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THE PERSONAL HERESY IN CRITICISM

An inquisitiveness into the minutest circumstances and casual sayings of eminent contemporaries is indeed quite natural; but so are all our follies.—COLERIDGE.

DURING the war I saw an anthology which contained the work of some 'young soldier poets', as we used to call them. The advertisement on the wrapper promised that if you bought the book these young men would tell you things about themselves which they had never told to 'their fathers, or their sweethearts, or their friends'. The assumption was that to read poetry means to become acquainted with the poet, as we become acquainted with a man in intimate conversation, to steep ourselves in his personality; and the appeal based on this assumption was an appeal to curiosity. When that appeal is put so crudely, it endangers no educated reader's judgement; and if that assumption were made only in advertisements, it would not be worth consideration. But it is impossible not to recognize in the paragraph which I have quoted the logical conclusion of a tendency from which, in our own day, even reputable criticism is not always exempt. Few will deny that the role of biography in our literary studies is steadily increasing; and if we look into the most popular literary biographies of the last decade or so, we shall find that in them the poet's life is connected with his work after a fashion quite alien from the methods of Johnson. Poetry is widely believed to be the 'expression of personality': the end which we are supposed to pursue in reading it is a certain contact with the poet's soul; and 'Life' and 'Works' are simply two diverse expressions of this single quiddity. In a work published by His Majesty's Stationery Office we are urged to use English literature as 'a means of contact with great minds'.¹ This seems innocent enough, but there is more behind. In Mr. Tillyard's *Milton* we are told

¹ *The Teaching of English in England*, 1921, p. 15.

that the only critics of *Paradise Lost* who 'seemed to tackle' the 'problem'—for a poem is always a 'problem' to psychological critics—in the 'right kind of way' were the Satanists; and their rectitude consisted, apparently, in the fact that they 'invested the character of Satan with all that Milton felt and valued most strongly'.¹ They were right because they assumed from the outset that Milton's poetry must be the expression of his personality. Later in the book Mr. Tillyard complains that such matters as style 'have concerned the critics far more than what the poem is really about, the true state of Milton's mind when he wrote it'.² The concealed major premiss is plainly the proposition that all poetry is *about* the poet's state of mind. Certainly, in the opinion of Mr. Kingsmill this proposition is so axiomatic that a poem which is *not* about the poet's state of mind can for that reason be condemned. Of *Sohrab and Rustum* he says, 'throughout the interminable poem there is hardly a hint of any relation between Thomas and Matthew Arnold on the one hand, and Rustum and Sohrab on the other. Even in the death of Sohrab the emotional pressure behind the verse seems to me . . . *too weak* to suggest any conscious or unconscious recognition on Arnold's part of the likeness between his fate and Sohrab's.'³ If the emotion were strong, apparently, it would have to be egoistic; if the poem were good, it would express the emotions arising out of the poet's personal situation. More difficult to interpret is Mr. T. S. Eliot's statement that 'The rage of Dante . . . the deep surge of Shakespeare's general cynicism and disillusionment, are *merely* gigantic attempts to metamorphose private failures and disappointments'.⁴ Of this it would, perhaps, carry us too far to say that what we most desire to know of an 'attempt' is whether it failed or succeeded, and that 'metamorphosis' is a dark conception till we have asked '*Metamorphosis into what?*' It concerns our present purpose more to notice the assumed, and concealed, major premiss that the cynicism and

¹ *Milton*, E. M. W. Tillyard, 1930, p. 1.

² *Ibid.*, p. 237.

³ *Matthew Arnold*, Hugh Kingsmill, 1928, p. 127. *Italics mine.*

⁴ *Selected Essays*, T. S. Eliot, 1923, p. 137. *Italics mine.*

disillusionment put into the mouths of some Shakespearian characters are Shakespeare's. Even dramatic poetry is tacitly assumed to be the expression of the poet's personality. Nor is it only among the νεωτερίζοντες that such a dogma hides. So sound and delicate a critic as Professor Garrod has admitted into his *Wordsworth* sentences which bear, if they do not invite, a dangerous interpretation. We are there told that 'a man's poetry is but a part of him';¹ and this, in some sense, is true. A poet does many other things in addition to composing poems. But Professor Garrod goes on to say that if, in reading poetry, 'we put the poet out of the room, we let in one of two interlopers. We let in either ourselves or a false image of the poet.' Professor Garrod's words, judged in the light of all he says elsewhere, may be so understood that they involve no taint of the personal heresy. But it cannot be denied that they may also be read as though they involved the assumption that what we attend to, in reading poetry, is a representation claiming to be the poet; and that to read poetry well is to have a true idea of the poet, while to read it ill is to have a false idea of him. Taken in this sense their implication seems to me to be a serious error.

In this paper I shall maintain that when we read poetry as poetry should be read, we have before us no representation which claims to be the poet, and frequently no representation of a *man*, a *character*, or a *personality* at all.

I shall begin by tackling the problem on a very shallow and popular level. Dismissing all the more ambiguous senses in which the word 'personality' can be used, and in which we can be said to *meet* or *come into touch* with it, I shall try to show that there is at least one very obvious sense in which it is certain that the object offered to us by a good poem is not the poet's personality. My position—in this obvious sense, which will suffice at the present stage—is so simple that a few examples will make it good. I read, for instance,

When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, me thinks how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

¹ *Wordsworth*, H. W. Garrod, 2nd edition, 1927, p. 9.

If the theory which I am attacking, taken in its crudest sense, were true, it ought to be true that what I derive from these lines is the impression of a certain personality. My pleasure ought to consist in the perception of that personality, and the permanent result of the poem ought to be an enrichment of my conception of human nature. Now there is no doubt that I can extract from the poem the idea of a humorous nature, amorous yet dainty, dowered with an almost feminine sensibility to the qualities of clothes. The question is whether that is presented to me as part of my poetical experience. For, of course, any and every result which may follow from my reading of a poem cannot be included in my poetical apprehension of it, and cannot, therefore, belong to the poem as a poem. Thus, for example, I can learn from reading these lines that the pronunciation 'clo'es' for *clothes* is at least as old as the date at which the poem was written. That piece of philological knowledge is a result of the poem; but clearly philological truths do not make part of the poem, nor do I encounter them so long as I am apprehending it with my imagination, but only when I come to reflect upon it, later, and in a very different light. The problem, therefore, is whether my perception of the poet's character is part of my direct experience of the poem, or whether it is simply one of those later and unpoetical results. I think this is answered as soon as it is asked. I know that the poet was sensitive to the qualities of silk. How? Plainly because he has conveyed them so vividly. But then he must have conveyed or expressed them to me *before* I can know that he was thus sensitive, and to say that he has conveyed them to me means that I myself, in reading the poem, became conscious of silk in a new way. I know that his expression is good only because that expression has already wrought its effect on me. I see that 'liquefaction' is an admirably chosen word; but only because I have already found myself seeing silk as I never saw it before. The first object presented to me is an idea of silk. To account for the unusual vividness of that idea, I may then analyse the poem and conclude 'It is the word *liquefaction* that does the trick'; and only then, by a third

step, can I conclude 'With what eyes he must have seen'¹ silk to think of such a word', and thence 'He must have been that sort of man'. In other words, my idea of the poet presupposes that the poem has already had its effect on my imagination, and cannot, therefore, be part of that effect. The only experience which has any claim to be poetical experience is an apprehension, not of the poet, but of silk. Perception of the poet's skill comes later, and could not come at all unless I had first and foremost apprehended the silk; and perception of the personality implied by such skill comes later yet. It is twice removed from the essential poetic experience.

But perhaps I seem to have chosen, unfairly, an example in which the poetry is of an unusually sensuous and simple type. In fact, however, the more subtle types of poetry differ only by being less manageable for purposes of exposition.

Very old are we men,
And our words are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales.

Here it is very much harder to indicate by prose pointers the nature of the object presented to me. But at least we may be quite certain what it is not. It is not a picture of the poet. It is something extended interminably in time, shrouded in mystery, and yet, for all its age, carrying still about it some hint of the dewy freshness of primeval myth. That may not be a good description of the thing, but it would be a much worse description of Mr. De la Mare. If I try to imagine Mr. De la Mare, I can imagine him only as an individual living in a particular time and place, with other times and places forming a sort of context that stretches away in-

¹ Throughout this discussion I use words such as 'seeing' or 'perception' to mean the *genus* of which sensation, knowing, opining, imagining, and the like are *species*. 'Apprehension' would in some ways have been preferable, but it has intellectual implications. My own usage has, at any rate, the sanction of our ordinary habits of speech. 'Having' would be the best of all, but would have required explanation.

definitely on all sides of him. But what I look towards in reading the poem is that context itself—the ages of human history. How could the object be the idea of a man who himself is inside that context? Where the thing presented already contains the poet as one of its least important details, how could it also *be* the poet himself?

