about the middle of the nineteenth century and is still flourishing lustily. From the chivalric prose tales of Malory and the stiff, allegorical "novels" of the Elizabethan Age the short story differs both in action and in characterization. In the prose romances of the late Middle Ages the movement is invariably leisurely and the story discursive. In these rambling tales there is no focus upon a single episode; on the contrary, there is a crisscross of various incidents, so that the events in which any one character takes part are frequently lost sight of in a maze of intervening details, which cut across the central narrative like cross-paths in a wood. Similarly, in the characters there is little individualization; the knights and ladies are types rather than individuals, thin incarnations of virtue and vice, as the age of chivalry conceived good and evil. Even the background in which these wraith-like creations live and move is conventional, like the mountains, plains, and forests of fairy tales. Thus the prose romances frequently give a modern reader the impression of vagueness, like a photograph out of focus and lacking any sharp definition.

The main distinction between the short story and these prose romances is therefore largely one of focus. The prose romance is leisurely; the reader can meander through it, so to speak, enjoying the charm which comes partly from the slow unfolding of the events and under no pressing necessity of following the psychological analyses of the author. But the short story is not a tale; it is not leisurely—it is compressed, rapid, almost breathless. No one can say that the prose romance is very often dramatic, but a good short story often is. In the short story there is no crisscrossing of episodes; instead, a single episode dealing with a single outstanding character is brought sharply into focus. In the prose romance we see life "as through a glass darkly"; in the short story we meet it "face to face." A short story, then, is not a story which is short; it is not a condensed tale; it is a new and distinct type which bears to the prose romance much the same relationship that one of Browning's dramatic monologues bears to the rambling verse romance. In technique it is, perhaps, the most clearly defined of all forms of prose fiction.

It is always interesting to examine the point at which a new literary type emerges from an older form. Such a change occurred in American literature at the time when Poe took over the leisurely tales of Washington Irving and with the keenest of analytical judgment and dramatic instinct converted the type into a new *genre*, condensed, rapid, breathless. To step from one of Irving's Alhambra tales or even from "Rip Van Winkle" to Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado" is like stepping, in some respects, from one literary period into another. Not that Poe always practiced his theory; many of his stories have much of the leisurely development of the tale. Nevertheless, Poe was the first to define the type. His prescription that the true short story must be so compact that no single episode may be removed without destroying the whole, and that in characters, plot, and setting there must be perfect unity was the basis upon which later short-story technique was founded.

If Poe may be called the founder of the short story, Hawthorne may be called its stabilizer. He did not depart from the tale method so sharply as did Poe. His stories are longer, more leisurely, and less direct and are charged with allegory and symbolism. Moreover, they contain a curious flavor of sermonizing, at once an inheritance from his ancestry and the influence of the time-spirit. In spite of all of these failures to conform to Poe's prescription, Hawthorne must be credited with having given the new type weight and spiritual significance by his use of it as a serious literary vehicle for his lofty ideas.

The creative genius of Poe and the fostering care of Hawthorne resulted in making of the short story a literary form—the only form, in fact—that America can claim as peculiarly her own. The very evident adaptation of the short story to American genius and readers may perhaps be explained on the ground that it is suited to the American temperament; it is short, it is hurried, it usually contains a definite thrill within a brief space. American life teems with variety in character and situation. In the short story, moreover, writers have a type in which they think to achieve distinction without prolonged effort. Arnold has characterized the Celtic genius as being adapted best to the minor arts and crafts, which demand deftness and speed rather than labored toil and patience. Perhaps America, pressed with the necessity of rapidly subduing a continent, has turned naturally to a narrative form in which the unit is small and in which quantity production is relatively easy. Whatever the reason, America is the cradle of the short story and is still probably the home of the largest number of short-story writers who possess marked technical skill.

After Poe and Hawthorne had introduced the new form, Bret Harte gave it a still wider popularity. Writing romantic stories of the new West—he thought them realistic—he succeeded in catching the favor of readers throughout the country and created a host of followers. After him came an army of American short-story writers. Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner used the form as a vehicle for rollicking fun. Many writers employed it to interpret life in various sections of the country, as Harte had done in the West. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman and Sarah Orne Jewett wrote of New England life; George W. Cable and Thomas Nelson Page of the old South; Hamlin Garland of the Middle West; O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis, and Myra Kelly of New York. Jack London dealt with primitive man in some of his most brutal aspects; in many of his highly colored stories men wrestle for supremacy with other men as savage as themselves, with brutes, or even with the inexorable forces of nature, like the intense cold of the Alaskan winter.

In the twentieth century the short story in America shows an interesting development. Probably more short stories are being written now than ever before. They form a staple part, indeed, of the dozens of popular magazines which flood the country, and the number of writers who are producing short stories is legion. Under the influence of the magazines and perhaps, too, under the stimulation of professional "courses" in story writing, the American short story has become almost completely standardized so that those in any given magazine have a strange resemblance in structure, content, and mood. Few writers seem able or willing to break with the magazine editors' conception of what the reading public wants, and in spite of the hundreds of stories published annually, relatively few possess genuine distinction. The general tendency is to exaggerated realism. A few contain really good psychology. The majority are stories of youth, but the purely romantic and the over-sentimentalized rarely appear. Few stories, finally, seem written with any artistic restraint; most have a loud, even strident tone, and some are exaggerated to the point of seeming to present caricatures rather than interpretations of life, introducing characters who never lived on sea or land. Among the most noteworthy of contemporary American story writers are Booth Tarkington, whose stories of boyhood and adolescence appear in *Penrod* and *Seventeen*, Sherwood Anderson, often interested in some of the more unlovely aspects of human nature, Willa Cather, a very careful artist, Stewart Edward White, one of the few writers who still uses western history and scenes as background material for his short stories, and Wilbur Daniel Steele, whose best stories, like the prize-winning *Bubbles*, contain a subtle insinuation of the horrible. With these and many lesser writers actively at work, the short story in America, in spite of its tendency to a standardized form, does not seem likely to disappear as a literary type.

The British writers were relatively slow to accept the new type. Perhaps they found it difficult to shift from the long and leisurely mid-Victorian novels to the rapidity and compactness of the short story. Make the adjustment, however, they finally

did, and although many of their earlier short stories seem heavier and more sluggish than the American stories, in later decades they have attained a mastery over the type, and no list of great short-story writers would be complete without many British names. Of these Robert Louis Stevenson, romantic to the core, was one of the first. Even earlier than 1894, Kipling was producing his great tales of India, and although Kipling has done little story writing lately, he must still be thought of as one of the most fascinating and vivid of British tale-tellers. Among others who must be mentioned are G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, Arthur Conan Doyle, the follower of Poe in the realm of the detective story, Henry James, that keenest of British-American psychologists, Arthur Morrison, with his interpretation of London life, Algernon Blackwood, the creator of bizarre tales, Arthur Quiller-Couch, and the Scottish group, James M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren, and S. R. Crockett.

Most of the group just mentioned are no longer actively writing. One or two, like Sir James M. Barrie, have turned from short stories to other forms of literature. The newer writers have made a radical departure from the old standards. The contemporary British short story has not been subjected to the process of standardization which has tended in America to reduce the variety and lower the quality of the type. On the contrary, the short story in Great Britain seems to have followed the lead of the novel in becoming more and more individual in form and mood. The chief element is never plot. The stories are, indeed, often almost shapeless. Those of Katherine Mansfield, who belongs to the newer writers although she died before her prime, can seldom be said to have plot; her delicate and subtle sketches present the reactions of her characters to *situations*, and the setting for the stories may almost be said to be in the minds and hearts of the men and women whom she introduces to her readers. Her stories, then, are really social and psychological sketches with only the thinnest of narrative threads. The work of other British short-story writers very often follows this formula—or lack of formula. The writers are almost like biologists engaged in demonstrating at a clinic; yet they are not didactic in the Victorian sense of the term but almost cold and unemotional excepting where, as in the work of John Galsworthy, there is a latent note of indignation and pain. Galsworthy's purpose is social; so also is that of Leonard Merrick and, perhaps to a less extent, of Virginia Woolf. In the British short story as in the British novel, realism—often of the most sordid type—is dominant; Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*, to illustrate, depicts the worst of human sties in London and the most degraded of human brutes. As in the novel, too, the contemporary British short story is the vehicle of the author's strictly personal philosophy and moods. Usually he cares little for technique and structure; the characters and the expression of himself are all. And in Great Britain as in America the type is popular and seems too vigorous and useful to disappear as a form of literature.

CHAPTER X

SELECTIONS

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

NOTE

In the introductory essay to this chapter Poe is referred to as the father of the short story. He not only wrote many stories, but he also developed a complete theory to govern the construction of this type of literature. Briefly, his theory dictated compression, the strictest economy in the use of details, and a perfect harmony of plot, characters, setting, and tone. Taken as a whole, his stories reveal a great analytical power, developed almost to a scientific precision, and lyric moods expressed generally in morbid and sensational themes. Thus Poe shows in his stories a dual nature; he was at the same time a cool mathematician and an impassioned poet. It was Poe the mathematician who created the detective story and first employed the "science of deduction" in the development of a modern plot; this power is illustrated in "The Purloined Letter," "The Gold-Bug," and other stories of "ratiocination," as he called them. The other Poe, the lyric poet, as sensitive to every mood as a dry leaf is to the wind, appears in "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death," and other tales which seem built upon the principles which he laid down for the lyric (see his "Philosophy of Composition," page 509). In many of his stories, of course, the mathematician and the lyric poet are collaborators; this is true in "The Cask of Amontillado," in which an almost devilish subtlety of psychological analysis in the early part is combined with romantic elements. In his choice of subjects Poe was influenced partly by the "Gothic" love for the gloomy and physically terrifying (see page 608) and partly by his own physical and spiritual depression. Few short-story writers, indeed, are so autobiographical as is Poe. Thus his morbid interest in death and dissolution and his foreboding fear of being buried alive are repeated in a dozen or more stories, for example, in "The Tell-tale Heart," "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Cask of Amontillado." Similarly, his keen interest in the psychology of crime and insanity shows itself repeatedly, not only in his detective stories of ratiocination, but in stories in which the criminal confesses his crime; "The Cask of Amontillado" may be used again as an example of a story of this type. Although not all of Poe's principles of construction appear in this story, it is a striking illustration of one dominant element—compression. It would be hard to imagine a plot developed with greater economy. Many details, as, for example, those dealing with the circumstances attending the confession of the crime, are suggested rather than told, so that the reader has to read between the lines and take advantage of every hint in reconstructing the story. In form, method, compression, and psychological analysis the story is strikingly like Browning's dramatic monologues (see pages I-290 ff.) and should be compared with them.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled—but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself,

and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he, "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival?"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If anyone has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi——"

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon; and as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked, at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a

58. **roquelaure**, a kind of cloak named after a French nobleman at the court of Louis XIV; this fact fixes the events of the story as supposedly falling within the seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draft of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot *d'or*, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draft of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure*.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath my cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry

26. **d'or**, of gold, a term in heraldry. 31. **Nemo**, etc., "no one injures me with impunity." This is the motto of Scotland. The serpent rampant formed the device on the rattlesnake flag of the American colonies, with the inscription "Don't tread on me."

into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building-stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed —I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still, I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

(1839)

15. **In pace requiescat,** "may he rest in peace."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(1804-1864)

NOTE

In the stories of Hawthorne the tale and the short story fuse. He has not the compression of Poe nor the nervous intensity displayed by his contemporary. Instead, his stories are for the most part leisurely—dreamily so—with the mood and the atmosphere of medieval legend. Just as Poe the poet had much in common with Poe the story-teller, so Hawthorne has, in another way, justified Longfellow's description of him as a poet who wrote prose. Two qualities in his novels and in his short stories are outstanding: the first is their rainbow beauty and delicacy; the second is their moral didacticism. The beauty of Hawthorne's stories is evanescent and fleeting; it will not pause for analysis. Thus we are baffled in our study of his stories by the mirage which he throws around his episodes and figures. The events seem unreal, and we see them as through a mist. Similarly, his characters, for the most part, have hardly more definition than the wraith-like knights and ladies of the medieval romances. Hawthorne's moral didacticism makes all of his work serious and almost somber. "I wish God had given me the faculty for writing a sunshiny book," he once wrote to a friend. But sunshiny he could not be. All of New England Puritanism seems condensed in his tales. The story of "Rappaccini's Daughter" is from his *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). The conception of the warm human soul sacrificed to coldly intellectual science he also used in "The Birthmark." "Rappaccini's Daughter" exhibits the romantic quality of Hawthorne's work at its best; in "The Great Stone Face," "Ethan Brand," "The Ambitious Guest," and several other stories, the didactic element is more apparent and direct.

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER

A young man named Giovanni Guasconti came very long ago from the more southern region of Italy to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his Inferno. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air; "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Lombard sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window, and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot-herbs than any that grow there now," answered

old Lisabetta. "No, that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distills these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the Signor Doctor at work, and perchance the signora his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber, and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy, or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the center, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window and made him feel as if a fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly, and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and in some instances flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the luster and richness of a gem, and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns rich with old carving and others in common garden-pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly looking man dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of the deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts or deadly snakes or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would

wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden—that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? and this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow, was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice. But, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease:

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father! What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener, "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely in their luxuriance by her virgin-zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden, for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they—more beautiful than the richest of them—but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden-path it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter; "see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady as she bent toward the magnificent plant and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee, and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfume-breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower or one sister performing the duties of affection to another.

The scene soon terminated. Whether Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labor in the garden or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window, and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever error of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the

night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement on starting from sleep was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be in the first rays of the sun, which gilded the dewdrops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that in the heart of the barren city he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep in communion with Nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, was now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities, and how much to his wonder-working fancy. But he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature and habits that might almost be called jovial; he kept the young man to dinner and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Pietro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini. But, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with, perhaps, one single exception—in Padua or all Italy, but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But, as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life—his own among the rest—or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard-seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man, indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid!" answered the professor, somewhat testily—"at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the Signor Doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he

has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvelous cure. But, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being, probably, the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science—"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art, but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out! You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine. Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of Lachryma."

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

17. **black-letter**, a style of type used by early printers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however, as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case, a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fables that lived on sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it—so brilliant, so vivid was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness—qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe or imagine an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gem-like flowers over the fountain—a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that

her features were hidden in its leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice, "for I am faint with common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's drafts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange colored reptile of the lizard or chameleon species chanced to be creeping along the path just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni, but at the distance from which he gazed he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon and crossed herself sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window; so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall; it had perhaps wandered through the city and found no flowers nor verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight it grew faint and fell at her feet. Its bright wings shivered; it was dead— from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid-air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers; wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor!" replied Beatrice, with her rich voice that came forth, as it were, like a gush of music and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air, it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But, few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured

portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings, and Padua itself, at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice, thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, should Giovanni have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity, and possibility even of intercourse, should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart—or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now—but he had a quick fancy and an ardent southern temperament which rose every instant to a higher fever-pitch. Whether or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes—that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers—which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame, but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates; his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he started forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one, and spoke like a man in a dream:

"Yes, I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass."

"Not yet—not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What? Did I grow up side by side with your father and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni, for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful professor, speedily!" said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not Your Worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking, there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was

all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes, and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human, interest in the young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini," whispered the professor, when the stranger had passed. "Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you! He must have seen you!" said Baglioni, hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his; it is the same that coldly illuminates his face as he bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butterfly, which, in pursuance of some experiment he has killed by the perfume of a flower; a look as deep as nature itself, but without nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments."

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni, passionately. "That, Signor Professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience, patience!" replied the imperturbable professor. "I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands. And the Signora Beatrice—what part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away and was gone before the professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend and shall not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini thus to snatch the lad out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile, Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled and was evidently desirous to attract his attention—vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor, signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened by centuries. "Listen, signor! There is a private entrance into the garden."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life. "A private entrance into Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush, hush! Not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes, into the worshipful doctor's garden, where you may see all his fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its

57. **arcana**, secrets.

nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere and must obey the law that whirled him onward in ever lessening circles toward a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow. And yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory, whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position, whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain only slightly or not at all connected with his heart.

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages and finally undid a door through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, he stood beneath his own window, in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case that when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulse had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice and of standing with her face to face in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer straying by himself through a forest would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several, also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness, indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment, whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden or assume that he was there with the privity at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter. But Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he

had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window; "it is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs, for he has spent a lifetime in such studies and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady?" observed Giovanni. "If fame says true you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume, and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here—and those not the least brilliant—that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science; believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora, you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek, but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queen-like haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me; if true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence. But the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the heart outward; those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself. But while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni, and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth, not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of gem-like brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side

with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns through its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain beside which grew the magnificent shrub with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom, as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling to your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step toward the shrub with extended hand. But Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibers.

"Touch it not," exclaimed she, in a voice of agony—"not for thy life! It is fatal."

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshiped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten or by the subtle sophistry of passion transmuted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness.

Thus did Giovanni spend the night, nor fall asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither his dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand, in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gem-like flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist. Oh, how stubbornly does love, or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing

had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third, a fourth, and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live, for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If by any unwonted chance he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni, Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" and down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But with all this intimate familiarity there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs they loved—they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken of love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame—and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and, withal, wore such a look of desolate separation shuddering at itself that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose monster-like out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face. His love grew thin and faint as the morning mist; his doubts alone had substance. But when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up, as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling; such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset, but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath, richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger. But a certain sage physician happening to be present discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison—her embrace, death. Is not this a marvelous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how Your Worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious, and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower, but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in Your Worship's imagination. Odors being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume—the bare idea of it—may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Aye, but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary-drug wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with drafts as sweet as a maiden's breath, but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul, and yet the intimation of a view of her character opposite to his own gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them, and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor Professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part toward his son. I would fain feel nothing toward you save respect and deference, but I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice; you cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong—the blasphemy, I may even say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity. "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter —yes, poisonous as she is beautiful. Listen, for even should you do violence to my gray hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his insane zeal for science. For—let us do him justice—he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt, you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death—perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream!" muttered Giovanni to himself. "Surely it is a dream!"

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend! It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase; it was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love-gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous; doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase and the precious liquid within it on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs. "But let us confess the truth of him; he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man indeed—a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate and guileless creature that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up, he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him once for all whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness at the distance of a few paces the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's, and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity,

10. **Benvenuto Cellini**, an Italian metal worker and writer of the sixteenth century. 15. **Borgias**, Cesare Borgia (1476-1507), Italian cardinal, and his sister Lucrezia, Duchess of Ferrara. They were notorious for their use of poisons to destroy their enemies. 31. **empiric**, one of a group of early physicians who based their knowledge on experiment, the opposite of a theorist.

nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower, to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber; it must have been the poison in his breath. Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines, as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs, and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden:

"Giovanni, Giovanni! It is past the hour. Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni, again; "she is the only being whom my breath may not slay. Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance, but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off—recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick, spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain, and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gem-like blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of nature," replied Beatrice, "and at the hour when I first drew breath this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not," continued

she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub; "it has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni—I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection, for, alas! hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued—"the effect of my father's fatal love of science—which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she, tenderly. "Oh, yes; but my heart was torpid and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning-flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me, likewise, from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror."

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large, bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now—if our breath be, happily, as fatal to ourselves as to all others—let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die."

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me—a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou? Dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers as they come from thy lips taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal; they that come after us will perish as by a pestilence. Let us sign crosses in the air; it will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols."

"Giovanni," said Beatrice calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me, but thou—what hast thou to do save with one other shudder at my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! This power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini!"