To be sure there are poems in which the thing that we attend to is unmistakably a human being in a certain state of emotion. Thus, for example,

I breathe again.
Trances of thought and mountings of the mind
Come fast upon me. It is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day,
Not mine : and such as were not made for me.

Such lines might seem to support the case of my opponents ; for beyond question what they convey to me is the keener awareness of a certain kind of human feeling—just as Herrick's poem enabled me to see the liquid quality of silk as I had never seen it before. But the difficulty is only apparent. It is easy to suppose that we do not know whether these lines come from a work where the poet is speaking in his own person or from a speech by one of the characters in a play. And it is clear that if they came from a play they would not directly present us with the poet's character. The Drama is, in fact, the strongest witness for my contention. Even my convinced opponents would falter in dealing with the Drama, for there the poet is manifestly out of sight, and we attend not to him but to his creations. How far any of them may resemble him is, no doubt, an interesting question ; but to ask that question, still more to answer it, is clearly to have turned from imaginative apprehension to later and unpoetic reflection. The objective or impersonal theory of poetry which I am defending finds its easiest application in the drama and the epic. And if we return, with this in our minds, to the passage under consideration, we must surely agree that there is nothing in the poetry itself to show whether it is dramatic or not. We happen to know that it is from

Wordsworth's *Prelude*. But we do not know that by imaginative experience. Or if we take the *Prelude* as a whole, the appreciation of it as poetry does not include the knowledge that it is autobiographical. A process of human development, that is, a particular man growing up, is presented to us; that this man is, or is intended to be, Wordsworth himself, we learn from literary history—unless we are so simple as to suppose that the use of the first person settles the question. The same holds good of all poetry. We do not know whether the story of the sonnets was Shakespeare's own story or not; we do not know whether Milton really grieved for the death of Mr. King or not; and if we know that Shelley had really met Keats, we do not know it in and by appreciating *Adonais*. So that at the very best, all we can mean by claiming to find the poet's personality in a poem is that we find some personality, which may, on quite other grounds, be discovered to be that of the poet. I submit that this is not what is ordinarily meant by *knowing* or *getting into touch with* a man. If I have the idea of a particular character, and it just happens that a man, say, in Timbuctoo exists who does, as a matter of fact, bear that character—a man I have never heard of—it would be a very odd use of language to say that I knew, or was in touch with, the man as soon as I had the idea. At best, therefore, we meet the poet, even in the most personal lyric poetry, only in a strained and ambiguous sense. But we can go much farther than this. It is, in fact, quite impossible that the character represented in the poem should be identically the same with that of the poet. The character presented is that of a man in the grip of this or that emotion: the real poet is a man who has already escaped from that emotion sufficiently to see it objectively—I had almost said to see it dramatically—and to make poetry of it. The man who cries out with pain is not the same as the man who vividly expresses to us the blood-curdling nature of the cry. The man who expends his spirit in a waste of shame is not the same as the man who sees the imaginative significance of that whole situation and writes down 'The expense of spirit in a waste of shame'. The characteristic of a poet is, after all,

that he is a poet ; and if poems put us into touch with him, the characters presented to us in all poems, however diverse they may be, ought, at least, to have this in common, that they are all poets. But the great crowd of lovers, mourners, fighters, and the like whom we meet in sonnets and songs are not poets. They may be spoken of in the first person, but they differ from their creators by this very fact that they are merely loving, mourning, and being angry ; whereas the real poet is writing poetry about love, or sorrow, or anger. Nor, indeed, is it possible for any one to describe himself, even in prose, without making of himself, to some extent, a dramatic creation. The character whom I describe as myself leaves out, at least, this present act of description—which is an element in my real history ; and that is the beginning of a rift which will grow wider at every step we take from the vulgarity of confession to the disinfected and severer world of lyric poetry. The ‘I’ and ‘me’ of whom poets speak really affect us in exactly the same way as any of the other characters whom they present to us ; they are phases of human nature, detached from their historical context—*οἷα ἀν γένοιτο*—things that might happen. That something tolerably like them has actually happened in the poet himself is a mere accident.

It follows, then, at least in the crudest and most obvious sense of the words, that the thing presented to us in any poem is not and never can be the personality of the poet. It is the liquid movement of silk, or the age and mystery of man, or a particular man escaping from a long period of constraint—never Wordsworth, or De la Mare, or Herrick. But here a distinction must be made. Poetry, after all, is not science or history : and the silks are not described in the manner of the mercer, nor the history of man after the manner of the anthropologist. It is, in fact, these things, not as they are, but as they seem to be, which poetry represents to me ; or so I shall be told. It may be true that what I am aware of in reading Herrick’s poem is silk, but it is not silk as an object *in rerum natura*. I see it as Herrick saw it ; and in so doing, it may be argued, I do come into contact with his

temperament in the most intimate—perhaps in the only possible—way. For the moment I not only accept but embrace this view of the matter. It introduces a point of the last importance which the crudest form of the personal theory had overlooked. Let it be granted that I do approach the poet; at least I do it by sharing his consciousness, not by studying it. I look with his eyes, not at him. He, for the moment, will be precisely what I do not see; for you can see any eyes rather than the pair you see with, and if you want to examine your own glasses you must take them off your own nose. The poet is not a man who asks me to look at *him*; he is a man who says ‘look at that’ and points; the more I follow the pointing of his finger the less I can possibly see of *him*. To be sure there are all sorts of difficult questions hanging over us. But for the moment let us thrust them aside. Whatever may turn out to be the whole truth, let us make fast, before we go a step farther, this aspect of the truth. To see things as the poet sees them I must share his consciousness and not attend to it; I must look where he looks and not turn round to face him; I must make of him not a spectacle but a pair of spectacles: in fine, as Professor Alexander would say, I must *enjoy* him and not *contemplate* him. Such is the first positive result of my inquiry.

Having grasped this truth, I proceed to a second question. What is the nature of this consciousness which I come to share but not to study, to look *through* but not look *at*, in appreciating a poem? The personal theory will hold that the consciousness in question is that of the poet, considered as an individual, contingent, human specimen. Mr. Smith sees things in one way; Mr. Jones sees them in another; Mr. Wordsworth sees them in a third. What we share in reading Wordsworth is just Wordsworth’s point of view as it happens to exist in him as a psychological fact; and that is why modern criticism attends so willingly to psychology and biography. And as long as we are dealing with romantic poets not far removed from us in time, this view of the matter is not unpalatable. It cannot, however, have escaped any one’s attention that there is a whole class of

poetical experiences in which the consciousness that we share cannot possibly be attributed to any single human individual. Let us consider an example.

And Babylon the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces.

It does not greatly matter how highly the reader values the imaginative impression produced upon him by these words: that they produce some imaginative impression, that he comes to enjoy a new and heightened mode of consciousness in reading them, will not be denied. The question arises whose consciousness it is. Who was the man to whom this mode belonged, the man whose personality or temperament we are coming to share?

Very little argument suffices to show that it cannot have been the original author. The mood to which we are introduced by these lines was not only not normal in the Hebrew writer; it did not and could not exist in him at all. To begin with 'doleful creatures', 'owls', 'satyrs', 'wild beasts of the islands', and 'dragons' are mere mistranslations. Whatever they evoke or express was wholly absent from the mind of the author, and, what is worse, other things were there in its place. Only the crudest view of the relations between language and imagination could lead us to suppose that the experience which lacked these words and used others in their place was at all like the experience of the modern reader. But that is not all. The theme of the whole passage is Babylon and the fall of Babylon. Now the *sound* Babylon did not exist in the original: yet that sound counts for a great deal in our experience of the passage. Babylon: the very word is like a bell. But Isaiah—or whoever it was—never

heard that bell toll. He may have heard a better bell, but that is nothing to the purpose. If we turn from the sound to the idea—we may grant that false abstraction for the argument's sake—the rift between our mood and that of the original becomes even wider. For us Babylon is far away and long ago; it comes to us through the medium of centuries of poetry about the East and about antiquity; it comes to us as descendants of those Germanic poets who had from the first a romantic and elegiac delight in the ruin and decay of greatness. We have read of Troy, too, and perhaps, in our salad days, we loved the courts where Jamshid gloried and drank deep. Now Babylon, to the writer, was neither long ago nor far away. Its greatness was not the cloudy greatness of old empires fallen in the past, but the oppressive greatness of an enemy and a neighbour. He felt about Babylon not as we feel about Troy and Nineveh, but as some Indian nationalists may feel about London. The poetry of Babylon, for us, belongs to the same world as

But all about the rugged walls were hung
With riven monuments of time forepast.

The poetry, for him, belonged rather to the world of

When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine.

And with this, presumably, analysis may rest. It is obvious that no two experiences could be more grotesquely unlike than that of the writer, and that of the modern reader, of this passage. Nor shall we fare much better if we turn from the original writer to the translator. No one who has himself ever tried to translate will doubt that what was uppermost in the mind of the translator as he wrote was the problem of translation itself. When he wrote 'dragons' he was not inquiring whether this completed the picture or expressed his emotion, but whether it rendered the Hebrew. Nor did he look at the Hebrew itself aesthetically; he worked in fear and trembling to transmit without loss what he believed to be the literal record of the word of God. Even if some imaginative element crept in amidst his philological and theological preoccupations, it must have differed essentially from that

which we enjoy; for as his English version grew he had the Hebrew always before him, and was thus inevitably involved in a work of comparison which has no parallel in our experience of the passage.

The result, then, is this. Such a passage gives us imaginative experience. In having that experience we do come to share or enjoy a new kind of consciousness, but that consciousness is not the consciousness of any single individual. And it will be plain that the passage I have chosen is only one of a very large class. Wherever we have traditional poetry there will be epithets and metrical devices which are the offspring of no single human temperament; wherever we have ancient poetry at all, there will be language which was commonplace to the writers but which time has turned into beauty; wherever we get misunderstanding—as in the common, beautiful, mistranslation of Virgil's *lacrimae rerum*—there will be poetry that no poet wrote. Every work of art that lasts long in the world is continually taking on these new colours which the artist neither foresaw nor intended. We may, as scholars, detect, and endeavour to exclude, them. We may, as critics, decide that such adventitious beauties are in a given case meretricious and trivial compared with those which the artist deliberately wrought. But all that is beside the purpose. Great or small, fortunate or unfortunate, they have been poetically enjoyed. And that is enough for my purpose. There can be poetry without a poet. We can have poetic experience which does not consist in sharing the 'personality' of a poet. To be encrusted with such poetless poetry is the reward, or the penalty, of every poem that endures. *Miratur non sua poma.*

It will be said that in such cases it is we who make the poetry. It is our own temperament that we enjoy. But surely not our normal or daily temperament? I do not perceive the fall of Babylon in that way whenever I think of it. The kind of seeing that we enjoy in reading ancient poetry arises only when the stimulus of the right word is applied. That it is mine while I enjoy it no one will deny. Even on the personal view, when I come to share, or to look through,

the mind of the poet, his mind becomes mine, in so far as, and as long as, I succeed in appreciating his poem. What else do we mean by 'sharing'? We shall all agree that when my way of seeing things is altered by reading a poem, it is *my* way of seeing them that is altered. The real question is whether this alteration always (or ever) consists in my coming to share the personal point of view of the man whom we call the poet. And our examples show that this is at any rate not always the case. It does at least sometimes happen that the new 'personality' or 'point of view' whereby we respond to the poem never existed in the poet. Whether it is 'ours' or not is largely a question of words. It is certainly not 'ours' in the sense of being normal to us, or typical of us. Equally certain it is 'ours' while we read: that is what is meant when we say that the poem creates it in *us*. But this is beside the purpose.

What now remains of the personal dogma? We have seen reason to reject the view that in reading poetry we were presented with some object that could be described as 'the poet's personality'. At best we 'shared' or 'looked through' his personality *at* something else. But even this would not serve as a description of poetry in general; for we saw that in many cases the personality—if you still want to call it so—which we came to share was not that of any single human being. It was not, in fact, the personality of a person. More explicitly, it was not a personality at all. It was a mood, or a mode of consciousness, created temporarily in the minds of various readers by the suggestive qualities which certain words and ideas have taken on in the course of human history,¹ and never, so far as we know, existing normally or permanently—never constituting the *person*—in any one. We will

¹ I limit myself to what most concerns our present purpose. A full account would have to deal with the evocative qualities of word-order and construction, and also with *sounds*. The former are habitually neglected; the latter as habitually exaggerated. Critics without a phonetic training, being quite unable even to *hear* accurately the sound of their mother-tongue, are naturally most prone (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*) to attribute to mere sound all sorts of powers which it does not possess.

postpone for a moment all inquiry into the nature of this abnormal mode of consciousness. We have seen that in the case of poetless poetry it cannot be personal. It remains to show that it is equally impersonal even when we have a single, conscious poet to deal with.

Once again I will take a familiar example. We must choose old, uncontroverted poetry for our laboratory work, or we shall darken counsel. The more exciting application of our views to our own favourites, or to contemporary work, may come later. Let us take a piece of Keats.

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

After what has been said I need not repeat that the object presented to us while we read these lines is not the man Keats. It is a wood: but a wood seen with other eyes than those we enjoy every day. As to the means by which we gain these new eyes, I take it there is no great mystery in principle, though there may be some dispute as to the details. We have, in the first place, the names of familiar *sensibilia*—*summer, night, wood, oak, stars, gust, air*—each of which, simply as it stands, calls up its proper associations. But these groups of association—these clusters of incipient imagery—affect one another. To take what is most obvious, ‘night’ is changed by its proximity to ‘summer’, and vice versa. It is not ‘summer’ *plus* ‘night’ *plus* ‘oaks’, &c. Each is what it is in virtue of its place among all the rest; and the mere placing of these words would in itself amount to a rough-and-ready suggestion of the total object to be presented. The poet might conceivably stop at the string of names. But notice, even at this level, what he would be doing. He would be selecting elements of common experience and arranging them in a special order, an order in which each transformed and coloured each. It is absolutely essential that each word should suggest not what

is private and personal to the poet but what is public, common, impersonal, objective.¹ The common world with its nights, its oaks, and its stars, which we have all seen, and which mean at least *something* the same to all of us, is the bank on which he draws his cheques. But the arrangement—the experiencing them together in that particular order—this at least, you may argue, is his own. To be sure the arrangement is his own in some sense: we shall see in a moment what to make of that. Let us first finish our analysis. If we turn to the more obviously ‘poetical’ elements we find the same principle at work. ‘Tranced’ goes beyond the sensible. What is here placed in juxtaposition with the ‘summer night’ is not another fragment from the visible world, but a fragment from the world of religious history, or psychology. Such power as it has depends again on the publicity of that world; and ‘tranced’ fails, if it does fail, precisely because its world is not sufficiently common. Trance is not a phenomenon whose meaning is quite sufficiently established; it does not mean the same to us all. In the next line (‘green-rob’d senators’) the whole idea of republican Rome, another common possession of the educated world, is called up, in order that these senators may bring the sudden flavour of their silence and grandeur out of Plutarch and Livy, and that this, set for a moment beside the trees, may make them a little different. What the idea of senator happens to mean to Keats and Keats only, or to me and me only, in virtue of our several psychological accidents, is precisely what does not

¹ I am speaking of *what is imagined*, not of the *image* or *mental picture*. That the two are distinct is proved by the fact that very adequate, or even fine, imagining may go with very inadequate images. We all enjoy *Hero and Leander*, and this implies that we all succeed in *imagining* beautiful human bodies; but only extreme visualists, and, among them, only persons of considerable artistic training, have *images* of the human body which would stand examination. Those who share with the present writer a lively visualizing power can testify that this unruly faculty is as often the enemy as the servant of imagination; just as elaborate and ‘realistic’ toys hinder rather than help children in their play. The poet may give all his readers a common *imaginatum*: he is not to aim at giving them identical *imagines*.

count. What is used for the poem is the significance which they have for every one; their objective characteristics as real elements in the drama of history—in other words their place not in any individual's memory but in the memory of Europe. It is not relevant that Keats first read about senators (let us say) in a little brown book, in a room smelling of boiled beef, the same day that he pulled out a loose tooth; it is relevant that the senators sat still when the invading Gauls entered the Senate House; it is relevant that Rome really established an empire. With 'branch-charmed by the earnest stars' the sources are more complex. 'Charmed' brings in the idea of magic. There, again, we are on common ground. We have dipped again into the storehouse of public history. But this is instantly modified by the word 'branch'. Here we are thrown back on sense. We have seen the trees with branches stretched up in intense stillness towards the stars. We have imagined or been told of people compelled by magical charms to stand as still as the trees. Lay the two side by side and add the word 'earnest'—which is exactly the point where the sensible image and the idea of insensible 'magic' merge beyond hope of distinction—and the whole, like meeting drops of quicksilver, becomes a single perception. We see the thing in a new way; because the poet has found the proper scraps of ordinary seeing which, when put together, will unite into a new and extraordinary seeing.