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower-odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted toward him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni, it was not I! Never, never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart. For, Giovanni—believe it—though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature and craves love as its daily food. But my father! he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes, spurn me! tread upon me! kill me! Oh, what is death, after such words as

thine? But it was not I; not for a world of bliss would I have done it!"

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense—mournful and not without tenderness—of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closely together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning, within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice—the redeemed Beatrice—by the hand? Oh, weak and selfish and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No! no! there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily with that broken heart across the borders of time; she must bathe her hurts in some fount of Paradise and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and there be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away, as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse—"dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! There is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me," said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis: "I will drink, but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips, and at the same moment the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly toward the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hand over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children. But those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives! Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in this world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister-shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another and dreadful to all besides."

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly, and still, as she spoke, she kept her hand upon her heart, "wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy; misery to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath; misery to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not; I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to

mingle with my being will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart, but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not from the first more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death. And thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom perished there at the feet of her father and Giovanni.

Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window and called loudly, and in a tone of triumph, mixed with horror, to the thunder-stricken man of science:

"Rappaccini, Rappaccini! And is *this* the upshot of your experiment?"

(1846)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
(1850-1894)

NOTE

In his essay on the nature of his craft, "A Gossip on Romance" (page 579), Stevenson wrote: "There is one book . . . . . more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, in the most naked terms, furnishes the entertainment, and is found enough." It was this love of adventure, expressed in his own full life as well as in his writings, which prompted Stevenson to turn from the current realism of his time to pure romance. In his *New Arabian Nights*, from which the following story was taken, we meet the spirit of adventure for the sake of adventure. It was predicted by some of Stevenson's contemporaries that his books would fail. Romance, it was said, had gone; in its place were realism, character analysis, and studies of social problems. But the public disproved these notions by devouring Stevenson's novels and short stories and demanding more. *Treasure Island* (1883), his first popular success, proved that a boys' book of adventure can be at once exciting and wholesome, and has almost earned a place for itself by the side of *Robinson Crusoe;* and his other stories of adventure by land and sea are still read by young and old. The following story of Denis de Beaulieu and Blanche de Malétroit is as purely romantic in its kind as are Keats's "The Eve of Saint Agnes" (page I-183) and Noyes's "The Highwayman" (page I-313) in their kind. In it Stevenson has mingled the spirit of chivalry and the universal spirit of youthful passion, graceful, beautiful, and deep, but at the same time whimsical and inconsistent.

THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the

tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-by upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clew to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoiter. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gaging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to

61. **bartizan wall**, a wall fitted with bartizans or overhanging structures for lookout or defense. 87. **hotel**, the town residence of a nobleman

meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and, though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respira-

tion with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a hand-rail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras, and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

86. **Leonardo**, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), an Italian painter and sculptor.

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but, believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

43. **damoiseau**, a young nobleman who had not yet been knighted

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my

little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm; but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that; but since she is in it, by our lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, toward the chapel-door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accouterment even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame

gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment —I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than threescore years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétroit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know

my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétroit; I have been without father or mother for —oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him; into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefaced condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall

65 salle, room.

only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Malétroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried; "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," re-

plied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malétroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccough of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very

gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know

how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I, too, have a pride of my own; and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness, not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covered her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good-morning.

(1882)

MYRA KELLY (1876-1910)

NOTE

From the noisy, crowded classrooms and playgrounds of the East Side of New York, Myra Kelly gathered the material for the stories published in her *Wards of Liberty* and *Little Citizens*. She was born in Dublin, and her tales of the little half-

foreigners whom she taught in New York City reveal a Celtic capacity for love and pity. Although the stories are simple and the effects obvious, there are few recent writers who have distilled so much of poetry and romance out of the delightful drudgery of teaching little children.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

It was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances. She was, for instance, the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky's hands and face cost her a tall "three for ten cents" candlestick and a plump box of candy.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper," and "from gold" chain to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor, dusty shoes, so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her ques-

tion in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go und make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, and I'm loving mit her, too; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothings," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"—and here followed incomprehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half hour, quite mad. Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, is a howling wilderness full of brightly colored, quickly changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles. A newcomer invariably causes a diversion; the assembled multitude, athirst for novelty, falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. What can be the matter with the children? They can't have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly, and why do they look so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night, and Teacher, as she notes this, marvels greatly. The explanation is simple, though it comes in alarming form. The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long, shrill yell, and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks. Teacher, rushing to the rescue, notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an upturned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid, which she recognizes as the outward seeming of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz; and yet, when the desks are forced to disgorge their prey, the legs restored to their normal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as "skinny"—in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple. Investigation proves that Bertha's accumulative taste in dress is an established custom. In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation of everyday clothes as bunting is hung upon a building. The habit is economical of time, and produces a charming embonpoint.

Teacher, too, is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose father "works by fancy goods," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home—and Teacher for a

moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's tomorrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms around Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schrodsky offers a penwiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher's ears. Rushing again to the rescue, she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified. Eva Gonorowsky, her hair in wildest disarray, her stocking fouled, ungartered, and down-gyved to her ankle, appears before her teacher. She bears all the marks of Hamlet's excitement, and many more, including a tear-stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast.

"Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you *now*?" asks Teacher, for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is very long. And Eva wails forth that a boy, a very big boy, had stolen her golden cup "what I had for you by present," and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow.

39. **down-gyved**, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, i, 80.

Before Eva's sobs have quite yielded to Teacher's arts, Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher," and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed—"Wish you health to wear it." He is plainly a hero, and is heard remarking to less favored admirers that "Teacher's hair is awful softy, and smells off of perfumery."

Here a big boy, a very big boy, enters hastily. He does not belong to Room 18, but he has long known Teacher. He has brought her a present; he wishes her a merry Christmas. The present, when produced, proves to be a pretty gold cup, and Eva Gonorowsky, with renewed emotion, recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property. Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed; the boy not at all so. His policy is simple and entire denial, and in this he perseveres, even after Eva's saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole attention. The soap, too, becomes urgently perceptible. It is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears—of gratitude—as each new piece, or box, is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady

dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she has received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver, Admiral Dewey, and Captain Dreyfus. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring, invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waistline is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the waste-paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order is emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you"; and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirtwaist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that—"

"Teacher, yis, ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice; "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"it ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, and he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eye stands tears, und she says, like that—out of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, *how* he is polite! he says—out of Jewish, too—'You're welcome, all right,' un' he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that un' she didn't to say *not* like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It's for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song. For the rest of that exciting day he is a shining point of virtue in a slightly

confused class. And at three o'clock he is at Teacher's desk again, carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption.

"Und my mama," he says insinuatingly—"she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" says Teacher.

"Well," says Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggests Teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

But a glance at her "light face," with its crown of surprising combs, reassures him.

"Teacher, yis, ma'am; it's for boys," he cries as he feels her arms about him, and sees that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

"It's polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies' present."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a greatly pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement. (1904)

O. HENRY (1862-1910)

NOTE

The real name of O. Henry was William Sydney Porter, but it is his pen name and not his own name which he has made famous. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina; when he was twenty, he went to Texas; still later he spent several months in Central America; during the last eight years of his life he was a busy writer in New York City. Thus his fourteen volumes of short stories were drawn from four different sources. His popularity comes largely from his freshness and originality. If O. Henry used old narrative materials and devices, he gave them a new turn of his own which enlivened them and gave them the appearance of novelty. He is one of the most rollicking humorists who have used the short story as a medium of expression. His humor is usually burlesque—burlesque in plot, characters, and diction. He is master of the "trick plot" and his surprise endings are the most skillfully constructed in modern short-story writing. His plots are often ridiculous inversions of the conventional, and his characters absurdly different from the usual types. Finally, his knowledge of slang, and his capacity for making effective use of it, amount to genius. Mixed with puns, grotesque figures of speech, and unexpected turns of expression, the slang becomes irresistible. With all of his splendid fun-making O. Henry had also a capacity for expressing tenderness and pathos, an element in his art which appears in some of the episodes and characters of the following story. "A Municipal Report" is reprinted from *Strictly Business*, and is typical of O. Henry's best art. Out of the apparently dry facts of city life he has distilled pure romance, as Alfred Noyes did in "The Barrel-Organ" (page I-629). The elements of which this Southern story are constructed are not unusual. We meet the loafing sot of a husband, of a type not by any means confined to the South, for, as O. Henry says, "a rat has no geographical habitat." We meet the patient Griselda of an abused wife, cultured, and dainty and genuine as a Tiffany vase. We meet the loyal servant, changed in outward circumstances since the War, but with the blood of African kings in his veins, and a better man all around than the "Major." These elements are not new, but O. Henry's handling of them is. Out of a few bits of old story material he has constructed a touching romance of the Old South, bringing in realism, contrasts, humor, a bit of detective work, and a surprise or two thrown in for good measure.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

The cities are full of pride,
  Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
  That from her burthened beach.
R. Kipling.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—*Frank Norris.**

East is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They

**Frank Norris*, an American novelist (1870-1902).

39. **East is East**, etc. This is modified from Kipling's line "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" ('Ballad of East and West").

are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P. M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor so thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means $20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights, and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a Negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied. "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with—no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare" instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those

43. **'tis enough**, etc., from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, III, i. 48. **Sidney Carton**, the hero of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*. The reference is to his ride to the guillotine in a tumbril, a cart of a rude type.

55. **lagniappe**, Louisiana French, for a small gratuity.
74. **en brochette**, roasted.

streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street-cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter reëchoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private

42. **Jefferson Brick**, a character in *Martin Chuzzlewit* with wonderful powers of expectoration.

family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good-night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale drygoods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a stalwart Negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettiwayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that

5. **land of Nod.** Cf. Genesis, iv, 16. The descendants of Cain occupied the land of Nod.

95. **King Cettiwayo,** a Zulu king who died in 1884; his name is usually spelled Cetewayo.

coat, for it has to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This Negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, suh."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old Negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly, "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, suh," he repeated

obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'm obleeged to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you 's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew;* HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present; I left him happy, lifted the rope, and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marbletop table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa, and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of

the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from his trowel as he built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more color—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair. "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Someone knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small Negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical Negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or

emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any—"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again tomorrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old Negro hack driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffeckly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—" Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait

and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the ante-diluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired, and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old Negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Caesar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old Negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought, the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster, and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's pufficklly clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral—"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

(1910)

ARTHUR MORRISON (1863-)

NOTE

With the spread of democracy in the nineteenth century and the growing interest in the submerged social groups, it was quite natural that unlovely individuals from the lower strata and even derelicts from the lowest depths should appear in literature in increasing numbers. And so they did. Their presence is not confined to any one type of literature. Hood introduced them in his poems of social protest, "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" (pages I-476 and I-477); they crowd the pages of many of Dickens's novels; they fill the stage in some of the modern proletarian dramas, like those of Galsworthy; and they are met again in the realistic stories of low life, such as Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*. Charles Dickens's capacity for creating Oliver Twists and Fagins he acquired largely through his training as a journalist, and it was in this same relentless school of experience that Arthur Morrison got his material for the *Tales of Mean Streets*, from which the following story has been reprinted. Like Dickens, too, he drew most of his ideas from the London slums and near-slums, for his work made him thoroughly familiar with the English metropolis. "On the Stairs" is an excellent example of Morrison's power of character analysis and of description. "The poorest persons," says Stevenson in "Æs Triplex" (page 575, line 33), "have a bit of pageant going toward the tomb." In this ghastly story of Morrison's the desire for the pageantry of the grave has become a ruling passion in the breast of old Mrs. Curtis, crowding out her love for her son. This sordid picture of a man's last hours on earth in a near-slum in the East Side of London should be compared with Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden-Party" (page 686), and with such other studies of death as Rossetti's "My Sister's Sleep" (page I-586) and Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb" (page I-291).

ON THE STAIRS

The house had been "genteel." When trade was prospering in the East End, and the ship-fitter or block-maker thought it no shame to live in the parish where his workshop lay, such a master had lived here. Now, it was a tall,

62. **East End**, a slum or near-slum district of London.

solid, well-bricked, ugly house, grimy and paintless in the joinery, cracked and patched in the windows: where the front door stood open all day long; and the womankind sat on the steps, talking of sickness and death and the cost of things; and treacherous holes lurked in the carpet of road-soil on the stairs and in the passage. For when eight families live in a house, nobody buys a doormat, and the street was one of those streets that are always muddy. It smelled, too, of many things, none of them pleasant (one was fried fish); but for all that it was not a slum.

Three flights up, a gaunt woman with bare forearms stayed on her way to listen at a door which, opening, let out a warm, fetid waft from a close sick-room. A bent and tottering old woman stood on the threshold, holding the door behind her.

"An' is 'e no better now, Mrs. Curtis?" the gaunt woman asked, with a nod at the opening.

The old woman shook her head, and pulled the door closer. Her jaw waggled loosely in her withered chaps: "Nor won't be; till 'e's gone." Then after a certain pause, "'E's goin'," she said.

"Don't doctor give no 'ope?"

"Lor' bless ye, I don't want to ast no doctors," Mrs. Curtis replied, with something not unlike a chuckle. "I've seed too many on 'em. The boy's a-goin' fast; I can see that. An' then"—she gave the handle another tug, and whispered—"he's been called." She nodded again. "Three sperit knocks at the bed-head las' night; an' I know what *that* means!"

The gaunt woman raised her brows, and nodded. "Ah, well," she said, "we all on us comes to it some day, sooner or later. An' it's often a 'appy release."

The two looked into space beyond each other, the elder with a nod and a croak. Presently the other pursued, "'E's been a very good son, ain't 'e?"

"Aye, aye, well enough son to me," responded the old woman, a little peevishly; "an' I'll 'ave 'im put away decent, though there's on'y the Union for me after. I can do that, thank Gawd!" she added, meditatively, as chin on fist she stared into the thickening dark over the stairs.

"When I lost my pore 'usband," said the gaunt woman, with a certain brightening, "I give 'im a 'ansome funeral. 'E was a Oddfeller, an' I got twelve pound. I 'ad a oak caufin an' a open 'earse. There was a kerridge for the fam'ly an' one for 'is mates—two 'orses each, an' feathers, an' mutes; an' it went the furthest way round to the cimitry. 'Wotever 'appens, Mrs. Manders,' says the undertaker, 'you'll feel as you've treated 'im proper; nobody can't reproach you over that.' An' they could n't. 'E was a good 'usband to me, an' I buried 'im respectable."

The gaunt woman exulted. The old, old story of Manders's funeral fell upon the other one's ears with a freshened interest, and she mumbled her gums ruminantly. "Bob'll 'ave a 'ansome buryin', too," she said. "I can make it up, with the insurance money, an' this, an' that. On'y I dunno about mutes. It's a expense."

In the East End, when a woman has not enough money to buy a thing much desired, she does not say so in plain words; she says the thing is an "expense," or a "great expense." It means the same thing, but it sounds better. Mrs. Curtis had reckoned her resources, and found that mutes would be an "expense." At a cheap funeral mutes cost half-a-sovereign and their liquor. Mrs. Manders said as much.

"Yus, yus, 'arf-a-sovereign," the old woman assented. Within, the sick man feebly beat the floor with a stick. "I'm a-comin'," she cried shrilly; "yus, arf-a-sovereign, but it's a lot, an' I don't see 'ow I'm to do it—not at present." She reached for the door-handle again, but stopped and added, by afterthought, "Unless I don't 'ave no plooms."

"It 'ud be a pity not to 'ave plooms. I 'ad—"

There were footsteps on the stairs; then a stumble and a testy word. Mrs.

52. **Union**, the work-house maintained by the local administration.

64. **mutes**, hired mourners or undertaker's assistants at a funeral.

Curtis peered over into the gathering dark. "Is it the doctor, sir?" she asked. It was the doctor's assistant; and Mrs. Manders tramped up to the next landing as the door of the sick-room took him in.

For five minutes the stairs were darker than ever. Then the assistant, a very young man, came out again, followed by the old woman with a candle. Mrs. Manders listened in the upper dark. "He's sinking fast," said the assistant. "He *must* have a stimulant. Dr. Mansell ordered port wine. Where is it?" Mrs. Curtis mumbled dolorously. "I tell you he *must* have it," he averred with unprofessional emphasis (his qualification was only a month old). "The man can't take solid food and his strength must be kept up somehow. Another day may make all the difference. Is it because you can't afford it?"

"It's a expense—sich a expense, doctor," the old woman pleaded. "An' wot with 'arf-pints o' milk an'—" She grew inarticulate, and mumbled dismally.

"But he must have it, Mrs. Curtis, if it's your last shilling; it's the only way. If you mean you absolutely haven't the money—" and he paused a little awkwardly. He was not a wealthy young man—wealthy young men do not devil for East End doctors—but he was conscious of a certain haul of sixpences at nap the night before; and, being inexperienced, he did not foresee the career of persecution whereon he was entering at his own expense and of his own motion. He produced five shillings: "If you absolutely haven't the money, why—take this, and get a bottle—good; not at a public house. But mind, *at once*. He should have had it before."

It would have interested him, as a matter of coincidence, to know that his principal had been guilty of the selfsame indiscretion—even the amount was identical—on that landing the day before. But, as Mrs. Curtis said nothing of this, he floundered down the stair and out into the wetter mud, pondering whether or not the beloved son of a Congregational minister might take full credit for a deed of charity on the proceeds of sixpenny nap. But Mrs. Curtis puffed her wrinkles, and shook her head sagaciously as she carried in her candle. From the room came a clink as of money falling into a teapot. And Mrs. Manders went about her business.

The door was shut, and the stair was a pit of blackness. Twice a lodger passed down, and up and down, and still it did not open. Men and women walked on the lower flights, and out at the door, and in again. From the street a shout or a snatch of laughter floated up the pit. On the pavement footsteps rang crisper and fewer, and from the bottom passage there were sounds of stagger and sprawl. A demented old clock buzzed divers hours at random, and was rebuked every twenty minutes by the regular tread of a policeman on his beat. Finally, somebody shut the street-door with a great bang, and the street was muffled. A key turned inside the door on the landing, but that was all. A feeble light shone for hours along the crack below, and then went out. The crazy old clock went buzzing on, but nothing left that room all night. Nothing that opened the door . . .

When next the key turned, it was to Mrs. Manders's knock, in the full morning; and soon the two women came out on the landing together, Mrs. Curtis with a shapeless clump of a bonnet. "Ah, 'e's a lovely corpse," said Mrs. Manders. "Like wax. So was my 'usband."

"I must be stirrin'," croaked the old woman, "an' go about the insurance an' the measurin' an' that. There's lots to do."

"Ah, there is. 'Oo are you goin' to 'ave—Wilkins? I 'ad Wilkins. Better than Kedge, *I* think; Kedge's mutes dresses rusty, an' their trousis is frayed. If you was thinkin' of 'avin' mutes—"

"Yus, yus,"—with a palsied nodding—"I'm a-goin' to 'ave mutes; I can do it respectable, thank Gawd!"

"And the plooms?"

"Aye, yus, and the plooms, too. They ain't sich a great expense, after all."

(1894)

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH
(1863-)

NOTE

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge and a brilliant interpreter of the arts of writing and reading, as his three volumes on these subjects adequately show (*On the Art of Writing* and *On the Art of Reading*—two series). Unlike most college critics of literature, however, he is himself a writer, as the following excellent ghost story testifies. In this story "Q," to use his nom de plume, has made a successful combination of several elements: an historical background, a sea-swept setting, a dialect that gives the tale part of its flavor, and finally, a moving, patriotic, and heroic tone. This last element is perhaps the outstanding one. Glorification of the sturdy British soldiers and sailors, who knew how to die well, appears frequently in English literature; this story may be compared, for example, with Cowper's "On the Loss of the Royal George" (page I-429) and with Kipling's great story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." The return from the dead is also a frequent device in English narrative. So the three sons of "The Wife of Usher's Well" (page I-217) revisit their mourning mother after they have been lost at sea; and the citizens of Edinburgh cherish the tradition of a ghostly bugler, whose phantom notes are heard to echo faintly about the massive walls of Edinburgh Castle centuries after he was killed on duty.