Now these scraps or atoms of common experience, before they were united, were, as we have seen, no more personal to the poet than to any other man who has grown up in modern Europe. No doubt they are not quite the same in one man as in another. But it is just in so far as they approach sameness that they are useful for poetry. It is the resemblances between my stars and trees and senators and those of Keats, not the difference, that matters. In the elements, therefore, we should seek in vain the 'personality' of the poet. Let us ask, then, whether this personality is to be found in their arrangement. In other words, is the poet a man who sees each sensible object thus set off and illuminated by those contexts which they have in the poem?

In one sense the answer is plainly 'Yes'. While he is writing the poem, Keats certainly does see the trees modified by the senators and the charms of the earnest stars. But then so do we, while we read. But to say that Keats is capable of attaining such perception for a few moments by the exercise of his art is hardly to say that it is personal to him, that it makes part of his nature or temperament. Certainly, what the exponents of the personal dogma have in mind is something very much more than this. There is a widely spread belief that the poet is a man who habitually sees things in a special way, and that his metaphor and other technique are simply *means* by which he admits us to share for a moment what is normal with him. Now this is really quite untenable. The dilemma is as follows: are senators normally present to Keats whenever he sees, or thinks of, oaks? If they are not, then his normal consciousness of oaks is other than that which we come to enjoy in reading his poem. It is quite impossible that a perception which did not include the senators should be the same with one that did. We deceive ourselves if we suppose that Keats's 'senators' or Herrick's 'liquefaction' are mere substitutes for something else, un-senatorial and un-liquid, which was present in the poet's original perception and which he conveys to us by these, as by mere devices. It is a principle in architecture that nothing is great or small save by position. It is a principle of decoration that every colour is what it is only in virtue of the surrounding colours. It is a principle of thought that every proposition depends for its value upon the context. No less certainly every perception is what it is by virtue of its context; and without that context the single perception is an abstraction. To see trees and to think of the price of timber means seeing trees in one way; to think of the forests in romance means to see trees in a second way; and to think of senators in a third. Keats could not have seen his trees as we see them in reading *Hyperion* before he thought of the senators. To ask, then, whether he normally saw them thus is simply to ask whether he normally associated them with the senatorial idea. To ask in general if poets express their

personality in their poetry is to ask whether they habitually live clothed in all that panoply of metaphor and rhythm which they use for their work: whether the dancer, as Sir Toby suggested, goes to church in a sink-a-pace and comes home in a coranto. The poets themselves supply the answer. From Homer invoking the Muse down to Herrick prosaically noting that every day is not good for verses—from the romantic talking of his 'genius' to Emerson declaring that there was a great deal of inspiration in a chest of good tea—they all unequivocally declare that the words (and a perception expressed in other words is another perception) will not come for the asking, are rare and wooed with hard labour, are by no means the normal furniture of the poet's mind, are least of all his own possession, his daily temper and habitual self. And even if the poets did not tell us this in so many words, they have betrayed themselves by their rough copies. The very passage which I have just quoted from Keats did not always exist in its present perfection. Keats had to grope for his

gradual solitary gust
That comes upon the silence and dies off
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

But to grope for the words was to grope for the perception, for the one lives only in the other. Keats lacked this perception when he began to write. It was therefore no permanent element in his psychology, nor even in his poetic psychology. He had to bring it into existence; and what created it in him was the very same cause that creates it in us—the words, incarnating common experiences and juxtaposed so as to make new experience. Both for Keats and for us the heightened consciousness is something foreign, something won from without, from the boundless ocean of racial, not personal, perception. There is indeed a momentous difference between him and us. He actually won it; we only enjoy and applaud the conquest. But this difference must not mislead us. There is a great difference between a skilled hunter who can catch the game and a hungry cripple who can only eat it.

But you must not on that account mistake the hunter for the hart; still less for Pan.

A critic on whom I was pressing this doctrine once replied to me, 'But if one hunter always brought back hart, and another always boar, I should begin to suspect a difference'. The objection warns me of a possible misunderstanding. What game the hunter kills is indeed determined by his time and place of hunting, by his skill and by his choice, and thus by the whole scheme of things—within which scheme his personality finds an important, though not an all-important, place. If the Personal Dogma asserted only that the poets hunt diverse game, and that this diversity is determined *inter alia* by their personalities, I should have no quarrel with it. But when the hunter is held to create the game, when the qualities of the venison set before me are traced all to the hunter and none to Pan, when I am advised to eat, not because it is good food according to the universal rules of human nourishment, but because I may thus become better acquainted with the huntsman, it is then that I must tell my hosts roundly that they know neither how to feed a man nor how to reverence the gods. I do not ask that those who agree with me should deny the essential difference between the poetry of Shakespeare and the poetry of Racine. I do not even object to their talking of it, when convenience so dictates, as a difference of personality. I will even consent to speak of the Racinity of Racine, and the Shakespearianity of Shakespeare: only, let us remember what we mean. Let us remember that their poethood consists not in the fact that each approached the universal world from his own angle (all men do that), but in their power of telling us what things are severally to be seen from those angles. To use their poetry is to attend to what they show us, to look, as I have said before, not at them, but through them at the world. To say that they show us different things is not to say that they are creating what they show us, out of their personalities, but only that they are both finite. Even the reports of two scouts in war differ, and that with a difference traceable to personality: for the braver man goes farther and sees more; but the *value* of his report by no

means consists in the fact that the intelligence officer, while he receives it, has the pleasure of meeting a brave man. Even two opposite windows in my room will give me two different landscapes; and you may say, in a sense, that the landscape 'expresses' the nature and position of the window. But windows are not put there that you may study windows; rather that you may forget windows. And if you find that you are forced to attend to the glass rather than the landscape, then either the window or your eye is faulty.

A poet does what no one else can do: what, perhaps, no other poet can do; but he does not express his personality. His own personality is his starting-point, and his limitation: it is analogous to the position of the window or the degree of courage in the scout. If he remains at his starting-point he is no poet: as long as he is (like the rest of us) a mere personality, all is still to do. It is his business, starting from his own mode of consciousness, whatever that may happen to be, to find that arrangement of public experiences, embodied in words, which will admit him (and incidentally us) to a new mode of consciousness. He proceeds partly by instinct, partly by following the tradition of his predecessors, but very largely by the method of trial and error; and the result, when it comes, is for him, no less than for us, an acquisition, a voyage beyond the limits of his personal point of view, an annihilation of the brute fact of his own particular psychology rather than its assertion.

The objects, then, which we contemplate in reading poetry are not the private furniture of the poet's mind. The mind through which we see them is not his. If you ask whose it is, I reply that we have no reason to suppose that it is any one's. It comes into existence, here and there, for moments, in varying degrees: that it exists anywhere permanently and as a whole—that it anywhere forms a *person*—is an unnecessary hypothesis. But if it did, that person would not be a human being. A mind which habitually saw as synthetically—which saw each single object with so vast a context—as we are made to see for moments by poetry, would be as far removed from us as we are from the brutes.

It would not, indeed, be the Divine Mind, for it apprehends only the *what* and ignores the *that*; whereas God must be a permanent philosopher no less than a permanent poet. But it would be a mind, none the less, greatly beyond the human. The ancients called it the Muse. That she exists is a needless hypothesis, though, for all I know, not an absurd one. At all events, only in her will personal critics find the haven they seek. Much criticism is faced with this dilemma. It asserts of poetry superhuman attributes: it believes in no superhuman subjects to support them. But with these speculations as to what the poetic consciousness *would be* if it existed anywhere as a permanent whole, criticism is not at all concerned. The personal dogma can be refuted without any inquiry into the nature of that mode of consciousness which it mistook for the poet's personality. And it will add faith to the refutation if we can ascribe causes for the error. One cause is not far to seek. In an age when many have to talk of poetry, this personal view offers obvious advantages. Very few care for beauty; but any one can be interested in gossip. There is always the great vulgar anxious to know what the famous man ate and drank and what he said on his deathbed; there is always the small vulgar greedy to lick up a scandal, to find out that the famous man was no better than he should be. To such people any excuse for shutting up the terrible books with all the lines and lines of verse in them and getting down to the snug or piquant details of a human life, will always be welcome. But there is a deeper reason than this. The personal dogma springs from an inability which most moderns feel to make up their minds between two alternatives. A materialist, and a spiritual, theory of the universe are both equally fatal to it; but in the coming and going of the mind between the two it finds its opportunity. For the typical modern critic is usually a half-hearted materialist. He accepts, or thinks he accepts, that picture of the world which popularized science gives him. He thinks that everything except the buzzing electrons is subjective fancy; and he therefore believes that all poetry must come out of the poet's head and express (of course) his pure, uncontaminated, undivided 'personality'.

because outside the poet's head there is nothing but the interplay of blind forces. But he forgets that if materialism is true, there is nothing else inside the poet's head either. For a consistent materialism, the poetless poetry for which I contend, and the most seemingly self-expressive 'human document', are equally the accidental¹ results of impersonal and irrational causes. And if this is so, if the sensation (Professor Housman has told us about it) which we call 'enjoying poetry' in no case betokens that we are really in the presence of purpose and spirituality, then there is no foothold left for the personal heresy. All poetry will indeed *suggest* something more than the collision of blind forces: but the suggestion will, in every case alike, be false. And why should this false suggestion arise from the movements in the things we call brains rather than from any other movements? It is just as likely to arise from historical accidents of language, or from printers' errors. If, on the other hand, something like Theism or Platonism or Absolute Idealism is true—if the universe is not blind or mechanical, then equally the human individual can have no monopoly in producing poetry. For on this view all is designed, all is significant. The poetry produced by impersonal causes is not illusory. The Muse may speak through any instrument she chooses.

Surely the dilemma is plain. Either there is significance in the whole process of things as well as in human activity, or there is no significance in human activity itself. It is an idle dream, at once cowardly and arrogant, that we can withdraw the human soul, as a mere epiphenomenon, from a universe of idiotic force, and yet hope, after that, to find for her some *faubourg* where she can keep a mock court in exile. You cannot have it both ways. If the world is meaningless, then so are we; if we mean something, we do not mean alone. Embrace either alternative, and you are free of the personal heresy.

C. S. LEWIS.

¹ In order to avoid misunderstanding, I had better say that by 'accidental' I do not mean contingent, but 'undesigned'.

GEORGE HERBERT'S LATIN POEMS

IN the most persuasive, practical manner, Miss Helen Wadell has lately shown us that 'the ancient spirit' of some poets who wrote in a learned language is not dead; and it seems to me that the lesson in its broader application ought not to be lost upon us. We have been rapidly forgetting the tradition of older British poets who wrote, some a little, some a great deal, in Latin or Greek verse. Perhaps the classical scholars of this age have not noticed that such a tradition flourished, or perhaps they have glanced at it and recoiled from barbarous misexpressions and mismetrings; otherwise they might have assisted us others in the matter. I have heard them complain, I think, that they scarcely know how to plant their artillery against any point that has not been already scaled and captured. Here is at least a suggestion.

Making my way into what should be their territory, without pretence of bringing with me any better equipment than curiosity, I think I see it as a not unimportant part of the expanse of our literary history. I trust it is not fantasy to say that a majority of our actual English verse was written by men who had had training in classical verse, alike in perusing the authors of Greece and Rome and in producing their own copies, their hexameters, Ovidian couplets, sapphics, scazons, and the rest. To this early discipline and exercise, perhaps, we may, in a measure, ascribe the overthrow of such native verse as Langland and as Skelton used. To the want of them nowadays we may similarly attribute in a way the current attempts in a new metrical complexity. The suggestion is not for me to develop, nor 'was this the place'. For the moment, my topic lies among the Latin and Greek verses written by British poets—a wide subject and a chartless, and I shall go freely in it.

'I once heard Mr. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remark, what I think is true, that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with

classic elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few: Haddon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they have succeeded in prose, no sooner attempt verse than they provoke derision. If we produced anything worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps Alabaster's *Roxana* (1632).' This, from Dr. Johnson, casts rather a damp effect on my purpose, and yet there is the inspiration of Coleridge's intention to edit—was it in two quarto volumes?—the modern Latin poets, among whom there must have been Britons other than Milton and Alabaster.

Who now reads Buchanan? To tell the truth, I am not among the number of those who may still comprehend his contemporary reputation as a poet. His pages do not glow upon me in the turning, nor, except for their various styles and linguistic dexterity, do they inform me how he obtained a name so mighty in Europe. This personal limitation is such as conscience condemns, for such a fame must have had natural causes. To warn me and to remind me of a duty yet to be done, here is 'Spring: A Poem: by Mr. Thomson. The Second Edition. 1731'. And on that title-page appears the no doubt *vera effigies* of BUCHANANUS, as a kindly if swarthy ancestral deity, sharing in the success of a later Scot. It is something of a parallel to the appearance of Gower in the prologue to 'Pericles'.

Old association, and perhaps something vivid and congenial in the interests of the writer, make me turn to Vincent Bourne with heartier impulse. His praises have been sung by a capital Latinist and my Amen has followed naturally. 'He is "so Latin"; and yet "so English" all the while. In diction worthy of the Augustan age, he presents us with no images that are not familiar to his countrymen. His topics are even closelier drawn; they are not so properly English as *Londonish*. From the streets, and from the alleys, of his beloved metropolis he culled his objects, which he has invested with an Hogarthian richness of colouring.' Vinny Bourne has been edited, and we know him, if not through the Pickering edition or the earlier quarto and octavo evidences of his renown, in the admirable translations of his best pieces by Cowper or by

Lamb. It is not here that my occasion detains me; although Landor's complaint against Cowper and his idolizing of Bourne almost inclines me to stay and add to Cowper's side.

Among all bedside books for those whose Latin has not quite vanished, the two volumes of the *Carmina Quadragesimalia* may be recommended. They should be part, moreover, of the Coleridge scholar's library, for in his early poems he draws upon his acquaintance with them. At that time of day they were still familiar. They contain short Latin poems by students of Christ Church on philosophical questions (e.g. 'An idem semper agat idem?'), and the treatment of the subjects varies from anecdote to meditation, from epigram to idyll. I have thought, incidentally, that a pleasant sketch of Oxford—town and gown—in the eighteenth century might be derived from them; one of the best of the pieces, on some such topic as the specimen mentioned, describes a Fellow of a college. Another perpetuates the weight and dignity of a Constable. But the *Carmina Quadragesimalia* have a further value. The second volume, published long after the first, is especially mentioned by Joseph Warton as containing some beautiful poems of nature and landscape, illustrating the new sensibility to such aspects which became clear in the days of William Collins. Some of the contributors were known to him.

Among the Latinists whom Johnson handsomely refuses to discuss in his *Life of Milton*, George Herbert was considerable, and, more by chance than fixed design, I find myself inquiring into that part of his verse. It is puzzling that he should have chosen to compose his elegiac series on the death of his mother (1627) in Latin and not English, more particularly because he writes of his desire to *speak out* in praise of his exemplary parent. The suitability of the classical languages for panegyric, however, must have appealed to him as Public Orator more than to most men. Of these 'Parentalia', Barnabas Oley observed that they were 'dull or dead in comparison of his Temple Poems, and no marvel. To write those, he made his ink with water of *Helicon*; but these Inspirations propheticall were distilled from above.' Indeed,

in the very first elegy, there is the oddest figure of a man being mixed with a river to produce *ink* that ever was contrived; and besides, there is an anagram by which his *MATER* becomes his *METRA*. The following attempt to translate the poem has had to dodge that neat piece of work.

Ah, Mother! from what spring may I supply me
 With water-drops enough to weep for thee,
 Though to my sum of tears Thames flowing by me
 Lies a dry gulf? Thy Virtues too outshigh me,
 Choirs of eternity!

Were I now poured, all tears, in the black river
 (Which mourns thee too), that fusion would not yield
 Ink fit thy fair encomiums to deliver,—
 Which yet I write, my Mother, nay, for ever
 My sorrow's Muse revealed!

In the long descriptive piece that stands next, though the Latin is crabbed, there are vigorous and complete phrases, and the whole is a pleasing, almost Victorian, portrait.

Cornelias pure, Sempronias of high mind,
 And (if there be) even nobler womankind,
 Bring your tears hither; she, who joined you all
 In her own merit, asks them; let them fall.
 This ruin Seriousness may well lament,
 And Modesty with tresses torn consent,
 Where queenly Grief will sometimes come alone.

The grace of women's dead; and with her gone
 (Mankind doth fear) both sexes' best in one.
 In ornament to waste the gliding day,
 With towering head-dress proud, was not her way;
 Nor what remained of time to gossip out
 (For Babel's grand confusion waits without),
 But, as good women rightly use, she'd braid
 Her hair with simple art and sparing aid
 Of jewels; first, achieved her soul's affairs,
 Worshipping God with active, kindling prayers.