*THE ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF

"Yes, sir," said my host, the quarryman, reaching down the relics from their hook in the wall over the chimney-piece; "they've hung there all my time, and most of my father's. The women won't touch 'em; they're afraid of the story. So here they'll dangle, and gather dust and smoke, till another tenant comes and tosses 'em out o' doors for rubbish. Whew! 'tis coarse weather, surely."

He went to the door; opened it, and stood studying the gale that beat upon his cottage-front, straight from the Manacle Reef. The rain drove past him into the kitchen, aslant like threads of gold silk in the shine of the wreck-wood fire. Meanwhile, by the same firelight, I examined the relics on my knee. The metal of each was tarnished out of knowledge. But the trumpet was evidently an old cavalry trumpet, and the threads of its parti-colored sling, though fretted and dusty, still hung together. Around the side drum, beneath its cracked brown varnish, I could hardly trace a royal coat-of-arms and a legend running, "Per Mare Per Terram"—the motto of the marines. Its parchment, though black and scented with woodsmoke, was limp and mildewed; and I began to tighten up the straps—under which the drumsticks had been loosely thrust—with the idle purpose of seeing if some music might be got out of the old drum yet.

But as I turned it on my knee, I found the drum attached to the trumpet-sling by a curious barrel-shaped padlock, and paused to examine this. The body of the lock was composed of half a dozen brass rings, set accurately edge to edge; and, rubbing the brass with my thumb, I saw that each of the six had a series of letters engraved around it.

I knew the trick of it, I thought. Here was one of those word padlocks, once so common; only to be opened by getting the rings to spell a certain word, which the dealer confides to you.

My host shut and barred the door, and came back to the hearth.

"'Twas just such a wind—east by south—that brought in what you've got between your hands. Back in the year 'nine, it was; my father has told me the tale a score o' times. You're twisting round the rings, I see. But you'll never guess the word. Parson Kendall, he made the word, and he locked down a couple o' ghosts in their graves with it; and when his time came he went to his own grave and took the word with him."

"Whose ghosts, Matthew?"

"You want the story, I see, sir. My father could tell it better than I can. He was a young man in the year 'nine, unmarried at the time, and living in this very cottage, just as I be. That's how he came to get mixed up with the tale."

He took a chair, lighted a short pipe, and went on, with his eyes fixed on the dancing violet flames:

"Yes, he'd ha' been about thirty year old in January, eighteen 'nine.

* From *Wandering Heath*; copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

27. **Per Mare Per Terram**, by sea [and] by land.

The storm got up in the night o' the twenty-first o' that month. My father was dressed and out long before daylight; he never was one to bide in bed, let be that the gale by this time was pretty near lifting the thatch over his head. Besides which, he'd fenced a small 'taty-patch that winter, down by Lowland Point, and he wanted to see if it stood the night's work. He took the path across Gunner's Meadow —where they buried most of the bodies afterwards. The wind was right in his teeth at the time, and once on the way (he's told me this often) a great strip of oarweed came flying through the darkness and fetched him a slap on the cheek like a cold hand. He made shift pretty well till he got to Lowland, and then had to drop upon hands and knees and crawl, digging his fingers every now and then into a shingle to hold on, for he declared to me that the stones, some of them as big as a man's head, kept rolling and driving past till it seemed the whole foreshore was moving westward under him. The fence was gone, of course; not a stick left to show where it stood; so that, when first he came to the place, he thought he must have missed his bearings. My father, sir, was a very religious man; and if he reckoned the end of the world was at hand—there in the great wind and night, among the moving stones—you may believe he was certain of it when he heard a gun fired, and, with the same, saw a flame shoot up out of the darkness to windward, making a sudden fierce light in all the place about. All he could find to think or say was, 'The Second Coming! The Second Coming! The Bridegroom cometh, and the wicked' He will toss like a ball into a large country'; and being already upon his knees, he just bowed his head and 'bided, saying this over and over.

"But by'm by, between two squalls, he made bold to lift his head and look, and then by the light—a bluish color 'twas—he saw all the coast clear away to Manacle Point, and off the Manacles in the thick of the weather, a sloop-of-war with topgallants housed, driving stern foremost toward the reef. It was she, of course, that was burning the fire. My father could see the white streak and the ports of her quite plain as she rose to it, a little outside the breakers, and he guessed easy enough that her captain had just managed to wear ship and was trying to force her nose to the sea with the help of her small bower anchor and the scrap or two of canvas that hadn't yet been blown out of her. But while he looked, she fell off, giving her broadside to it, foot by foot, and drifting back on the breakers around Carn Du and the Varses. The rocks lie so thick thereabout that 'twas a toss-up which she struck first; at any rate, my father couldn't tell at the time, for just then the flare died down and went out.

"Well, sir, he turned then in the dark and started back for Coverack to cry the dismal tidings—though well knowing ship and crew to be past any hope, and as he turned, the wind lifted him and tossed him forward 'like a ball,' as he'd been saying, and homeward along the foreshore. As you know, 'tis ugly work, even by daylight, picking your way among the stones there, and my father was prettily knocked about at first in the dark. But by this 'twas nearer seven than six o'clock, and the day spreading. By the time he reached North Corner a man could see to read print; hows'ever, he looked neither out to sea nor toward Coverack, but headed straight for the first cottage —the same that stands above North Corner today. A man named Billy Ede lived there then, and when my father burst into the kitchen bawling, 'Wreck! wreck!' he saw Billy Ede's wife, Ann, standing there in her clogs with a shawl over her head, and her clothes wringing wet.

"'Save the chap,' says Billy Ede's wife, Ann. 'What d'ee mean by crying stale fish at that rate?'

"'But 'tis a wreck, I tell 'e.'

"'I'v a-zeed'n, too; and so has everyone with an eye in his head.'

98. clogs, wooden-soled shoes.

"And with that she pointed straight over my father's shoulder, and he turned; and there, close under Dolor Point, at the end of Coverack town he saw another wreck washing, and the point black with people, like emmets, running to and fro in the morning light. While he stood staring at her, he heard a trumpet sounded on board, the notes coming in little jerks, like a bird rising against the wind; but faintly, of course, because of the distance and the gale blowing—though this had dropped a little.

" 'She's a transport,' said Billy Ede's wife, Ann, 'and full of horse-soldiers, fine long men. When she struck they must ha' pitched the horses over first to lighten the ship, for a score of dead horses had washed in afore I left, half an hour back. An' three or four soldiers, too—fine long corpses in white breeches and jackets of blue and gold. I held the lantern to one. Such a straight young man.'

"My father asked her about the trumpeting.

" 'That's the queerest bit of all. She was burnin' a light when me an' my man joined the crowd down there. All her masts had gone; whether they carried away, or were cut away to ease her, I don't rightly know. Her keelson was broke under her and her bottom sagged and stove, and she had just settled down like a setting hen—just the leastest list to starboard; but a man could stand there easy. They had rigged up ropes across her, from bulwark to bulwark, an' beside these the men were mustered, holding on like grim death whenever the sea made a clean breach over them, an' standing up like heroes as soon as it passed. The captain an' the officers were clinging to the rail of the quarter-deck, all in their golden uniforms, waiting for the end as if 'twas King George they expected. There was no way to help, for she lay right beyond cast of line, though our folk tried it fifty times. And beside them clung a trumpeter, a whacking big man, an' between the heavy seas he would lift his trumpet with one hand, and blow a call; and every time he blew, the men gave a cheer. There (she says)—hark 'ee now—there he goes agen! But you won't hear no cheering any more, for few are left to cheer, and their voices weak. Bitter cold the wind is, and I reckon it numbs their grip o' the ropes, for they were dropping off fast with every sea when my man sent me home to get his breakfast. Another wreck, you say? Well, there's no hope for the tender dears if 'tis the Manacles. You'd better run down and help yonder; though 'tis little help any man can give. Not one came in alive while I was there. The tide's flowing, an' she won't hold together another hour, they say.'

"Well, sure enough, the end was coming fast when my father got down to the Point. Six men had been cast up alive, or just breathing—a seaman and five troopers. The seaman was the only one that had breath to speak; and while they were carrying him into the town, the word went round that the ship's name was the *Despatch*, transport, homeward bound from Corunna, with a detachment of the Seventh Hussars, that had been fighting out there with Sir John Moore. The seas had rolled her farther over by this time, and given her decks a pretty sharp slope; but a dozen men still held on, seven by the ropes near the ship's waist, a couple near the break of the poop, and three on the quarter-deck. Of these three my father made out one to be the skipper; close to him clung an officer in full regimentals—his name, they heard after, was Captain Duncanfield; and last came the tall trumpeter; and if you'll believe me, the fellow was making shift there, at the very last, to blow 'God Save the King.' What's more, he got to 'Send us victorious,' before an extra big sea came bursting across and washed them off the deck—every man but one of the pair beneath

6. **emmets**, ants.

85. **Sir John Moore**, a Scottish general killed at Corunna, on the coast of Spain, in the Peninsular War after Napoleon's capture of Madrid in 1809. See Charles Wolfe's stirring poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" (page I-479).

the poop—and he dropped his hold before the next wave; being stunned, I reckon. The others went out of sight at once, but the trumpeter—being, as I said, a powerful man as well as a tough swimmer—rose like a duck, rode out a couple of breakers, and came in on the crest of the third. The folks looked to see him broke like an egg at their very feet; but when the smother cleared, there he was, lying face downward on a ledge below them; and one of the men that happened to have a rope round him —I forget the fellow's name, if I ever heard it—jumped down and grabbed him by the ankle as he began to slip back. Before the next big sea the pair were hauled high enough to be out of harm, and another heave brought them up to grass. Quick work, but master trumpeter wasn't quite dead; nothing worse than a cracked head and three staved ribs. In twenty minutes or so they had him in bed, with the doctor to tend him.

"Now was the time—nothing being left alive upon the transport—for my father to tell of the sloop he'd seen driving upon the Manacles. And when he got a hearing, though the most were set upon salvage, and believed a wreck in the hand, so to say, to be worth half a dozen they couldn't see, a good few volunteered to start off with him and have a look. They crossed Lowland Point; no ship to be seen on the Manacles nor anywhere upon the sea. One or two was for calling my father a liar. 'Wait till we come to Dean Point,' said he. Sure enough, on the far side of Dean Point they found the sloop's mainmast washing about with half a dozen men lashed to it, men in red jackets, every mother's son drowned and staring; and a little farther on, just under the Dean, three or four bodies cast up on the shore, one of them a small drummer-boy, side-drum and all; and near by part of a ship's gig, with *H. M. S. Primrose* cut on the sternboard. From this point on, the shore was littered thick with wreckage and dead bodies—the most of them marines in uniform—and in Godrevy Cove, in particular, a heap of furniture from the captain's cabin, and among it a watertight box, not much damaged, and full of papers, by which, when it came to be examined, next day, the wreck was easily made out to be the *Primrose* of eighteen guns, outward bound from Portsmouth, with a fleet of transports for the Spanish war—thirty sail, I've heard, but I've never heard what became of them. Being handled by merchant skippers, no doubt they rode out the gale, and reached the Tagus safe and sound. Not but what the captain of the *Primrose*—Mein was his name—did quite right to try and club-haul his vessel when he found himself under the land; only he never ought to have got there, if he took proper soundings. But it's easy talking.

"The *Primrose*, sir, was a handsome vessel—for her size one of the handsomest in the King's service—and newly fitted out at Plymouth Dock. So the boys had brave pickings from her in the way of brass-work, ship's instruments, and the like, let alone some barrels of stores not much spoiled. They loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, and started for home, meaning to make a second journey before the preventive men got wind of their doings, and came to spoil the fun. 'Hullo!' says my father, and dropped his gear, 'I do believe there's a leg moving!' and running fore, he stooped over the small drummer-boy that I told you about. The poor little chap was lying there, with his face a mass of bruises, and his eyes closed; but he had shifted one leg an inch or two, and was still breathing. So my father pulled out a knife, and cut him free from his drum—that was lashed on to him with a double turn of Manila rope—and took him up and carried him along here to this very room that we're sitting in. He lost a good deal by this; for when he went back to fetch the bundle he'd dropped, the preventive men had got hold of it, and were thick

67. **Tagus**, a river in Spain. 70. **club-haul**, a particular method of changing a sailing-vessel to the other tack, which is used in extreme emergencies.

as thieves along the foreshore; so that 'twas only by paying one or two to look the other way that he picked up anything worth carrying off; which you'll allow to be hard, seeing that he was the first man to give news of the wreck.

"Well, the inquiry was held, of course, and my father gave evidence, and for the rest they had to trust to the sloop's papers, for not a soul was saved besides the drummer-boy, and he was raving in a fever, brought on by the cold and the fright. And the seaman and the five troopers gave evidence about the loss of the *Despatch*. The tall trumpeter, too, whose ribs were healing, came forward and kissed the Book; but somehow his head had been hurt in coming ashore, and he talked foolish-like, and 'twas easy seen he would never be a proper man again. The others were taken up to Plymouth, and so went their ways; but the trumpeter stayed on in Coverack; and King George, finding he was fit for nothing, sent him down a trifle of a pension after a while—enough to keep him in board and lodging, with a bit of tobacco over.

"Now the first time that this man—William Tallifer he called himself—met with the drummer-boy, was about a fortnight after the little chap had bettered enough to be allowed a short walk out of doors, which he took, if you please, in full regimentals. There never was a soldier so proud of his dress. His own suit had shrunk a brave bit with the salt water; but into ordinary frock an' corduroy he declared he would not get, not if he had to go naked the rest of his life; so my father—being a good-natured man, and handy with the needle—turned to and repaired damages with a piece or two of scarlet cloth cut from the jacket of one of the drowned Marines. Well, the poor little chap chanced to be standing, in this rig out, down by the gate of Gunner's Meadow, where they had buried two score and over of his comrades. The morning was a fine one, early in March month; and along came the cracked trumpeter, likewise taking a stroll.

"'Hullo!' says he; 'good mornin'! And what might you be doin' here?'

"'I was a-wishin',' says the boy, 'I had a pair o' drumsticks. Our lads were buried yonder without so much as a drum tapped or a musket fired; and that's not Christian burial for British soldiers.'

"'Phut!' says the trumpeter, and spat on the ground; 'a parcel of Marines!'

"The boy eyed him a second or so, and answered up: 'If I'd a tav of turf handy, I'd bung it at your mouth, you greasy cavalryman, and learn you to speak respectful of your betters. The Marines are the handiest body o' men in the service.'

"The trumpeter looked down on him from the height of six-foot-two, and asked: 'Did they die well?'

"'They died very well. There was a lot of running to and fro at first, and some of the men began to cry, and a few to strip off their clothes. But when the ship fell off for the last time, Captain Mein turned and said something to Major Griffiths, the commanding officer on board, and the Major called out to me to beat to quarters. It might have been for a wedding, he sang it out so cheerful. We'd had word already that 'twas to be parade order; and the men fell in as trim and decent as if they were going to church. One or two even tried to shave at the last moment. The Major wore his medals. One of the seamen, seeing I had work to keep the drum steady—the sling being a bit loose for me, and the wind what you remember—lashed it tight with a piece of rope; and that saved my life afterwards, a drum being as good as cork until it's stove. I kept beating away until every man was on deck—and then the Major formed them up and told them to die like British soldiers, and the chaplain was in the middle of a prayer when she struck. In ten minutes she was gone. That was how they died, cavalryman.'

31. **Tallifer.** The author has chosen a good name for his hero; Taillefer was the minstrel who led the Norman soldiers at the Battle of Hastings (1066), chanting the *Song of Roland*.

"'And that was very well done, drummer of the Marines. What's your name?'

"'John Christian.'

"'Mine's William George Tallifer, trumpeter of the Seventh Light Dragoons—the Queen's Own. I played "God Save the King" while our men were drowning. Captain Duncanfield told me to sound a call or two, to put them in heart; but that matter of "God Save the King" was a notion of my own. I won't say anything to hurt the feelings of a Marine, even if he's not much over five-foot tall; but the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. As between horse and foot, 'tis a question o' which gets a chance. All the way from Sahagun to Corunna 'twas we that took and gave the knocks—at Mayorga and Rueda, and Bennyventy.'—The reason, sir, I can speak the names so pat is that my father learnt them by heart afterwards from the trumpeter, who was always talking about Mayorga and Rueda and Bennyventy.—'We made the rear-guard after General Paget; and drove the French every time; and all the infantry did was to sit about in wine-shops till we whipped 'em out, an' steal an' straggle an' play the tom-fool in general. And when it came to a standup fight at Corunna, 'twas we that had to stay seasick aboard the transports, an' watch the infantry in the thick o' the caper. Very well they behaved, too—especially the Fourth Regiment, an' the Forty-Second Highlanders and the Dirty Half-Hundred. Oh, aye; they're decent regiments, all three. But the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. So you played on your drum when the ship was goin' down? Drummer John Christian, I'll have to get you a new pair of sticks.'

"The very next day the trumpeter marched into Helston, and got a carpenter there to turn him a pair of boxwood drumsticks for the boy. And this was the beginning of one of the most curious friendships you ever heard tell of. Nothing delighted the pair more than to borrow a boat off my father and pull out to the rocks where the *Primrose* and the *Despatch* had struck and sunk; and on still days 'twas pretty to hear them out there off the Manacles, the drummer playing his tattoo—for they always took their music with them—and the trumpeter practicing calls, and making his trumpet speak like an angel. But if the weather turned roughish, they'd be walking together and talking; leastwise the youngster listened while the other discoursed about Sir John's campaign in Spain and Portugal, telling how each little skirmish befell; and of Sir John himself, and General Baird, and General Paget, and Colonel Vivian, his own commanding officer, and what kind of men they were; and of the last bloody stand-up at Corunna, and so forth, as if neither could have enough.

"But all this had to come to an end in the late summer, for the boy, John Christian, being now well and strong again, must go up to Plymouth to report himself. 'Twas his own wish (for I believe King George had forgotten all about him), but his friend wouldn't hold him back. As for the trumpeter, my father had made an arrangement to take him on as lodger, as soon as the boy left; and on the morning fixed for the start, he was up at the door here by five o'clock, with his trumpet slung by his side, and all the rest of his belongings in a small valise. A Monday morning it was, and after breakfast he had fixed to walk with the boy some way on the road toward Helston, where the coach started. My father left them at breakfast together, and went out to meat the pig, and do a few odd morning jobs of that sort. When he came back, the boy was still at table, and the trumpeter sat with the rings in his hands, hitched together just as they be at this moment.

"'Look at this,' he says to my father, showing him the lock. 'I picked it up off a starving brass-worker in Lisbon, and it is not one of your common locks that one word of six letters will open at any time. There's janius in this lock; for you've only to make the rings spell any six-letter word you please and

snap down the lock upon that, and never a soul can open it—not the maker, even—until somebody comes along that knows the word you snapped it on. Now Johnny here's goin', and he leaves his drum behind him; for, though he can make pretty music on it, the parchment sags in wet weather, by reason of the sea-water gettin' at it; an' if he carries it to Plymouth, they'll only condemn it and give him another. And, as for me, I shan't have the heart to put lip to the trumpet any more when Johnny's gone. So we've chosen a word together, and locked 'em together upon that; and, by your leave, I'll hang 'em here together on the hook over your fireplace. Maybe Johnny'll come back; maybe not. Maybe, if he comes, I'll be dead an' gone, an' he'll take 'em apart an' try their music for old sake's sake. But if he never comes, nobody can separate 'em; for nobody beside knows the word. And if you marry and have sons, you can tell 'em that here are tied together the souls of Johnny Christian, drummer of the Marines, and William George Tallifer, once trumpeter of the Queen's Own Hussars. Amen.'