Then on her family forth she shone, and spent
 On kitchen, garden, house due management;
 To every thing its time and place disposed,
 And with her needlework the late day closed.

Her life and household shared her constant plan,
 'So many days for this' each task began.
 Through all the house smiled grace and ease, but they
 Smiled first in her. When sometimes rose a day
 For some high guest, she rose to equal height,
 Strove with occasion and fulfilled it quite.
 O eloquent showers! O trim discourse, strong wit—
 Athena and the Graces mixt in it.
 Her words were chains and nets.

But if the hour
 Required some business, then her politic power
 Through every twist and turn of this would run,
 And very Catos owned themselves outdone
 By her decisions. How in painting too
 She triumph'd! how her pen's brave art we knew,
 That dress'd wise thoughts in beauty. The swift hand
 That wrote so, lies i' the dust. This yet shall stand:
 Her only tomb should be Pactolus' sand.

In her dwelt Music too, the golden tongue
 That harmonized the rest, and her new song
 In heaven preluded. Ministrant o' the poor,
 Staff of the weak, roof of the outcast, cure
 Of each o'erlabour'd heart! their blessings rise
 On every side and teach the tune to the skies.
 The thought of all these things to me's a night
 Of griefs—and yet like stars they lead me right.

Thou that mislik'st to hear a son so praise
 His parent, be a fool, and go thy ways.
 Shall I alone be dumb, want natural sense,
 When the wide world rings with her excellence?
 Is't not my Mother thus inurn'd from me?
 Is't not my flower dead, dry my rosemary?
 Must I but think of her to hold my tongue?
 Away; my utterance from my love is sprung.
 Thou still, my Mother, shalt remain my theme:
 These letters own it, for thou taught'st me them.
 In honouring thee, the ignorant proud I spurn,
 And these fill'd pages bless thee while they mourn.

Two poems of a manner rather ingenious than impassioned

occur next, and then one on the poet's mother as a lover of gardens :

Gardens, your Lady loved, at last
Wither ; your summertime is past.
You but adorned the tomb ; your state
With thorns already desolate
Calls dismally for her lost care,
Your flowers breathe death ; her burial there
Afflicts the life of whate'er grows
That side, and it again the rose.
The violets bend their dark heads low
And say what house she lives in now,
Each flower-bed speaks its mistress gone,
Cemeteries, not gardens grown.
Well, perish all ; no bud, no bloom
Look forth to espy your Lady come,
Each to his roots and earthy grave
(That Nature to each green thing gave)
Return ; or live but till Eve's dew
With funeral tears weep over you.

There is a delightful recantation to this, a little farther on, when Herbert alludes to his country dwelling and his garden (a growing nosegay, a nest of odours), and says to his mother, 'Here you and I will live.'

Among the rest, one short piece makes use of the bad reputation of the English climate. It is no insincerity, I surmise, that underlies these singular feats of Herbert's verse, whether Latin or English. He had a puzzle-solving mind.

Of this our British island all too long
The foreign traveller blames the dusky season,
Makes of our weeping skies too loud a song ;
And 'the foul weather' echoes past all reason.
But, honoured mother, when we think on thee,
Rightly indeed may every breath he draws
Prove his words true ; the air's humidity
Hath shame and tears, and from no secret cause.
For thee the Country, City, Court bewail,
England and Scotland mourn, and Cambria's tears
From all her ancient spirit well ; she fears
Lest showers enough to show thy worth should fail ;

No nook of sunshine gleams ; and the sea pours
Inland, that once but girdled our bright shores.

There is quite a conspiracy of quibbles in the next piece,
which nevertheless imparts a reality of loss :

The oak, so long as he has roots, stands fast,
And keeps his poise, and mocks the assailant blast ;
But when the cruel axe has smit him, dies,
And where his owner bids him lie, he lies.
I, too, am an inverted tree ; so long
As firm in her I grew, I flourished strong
As cedars are ; but now to fate laid bare,
Motherless I'm the sport of each rude air.
Thou wast my root, my solid rock, and I
A *Polypus*, held tight and safe thereby ;
Not only the dark Sisters cut thy thread ;
The shears touched me, and I with thee seem dead.
Now wandering wide, Ulysses' name I take ;
And of thy twofold death my *Iliad* make.

So much for the 'Parentalia' ; for I will not proceed into the enigmas of Herbert's Greek. Many miscellaneous compositions remain, particularly a series on church affairs and arguments. Let the really dexterous translator try his hand on the epigram of anagrams, headed 'Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora, et Amor'. The biographer of Francis Bacon (for I fancy, in spite of recent ingenious studies, that the biographer is yet to come) might with advantage glance at the friendship between him and Herbert, evidences of which Herbert's Latin letters and copies of verses both provide. The dexterity of the Public Orator is delightful in one of them especially :

In honour of the most illustrious Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. After he had published his Instauratio Magna.

Who passes yonder ? his is not a face
Of every day. You know not him ? then hear.
The Prince of Theories, the High Priest of Truth,
Lord of Induction, and of Verulam,
Master of the Universe, but not of Arts ;

The Pine-tree of Profundity and Grace ;
 Nature's particular Augur, Chronicle
 Of Science, Courier of Experiment ;
 Equity's standard-bearer ; he that found
 Poor Science chained from undergraduate hope,
 And set her free ; *Promus* of Light ; that drove
 Before him all our Phantoms and our Clouds ;
 Colleague o' the Sun ; and Square of Certitude ;
 The Sophist's scourge ; the literary Brutus,
 Ending the tyrannies of Authority ;
 Of Thought and Sense stupendous Arbitrer,
 The Reason's whetstone ; of Physics very Atlas,
 To whom the Stagirite bowed his giant strength ;
 A Noah's Dove, who in old age perceiving
 No place nor rest for's Art, chose for himself
 Thus to return to his maternal Ark.
 The test of Subtilty, the child of Time,
 His mother Truth ; the Hive of honey'd Wit ;
 Of earth and life the only Hierophant ;
 The axe of Error ; grain of mustard-seed,
 Bitter to others, growing to itself—
 But my wit droops. Aid me, Posterity !

In spite of this array of vast acknowledgements, Herbert had praise left in him to offer to the Almighty, and his 'Ad Deum', a theory of inspiration, reminds one of Vaughan's comment that 'twas not my quill':

That mortal, highest God, whom Thou shalt bless
 Where he sits writing, with thy noiseless dew,
 That man no wasted labour shall distress.
 Futility shall not pursue
 Nor keep him sadly gnawing of his nails.
 His quill can never sulk, nor his head ache.
 Poesy thrills him ; through his limbs prevails
 A proud vein like the Nile whose waters take
 No note of dykes but pour abroad a welcome lake.

O sweetest Spirit ! Thou that dost distil
 Into man's mind thy holy murmuring rill,
 Dear Dove ! that I can write and (may it be !)
 Thus writing please, comes all of Thee.

The last poem in 'The Temple' opens with a prayer for the disappearance of war. This may be best annotated with Herbert's spirited verses entitled 'Inventa Bellica', which contain his most ambitious 'effects' in this kind of writing, and are animated by an ironical pacifism. The jest against friars is probably Herbert's principal deviation into humour. I have abbreviated the piece a little at the beginning and end.

Death's hunger dies not. Nor Emathius' flood
Might glut that maw, nor Daunia swoln with blood.
Though for this monster hosts on hosts be slain,
His ravenous appetite still calls again.

In oaks the first men housed, and caves beneath,
They and their families; but even there Death
Would not be left outdoors; the acorns filled,
The trunks protected, but the cudgels killed.
Sometimes, the careful plough deserted, all
Came flocking to some flowery festival,
Meadows and skies with dance and clatter rung;
But, while they took their ease, some rasping tongue
Provokes his mates; Ucalegon incensed
Returns the sneer and desperate brawl's commenced;
The crowd take sides, and anger's soon set up
With weapons—earth soon proves a slaughter-shop.
Bacchus (for he's o' the plot) assists the strife.
To these all things are double, except life.
Some stones, some sticks lay low; the treacherous grape
Lets that hot blood he gave.

This was the shape
Of war as man first knew him; in this key
Played (yet a green girl) fierce Tisiphone.

But such raw bloodshed pleased not long: Death sought
A rarer art, and murder better taught.
Then childish sport prepared the man, and toys
Of siege and line of battle tutored boys—
All this, that men might slay without offence,
And graduate in Death's school, by diligence.
O heaven, who studies virtue half so well
As killing? Do we have one life, to spill
Six hundred? Yet the haggard hydra grows
Where earth's mined deeps the secret ore disclose.