"With that he hung the two instruments 'pon the hook there; and the boy stood up and thanked my father and shook hands; and the pair went out of the door, toward Helston.

"Somewhere on the road they took leave of one another; but nobody saw the parting, nor heard what was said between them. About three in the afternoon the trumpeter came walking back over the hill; and by the time my father came home from the fishing, the cottage was tidied up, and the tea ready, and the whole place shining like a new pin. From that time for five years he lodged here with my father, looking after the house and tilling the garden. And all the time he was steadily failing; the hurt in his head spreading, in a manner, to his limbs. My father watched the feebleness growing on him, but said nothing. And from first to last neither spake a word about the drummer, John Christian; nor did any letter reach them, nor word of his doings.

"The rest of the tale you're free to believe, sir, or not, as you please. It stands upon my father's words, and he always declared he was ready to kiss the Book upon it, before judge and jury. He said, too, that he never had the wit to make up such a yarn, and he defied anyone to explain about the lock, in particular, by any other tale. But you shall judge for yourself.

"My father said that about three o'clock in the morning, April fourteenth, of the year 'fourteen, he and William Tallifer were sitting here, just as you and I, sir, are sitting now. My father had put on his clothes a few minutes before, and was mending his spiller by the light of the horn lantern, meaning to set off before daylight to haul the trammel. The trumpeter hadn't been to bed at all. Toward the last he mostly spent his nights (and his days, too) dozing in the elbow-chair where you sit at this minute. He was dozing then (my father said) with his chin dropped forward on his chest, when a knock sounded upon the door, and the door opened, and in walked an upright young man in scarlet regimentals.

"He had grown a brave bit, and his face the color of wood-ashes; but it was the drummer, John Christian. Only his uniform was different from the one he used to wear, and the figures '38' shone in brass upon his collar.

"The drummer walked past my father as if he never saw him, and stood by the elbow-chair and said:

" 'Trumpeter, trumpeter, are you one with me?'

"And the trumpeter just lifted the lids of his eyes, and answered: 'How should I not be one with you, drummer Johnny—Johnny boy? If you come, I count; if you march, I mark time; until the discharge comes.'

" 'The discharge has come tonight,' said the drummer; 'and the word is Corunna no longer.' And stepping to the chimney-place, he unhooked the

73. **spiller**, a long fish-line fitted with many hooks.
76. **trammel**, a kind of fish-net.

drum and trumpet, and began to twist the brass rings of the lock, spelling the word aloud, so—'C-O-R-U-N-A.' When he had fixed the last letter, the padlock opened in his hand.

"'Did you know, trumpeter, that, when I came to Plymouth, they put me into a line regiment?'

"'The 38th is a good regiment,' answered the old Hussar, still in his dull voice; 'I went back with them from Sahagun to Corunna. At Corunna they stood in General Fraser's division, on the right. They behaved well.'

"'But I'd fain see the Marines again,' says the drummer, handing him the trumpet; 'and you, you shall call once more for the Queen's Own. Matthew,' he says, suddenly, turning on my father —and when he turned, my father saw for the first time that his scarlet jacket had a round hole by the breast-bone, and that the blood was welling there— 'Matthew, we shall want your boat.'

"Then my father rose on his legs like a man in a dream, while the two slung on, the one his drum, and t'other his trumpet. He took the lantern and went quaking before them down to the shore, and they breathed heavily behind him; and they stepped into his boat, and my father pushed off.

"'Row you first for Dolor Point,' says the drummer. So my father rowed them past the white houses of Coverack to Dolor Point, and there, at a word, lay on his oars. And the trumpeter, William Tallifer, put his trumpet to his mouth and sounded the reveille. The music of it was like rivers running.

"'They will follow,' said the drummer. 'Matthew, pull you now for the Manacles.'

"So my father pulled for the Manacles, and came to an easy close outside Carn Du. And the drummer took his sticks and beat a tattoo, there by the edge of the reef; and the music of it was like a rolling chariot.

"'That will do,' says he, breaking off; 'they will follow. Pull now for the shore under Gunner's Meadow.'

"Then my father pulled for the shore and ran his boat in under Gunner's Meadow. And they stepped out, all three, and walked up to the meadow. By the gate the drummer halted, and began his tattoo again, looking outward the darkness over the sea.

"And while the drum beat, and my father held his breath, there came up out of the sea and the darkness a troop of many men, horse and foot, and formed up among the graves; and others rose out of the graves and formed up— drowned Marines with bleached faces, and pale Hussars, riding their horses, all lean and shadowy. There was no clatter of hoofs or accouterments, my father said, but a soft sound all the while like the beating of a bird's wing; and a black shadow lay like a pool about the feet of all. The drummer stood upon a little knoll just inside the gate, and beside him the tall trumpeter, with hand on hip, watching them gather; and behind them both, my father, clinging to the gate. When no more came, the drummer stopped playing, and said, 'Call the roll.'

"Then the trumpeter stepped toward the end man of the rank and called, 'Troop Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons,' and the man answered in a thin voice, 'Here.'

"'Troop Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons, how is it with you?'

"The man answered, 'How should it be with me? When I was young, I betrayed a girl; and when I was grown, I betrayed a friend, and for these I must pay. But I died as a man ought. God save the King!'

"The trumpeter called to the next man, 'Trooper Henry Buckingham,' and the next man answered, 'Here.'

"'Trooper Henry Buckingham, how is it with you?'

"'How should it be with me? I was a drunkard, and I stole, and in Lugo, in a wine-shop, I killed a man. But I died as a man should. God save the King!'

"So the trumpeter went down the line; and when he had finished, the drummer took it up, hailing the dead Marines in their order. Each man answered to his name, and each man

ended with 'God save the King!' When all were hailed, the drummer stepped backward to his mound, and called:

"'It is well. You are content, and we are content to join you. Wait, now, a little while.'

"With this he turned and ordered my father to pick up the lantern, and lead the way back. As my father picked it up, he heard the ranks of the dead men cheer and call, 'God save the King!' all together, and saw them waver and fade back into the dark, like a breath fading off a pane.

"But when they came back here to the kitchen, and my father set the lantern down, it seemed they'd both forgot about him. For the drummer turned in the lantern-light—and my father could see the blood still welling out of the hole in his breast—and took the trumpet-sling from around the other's neck, and locked drum and trumpet together again, choosing the letters on the lock very carefully. While he did this, he said:

"'The word is no more Corunna, but Bayonne. As you left out an *n* in Corunna, so must I leave out an *n* in Bayonne.' And before snapping the padlock, he spelled out the word slowly —'B-A-Y-O-N-E.' After that, he used no more speech; but turned and hung the two instruments back on the hook; and then took the trumpeter by the arm; and the pair walked out into the darkness, glancing neither to right nor left.

"My father was on the point of following, when he heard a sort of sigh behind him; and there, sitting in the elbow-chair, was the very trumpeter he had just seen walk out by the door! If my father's heart jumped before, you may believe it jumped quicker now. But after a bit, he went up to the man asleep in the chair and put a hand upon him. It was the trumpeter in flesh and blood that he touched; but though the flesh was warm, the trumpeter was dead.

"Well, sir, they buried him three days after; and at first my father was minded to say nothing about his dream (as he thought it). But the day after the funeral he met Parson Kendall coming from Helston market; and the parson called out: 'Have 'ee heard the news the coach brought down this mornin'?' 'What news?' says my father. 'Why, that peace is agreed upon.' 'None too soon,' says my father. 'Not soon enough for our poor lads at Bayonne,' the parson answered. 'Bayonne!' cries my father, with a jump. 'Why, yes,' and the parson told him all about a great sally the French had made on the night of April 13th. 'Do you happen to know if the 38th Regiment was engaged?' my father asked. 'Come, now,' said Parson Kendall, 'I didn't know you was so well up in the campaign. But, as it happens, I do know that the 38th was engaged, for 'twas they that held a cottage and stopped the French advance.'

"Still my father held his tongue; and when, a week later, he walked into Helston and bought a *Mercury* off the Sherborne rider, and got the landlord of the 'Angel' to spell out the list of killed and wounded, sure enough, there among the killed was Drummer John Christian, of the 38th Foot.

"After this there was nothing for a religious man but to make a clean breast. So my father went up to Parson Kendall, and told the whole story. The parson listened, and put a question or two, and then asked:

"'Have you tried to open the lock since that night?'

"'I haven't dared to touch it,' says my father.

"'Then come along and try.' When the parson came to the cottage here, he took the things off the hook and tried the lock. 'Did he say "Bayonne"? The word has seven letters.'

"'Not if you spell it with one *n* as he did,' says my father.

"The parson spelt it out—'B-A-Y-O-N-E.' 'Whew!' says he, for the lock had fallen open in his hand.

"He stood considering it a moment, and then he says: 'I tell you what. I shouldn't blab this all round the parish, if I was you. You won't get no credit for truth-telling, and a miracle's wasted

on a set of fools. But if you like, I'll shut down the lock again upon a holy word that no one but me shall know, and neither drummer nor trumpeter, dead or alive, shall frighten the secret out of me.'

"'I wish to heaven you would, parson,' said my father.

"The parson chose the holy word there and then, and shut the lock upon it, and hung the drum and trumpet back in their place. He is gone long since, taking the word with him. And till the lock is broken by force, nobody will ever separate those two." (1895)

W. W. JACOBS (1863-)

NOTE

The influence of the sea upon the literature of an island empire has been repeatedly illustrated in the pages of this volume—as, for example, in the preceding story. Heroism, pathos, humor have often been drawn from the adventures and characters of those who go down to the sea in ships. Tobias Smollett was perhaps the first, however, to draw realistic sketches of the British tar; after him came numerous writers of prose fiction, who found in sailors' yarns and personalities much that was entertaining and amusing. William Wymark Jacobs was born in London, and his father was a wharf-owner in Wapping on the Thames. So it was that Mr. Jacobs was brought into a close and sympathetic contact with seafaring and river men who frequented the port. His *Many Cargoes*, *More Cargoes*, *Short Cruises*, *Captains All*, and other collections of seamen's stories are filled with sailors, most of them comic, some of them pathetic, but all highly entertaining. The knowledge of nautical terms and sailors' jargon which he acquired about the London wharves gives his yarns a flavor of genuineness. His seafaring men are real salts—not stage types. Although his humor consists largely in the formula of placing simple souls in absurd, embarrassing, and incongruous positions so that we laugh at them, our laughter is never contemptuous. It is apparent that in all of Mr. Jacobs's sea stories his fun is good-natured, his satire only good-humored raillery, and his respect and affection for the men of whom he writes genuine. "A Change of Treatment" is reprinted from *Many Cargoes* and is representative of his best work. Most of Mr. Jacobs's stories deal with the sea and sailors. In "The Monkey's Paw," however, and in a few other stories, he has invaded the field of the weird and supernatural and has displayed in doing so an amazing versatility in his mastery of a type which lies outside the range of his usual interests and material.

A CHANGE OF TREATMENT

"Yes, I've sailed under some 'cute skippers in my time," said the night-watchman; "them that go down in big ships see the wonders o' the deep, you know," he added with a sudden chuckle, "but the one I'm going to tell you about ought never to have been trusted out without 'is ma. A good many o' my skippers had fads, but this one was the worst I ever sailed under.

"It's some few years ago now; I'd shipped on his bark, the *John Elliott*, as slow-going an old tub as ever I was aboard of, when I wasn't in quite a fit an' proper state to know what I was doing, an' I hadn't been in her two days afore I found out his 'obby through overhearing a few remarks made by the second mate, who came up from dinner in a hurry to make 'em. 'I don't mind saws an' knives hung round the cabin,' he ses to the fust mate, 'but when a chap has a 'uman 'and alongside 'is plate, studying it while folks is at their food, it's more than a Christian man can stand.'

"'That's nothing,' ses the fust mate, who had sailed with the bark afore. 'He's half crazy on doctoring. We nearly had a mutiny aboard once owing to his wanting to hold a post mortem on a man that fell from the masthead. Wanted to see what the poor feller died of.'

"'I call it unwholesome,' ses the second mate very savage. 'He offered me a pill at breakfast the size of a small marble; quite put me off my feed, it did.'

"Of course, the skipper's fad soon got known for'ard. But I didn't think much about it, till one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis sitting on a locker reading. Every now and then he'd shut the book, an' look up, closing 'is eyes, an' moving his lips like a hen drinking, an' then look down at the book again.

"'Why, Dan,' I ses, 'what's up? you ain't larning lessons at your time o' life?'

"'Yes, I am,' ses Dan very soft. 'You might hear me say it, it's this one about heart disease.'

"He hands over the book, which was

stuck full o' all kinds o' diseases, and winks at me 'ard.

"'Picked it up on a book-stall,' he ses; then he shut 'is eyes an' said his piece wonderful. It made me quite queer to listen to 'im. 'That's how I feel,' ses he, when he'd finished. 'Just strength enough to get to bed. Lend a hand, Bill, an' go an' fetch the doctor.'

"Then I see his little game, but I wasn't going to run any risks, so I just mentioned, permiscous like, to the cook as old Dan seemed rather queer, an' went back an' tried to borrer the book, being always fond of reading. Old Dan pretended he was too ill to hear what I was saying, an' afore I could take it away from him, the skipper comes hurrying down with a bag in his 'and.

"'What's the matter, my man?' ses he, 'what's the matter?'

"'I'm all right, sir,' ses old Dan, ''cept that I've been swoonding away a little.'

"'Tell me exactly how you feel,' ses the skipper, feeling his pulse.

"Then old Dan said his piece over to him, an' the skipper shook his head an' looked very solemn.

"'How long have you been like this?' he ses.

"'Four or five years, sir,' ses Dan. 'It ain't nothing serious, sir, is it?'

"'You lie quite still,' ses the skipper, putting a little trumpet thing to his chest an' then listening. 'Um! there's serious mischief here, I'm afraid; the prognotice is very bad.'

"'Prog what, sir?' ses Dan, staring.

"'Prognotice,' ses the skipper, at least I think that's the word he said. 'You keep perfectly still, an' I'll go an' mix you up a draft, and tell the cook to get some strong beef-tea on.'

"Well, the skipper 'ad no sooner gone, than Cornish Harry, a great big lumbering chap o' six feet two, goes up to old Dan, an' he ses, 'Gimme that book.'

"'Go away,' says Dan, 'don't come worrying 'ere; you 'eard the skipper say how bad my prognotice was.'

"'You lend me the book,' ses Harry, ketching hold of him, 'or else I'll bang you first, and split to the skipper arterwards. I believe I'm a bit consumptive. Anyway, I'm going to see.'

"He dragged the book away from the old man, and began to study. There was so many complaints in it he was almost tempted to have something else instead of consumption, but he decided on that at last, an' he got a cough what worried the fo'c'sle all night long, an' the next day, when the skipper came down to see Dan, he could 'ardly 'ear hisself speak.

"'That's a nasty cough you've got, my man,' ses he, looking at Harry.

"'Oh, it's nothing, sir,' ses Harry, careless like. 'I've 'ad it for months now off and on. I think it's perspiring so of a night does it.'

"'What?' ses the skipper. 'Do you perspire of a night?'

"'Dredful,' ses Harry. 'You could wring the clo'es out. I s'pose it's healthy for me, ain't it, sir?'

"'Undo your shirt,' ses the skipper, going over to him, an' sticking the trumpet agin him. 'Now take a deep breath. Don't cough.'

"'I can't help it, sir,' ses Harry, 'it will come. Seems to tear me to pieces.'

"'You get to bed at once,' says the skipper, taking away the trumpet, an' shaking his 'ed. 'It's a fortunate thing for you, my lad, you're in skilled hands. With care, I believe I can pull you round. How does that medicine suit you, Dan?'

"'Beautiful, sir,' says Dan. 'It's wonderful soothing. I slep' like a newborn babe arter it.'

"'I'll send to get you some more,' ses the skipper. 'You're not to get up, mind, either of you.'

"'All right, sir,' ses the two in very faint voices, an' the skipper went away arter telling us to be careful not to make a noise.

"We all thought it a fine joke at first, but the airs them two chaps give themselves was something sickening. Being in bed all day, they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the fo'c'sle inquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they 'ud swop beef-tea

an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say he hadn't made enough that day, an' he'd drink to the better health of old Dan's prognotice, an' smack his lips until it drove us a'most crazy to 'ear him.

"Arter these chaps had been ill two days, the other fellers began to put their heads together, being maddened by the smell o' beef-tea an' the like, an' said they was going to be ill, too, and both the invalids got into a fearful state of excitement.

"'You'll only spoil it for all of us,' ses Harry, 'and you don't know what to have without the book.'

"'It's all very well doing your work as well as our own,' ses one of the men. 'It's our turn now. It's time you two got well.'

"'Well?' ses Harry, 'well? Why, you silly iggernerant chaps, we shan't never get well; people with our complaints never do. You ought to know that.'

"'Well, I shall split,' ses one of them.

"'You do!' ses Harry, 'you do, an' I'll put a 'ed on you that all the port wine and jellies in the world wouldn't cure. 'Sides, don't you think the skipper knows what's the matter with us?'

"'Afore the other chaps could reply, the skipper hisself comes down, accompanied by the fust mate, with a look on his face which made Harry give the deepest and hollowest cough he'd ever done.

"'What they reely want,' ses the skipper, turning to the mate, 'is keerful nussing.'

"'I wish you'd let *me* nuss 'em,' ses the fust mate, 'only ten minutes—I'd put 'em both on their legs, an' running for their lives into the bargain, in ten minutes.'

"'Hold your tongue, sir,' ses the skipper; 'what you say is unfeeling, besides being an insult to me. Do you think I studied medicine all these years without knowing when a man's ill?'

"The fust mate growled something, and went on deck, and the skipper started examining of 'em again. He said they was wonderfully patient lying in bed so long, an' he had 'em wrapped up in bed clo'es and carried on deck, so as the pure air could have a go at 'em.

"We had to do the carrying, an' there they sat, breathing the pure air, and looking at the fust mate out of the corners of their eyes. If they wanted anything from below, one of us had to go an' fetch it, an' by the time they was taken down to bed again, we all resolved to be took ill, too.

"Only two of 'em did it though, for Harry, who was a powerful, ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd do all sorts o' dreadful things to us if we didn't keep well and hearty, an' all 'cept these two did. One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid up with a swelling on his ribs, which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad for fifteen years, and the other chap had paralysis. I never saw a man so reely happy as the skipper was. He was up an' down with his medicines and his instruments all day long, and used to make notes of the cases in a big pocketbook, and read 'em to the second mate at mealtimes.

"The fo'c'sle had been turned into hospital about a week, an' I was on deck doing some odd job or the other, when the cook comes up to me pulling a face as long as a fiddle.

"'Nother invalid,' ses he; 'fust mate's gone stark, staring mad!'

"'Mad?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses he. 'He's got a big basin in the galley, an' he's laughing like a hyener an' mixing bilge-water an' ink, an' paraffin an' butter an' soap an' all sorts o' things up together. The smell's enough to kill a man; I've had to come away.'

"Curious-like, I jest walked up to the galley an' puts my 'ed in, an' there was the mate as the cook said, smiling all over his face, and ladling some thick sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

"'How's the pore sufferers, sir?' ses he, stepping out of the galley jest as the skipper was going by.

"'They're very bad; but I hope for the best,' ses the skipper, looking at him hard. 'I'm glad to see you've turned a bit more feeling.'

"'Yes, sir,' ses the mate. 'I didn't think so at fust, but I can see now them chaps is all very ill. You'll s'cuse me saying it, but I don't quite approve of your treatment.'

"I thought the skipper would ha' bust.

"'My treatment?' ses he. 'My treatment? What do you know about it?'

"'You're treating 'em wrong, sir,' ses the mate. 'I have here' (patting the jar) 'a remedy which 'ud cure them all if you'd only let me try it.'

"'Pooh!' ses the skipper. 'One medicine cure all diseases! The old story. What is it? Where'd you get it from?' ses he.

"'I brought the ingredients aboard with me,' ses the mate. 'It's a wonderful medicine discovered by my grandmother, an' if I might only try it I'd thoroughly cure them pore chaps.'

"'Rubbish!' ses the skipper.

"'Very well, sir,' ses the mate, shrugging his shoulders. 'O' course, if you won't let me you won't. Still, I tell you, if you'd let me try I'd cure 'em all in two days. That's a fair challenge.'

"Well, they talked, and talked, and talked, until at last the skipper give way and went down below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days, jest to prove the mate was wrong.

"'Let pore old Dan try it first, sir,' ses Harry, starting up, an' sniffing as the mate took the cork out; 'he's been awful bad since you've been away.'

"'Harry's worse than I am, sir,' ses Dan; 'it's only his kind heart that makes him say that.'

"'It don't matter which is fust,' ses the mate, filling a tablespoon with it, 'there's plenty for all. Now, Harry.'

"'Take it,' ses the skipper.

"Harry took it, an' the fuss he made you'd ha' thought he was swallering a football. It stuck all round his mouth, and he carried on so dredful that the other invalids was half sick afore it came to them.

"By the time the other three 'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a pantermine, an' the mate corked the bottle up, and went an' sat down on a locker while they tried to rinse their mouths out with the luxuries which had been given 'em.

"'How do you feel?' ses the skipper.

"'I'm dying,' ses Dan.

"'So'm I,' ses Harry; 'I b'leeve the mate's pisoned us.'

"The skipper looks over at the mate very stern an' shakes his 'ed slowly.

"'It's all right,' ses the mate. 'It's always like that the first dozen or so doses.'

"'Dozen or so doses!' ses old Dan, in a faraway voice.

"'It has to be taken every twenty minutes,' ses the mate, pulling out his pipe and lighting it; an' the four men groaned all together.

"'I can't allow it,' ses the skipper, 'I can't allow it. Men's lives mustn't be sacrificed for an experiment.'

"''Tain't a experiment,' ses the mate very indignant, 'it's an old family medicine.'

"'Well, they shan't have any more,' ses the skipper firmly.

"'Look here,' ses the mate. 'If I kill any one o' these men, I'll give you twenty pound. Honor bright, I will.'

"'Make it twenty-five,' ses the skipper, considering.

"'Very good,' ses the mate. 'Twenty-five; I can't say no fairer than that, can I? It's about time for another dose now.'

"He gave 'em another tablespoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what wasn't invalids nearly bust with joy. He wouldn't let 'em have anything to take the taste out, 'cos he said it didn't give the medicine a chance, an' he told us other chaps to remove the temptation, an' you bet we did.

"After the fifth dose, the invalids began to get desperate, an' when they heard they'd got to be woke up every twenty minutes through the night to take the stuff, they sort o' give up. Old Dan said he felt a gentle glow stealing over him and strengthening him, and Harry said that it felt like a healing balm to his lungs. All of 'em agreed it was a wonderful sort o' medicine, an' arter the sixth dose the man with paralysis dashed up on deck, and ran up the

rigging like a cat. He sat there for hours spitting, an' swore he'd brain anybody who interrupted him, an' arter a little while Mike Rafferty went up and j'ined him, an' if the fust mate's ears didn't burn by reason of the things them two pore sufferers said about 'im, they ought to.

"They was all doing full work next day, an' though, o' course, the skipper saw how he'd been done, he didn't allude to it. Not in words, that is; but when a man tries to make four chaps do the work of eight, an' hits 'em when they don't, it's a easy job to see where the shoe pinches." (1896)

H. G. DWIGHT (1875-)

NOTE

Since the days of the Crusades the magic and mysterious East has been pouring romance into the drabber existence of the western peoples and stimulating their imaginations powerfully. Perhaps no story-writer now living is better equipped by experience and training to weave Eastern tapestries than is H. G. Dwight. He was born in Constantinople. After graduation from Amherst College, he became a member of the United States Consulate in Vienna and four years later a magazine writer in Europe and the Near East. Thus by birth, experience, and training he is equipped to interpret oriental life and moods. "In the Pasha's Garden" is from *Stamboul Nights*, a series of tales dealing with life in Constantinople and the Near East. Over the timeworn framework of the old husband and the young wife situation, Mr. Dwight has stretched an oriental web with an arabesque kiosque, a nightingale-haunted wood, plashing fountains, a black eunuch, a Pasha, and a beautiful French girl as some of the details in a story as delicately constructed as a Damascan silver chain. But his story does much more than combine conventional oriental elements; somehow he has created an oriental atmosphere, sandalwood-scented and rich with the imagery of the Song of Solomon. The older Turkish view of life—cut partly across by the influence of Western civilization—is apparent in the moods and decisions of the Pasha. Moreover, the story is unfolded in the indirect manner of the East; the events are suggested rather than definitely told, the catastrophe is delicately hinted at early in the story, and even at the end there is a teasing uncertainty in the question which remains in the reader's mind. Mr. Dwight's treatment of his material should be compared with that of Balzac in "La Grande Brétêche." Other stories of living burial are Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado" (page 613), his "Fall of the House of Usher," and Ralph Adams Cram's "Sister Maddelena."

IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN

At the old gentleman's side sat a young lady more beautiful than pomegranate blossoms, more exquisite than the first quarter moon viewed at twilight through the tops of oleanders.

—O. Henry: THE TRIMMED LAMP.

I

As the caïque glided up to the garden gate the three boatmen rose from their sheepskins and caught hold of iron clamps set into the marble of the quay. Shaban, the grizzled gatekeeper, who was standing at the top of the water-steps with his hands folded respectfully in front of him, came salaaming down to help his master out.

"Shall we wait, my Pasha?" asked the head *kaïkji*.

The Pasha turned to Shaban, as if to put a question. And as if to answer it Shaban said:

"The Madama is up in the wood, in the kiosque. She sent down word to ask if you would go up, too."

"Then don't wait." Returning the boatmen's salaam, the Pasha stepped into his garden. "Is there company in the kiosque or is Madama alone?" he inquired.

"I think no one is there—except Zümbül Agha," replied Shaban, following his master up the long central path of black and white pebbles.

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. But if it had been in his mind to say anything else he stooped instead to sniff at a rosebud. And then he asked: "Are we dining up there, do you know?"

"I don't know, my Pasha, but I will find out."

"Tell them to send up dinner anyway, Shaban. It is such an evening! And just ask Moustafa to bring me a coffee at the fountain, will you? I will rest a little before climbing that hill."

"On my head!" said the Albanian, turning off to the house.

The Pasha kept on to the end of the walk. Two big horse-chestnut trees, their candles just starting alight in the April air, stood there at the foot of a terrace, guarding a fountain that dripped in the ivied wall. A thread of water

17. **caïque**, a light rowboat. 27. **kaïkji**, a boatman.

started mysteriously out of the top of a tall marble niche into a little marble basin, from which it overflowed by two flat bronze spouts into two smaller basins below. From them the water dripped back into a single basin still lower down, and so tinkled its broken way, past graceful arabesques and reliefs of fruit and flowers, into a crescent-shaped pool at the foot of the niche.

The Pasha sank down into one of the wicker chairs scattered hospitably beneath the horse-chestnut trees, and thought how happy a man he was to have a fountain of the period of Sultan Ahmed III, and a garden so full of April freshness, and a view of the bright Bosphorus and the opposite hills of Europe and the firing West. How definitely he thought it I cannot say, for the Pasha was not greatly given to thought. Why should he be, since he possessed without that trouble a goodly share of what men acquire by taking thought? If he had been lapped in ease and security all his days, they numbered many more, did those days, than the Pasha would have chosen. Still, they had touched him but lightly, merely increasing the dignity of his handsome presence and taking away nothing of his power to enjoy his little walled world.

So he sat there, breathing in the air of the place and the hour, while gardeners came and went with their watering pots, and birds twittered among the branches, and the fountain plashed beside him, until Shaban reappeared carrying a glass of water and a cup of coffee in a swinging tray.

"Eh, Shaban! It is not your business to carry coffee!" protested the Pasha, reaching for a stand that stood near him.

"What is your business is my business, *Pasha'm*. Have I not eaten your bread and your father's for thirty years?"

"No! Is it as long as that? We are getting old, Shaban."

"We are getting old," assented the Albanian simply.

The Pasha thought, as he took out his silver cigarette-case, of another Pasha who had complimented him that afternoon on his youthfulness. And, choosing a cigarette, he handed the case to his gatekeeper. Shaban accepted the cigarette and produced matches from his gay girdle.

"How long is it since you have been to your country, Shaban?"

The Pasha, lifting his little cup by its silver *zarf*, realized that he would not have sipped his coffee quite so noisily had his French wife been sitting with him under the horse-chestnut trees. But with his old Shaban he could still be a Turk.

"Eighteen months, my Pasha."

"And when are you going again?"

"In Ramazan, if God wills. Or perhaps next Ramazan. We shall see."

"Allah Allah! How many times have I told you to bring your people here, Shaban? We have plenty of room to build you a house somewhere, and you could see your wife and children every day instead of once in two or three years."

"Wives, wives—a man will not die if he does not see them every day! Besides, it would not be good for the children. In Constantinople they become rascals. There are too many Christians." And he added hastily: "It is better for a boy to grow up in the mountains."

"But we have a mountain here, behind the house," laughed the Pasha.

"Your mountain is not like our mountains," objected Shaban gravely, hunting in his mind for the difference he felt but could not express.

"And that new wife of yours," went on the Pasha. "Is it good to leave a young woman like that? Are you not afraid?"

"No, my Pasha. I am not afraid. We all live together, you know. My brothers watch, and the other women. She is safer than yours. Besides, in my country it is not as it is here."

"I don't know why I have never been

64. **zarf**, a metal stand for the *finjan*, or handleless Turkish coffee-cup. 72. **Ramazan**, Ramadan, the ninth month of the Mohammedan year; a movable date, inasmuch as the Mohammedan New Year is not fixed.

to see this wonderful country of yours, Shaban. I have so long intended to, and I never have been. But I must climb my mountain or they will think I have become a rascal, too." And, rising from his chair, he gave the Albanian a friendly pat.

"Shall I come, too, my Pasha? Zümbül Agha sent word—

"Zümbül Agha!" interrupted the Pasha irritably. "No, you needn't come. I will explain to Zümbül Agha."

With which he left Shaban to pick up the empty coffee cup.

II

From the upper terrace a bridge led across the public road to the wood. If it was not a wood it was at all events a good-sized grove, climbing the steep hillside very much as it chose. Every sort and size of tree was there, but the greater number of them were of a kind to be sparsely trimmed in April with a delicate green, and among them were so many twisted Judas trees as to tinge whole patches of the slope with their deep rose bloom. The road that the Pasha slowly climbed, swinging his amber beads behind him as he walked, zigzagged so leisurely back and forth among the trees that a carriage could have driven up it. In that way, indeed, the Pasha had more than once mounted to the kiosque, in the days when his mother used to spend a good part of her summer up there, and when he was married to his first wife. The memory of the two, and of their old-fashioned ways, entered not too bitterly into his general feeling of well-being, ministered to by the budding trees and the spring air and the sunset view. Every now and then an enormous plane tree invited him to stop and look at it, or a semi-circle of cypresses.

So at last he came to the top of the hill, where in a grassy clearing a small house looked down on the valley of the Bosphorus through a row of great stone pines. The door of the kiosque was open, but his wife was not visible. The Pasha stopped a moment, as he had done a thousand times before, and looked back. He was not the man to be insensible to what he saw between the columnar trunks of the pines, where European hills traced a dark curve against the fading sky, and where the sinuous waterway far below still reflected a last glamor of the day. The beauty of it, and the sharp sweetness of the April air, and the infinitesimal sounds of the wood, and the half-conscious memories involved with it all, made him sigh. He turned and mounted the steps of the porch.

The kiosque looked very dark and unfamiliar as the Pasha entered it. He wondered what had become of Hélène—if by any chance he had passed her on the way. He wanted her. She was the expression of what the evening roused in him. He heard nothing, however, but the splash of water from a half-invisible fountain. It reminded him for an instant of the other fountain, below, and of Shaban. His steps resounded hollowly on the marble pavement as he walked into the dim old saloon, shaped like a T, with the crossbar longer than the leg. It was still light enough for him to make out the glimmer of windows on three sides and the square of the fountain in the center, but the painted domes above were lost in shadow.

The spaces on either side of the bay by which he entered, completing the rectangle of the kiosque, were filled by two little rooms opening into the cross of the T. He went into the left-hand one, where Hélène usually sat—because there were no lattices. The room was empty. The place seemed so strange and still in the twilight that a sort of apprehension began to grow in him, and he half wished he had brought up Shaban. He turned back to the second, the latticed room—the harem, as they called it. Curiously enough it was Hélène who would never let him Europeanize it, in spite of the lattices.

24. **Judas tree**, a tropical tree with showy flowers, so-called from the fact that Judas Iscariot is traditionally supposed to have hanged himself on one of the species. 28. **amber beads**, the "conversation beads" with which Turks and Persians toy as they talk.

Every now and then he found out that she liked some Turkish things better than he did. As soon as he opened the door he saw her sitting on the divan opposite. He knew her profile against the checkered pallor of the lattice. But she neither moved nor greeted him. It was Zümbül Agha who did so, startling him by suddenly rising beside the door and saying in his high voice:

"Pleasant be your coming, my Pasha."

The Pasha had forgotten about Zümbül Agha; and it seemed strange to him that Hélène continued to sit silent and motionless on her sofa.

"Good-evening," he said at last. "You are sitting very quietly here in the dark. Are there no lights in this place?"

It was again Zümbül Agha who spoke, turning one question by another:

"Did Shaban come with you?"

"No," replied the Pasha shortly. "He said he had a message, but I told him not to come."

"A-ah!" ejaculated the eunuch in his high drawl. "But it does not matter—with the two of us."

The Pasha grew more and more puzzled, for this was not the scene he had imagined to himself as he came up through the park in response to his wife's message. Nor did he grow less puzzled when the eunuch turned to her and said in another tone:

"Now will you give me that key?"

The French woman took no more notice of this question than she had of the Pasha's entrance.

"What do you mean, Zümbül Agha?" demanded the Pasha sharply. "That is not the way to speak to your mistress."

"I mean this, my Pasha," retorted the eunuch—"that someone is hiding in this chest and that Madama keeps the key."

That was what the Pasha heard, in the absurd treble of the black man, in the darkening room. He looked down and made out, beside the tall figure of the eunuch, the chest on which he had been sitting. Then he looked across at Hélène, who still sat silent in front of the lattice.

"What are you talking about?" he asked at last, more stupefied than anything else. "Who is it? A thief? Has anyone——?" He left the vague question unformulated, even in his mind.

"Ah, that I don't know. You must ask Madama. Probably it is one of her Christian friends. But at least if it were a woman she would not be so unwilling to unlock her chest for us!"

The silence that followed, while the Pasha looked dumbly at the chest, and at Zümbül Agha, and at his wife, was filled for him with a stranger confusion of feelings than he had ever experienced before. Nevertheless he was surprisingly cool, he found. His pulse quickened very little. He told himself that it wasn't true and that he really must get rid of old Zümbül, after all, if he went on making such preposterous *gaffes* and setting them all by the ears. How could anything so baroque happen to him, the Pasha, who owed what he was to honorable fathers and who had passed his life honorably and peaceably until this moment? Yet he had had an impression, walking into the dark old kiosque and finding nobody until he found these two sitting here in this extraordinary way—as if he had walked out of his familiar garden, that he knew like his hand, into a country he knew nothing about, where anything might be true. And he wished, he almost passionately wished, that Hélène would say something, would cry out against Zümbül Agha, would lie even, rather than sit there so still and removed and different from other women.

Then he began to be aware that if it were true—if!—he ought to do something. He ought to make a noise. He ought to kill somebody. That was what they always did. That was what his father would have done, or certainly his grandfather. But he also told himself that it was no longer possible for him to do what his father and grandfather had done. He had been unlearning their ways too long. Besides, he was too old.

A sudden sting pierced him at the

76. **gaffes**, flat jests.

thought of how old he was, and how young Hélène. Even if he lived to be seventy or eighty she would still have a life left when he died. Yes, it was as Shaban said. They were getting old. He had never really felt the humiliation of it before. And Shaban had said, strangely, something else—that his own wife was safer than the Pasha's. Still he felt an odd compassion for Hélène, too—because she was young, and it was Judas-tree time, and she was married to gray hairs. And although he was a Pasha, descended from great Pashas, and she was only a little French girl *quelconque*, he felt more afraid than ever of making a fool of himself before her —when he had promised her that she should be as free as any other European woman, that she should live her life. Besides, what had the black man to do with their private affairs?

"Zümbül Agha," he suddenly heard himself harshly saying, "is this your house or mine? I have told you a hundred times that you are not to trouble the Madama, or follow her about, or so much as guess where she is and what she is doing. I have kept you in the house because my father brought you into it; but if I ever hear of you speaking to Madama again, or spying on her, I will send you into the street. Do you hear? Now get out!"

"*Aman*, my Pasha! I beg you!" entreated the eunuch. There was something ludicrous in his voice, coming as it did from his height.

The Pasha wondered if he had been too long a person of importance in the family to realize the change in his position, or whether he really——

All of a sudden a checkering of lamplight flickered through the dark window, touched the Negro's black face for a moment, traveled up the wall. Silence fell again in the little room—a silence into which the fountain dropped its silver patter. Then steps mounted the porch and echoed in the other room, which lighted in turn, and a man came in sight, peering this way and that, with a big white accordion lantern in his hand. Behind the man two other servants appeared, carrying on their heads round wooden trays covered by figured silks, and a boy tugging a huge basket. When they discovered the three in the little room they salaamed respectfully.

"Where shall we set the table?" asked the man with the lantern.

For the Pasha the lantern seemed to make the world more like the place he had always known. He turned to his wife, apologetically.

"I told them to send dinner up here. It has been such a long time since we came. But I forgot about the table. I don't believe there is one here."

"No," uttered Hélène from her sofa, sitting with her head on her hand.

It was the first word she had spoken. But, little as it was, it reassured him, like the lantern.

"There is the chest," hazarded Zümbül Agha.

The interruption of the servants had for the moment distracted them all. But the Pasha now turned on him so vehemently that the eunuch salaamed in haste and went away.

"Why not?" asked Hélène, when he was gone. "We can sit on the cushions."

"Why not?" echoed the Pasha. Grateful as he was for the interruption, he found himself wishing, secretly, that Hélène had discouraged his idea of a picnic dinner. And he could not help feeling a certain constraint as he gave the necessary orders and watched the servants put down their paraphernalia and pull the chest into the middle of the room. There was something unreal and stage-like about the scene, in the uncertain light of the lantern. Obviously the chest was not light. It was an old cypress-wood chest that they had always used in the summer, to keep things in, polished a bright brown, with a little inlaid pattern of dark brown and cream color running around the edge of each surface, and a more complicated design ornamenting the center of the cover. He vaguely associated his mother with it. He felt a distinct relief when the men spread the cloth. He felt as if they

16. **quelconque**, from nobody knows where.

had covered up more things than he could name. And when they produced candlesticks and candles, and set them on the improvised table and in the niches beside the door, he seemed to come back again into the comfortable light of common sense.