The iron, breeding mischief, now tastes gore,
 Raves through the world, and battenng bawls for more.
 The ancient tortures why should I recall?
 The Throwers, Scorpions, Catapults and all
 That Siculus devised, the English bows,
 The Norman axes, and (beside prayers) those }
 That Tityrus got for th' Idumæan foes ;
 The chariots of Arviragus the fierce
 And scythes that mowed down flesh, all these and worse,
 The headlong Ram, and all that art supplied
 Of malice. These men had, and thus they died.

And still our vice lacked its complete device,
 For which a timeless curse would not suffice.
 So in the forge the metal melts white-hot,
 The iron liquid pours through groove and pot,
 A tube Cyclopean thus begotten springs
 With giant hollow throat ; the smith next brings
 Wheels and an axle, a triumphal car
 For Death to ride on, ruling men from far !
 The Pyrian dust 's procured from halls of Hell,
 From lakes of sulphur, of mephitic smell.
 A wondrous Acorn, not like those men ate
 In ancient days before they yet sowed wheat,
 A leaden ball, is got—and pale as though
 It did its own unnatural nature know,
 Pluto's dark envoy, a letter sent by fate,
 Signed with black lead, piercing through life's last gate.
 This sealed, its servant lifts his hand that bears
 A burning rope's-end which i' the wind soon flares
 And fires the hellish train ; the powder takes
 The sparkling madness, in an instant breaks
 Tisiphone her den's close limit ; hoarse,
 Flaming, and proud she gratifies her force.
 Through high, through low leaps that tremendous roar,
 Deadening all other sound ; the spheres no more
 Make music, bellowing Erebus seems dumb
 While the swift Ball through vomit-smoke goes home.
 Towns fall, walls fly asunder, houses rock
 And countless bodies lie at a single stroke
 Stretched on the plain ; nor plague, nor baleful star
 Ever dispatched so many in its war.

Cocytus' barge groans with the vast demand,
And the tired boatman asks a helping hand.
Nor kills the Lead alone. The flying air
Will sometimes snatch away the life itself did bear.

Say, Furies, from what stock the goblin came.
Night, Aetna, Chaos, Cacus belching flame,
Ixion,—then Ixion with black clouds
Embracing got a Friar, who meekly shrouds
His melancholy in a lonely cell.
There full of Night and of the Prince of Hell
He makes this fiend, and gives gunpowder birth ;
And friars we know muse much on Death and earth,
Their downcast gaze and posture this confess.
But in no cell remained the wickedness.
Worse than a Jesuit torture out it burst
To waste the world and scorn the earlier worst
Of feebler violence. Fate's here understood :
The race shall pay in full for Abel's blood.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

ERRATUM

PAGE 40, line 10, *for* Archbishop of Canterbury *read* Bishop
of Winchester

MILTON'S *DE DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA*

THE manuscript of Milton's *De Doctrina Christiana* was found by accident in 1823 in the Old State Paper Office in Whitehall, and is now in the Public Record Office. With other suspected documents, it had been surrendered by Daniel Skinner, Milton's young friend and 'disciple', to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State for the Southern Department, shortly after Milton's death, and thereafter for about a hundred and fifty years all trace of it was lost. It was edited in 1825 by Charles Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

I am concerned to show that it was not *De Doctrina Christiana* as we know it to-day that was Milton's doctrinal guide in the composition of *Paradise Lost* but an earlier state of the treatise, that Milton continued to revise the treatise after the publication of the poem, and that the treatise had been largely based on the *Medulla Theologica* of William Ames.

I

There are five sources of evidence from which we may reconstruct the history of the composition and of the manuscript of *De Doctrina Christiana*: (i) Milton's preface to the work; (ii) references made to the 'body' or 'tractate' of Divinity by Milton's early biographers; (iii) the papers relating to the manuscript in the Public Record Office; (iv) the manuscript itself, the handwriting, the additions, and rewritings; (v) the relations of the subject-matter of the treatise to the rest of Milton's works, particularly to *Paradise Lost*.

(i) In his preface Milton recalls three stages in the development of the treatise. The first was the practice of his youth of going through some of the shorter systems of divinity, and, in imitation of these, classing under various heads relevant passages of Scripture:

Coepti igitur adolescens. . . Theologorum systemata aliquobreviora sedulo percurrere: ad eorum deinde exemplum, locos

communes digerere, ad quos omnia quae ex scripturis haurienda occurrissent, expromenda cum opus esset, referrem.¹

The second stage was the compilation out of the Scriptures of a body of doctrine that might be useful in assisting his memory and confirming his faith :

Nihil mihi tutius neque consultius visum est, quam ut ipse aliquid hujusmodi quod ad manum mihi esset, labore ac lucubratione propria ex ipso adeoque solo Dei verbo, et fidelissime quidem, nisi mihimet forte infidus esse volebam, de integro componerem.²

Milton went on with this work for some years until it became evident to him that a large part of the doctrine which he had been accepting and systematizing needed to be reconsidered and redetermined. This revision of doctrine is the third stage :

Quod cum per aliquot annos agere attentissime perseverassem . . . perpetuae diligentiae verique reperiendi indefesso studio, non credulitati supinae proposita esse a Deo etiam in religione omnia, tum facile perspexi ; restare adhuc plura quam putabam ad scripturarum normam sanctius exigenda, accuratiusque reformanda.³

It has been suggested that Milton withheld the treatise from publication because of its unorthodox argument.⁴ But when he wrote this preface there was no thought of concealment in his mind. After he had 'more accurately determined' the system of his beliefs according to the Scriptures, he intended to give *De Doctrina Christiana* to the world :

Haec, quibus melius aut pretiosius nihil habeo, quam possum

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, ed. C. R. Sumner, Cambridge, 1825, p. 2.

² *Ibid.*, p. 3.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

⁴ 'The reproaches to which its author had been exposed in consequence of opinions contained in his early controversial writings, may have induced him to avoid attracting the notice of the public, during the ascendancy of his political opponents, by a frank avowal of his religious sentiments.' Sumner, Preface to *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine* (translation), Cambridge, 1825, p. x; *Prose Works of Milton*, Bohn, vol. iv, p. xi.

latissime libentissimeque impertio.¹ . . . Latibula non quaero ; doctioribus . . . haec . . . propono.²

(ii) Milton's early biographers all mention the 'body of divinity', and from their statements it would seem that he was occupied with the compilation of the treatise at various times from 1640 onwards. Their evidence corroborates Milton's own account in his preface.

The 'anonymous' life, now shown by Miss Helen Darbishire to have been written by John Phillips, Milton's nephew, says that among the works which Milton 'began' when in 1655 he was excused 'from attending in his office of Secretary' was 'the framing a Body of Divinity out of the Bible'.³ Phillips goes on to say that all these works, which included *Paradise Lost* and a Latin Thesaurus, 'hee finish'd after the Restoration'; and in the next paragraph, with *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* also in his mind, he adds: 'In these Works, and the instruction of some Youth or other at the intreaty of his friends, hee in great Serenity spent his time and expir'd no less calmly in the Yeare 1674.'

There is a further and more important reference to the treatise in the summing up of the character of the poet :

From so Christian a Life, so great Learning, and so unbyass'd a search after Truth it is not probable any errors in Doctrine should spring. And therefore his Judgment in his Body of Divinity concerning some speculative points, differing perhaps from that commonly receivd, (and which is thought to bee the reason that never was printed) neither ought rashly to bee condemn'd, and however himselfe not to bee uncharitably censur'd ; who by beeing a constant Champion for the liberty of Opining, expressd much Candor towards others.⁴

This passage shows that John Phillips knew something about the subject-matter of the treatise, particularly about those parts in which the doctrine differs from 'that commonly received'. Of all the biographers he gives the best account of Milton's later years and death ; and we may be confident that

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 4.

³ *Early Lives of Milton*, ed. Helen Darbishire, 1932, p. 29.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 31.

if the treatise had lain finished for many years, he would have known why it was not published. When he says, 'which is thought to be the reason that never was printed', he is not telling us why Milton withheld the work from the printing-press, but why Daniel Skinner, to whom the manuscript was entrusted by Milton, refrained from publishing it after Milton's death. There is some confirmation for this view in the letters relating to the manuscript in the Public Record Office.

Edward Phillips, the elder brother of John Phillips, takes us back in his life of Milton (1694) to a much earlier stage in the composition of the treatise. Soon after his return from Italy in 1639, Milton undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward.