"This is the way we used to do when I was a boy," he said with a smile, when he and Hélène established themselves on sofa cushions on opposite sides of the chest. "Only then we had little tables six inches high, instead of big ones like this."

"It is rather a pity that we have spoiled all that," she said. "Are we any happier for perching on chairs around great scaffoldings, and piling the scaffoldings with so many kinds of porcelain and metal? After all, they knew how to live—the people who were capable of imagining a place like this. And they had the good taste not to fill a room with things. Your grandfather, was it?"

He had had a dread that she would not say anything, that she would remain silent and impenetrable as she had been before Zümbül Agha, as if the chest between them were a barrier that nothing could surmount. His heart lightened when he heard her speak. Was it not quite her natural voice?

"It was my great-grandfather, the Grand Vizier. They say he did know how to live—in his way. He built the kiosque for a beautiful slave of his, a Greek, whom he called Pomegranate."

"Madame Pomegranate! What a charming name! And that is why her cipher is everywhere. See?" She pointed to the series of cupboards and niches on either side of the door, dimly painted with pomegranate blossoms, and to the plaster reliefs around the hooded fireplace, and to the cluster of pomegranates that made a center to the gilt and painted lattice-work of the ceiling. "One could be very happy in such a little house. It has an air—of being meant for moments. And you feel as if they had something to do with the wonderful way it has faded." She looked as if she had meant to say something else, which she did not. But after a moment she added: "Will you ask them to turn off the water in the fountain? It is a little chilly, now that the sun has gone, and it sounds like rain—or tears."

The dinner went, on the whole, not so badly. There were dishes to be passed back and forth. There were questions to be asked or comments to be made. There were the servants to be spoken to. Yet, more and more, the Pasha could not help wondering. When a silence fell, too, he could not help listening. And least of all could he help looking at Hélène. He looked at her, trying not to look at her, with an intense curiosity, as if he had never seen her before, asking himself if there were anything new in her face, and how she would look if—— Would she be like this? She made no attempt to keep up a flow of words, as if to distract his attention. She was not soft either; she was not trying to seduce him. And she made no show of gratitude toward him for having sent Zümbül Agha away. Neither did she by so much as an inflection try to insinuate or excuse or explain. She was what she always was, perfect—and evidently a little tired. She was indeed more than perfect, she was prodigious, when he asked her once what she was thinking about and she said Pandora, tapping the chest between them. He had never heard the story of that other Greek girl and her box, and she told him gravely about all the calamities that came out of it, and the one gift of hope that remained behind.

"But I cannot be a Turkish woman long!" she added inconsequently with a smile. "My legs are asleep. I really must walk about a little."

When he had helped her to her feet she led the way into the other room. They had their coffee and cigarettes there. Hélène walked slowly up and down the length of the room, stopping every now and then to look into the

87. **Pandora.** In Greek mythology Epimetheus and his wife Pandora were given a box by the gods with instructions not to open it. Pandora's curiosity prompted her to disobey. From the box all of the ills of the world escaped to plague mankind; Pandora closed the box just in time to prevent Hope from escaping also.

square pool of the fountain and to pat her hair.

The Pasha sat down on the long low divan that ran under the windows. He could watch her more easily now. And the detachment with which he had begun to look at her grew in spite of him into the feeling that he was looking at a stranger. After all, what did he know about her? Who was she? What had happened to her, during all the years that he had not known her, in that strange free European life which he had tried to imitate, and which at heart he secretly distrusted? What had she ever really told him, and what had he ever really divined of her? For perhaps the first time in his life he realized how little one person may know of another, and particularly a man of a woman. And he remembered Shaban again, and that phrase about his wife being safer than Hélène. Had Shaban really meant anything? Was Hélène "safe"? He acknowledged to himself at last that the question was there in his mind, waiting to be answered.

Hélène did not help him. She had been standing for some time at an odd angle to the pool, looking into it. He could see her face there, with the eyes turned away from him.

"How mysterious a reflection is!" she said. "It is so real that you can't believe it disappears for good. How often Madame Pomegranate must have looked into this pool, and yet I can't find her in it. But I feel she is really there, all the same—and who knows who else."

"They say mirrors do not flatter," the Pasha did not keep himself from rejoining, "but they are very discreet. They tell no tales!"

Hélène raised her eyes. In the little room the servants had cleared the improvised table and had packed up everything again except the candles.

"I have been up here a long time," she said, "and I am rather tired. It is a little cold, too. If you do not mind I think I will go down to the house now, with the servants. You will hardly care to go so soon, for Zümbül Agha has not finished what he has to say to you."

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. "I sent him away."

"Ah, but you must know him well enough to be sure he would not go. Let us see." She clapped her hands. The servant of the lantern immediately came out to her. "Will you ask Zümbül Agha to come here?" she said. "He is on the porch."

The man went to the door, looked out, and said a word. Then he stood aside with a respectful salaam, and the eunuch entered. He negligently returned the salute and walked forward until his air of importance changed to one of humility at sight of the Pasha. Salaaming in turn, he stood with his hands folded in front of him.

"I will go down with you," said the Pasha to his wife, rising. "It is too late for you to go through the woods in the dark."

"Nonsense!" She gave him a look that had more in it than the tone in which she added. "Please do not. I shall be perfectly safe with four servants. You can tell them not to let me run away." Coming nearer, she put her hand into the bosom of her dress, then stretched out the hand toward him. "Here is the key—the key of which Zümbül Agha spoke—the key of Pandora's box. Will you keep it for me please? *Au revoir.*"

And making a sign to the servants she walked out of the kiosque.

III

The Pasha was too surprised, at first, to move—and too conscious of the eyes of servants, too uncertain of what he should do, too fearful of doing the wrong, the un-European, thing. And afterwards it was too late. He stood watching until the flicker of the lantern disappeared among the dark trees. Then his eyes met the eunuch's.

"Why don't you go down, too?" suggested Zümbül Agha. The variable climate of a great house had made him too perfect an opportunist not to take

the line of being in favor again. "It might be better. Give me the key and I will do what there is to do. But you might send up Shaban."

Why not, the Pasha secretly asked himself? Might it not be the best way out? At the same time he experienced a certain revulsion of feeling, now that Hélène was gone, in the way she had gone. She really was prodigious! And with the vanishing of the lantern that had brought him a measure of reassurance he felt the weight of an uncleared situation, fantastic but crucial, heavy upon him. And the Negro annoyed him intensely.

"Thank you, Zümbül Agha," he replied, "but I am not the nurse of Madama, and I will not give you the key."

If he only might, though, he thought to himself again!

"You believe her, this Frank woman whom you had never seen five years ago, and you do not believe me who have lived in your house longer than you can remember!"

The eunuch said it so bitterly that the Pasha was touched in spite of himself. He had never been one to think very much about minor personal relations, but even at such a moment he could see—was it partly because he wanted more time to make up his mind? —that he had never liked Zümbül Agha as he liked Shaban, for instance. Yet more honor had been due, in the old family tradition, to the former. And he had been associated even longer with the history of the house.

"My poor Zümbül," he uttered musingly, "you have never forgiven me for marrying her."

"My Pasha, you are not the first to marry an unbeliever, nor the last. But such a marriage should be to the glory of Islam, and not to its discredit. Who can trust her? She is still a Christian. And she is too young. She has turned the world upside down. What would your father have said to a daughter-in-law who goes shamelessly into the street without a veil, alone, and who received in your house men who are no relation to you or to her? It is not right. Women understand only one thing—to make fools of men. And they are never content to fool one."

The Pasha, still waiting to make up his mind, let his fancy linger about Zümbül Agha. It was really rather absurd, after all, what a part women played in the world, and how little it all came to in the end! Did the black man, he wondered, walk in a clearer cooler world, free of the clouds, the iridescences, the languors, the perfumes, the strange obsessions, that made others walk so often like madmen? Or might some tatter of preposterous humanity still work obscurely in him? Or a bitterness of not being like other men? That perhaps was why the Pasha felt friendlier toward Shaban. They were more alike.

"You are right, Zümbül Agha," he said. "The world is upside down. But neither the Madama nor any of us made it so. All we can do is to try and keep our heads as it turns. Now, will you please tell me how you happened to be up here? The Madama never told you to come. You know perfectly well that the customs of Europe are different from ours, and that she does not like to have you follow her about."

"What woman likes to be followed about?" retorted the eunuch with a sly smile. "I know you have told me to leave her alone. But why was I brought into this house? Am I to stand by and watch dishonor brought upon it simply because you have eaten the poison of a woman?"

"Zümbül Agha," replied the Pasha sharply, "I am not discussing old and new or this and that, but I am asking you to tell me what all this speech is about."

"Give me that key and I will show you what it is about," said the eunuch, stepping forward.

But the Pasha found he was not ready to go so directly to the point.

"Can't you answer a simple question?" he demanded irritably, retreating to the farther side of the fountain.

The reflection of the painted ceiling in the pool made him think of Hélène—and Madame Pomegranate. He stared

into the still water as if to find Hélène's face there. Was any other face hidden beside it, mocking him?

But Zümbül Agha had begun again, doggedly:

"I came here because it is my business to be here. I went to town this morning. When I got back they told me that you were away and that the Madama was up here, alone. So I came. Is this a place for a woman to be alone in—a young woman, with men working all about and I don't know who, and a thousand ways of getting in and out from the hills, and ten thousand hiding places in the woods?"

The Pasha made a gesture of impatience, and turned away. But after all, what could one do with old Zümbül? He had been brought up in his tradition. The Pasha lighted another cigarette to help himself think.

"Well, I came up here," continued the eunuch, "and as I came I heard Madama singing. You know how she sings the songs of the Franks."

The Pasha knew. But he did not say anything. As he walked up and down, smoking and thinking, his eye caught in the pool a reflection from the other side of the room, where the door of the latticed room was and where the cypress-wood chest stood as the servants had left it in the middle of the floor. Was that what Hélène had stood looking at so long, he asked himself? He wondered that he could have sat beside it so quietly. It seemed now like something dark and dangerous crouching there in the shadow of the little room.

"I sat down, under the terrace," he heard the eunuch go on, "where no one could see me, and I listened. And after she had stopped I heard——"

"Never mind what you heard," broke in the Pasha. "I have heard enough."

He was ashamed—ashamed and resolved. He felt as if he had been playing the spy with Zümbül Agha. And after all there was a very simple way to answer his question for himself. He threw away his cigarette, went forward into the little room, bent over the chest, and fitted the key into the lock.

Just then a nightingale burst out singing, but so near and so loud that he started and looked over his shoulder. In an instant he collected himself, feeling the black man's eyes upon him. Yet he could not suppress the train of association started by the impassioned trilling of the bird, even as he began to turn the key of the chest where his mother used to keep her quaint old silks and embroideries. The irony of the contrast paralyzed his hand for a strange moment, and of the difference between this spring night and other spring nights when nightingales had sung. And what if, after all, only calamity were to come out of the chest, and he were to lose his last gift of hope! Ah! He knew at last what he would do! He quickly withdrew the key from the lock, stood up straight again, and looked at Zümbül Agha.

"Go down and get Shaban," he ordered, "and don't come back."

The eunuch stared. But if he had anything to say he thought better of uttering it. He saluted silently and went away.

IV

The Pasha sat down on the divan and lighted a cigarette. Almost immediately the nightingale stopped singing. For a few moments Zümbül Agha's steps could be heard outside. Then it became very still. The Pasha did not like it. Look which way he would he could not help seeing the chest—or listening. He got up and went into the big room, where he turned on the water of the fountain. The falling drops made company for him, and kept him from looking for lost reflections. But they presently made him think of what Hélène had said about them. He went out to the porch and sat down on the steps. In front of him the pines lifted their great dark canopies against the stars. Other stars twinkled between the trunks, far below, where the shore lights of the Bosphorus were. It was so still that water sounds came faintly up to him, and every now and then he

could even hear nightingales on the European side. Another nightingale began singing in his own woods—the nightingale that had told him what to do, he said to himself. What other things the nightingales had sung to him, years ago! And how long the pines had listened there, still strong and green and rugged and alive, while he, and how many before him, sat under them for a little while and then went away!

Presently he heard steps on the drive and Shaban came, carrying something dark in his hand.

"What is that?" asked the Pasha, as Shaban held it out.

"A pistol, my Pasha. Zümbül Agha told me you wanted it."

The Pasha laughed curtly.

"Zümbül made a mistake. What I want is a shovel, or a couple of them. Can you find such a thing without asking anyone?"

"Yes, my Pasha," replied the Albanian promptly, laying the revolver on the steps and disappearing again. And it was not long before he was back with the desired implements.

"We must dig a hole, somewhere, Shaban," said his master in a low voice. "It must be in a place where people are not likely to go, but not too far from the kiosque."

Shaban immediately started toward the trees at the back of the house. The Pasha followed him silently into a path that wound through the wood. A nightingale began to sing again, very near them—*the* nightingale, thought the Pasha.

"He is telling us where to go," he said.

Shaban permitted himself a low laugh.

"I think he is telling his mistress where to go. However, we will go too." And they did, bearing away to one side of the path till they came to the foot of a tall cypress.

"This will do," said the Pasha, "if the roots are not in the way."

Without a word Shaban began to dig. The Pasha took the other spade. To the simple Albanian it was nothing out of the ordinary. What was extraordinary was that his master was able to keep it up, soft as the loam was under the trees. The most difficult thing about it was that they could not see what they were doing, except by the light of an occasional match. But at last the Pasha judged the ragged excavation of sufficient depth. Then he led the way back to the kiosque.

They found Zümbül Agha in the little room, sitting on the sofa with a pistol in either hand.

"I thought I told you not to come back!" exclaimed the Pasha sternly.

"Yes," faltered the old eunuch, "but I was afraid something might happen to you. So I waited below the pines. And when you went away into the woods with Shaban, I came here to watch." He lifted a revolver significantly. "I found the other one on the steps."

"Very well," said the Pasha at length, more kindly. He even found it in him at that moment to be amused at the picture the black man made, in his sedate frock coat, with his two weapons. And Zümbül Agha found no less to look at, in the appearance of his master's clothes. "But now there is no need for you to watch any longer," added the latter. "If you want to watch, do it at the bottom of the hill. Don't let anyone come up here."

"On my head," said the eunuch. He saw that Shaban, as usual, was trusted more than he. But it was not for him to protest against the ingratitude of masters. He salaamed and backed out of the room.

When he was gone the Pasha turned to Shaban:

"This box, Shaban—you see this box? It has become a trouble to us, and I am going to take it out there."

The Albanian nodded gravely. He took hold of one of the handles, to judge the weight of the chest. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Can you help me put it on my back?" he asked.

"Don't try to do that, Shaban. We will carry it together." The Pasha took hold of the other handle. When

they got as far as the outer door he let down his end. It was not light. "Wait a minute, Shaban. Let us shut up the kiosque, so that no one will notice anything." He went back to blow out the candles. Then he thought of the fountain. He caught a play of broken images in the pool as he turned off the water. When he had put out the lights and had groped his way to the door he found that Shaban was already gone with the chest. A last drop of water made a strange echo behind him in the dark kiosque. He locked the door and hurried after Shaban, who had succeeded in getting the chest on his back. Nor would Shaban let the Pasha help him till they came to the edge of the wood. There, carrying the chest between them, they stumbled through the trees to the place that was ready.

"Now we must be careful," said the Pasha. "It might slip or get stuck."

"But are you going to bury the box, too?" demanded Shaban, for the first time showing surprise.

"Yes," answered the Pasha. And he added: "It is the box I want to get rid of."

"It is a pity," remarked Shaban regretfully. "It is a very good box. However, you know. Now then!"

There was a scraping and a muffled thud, followed by a fall of earth and small stones on wood. The Pasha wondered if he would hear anything else. But first one and then another nightingale began to fill the night air with their April madness.

"Ah, there are two of them," remarked Shaban. "She will take the one that says the sweetest things to her."

The Pasha's reply was to throw a spadeful of earth on the chest. Shaban joined him with such vigor that the hole was very soon full.

"We are old, my Pasha, but we are good for something yet," said Shaban. "I will hide the shovels here in the bushes," he added, "and early in the morning I will come again, before any of those lazy gardeners are up, and fix it so that no one will ever know."

There at least was a person of whom one could be sure! The Pasha realized that gratefully, as they walked back through the park. He did not feel like talking, but at least he felt the satisfaction of having done what he had decided to do. He remembered Zümbül Agha as they neared the bottom of the hill. The eunuch had not taken his commission more seriously than it had been given, however, or he preferred not to be seen. Perhaps he wanted to reconnoiter again on top of the hill.

"I don't think I will go in just yet," said the Pasha, as they crossed the bridge into the lower garden. "I am rather dirty. And I would like to rest a little under the chestnut trees. Would you get me an overcoat please, Shaban, and a brush of some kind? And you might bring me a coffee, too."

How tired he was! And what a short time it was, yet what an eternity, since he last dropped into one of those wicker chairs! He felt for his cigarettes. As he did so he discovered something else in his pocket, something small and hard that at first he did not recognize. Then he remembered the key—the key. . . . He suddenly tossed it into the pool beside him. It made a sharp little splash, which was reëchoed by the dripping basins. He got up and felt in the ivy for the handle that shut off the water. At the end of the garden the Bosphorus lapped softly in the dark. Far away, up in the wood, the nightingales were singing. (1916)

KATHERINE MANSFIELD
(1889-1923)

NOTE

The essential elements in the narrative art of Katherine Mansfield, the nom de plume of Mrs. John Middleton Murry, are a tenderness which amounts almost to melancholy, a keen penetration in her observations of life, and a delicate beauty in her expression of them. "The Garden-Party," from the volume of short stories by the same name, is characteristic of her best work. It is a distinctly modern study of the impingement upon the consciousness of a rich but thoughtful young girl of sudden death in a social stratum below her own. Essentially, therefore, it is a psychological study. Although a dead man plays a rôle in the story, it contains none of the

grim and depressing realism of Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs." In Mr. Morrison's story, moreover, the elements all harmonize, death coming to a squalid tenement presided over by two crones who, like withered Fates, watch the ebbing life. Katherine Mansfield's story, on the other hand, is developed in contrasts; the thought of death invades a garden party and moves a young girl who is already a rebel against the emptiness of her "set" to reflections which are quite foreign to her experience. Arthur Morrison's story has more compression and more grim reality; Katherine Mansfield's has more delicacy, more beauty, and, it is probable, more real penetration.

THE GARDEN-PARTY

And, after all, the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honored guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh—er—have you come—is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling, too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned; they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bang slaps in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendor. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose, and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that—caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom. . . . And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled, someone sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the—the—— Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister, too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted, of course. It will only be a very scratch meal—just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment—hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that *sweet* hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall.

"Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall.

"It's the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies—canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I *do*, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose, and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and—one moment, Hans——" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once."

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This Life Is Weary.'"

Pom! Ta-ta-ta-*Tee*-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

This life is *wee*-ary,
A tear—a sigh.
A love that *chan*-ges,
This life is *wee*-ary,
A tear—a sigh.
A love that *chan*-ges,
And then . . . good-by!

But at the word "good-by," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

This life is *wee*-ary,
Hope comes to die.
A dream—a *wa*-kening.

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes."

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly. "Come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home tonight? And—and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly——cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and——" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men."

But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man, and Hans.

Something had happened.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had

toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said cook. "A man killed."

"A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed."

"Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighborhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens, and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother."

"Do, dear," cooed Jose.

"Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a color?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"*Not* in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbors!"

To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If someone had died there normally—and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it really terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan. . . .

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall.

"Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him, after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans' garden

for this one afternoon, on their way to—where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

"Darling Laura, how well you look!"

"What a becoming hat, child!"

"Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink?"

And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

"Never a more delightful garden-party . . ." "The greatest success . . ." "Quite the most . . ."

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

"All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others, Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties!" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

"Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag."

"Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened today?" he said.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off."

"Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it.

"It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married, too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father . . .

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

"I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbors calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard."

"But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you today? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now——"

Oh, well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies."

"The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!"—her mother followed her out of the marquee—"don't on any account——"

"What, mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her.

She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer—if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent——"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm 'er sister, Miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I—I only want to leave——"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll thenk the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.

"You'd like a look at 'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass—" and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet—"'e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear."

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep—sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties

and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy . . . happy. . . . All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvelous. But, Laurie——" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life——" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"*Isn't* it, darling?" said Laurie.

(1922)

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TOPICS FOR STUDY, DISCUSSION, AND WRITTEN REPORT

VI. THE DRAMA

1. Report on the metrical form and the language of the mystery and morality plays.

2. Demonstrate how some of the elements of satire and burlesque in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* appear in some student farce which you have seen.

3. After reading Plautus's *Miles Gloriosus* (*The Braggart Warrior*) and Udall's *Roister Doister*, report on the extent to which the English play is indebted to the Latin one and to what extent it displays native influences. Translations of the Latin comedies may be found in *The Loeb Classics*, published by Heinemann (London) and Putnam (New York).

4. Report on the farce elements in John Heywood's *Johan Johan*.

5. Study the manner of production in Henry Medwall's *Fulgens and Lucres*, edited by F. S. Boas and A. W. Reed for the Tudor and Stuart Library of the Oxford University Press (1926).

6. Read Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* in connection with Plautus's *Menaechmi* (Loeb Classics). Show to what extent Shakespeare was influenced by the Plautine play and to what extent he was Elizabethan.

7. What characteristics of the Vice of the morality plays does Diccon of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* show?

8. Compare the "devil raising" and "spellbinding" scenes in *Secunda Pastorum*, *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

9. Write a report on Tudor school and university plays.

10. After reading Seneca's *Medea* and *Agamemnon* (Loeb Classics) and Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, point out to what extent Kyd is "Senecan."

11. Read and report on the scenes of terror in Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, and Ford's *The Broken Heart*. Compare these with similar scenes in Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*.

12. Contrast the characters, mood, and objective of Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* and the anonymous *Arden of Feversham*.

13. Compare Seneca's *Agamemnon*, *Arden of Feversham*, Thomas Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, and a "bloody triangle" story from a current "yellow" journal.

14. Write for Webster's *The White Devil* a headnote similar to the one in this book for *The Duchess of Malfi*.

15. After reading one of the books on Elizabethan stage and stagecraft listed in the Bibliography, pages 276–277, reconstruct the manner of performance of Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*.

16. Compare Webster's treatment of the story of the Duchess and that in William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*. What has Webster done to make the material more dramatic?

17. With the Duchess of Malfi's brothers in mind make a report on the "fox" and the "wolf" types in Elizabethan drama.

18. After reading two or more Restoration tragedies, compare them in detail with Elizabethan tragedies like *The Duchess of Malfi*.

19. Read Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*; then show to what extent he has followed his own doctrine in his *All for Love*.

20. After reading Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and the adaptation of it by Dryden and Davenant in *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, show how the Restoration dramatists have altered the play.

21. Compare Dryden's *All for Love* and Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra;* show the differences in plot, characterization, and setting.

22. Write a plot summary of Congreve's *The Double-dealer*.

23. Read Jeremy Collier's *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*; then read at least three Restoration comedies. Try to justify either the Comedy of Manners or the attack upon the stage.

24. Compare Congreve's *The Way of the World* with Thomas Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One*. With Philip Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

25. Read two of Molière's social comedies. In what respects do they seem to you to be like the Comedy of Manners?

26. How does the Restoration "Comedy of Manners" differ from Jonson's "Comedy of Humors"?

27. Read George Meredith's *Essay on Comedy and the Comic Spirit*. Show how his theories fit the Comedy of Manners.

28. Read Thackeray's essay on Congreve in *The English Humorists*. Write an opinion of his judgment of the Restoration dramatist and the Comedy of Manners.

29. Read Charles Lamb's essay *On the Artificial*

Comedy of the Last Century and T. B. Macaulay's reply, *The Comedy of the Restoration*. Write an argument in favor of one critic or the other. (Both essays are reprinted conveniently in R. M. Alden's *Readings in English Prose of the Nineteenth Century*.)

30. George Lillo's *The London Merchant* as a "moral" play.

31. Read George Lillo's *The London Merchant* in connection with a study of the plates of William Hogarth, *The Rake's Progress* and *Industry and Idleness*.

32. Write a careful comparison of Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* and Congreve's *The Way of the World*.

33. With the typical Georgian comedy in mind, report on the extent to which Oliver Goldsmith revolted against it in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

34. Read a typical Georgian tragedy of the sentimental type. To what extent was Sheridan justified in attacking it in *The Critic?* What are the essential "points" of his attack?

35. Write for Sheridan's *The Rivals* a headnote of about the length of the one in this volume for *The School for Scandal*.

36. Explain with adequate examples the differences between the heroic drama and the domestic drama.

37. After reading Ibsen's *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler* show the influence of Ibsen on the English drama at the end of the nineteenth century.

38. The fantastic in twentieth century English drama.

39. Show how plays "written for reading" differ from those written exclusively for production.

40. Write a critical estimate of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*.

41. W. B. Yeats as the creator of dramas of fantasy.

42. Write a headnote for Stephen Phillips's *Herod*, showing to what extent it reveals classical influences.

43. The symbolic in twentieth century English drama.

44. Explain what elements, in your opinion, make a "theatrical success" of a drama produced in America.

45. Present one side of the following question: Should the theater instruct, amuse, or combine instruction and amusement?

46. By a study of at least three characters in a modern play point out the differences between what the characters think they are and what they really are.

47. Make an analytical study of the diction in a modern play by comparing it with "natural" conversation.

48. Write a paper on the use of dialect in modern drama.

49. Study the relationship of plot, characters, and setting in a modern production.

50. Report on Eugene O'Neill's methods of revealing to his audience and readers the differences between his characters as they are and as they seem to be. This report calls for an especial study of his *The Great God Brown* and *Strange Interlude*.

VII. HISTORY

1. Discuss Carlyle's theory of historical writing as set forth in his essay *On History*, and apply it to any of the historical or biographical selections given in this book.

2. Apply Carlyle's theory of historical writing to his *French Revolution*, Book II, Chapter VIII.

3. Discuss Macaulay's theory of historical writing as set forth in his essay on *History* and apply it to any one of the historical or biographical selections given in this book.

4. Apply Macaulay's theory of historical writing to the extract from his *Lord Clive* given in this book.

5. Compare the presentation of facts in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* with that in either Hakluyt's *Voyages* or Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* of her captivity, and with Macaulay's account of Lord Clive in India.

6. Using the selection in the book, discuss the historical method of any one of the following historians: Gibbon, Green, Parkman, Carlyle, or Macaulay.

7. Contrast the historical method of any two of the historians here included.

8. Contrast the spirit of conquest and discovery in Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Macaulay's *Lord Clive*.

9. How is the material of Anglo-Saxon or medieval history illuminated by *Beowulf*, *Deirdre*, the ballads, or the medieval romances?

10. Contrast the literary method of Carlyle in *Place de la Révolution* with that of Browning in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church*.

11. Compare Green's description of the character of Queen Elizabeth (Chapter VII, Section III of his *Short History of the English People*) with the descriptions of Queen Victoria in Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

12. What is the relationship of biography, autobiography, and history as shown in the selections in Chapters VII and VIII of this book?

13. Read Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* in connection with Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Green's *Short History of the English People*, Chapters VII and VIII. Comment on the three different treatments of the same historical material.

14. Apply Macaulay's theory of historical writing in a comparative study of Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Scott's *Kenilworth*, or Carlyle's *Place de la Révolution* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

15. Compare any historical account of the battle of Lepanto with Chesterton's poem *Lepanto*. What has Chesterton contributed to the interpretation and illumination of this battle?

16. Read Tennyson's *The Revenge* in connection with Hakluyt's *The Last Fight of the Revenge*. What differences do you note between a contemporary account in a prose chronicle and a poetic account written three hundred years later?

17. Make a comparative study of Hakluyt's extract from *Drake's Voyage Around the World* and Drayton's *To the Virginian Voyage* and other lyric poems glorifying adventure and exploration.

18. Historical backgrounds in short-story writing as shown in Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef* and other short stories.

19. Study the growing emphasis in the selections given here on social revolt and the emergence of the lower classes.

20. Trace the change in historical method from merely recording an event to interpreting the causes and significance of an event.

21. Should history be a chronicle of facts, of peoples, of individuals, of other elements, or a combination of all these elements?

VIII. BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1. Contrast the spirit of the pioneers of Mrs. Rowlandson's *Narrative* with the spirit of the Restoration of Pepys's *Diary*.

2. Trace the change in biographical writing from a mere setting down of events to an examination of motives and purposes.

3. What would be Carlyle's opinion of Browning's dramatic monologues as historical revelations? (See Carlyle's essay on *History*.)

4. Compare the spirit of Pepys in the *Diary* with that of English lyric poets of the Restoration, such as Waller and Dryden.

5. What dominant English traits do each of the following persons reveal: Mrs. Rowlandson, Pepys, Boswell, Johnson, Trelawny, Huxley, and Gladstone?

6. Explain the biographical method of each of the following writers: Boswell, Trelawny, and Strachey.

7. What dominant English characteristics do the scenes of death and burial of Beowulf and Shelley reveal?

8. Contrast the scientific attitude toward life of Huxley in his *Autobiography* and his essay on *A Liberal Education* with the general Victorian attitude toward life as exemplified by Tennyson in the latter part of *In Memoriam* or in Arnold's essay on *Literature and Science*.

9. What significant contributions does Strachey make to biographical writing in *Queen Victoria*?

10. Read Dr. Crothers's *Satan Among the Biographers* and apply his theories of biographical writing to the work of Trelawny and Strachey.

11. Is the realism of Strachey's *Queen Victoria* only the biographical phase of the tendency which appears in Edna Ferber's *So Big*, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, and E. L. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*?

12. Study the characterization in John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*, Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, or Willa Cather's *The Lost Lady* and compare it with Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

13. By an examination of the heroes of epic and historical literature determine whether or not the realistic school of biography is likely to outlast the idealistic school.

14. Study the effects of a purely scientific training and point of view as revealed in Darwin's *Autobiography*, Huxley's *Autobiography*, and John Stuart Mills's *Autobiography*.

15. How do Boswell and Strachey differ in the realistic treatment of their biographical subjects?

16. With Dr. Crothers's essay as a guide, compare Strachey's treatment of Gladstone in *Queen Victoria* with that of John Morley in his *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*.

17. Read Thackeray's *Addison*. Why is it classed among the essays instead of among the biographies? Is it realistic or romantic in treatment?

18. John Evelyn was a royalist contemporary of Samuel Pepys. Read the entries in Evelyn's *Diary* for the years 1660–1661, and compare his account of events with that of Pepys for the same period.

19. Contrast Strachey's realistic characterization of Florence Nightingale in his *Eminent Victorians* with any biography in which the facts of her life are handled romantically.

20. From your own reading state your preference either for a biography which simply relates events or for one which interprets character.

21. Report on a biography of the "didactic" school. On a biography of the "Satanic" school. Contrast two biographies written on the same subject but with different approaches.

IX. THE ESSAY

1. Bacon's essays as a book of wisdom. Compare them with *Proverbs* and Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

2. The Celtic spirit in Sir Richard Steele. How does it accord with that which appears in the Irish lyrics and the Irish plays?

3. Apply Thackeray's estimate of Addison to Addison's *The Vision of Mirza* and *A Fine Lady's Journal.*

4. Demonstrate the extent to which Addison was a social satirist.

5. Apply Fielding's *On Taste in the Choice of Books* and Bacon's *Of Studies* to your experience in reading and study.

6. The social pretender. A study of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs and similar figures in English and American literature. How much of the autobiographical exists in Goldsmith's *Beau Tibbs?*

7. Read Wordsworth's *Preface* to the *Lyrical Ballads* and Coleridge's comments on Wordsworth's theories (references in headnote, page 434). Test the soundness of one or more of these theories by applying them to the poems of the two poets or to other narrative and lyrical poems.

8. Autobiographical elements in the essays of Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey.

9. The influence of Hazlitt upon Stevenson as shown by a comparative study of their essays.

10. The out-of-doors and the open road as interpreted by the essayists in this chapter.

11. Thoreau's love of nature compared with that of Hazlitt and Hilaire Belloc.

12. Prose poetry; a study of the type as exhibited in the work of De Quincey, Walter Savage Landor, and Ruskin.

13. Apply Macaulay's distinction between correctness and classicism to ten or twelve lyrics. Which are "correct" in the narrower sense and which correct in the broader sense?

14. The difference between classicism and romanticism as defined by Macaulay, Thackeray, Pater, Stevenson, and Bennett.

15. Does Macaulay's theory of history leave room for human interest in the heroic? Compare *The Hunting of the Cheviot,* and Macaulay's own story of Lord Clive.

16. Social protest in Carlyle. How is it related to that of contemporary novelists and such poets as Thomas Hood?

17. Thackeray's conception of real literature as expressed in *On a Lazy Idle Boy.*

18. After reading Arnold's *The Study of Poetry,* select several lyric poems which you think would make good "touchstones." Defend your selection in every instance.

19. Make your choice between the ideas of education held by Arnold and Huxley, and defend it.

20. With Pater's essay as a guide classify ten or twelve lyrics. Defend your separation of them into classic and romantic.

21. Apply the ideas in Stevenson's *Walking Tours* to his own experiences narrated in *Travels with a Donkey.*

22. Apply Stevenson's theories in *A Gossip on Romance* to his short story *The Sire de Malétroit's Door* and to Noyes's *The Highwayman.*

23. Parody and burlesque as effective critical devices; a study of Leacock's humorous criticisms.

24. Paradox and unconventionality in the essays of Chesterton.

X. PROSE FICTION: NOVEL AND SHORT STORY

1. Read Poe's *The Philosophy of Composition* and his theory of the short story as expressed in his review of Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse.* What coincidences and differences are to be noted in his theory of the lyric and that of the short story? Illustrate by references to Poe's work.

2. Study the "tale of terror" in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, Mrs. Shelley, and others, in the tales of Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, and continental writers, and in the narrative poems of Southey and his school. What affiliations has Poe with these writers? Read not only his tales of terror but his unfinished novel, *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym.*

3. How does Poe's handling of a death-bed confession in *The Cask of Amontillado* differ from that of Browning in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church?*

4. Poe as an alienist and criminal psychologist.

5. Living burial as a short-story motive in Poe and other writers. (See headnote to Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden.*)

6. Compare Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* or *The Marble Faun* with several of his short stories. What part do mood and environment play in his narratives?

7. Examine a number of Hawthorne's short stories in *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse* in terms of Poe's criticism of Hawthorne's art in his review of these two collections.

8. The mixture of actual and ideal in the short stories of Myra Kelly.

9. Stevenson's ideas of what constitutes good

narration; theory and practice as shown in his *A Gossip on Romance*, his autobiographical narratives (like *Travels with a Donkey*), and his short stories.

10. Chivalry as a romantic element in literature: Coleridge, Keats, Stevenson, and others.

11. O. Henry's use of parody and burlesque.

12. Show how O. Henry has distilled romance out of stark realism.

13. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights* as studies of real people and real places. Which author is the more successful in vivid portraiture of low life in London?

14. With Arthur Quiller-Couch's *The Roll-Call of the Reef* as a start, write an essay on "Patriotism as an element in English and American short stories."

15. The following English and American writers deal with sailors and the sea: Marryat, Clark Russell, Dana, Melville, Dickens, Conrad, Stevenson, Jacobs. With their stories in mind write an essay on the idealized, or conventionalized, sailor, and the real sailor. How should you classify Jacobs's sailors?

16. Read W. W. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* or one of his other volumes referred to in the headnote (page 671). With this as a basis write an essay on "The British sailor as a comic type in literature."

17. The atmosphere and technical subtleties of H. G. Dwight's *In the Pasha's Garden*.

18. With *In the Pasha's Garden* as a start, write an essay on the contact of East and West as an element in English literature. Kipling's stories and ballads will provide additional material.

19. With Katherine Mansfield's *The Garden-Party* as a beginning, write on "Social protest in English and American short stories."

20. Actuality and idealism in the short stories of Katherine Mansfield.

21. Atmosphere in the short story as revealed in the ten stories in this chapter.

22. "The public is composed of numerous groups crying out: Console me, amuse me, sadden me, touch me, make me dream, laugh, shudder, weep, think. But the fine spirit says to the artist: Make something beautiful in the form that suits you, according to your personal temperament." (Guy de Maupassant—Preface to *Pierre et Jean*). Which of the stories in this chapter seems to you to have been written for the public and which for the artist himself? Justify your answer.

23. "There are, so far as I know, three ways, and three ways only, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realize it." (Stevenson, quoted by Graham Balfour in *Life and Letters of Stevenson*.) Apply Stevenson's divisions to the stories in this chapter. Defend your decisions in each instance.

24. Contrast the spirit of realism in such modern novels as Lewis's *Babbitt*, Swinnerton's *Nocturne*, and Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale* with the idealism and romance of any novel of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, and Charles Reade.

25. The appearance in the novel of heroes from the lower classes of society.

26. Trace the development of the psychological analysis of character by comparing Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* with Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

27. Compare the treatment of romance in any one of Scott's novels with that in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.

28. Contrast the view of English society of Thackeray in *The Newcombs* or *Pendennis* or *Vanity Fair* or Meredith in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* with that of Galsworthy in *The Forsyte Saga*.

29. Study the influence of environment on personality in Hardy's *The Return of the Native*.

GENERAL INDEX

(Titles of selections and names of authors appear in capitals; topics discussed, in italics.)

ADDISON, 531
ADDISON, JOSEPH, 422
ÆS TRIPLEX, 575
ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, THE (selection), 284
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 546
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HUXLEY, 390
BACON, FRANCIS, 415
BEAU TIBBS, 430
BEAU TIBBS AT HOME, 432
BELLOC, HILAIRE, 593
BENNETT, ARNOLD, 590
BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA, 434 (note)
Biography and Autobiography, 345
Development in England and America, 346
BOSWELL, JAMES, 370
BRUTE NEIGHBORS, 524
CARLYLE, THOMAS, 307, 494
CASK OF AMONTILLADO, THE, 613
CHANGE OF TREATMENT, A, 671
CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH, 588
CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY, A, 646
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THE (Letters LIV and LV), 430
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 434 (note)
CONQUEST OF BENGAL, THE, 312
CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC, THE (Chapters X and XI), 331
CORONATION DAY, 367
CORRECTNESS AND CLASSICISM, 489
CROTHERS, SAMUEL MCCHORD, 598
DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (Chapter IV), 296
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, 476
DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING, 450
DETROIT, 331
DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS (selection), 359
DOVER ROAD, THE, 205
DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD (selection), 292
Drama, The, 1
As a Literary Type, 1
History of English Drama, 1
History of English Stage, 9
Language of Drama, 13
DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE, 448
DUCHESS OF MALFI, THE, 53
DWIGHT, H. G., 675
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 516
ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (selection), 531
EPISTLE DEDICATORIE, THE, 285
Essay, The, 411
History of Essay in England, 413
ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE (selection), 312
ESSAYS OF ELIA (selections), 448
FIELDING, HENRY, 427
FINE LADY'S JOURNAL, THE, 425
FRENCH REVOLUTION, THE (Book II, Chapter VIII), 307
FRIENDSHIP, 516
GAMMER GURTONS NEDLE, 18
GARDEN-PARTY, THE, 686
GIBBON, EDWARD, 296
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 430
GOSSIP ON ROMANCE, A, 579
GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, 322
GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA, 251
HAKLUYT, RICHARD, 285
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, 617
HAZLITT, WILLIAM, 457
HERETICS (selection), 588
HILLS AND THE SEA (selection), 593
History, 279
Development in England, 280
Development in America, 283
HISTORY, 484
HOMER AND HUMBUG, 585
HOW DR. JOHNSON AND MR WILKES DINED TOGETHER, 370
HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, 390, 563
HYACINTH HALVEY, 251
IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY (selection), 504
IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN, 675
JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK, 671
KELLY, MYRA, 645
LABOR, 501
LAMB, CHARLES, 447
LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE, THE, 267
LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY, THE, 377
LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE, THE (selection), 288
LEACOCK, STEPHEN, 585
LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW, 480
LIBERAL EDUCATION, A, 563
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE (selection), 370
LITERARY TASTE, HOW TO FORM IT (selection), 591
LITERATURE, 504
LITERATURE AND SCIENCE, 552
LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE OF POWER, 477
LORD CLIVE (selection), 312
LYRICAL BALLADS, PREFACE TO, 434
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, 311, 484
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE (Mrs. John Middleton Murry), 685
MANY CARGOES (selection), 671
MILNE, A. A., 205
MODERN PAINTERS (selection), 541
MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY, 466 (note)
MORRISON, ARTHUR, 659
MOWING OF A FIELD, THE, 593
MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BEACONSFIELD, 396
MR. S. MR. OF ART, 18
MUNICIPAL REPORT, A, 650
MURRY, MRS. JOHN MIDDLETON (Katherine Mansfield), 685
NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON (selection), 349
NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS (selection), 634
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL, 504
NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, 466 (note)
Novel, The, 608
OF DEATH, 415
OF NEGOTIATING, 418
OF STUDIES, 419
OF THE PATHETIC FALLACY, 541
OF TRAVEL, 416
OF YOUTH AND AGE, 417
O. HENRY (William Sydney Porter), 650
OLD CHINA, 454
ON A LAZY IDLE BOY, 536
ON GOING A JOURNEY, 457
ON HISTORY, 495
ON SANDALS AND SIMPLICITY, 588
ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, 427
ON THE FEAR OF DEATH, 471
ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH, 464
ON THE STAIRS, 659

PARKMAN, FRANCIS, 331
PAST AND PRESENT (Book III, Chapter XI), 501
PATER, WALTER, 565
PEASANT REVOLT, THE, 323
PEPYS, SAMUEL, 359
PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION, THE, 509
PINERO, ARTHUR WING, 162
PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION, 307
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 509, 613
PORTER, WILLIAM SYDNEY (O. Henry), 650
PREFACE TO THE LYRICAL BALLADS, 434
Prose Fiction, 607
QUEEN VICTORIA (Chapter VIII), 396
QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR, 662
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, 288
RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER, 617
RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD, 420
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON (Chapters X, XI, XII), 377
RIDERS TO THE SEA, 243
ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF, THE, 662
ROMANTICISM, 566
ROWLANDSON, MARY, 349
RUSKIN, JOHN, 540
SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS, 598
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, THE, 111
SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY, THE, 162
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, 111
SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, A (selection), 323
Short Story, The, 610
SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR, THE, 634
SPECTATOR, THE (selections), 422
STAMBOUL NIGHTS (selection), 675
STEELE, SIR RICHARD, 420
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 570, 634
STRACHEY, LYTTON, 396
STUDY OF POETRY, THE, 546
SYNGE, JOHN M., 243
TALES OF MEAN STREETS (selection), 659
TATLER, THE (selection), 420
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, 531
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, 524
Topics for Study, Discussion, and Report, 698
TREACHERY OF PONTIAC, THE, 335
TRELAWNY, EDWARD J., 377
Underneath this marble hearse, 427 (note)
VISION OF MIRZA, THE, 422
VOYAGES (selections), 285
WALDEN (Chapter XII), 524
WALKING TOURS, 570
WANDERING HEATH (selection), 662
WEBSTER, JOHN, 53
WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC, 591
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 434
YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 267

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR *IDEAS AND FORMS*

This table will serve as a convenient reference for locating an individual writer in his relation to other writers of the same period, irrespective of the forms in which his ideas were expressed. In the table the author's name is given first. Then come his dates, the major type in which he wrote, and, finally, the page of "Ideas and Forms" on which selections from his works appear. The Roman numeral I before a page number refers to Volume I, and the numeral II to Volume II. Anonymous selections in the book are listed in italic at their appropriate place in the table.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Old English (Anglo-Saxon)

Before 1100. Heathen poetry dealing with travels, adventures at sea, lyrical laments, and early battles. Christian poetry dealing mainly with biblical themes and saints' legends. Leading dialects were Northumbrian, Mercian, and West Saxon; this last gained the literary supremacy under Alfred the Great, King of Wessex, 871–901.

Beowulf	7th Century	Popular Epic	I-11
Deirdre	7th Century	Popular Epic	I-52
Anglo-Saxon Chronicle	8th Century	History	II-284

Middle English

From 1100–1500. Mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French languages. The East Midland—the language of Chaucer and of London—was the leading dialect. The period of romances, *fabliaux*, saints' legends, homilies, *exempla*, "dream allegories," ballads, and religious and popular lyrics. Printing first done in England by Caxton in 1476.

Ballads	13th-16th Century	Popular Ballad	I-203
Alisoun	c. 1300	Lyric	I-343
Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?	c. 1350	Lyric	I-344
John Barbour	1316-1395	Lyric	I-348
Geoffrey Chaucer	1340-1400	Medieval Tale	I-150
Sir Gawain	c. 1375	Medieval Romance	I-115
Sir Thomas Malory	1400-1471	Medieval Romance	I-141
The Nutbrowne Maide	c. 1500	Lyric	I-344

Modern English

From 1500 to present. *Early Tudor*—1485–1558. Influence of Greek, Roman, and Italian cultures. Period of the Reformation in England. Transition period in the drama, lyric, and other literary forms. Literature largely in the hands of scholars and courtiers.

Sir Thomas Wyatt	1503?-1542	Lyric	I-351
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey	1517?-1547	Lyric	I-351
Thomas Campion	1540-1619	Lyric	I-370
As Ye Came from the Holy Land	c. 1550	Lyric	I-348
The New Jerusalem	c. 1550	Lyric	I-350
Gammer Gurtons Nedle	1553	Drama	II-18

Elizabethan Age—1558–1642. The Golden Age of English literature, with a brilliant development of the drama, essay, lyric, and other types in a wide diversity of form and content.

Sir Edward Dyer	c. 1550-1607	Lyric	I-351
Edmund Spenser	1552-1599	Lyric	I-354
Sir Walter Raleigh	c. 1552-1618	Lyric, History	I-361, II-288
Richard Hakluyt	1553-1616	History	II-285
Sir Philip Sidney	1554-1586	Lyric	I-352
John Lyly	1554?-1606	Lyric	I-352
George Peele	c. 1558 - c. 1597	Lyric	I-357
Robert Greene	1560?-1592	Lyric	I-358
Francis Bacon	1561-1626	Essay	II-415
Michael Drayton	1563-1631	Lyric	I-360
Christopher Marlowe	1564-1593	Lyric	I-361
William Shakespeare	1564-1616	Lyric	I-363
Thomas Nash	1567-1601	Lyric	I-369
Sir Henry Wotton	1568-1639	Lyric	I-371
Sir John Davies	1569-1626	Lyric	I-373

John Donne	1573-1631	Lyric	I-377
Ben Jonson	1573-1637	Lyric	I-373
Thomas Dekker	c. 1575 - c. 1641	Lyric	I-372
Thomas Heywood	c. 1575 - c. 1650	Lyric	I-376
John Fletcher	1579-1625	Lyric	I-375
There Is a Lady Sweet and Kind	c. 1580	Lyric	I-349
Love Me Not	c. 1580	Lyric	I-349
Icarus	c. 1580	Lyric	I-349
John Webster	c. 1580 - c. 1630	Lyric, Drama	I-376, II-53
Sir John Beaumont	1583-1627	Lyric	I-375
Francis Beaumont	c. 1584-1616	Lyric	I-376
William Browne	c. 1588 - c. 1643	Lyric	I-380

Cavalier and Puritan—1642-1660. Period of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. Reflective prose, controversial pamphlets, "pagan" lyrics, and religious poems.

George Wither	1588-1667	Lyric	I-402
Robert Herrick	1591-1674	Lyric	I-381
Francis Quarles	1592-1644	Lyric	I-376
George Herbert	1593-1633	Lyric	I-385
James Shirley	1596-1666	Lyric	I-380
Thomas Carew	c. 1598 - c. 1639	Lyric	I-381
Sir William Davenant	1606-1668	Lyric	I-380
Edmund Waller	1606-1687	Lyric	I-408
John Milton	1608-1674	Lyric, Literary Epic	I-72, I-390
Sir John Suckling	1609-1642	Lyric	I-387
Richard Crashaw	c. 1613-1649	Lyric	I-388
Richard Lovelace	1618-1658	Lyric	I-388
Abraham Cowley	1618-1667	Lyric	I-407
Andrew Marvell	1621-1678	Lyric	I-403
Henry Vaughan	c. 1621-1695	Lyric	I-404

Restoration Period—1660-1700. Period of artificiality, license, and satire. Development of the "comedy of manners," heroic tragedy, neo-classical literary criticism, and religious and political satire.

John Dryden	1631-1700	Lyric	I-408
Samuel Pepys	1633-1703	Autobiography	II-359

Age of Pope—1700-1750. Continuation of satire of preceding period. Predominant interest in literary form. Beginnings of journalism, of moral essays, and of interest in nature and democracy.

Sir Richard Steele	1671-1729	Essay	II-420
Joseph Addison	1672-1719	Lyric, Essay	I-412, II-422
Isaac Watts	1674-1748	Lyric	I-414
Alexander Pope	1688-1744	Lyric	I-412
Henry Carey	c. 1693-1743	Lyric	I-413
James Thomson	1700-1748	Lyric	I-415
Henry Fielding	1707-1754	Essay	II-427
Charles Wesley	1707-1788	Lyric	I-431

Georgian Age—1750-1798. Rise of the novel and development of sentimentalism in drama and poetry. Reaction against neo-classicism of preceding age. Beginnings of the Romantic Movement.

Thomas Gray	1716-1771	Lyric	I-416
William Collins	1721-1759	Lyric	I-423
Oliver Goldsmith	1728-1774	Lyric, Essay	I-431, II-430
William Cowper	1731-1800	Lyric, Narrative Poetry	I-251, I-426
Edward Gibbon	1737-1794	History	II-296
James Boswell	1740-1795	Biography	II-370
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	1751-1816	Drama	II-111
William Blake	1757-1827	Lyric	I-432
Robert Burns	1759-1796	Literary Ballad, Lyric Narrative Poetry	I-235, I-254, I-438
Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne	1766-1845	Lyric	I-451

Romantic Movement—1798-1837. Period of individualism and expression of personality in essay and lyric. Interest in nature, medieval and Elizabethan literature, romance, and social problems.

William Wordsworth	1770-1850	Literary Ballad, Narrative Poetry, Lyric, Essay	I-237, I-452, II-434
Sir Walter Scott	1771-1832	Literary Ballad, Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-239, I-257, I-472

Samuel Taylor Coleridge	1772-1834	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-175, I-261, I-470, II-434n.
Robert Southey	1774-1843	Literary Ballad	I-238
Charles Lamb	1775-1834	Lyric, Essay	I-471, II-447
Walter Savage Landor	1775-1864	Lyric	I-480
Thomas Campbell	1777-1844	Lyric	I-475
William Hazlitt	1778-1830	Essay	II-457
Thomas Moore	1779-1852	Lyric	I-479
Leigh Hunt	1784-1859	Lyric	I-480
Thomas De Quincey	1785-1859	Essay	II-476
George Gordon, Lord Byron	1788-1824	Lyric	I-481
Charles Wolfe	1791-1823	Lyric	I-479
Percy Bysshe Shelley	1792-1822	Lyric	I-484
Edward J. Trelawny	1792-1881	Biography	II-377
John Keats	1795-1821	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-183, I-504

Victorian Age—1837–1901. Period of transition. Wide variety of literary forms and tendency to fuse types. Interest in moral and social problems, industrialism, relationship of science and religion, and education for democracy. Realistic and problem novels, "thoughtful" lyrics, solid essays, and heavy drama.

Thomas Carlyle	1795-1881	History, Essay	II-307, II-494
Thomas Hood	1799-1845	Literary Ballad, Lyric	I-243, I-476
Thomas Babington Macaulay	1800-1859	History, Essay	II-311, II-484
John Henry, Cardinal Newman	1801-1890	Lyric, Essay	I-585, II-504
Gerald Griffin	1803-1840	Lyric	I-514
James C. Mangan	1803-1849	Lyric	I-513
Francis Mahony	1804?-1866	Lyric	I-514
Elizabeth Barrett Browning	1806-1861	Lyric	I-518
Edward Fitzgerald	1809-1883	Lyric	I-515
Alfred, Lord Tennyson	1809-1892	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-191, I-311, I-521
William M. Thackeray	1811-1863	Essay	II-531
Robert Browning	1812-1889	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-290, I-548
Arthur Hugh Clough	1819-1861	Lyric	I-570
George Eliot	1819-1880	Lyric	I-520
Charles Kingsley	1819-1875	Literary Ballad	I-242
John Ruskin	1819-1900	Essay	II-540
Matthew Arnold	1822-1888	Lyric, Essay	I-576, II-546
William Allingham	1824-1889	Lyric	I-604
Thomas Henry Huxley	1825-1895	Autobiography, Essay	II-390, II-563
Richard D. Blackmore	1825-1900	Lyric	I-590
Dante Gabriel Rossetti	1828-1882	Lyric	I-586
George Meredith	1828-1909	Lyric	I-571
Christina G. Rossetti	1830-1894	Lyric	I-590
William Morris	1834-1896	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-274, I-603
John Richard Green	1837-1883	History	II-322
Algernon Charles Swinburne	1837-1909	Lyric	I-593
Walter Pater	1839-1894	Essay	II-565
Thomas Hardy	1840-1928	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-326, I-613
Austin Dobson	1840-1921	Lyric	I-590
Robert Bridges	1844-1930	Lyric	I-604
Arthur O'Shaughnessy	1844-1881	Lyric	I-569
William Ernest Henley	1849-1903	Lyric	I-599
Robert Louis Stevenson	1850-1894	Lyric, Essay, Short Story	I-598, II-570, II-634

Modern Period—1901 to present. Continued tendency to fuse types, and to experiment with forms. Interest in Greek and Roman and in contemporary foreign literatures. Interest in personal and social problems, disbelief in social justice, and disillusionment resulting from the Great War find expression in revolt against false idealisms and presentation of sordid realities.

Lady Augusta Gregory	1852-1932	Drama	I-52, II-251
Arthur Wing Pinero	1855-	Drama	II-162
Alfred Edward Housman	1859-	Lyric	I-617
Francis Thompson	1859-1907	Lyric	I-591
"A. E.," G. W. Russell	1862-	Lyric	I-617
Arthur Morrison	1863-	Short Story	II-659
Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch	1863-	Short Story	II-662
William Wymark Jacobs	1863-	Short Story	II-671
William Butler Yeats	1865-	Lyric, Drama	I-633, II-267

Arthur Symons	1865-	Lyric	I-624
Rudyard Kipling	1865-	Lyric	I-606
Richard Le Gallienne	1866-	Lyric	I-626
Arnold Bennett	1867-1931	Essay	II-590
Stephen Leacock	1869-	Essay	II-585
Hilaire Belloc	1870-	Essay	II-593
John M. Synge	1871-1909	Drama	II-243
John McCrae	1872-1918	Lyric	I-617
Walter de la Mare	1873-	Lyric	I-628
Gilbert K. Chesterton	1874-	Narrative Poetry, Essay	I-323, II-588
John Masefield	1874-	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-315, I-623
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson	1878-	Lyric	I-622
Lytton Strachey	1880-1932	Biography	II-396
Alfred Noyes	1880-	Narrative Poetry, Lyric	I-313, I-629
A. A. Milne	1882-	Drama	II-205
Siegfried Sassoon	1886-	Lyric	I-614
Rupert Brooke	1887-1915	Lyric	I-620
Katherine Mansfield	1889-1923	Short Story	II-685
"Moira O'Neill"	1900-	Lyric	I-629

American Literature

Colonial Period—1607–1776. Mainly accounts of settlements, hymns, religious poems, sermons, diaries, and journals of relatively small literary value. *National Period*—1776 to present. *Nineteenth Century.* Largely imitative of English contemporary models. Moral and didactic poetry, nature poetry, novels, essays, and short stories. Literature developed first in New England, then in South, Middle-West, and Far West. *Modern Period.* Greater independence, originality, and variety. All types employed and practically all parts of country productive.

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson	wrote 1682	Autobiography	II-349
William Cullen Bryant	1794-1878	Lyric	I-634
Ralph Waldo Emerson	1803-1882	Lyric, Essay	I-653, II-516
Nathaniel Hawthorne	1804-1864	Short Story	II-617
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	1807-1882	Literary Ballad, Lyric	I-241, I-637
John Greenleaf Whittier	1807-1892	Lyric	I-644
Edgar Allan Poe	1809-1849	Lyric, Essay, Short Story	I-648, II-509, II-613
Oliver Wendell Holmes	1809-1894	Literary Ballad, Lyric	I-244, I-642
Henry David Thoreau	1817-1862	Essay	II-524
James Russell Lowell	1819-1891	Lyric	I-647
Walt Whitman	1819-1892	Lyric	I-657
Francis Parkman	1823-1893	History	II-331
Henry Timrod	1828-1867	Lyric	I-654
Paul Hamilton Hayne	1830-1886	Lyric	I-655
Joaquin Miller	1841-1913	Lyric	I-673
Sidney Lanier	1842-1881	Lyric	I-674
Eugene Field	1850-1895	Lyric	I-677
Edwin Markham	1852-	Lyric	I-677
Samuel McChord Crothers	1857-1927	Essay	II-598
O. Henry	1862-1910	Short Story	II-650
Margaret Steele Anderson	1867-1921	Lyric	I-705
Edgar Lee Masters	1868-	Narrative Poetry	I-328
Edwin Arlington Robinson	1869-	Lyric	I-683
William Vaughn Moody	1869-1910	Lyric	I-679
Thomas Augustine Daly	1871-	Lyric	I-685
Cale Young Rice	1872-	Lyric	I-703
Amy Lowell	1874-1925	Narrative Poetry	I-330
Robert Frost	1875-	Lyric	I-687
H. G. Dwight	1875-	Short Story	II-675
Myra Kelly	1876-1910	Short Story	II-645
Carl Sandburg	1878-	Lyric	I-708
Vachel Lindsay	1879-1932	Lyric	I-690
Anna Hempstead Branch	?	Lyric	I-695
Thomas S. Jones, Jr.	1882-1932	Lyric	I-706
Sara Teasdale	1884-1933	Lyric	I-692
Louis Untermeyer	1885-	Lyric	I-697
John Gould Fletcher	1886-	Lyric	I-712
William Rose Benét	1886-	Lyric	I-706
Chester Firkins	1882-1915	Lyric	I-691
Alan Seeger	1888-1916	Lyric	I-692
Edna St. Vincent Millay	1892-	Lyric	I-694

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