The Sunday's work [says Edward] was for the most part the Reading each day a Chapter of the Greek Testament, and hearing his Learned Exposition upon the same, (and how this savoured of Atheism in him, I leave to the courteous Backbiter to judge). The next work after this, was the writing from his own dictation, some part, from time to time, of a Tractate which he thought fit to collect from the ablest of Divines, who had written of that Subject; Amesius, Wollebius, &c. *viz.* A perfect System of Divinity, of which more hereafter.¹

Unfortunately Edward Phillips forgot this promise. When he speaks of the leisure that Milton had for his 'private designs' after he been relieved of his duties as Secretary, he makes no reference to the treatise. He mentions the Latin Thesaurus and *Paradise Lost*, but not *De Doctrina Christiana*. He had been chief amanuensis in the writing of *Paradise Lost*, but thereafter there would seem to have been periods when he was not in touch with the poet. He gives a wrong date for Milton's death, and he confesses that 'it cannot certainly be concluded when he wrote his excellent Tragedy entitled *Samson Agonistes*'.² I conjecture that Edward Phillips was unaware of that process of revision and addition by which the Tractate became something much more audacious and original than a collection from the 'ablest of Divines', and that the bulk of the revision was done when Edward Phillips was not

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 61.

² *Ibid.*, p. 75.

in close contact with the poet, in the years that followed the publication of *Paradise Lost*.

(iii) Milton entrusted the manuscript of *De Doctrina Christiana* and his Letters of State to his pupil and friend, Daniel Skinner.¹ Skinner agreed with Daniel Elzevier, the learned Amsterdam printer, to have these printed in Holland. From a letter (now in the Public Record Office) which was sent by Elzevier on 20 November 1676 to Sir Joseph Williamson as Secretary of State, we learn that Skinner intended to have the treatise printed in 1675, one year after Milton's death. Elzevier says:

Il y a environ un an que je suis convenu avec Monsieur Skinner d'imprimer les lettres de Milton, et un autre manuscrit en Théologie.

Skinner at this time saw no reason why the treatise should not be printed. In a letter to Pepys, written from Rotterdam on 19 November 1676, he says: 'I once acquainted you with my having the works of Milton, which he left behind him to me, which, out of pure indiscretion, not dreaming any prejudice might accrue to me, I had agreed with a printer in Amsterdam to have them printed.' Daniel Skinner was not the sort of man who would prejudice his advancement, and we may well believe that he did not dream that 'any prejudice might accrue to him' when he came to this agreement with Elzevier. But when he discovered that he might be prejudiced by the publication, he was, in Elzevier's illuminating phrase, 'ravy d'entendre que je n'avois pas commencé d'imprimer les dits traités'. He appears to have remained ignorant of the grounds of objection. In a letter of 15 March 1677, from William Perwich, English agent in Paris, to William Bridgeman, secretary to Sir Joseph Williamson, from whom Skinner still hoped for advancement, we find this statement:

as to Milton's Workes he intended to have printed, (though he saith that part which he had in Mss. are noe way to be

¹ The story of Daniel Skinner's transactions with Elzevier is told in *Original Papers illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Milton . . . in the State Paper Office*, edited for the Camden Society, by W. Douglas Hamilton, 1859.

objected against, either with regard to Royalty and Government) he hath desisted from the causing them to be printed.¹

Had Milton refrained from publishing the treatise because of its heterodox doctrine, Skinner would have known and would have taken warning. We may reasonably assume that there was some other reason why the work was not printed during Milton's lifetime. It may not have been ready for publication till shortly before Milton's death—if it was ever finished.

(iv) The manuscript consists of 735 small quarto pages. The first fourteen chapters (pp. 1–196) are in the neat Italian hand of Daniel Skinner, and have the appearance of having been fairly copied for the press. The rest of the work is almost wholly in the hand of an amanuensis who was serving Milton from 1658 to 1660.² In this second and larger part there are numerous corrections, additions, and interlineations, in at least three distinct hands. Many of them are in the hand of Daniel Skinner. Skinner has, for example, completely rewritten pages 571–4. Wherever a correction is made on a slip pasted over the margin of the sheet, it is made in Skinner's hand.³ The other hands I have been unable to identify.

It is possible to trace something of the history of the work from the state of the manuscript as it has come down to us. The treatise was first of all copied out fairly and, to some extent, ornamentally, by the amanuensis. In chapter xxv, the pagination suggests that he rewrote pages 1 to 22 of an earlier manuscript and reduced them to eight pages. He

¹ Sumner, who gives this letter, makes the suggestion that in describing Milton's works as 'noe way to be objected against, *either* with regard to Royalty *and* Government', the writer 'intended to have added, "or with regard to religion", "church polity", or something similar'. Preface to *Christian Doctrine*, 1825, pp. xiv, xv; *Prose Works*, Bohn, iv, p. xiv.

² Cf. 'On the date of Milton's *De Doctrina*', by J. H. Hanford, in *Studies in Philology*, 1920, pp. 311–12. I accept Professor Hanford's account of the work of this amanuensis.

³ There are six corrections on pasted slips, pp. 206, 247, 350, 353, 362, 472. All are of some length.

appears to have taken the first share in amending the work at Milton's dictation. Further amendments were made in other hands. Then on Milton's death the manuscript passed to Daniel Skinner, who had not acted as amanuensis. He proceeded to prepare it for the press. He rewrote the first fourteen chapters and some later pages, and when he thought the marginal additions not clear enough he pasted over them slips of paper containing, presumably, the same words in his own neat writing. To the words 'libri duo' in the title he added as an afterthought the word 'posthumi'.

For the copying by the amanuensis I should be inclined to suggest a date somewhat later than about 1659. Milton speaks in his preface of having pursued the compilation of his work 'wholly out of the Bible' *per aliquot annos* before he began to reshape and amend. We know from John Phillips that he began the work about 1655. *Aliquot* in the context would seem to suggest a period of time longer than three or four years, since Milton is reviewing the work of a lifetime. But there is another reason for a later date than 1659. In that year Milton used these words in *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*:

As for civil crimes and of the outward man, which all are not, no not of those against the second table, as that of coveting; in them what power they have, they had from the beginning, long before *Moses* or the two tables were in being. And whether they be not now as little in being to be kept by any Christian as they are two legal tables, remanes yet as undecided, as it is sure they never were yet deliverd to the keeping of any Christian magistrate. But of these things perhaps more some other time.¹

This is an obscure passage: but part of its meaning is clear. At this time Milton was not yet decided whether or not the civil law—in being, perhaps, before *Moses*—is obligatory on the Christian. It is just as clear in *De Doctrina Christiana* that no external law, whatever its origin, is binding on the believer; and that this civil law, though in existence before *Moses*, is really only the shadow, the rudiments of the Mosaic Law, and is consequently abrogated with the Mosaic Law.

¹ *Treatise of Civil Power*, 1659, p. 82; *Prose Works*, ii, p. 547.

'But', Milton says, 'of these things, perhaps, more some other time.' It seems that this 'other time' came when he wrote chapter xxvii, 'De Evangelio', in *De Doctrina Christiana*.

The corrections and additions seem all to have been dictated by Milton. Some of them are important reconsiderations, others are merely supplementary texts and elucidations. A large number of them deal with the Law and its abrogation under the Gospel. For example, on page 309 of the manuscript the following sentence has been deleted and a substitute has been written in the margin :

Hinc non Judais modo sed omnibus etiam non regenitis lex data est, etsi non plane Mosaica.

The marginal sentence reads :

Hinc omnibus nondum regenitis lex naturae data est in eundem finem, atque data est Israelitis lex Mosaica.¹

Milton came more and more to think of the whole Mosaic Law as confined to the Jews from the time of Moses until the Gospel. On page 307 of the manuscript the text originally read :

Lex Mosaica erat multorum praeceptorum, Israelitis potissimum.

The word *potissimum* has been struck out and the word *duntaxat* has been substituted in the margin. It would be possible, I think, from the manuscript of *De Doctrina Christiana*, to trace the history of Milton's view of the Law.

The import of all the corrections and interlineations in the manuscript would be matter for a long essay. It is enough for my present purpose to say that they suggest progressive revision.

It is in the first fourteen chapters of *De Doctrina Christiana* that Milton is most heterodox. This part of the work contains the argument of all those views that show him to have moved away from the commonly accepted doctrine of his time to a position almost Arian in its view of God and the Son, almost pantheistic in its conception of Creation and matter, and

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 297.

mortalist in its consideration of death. As these chapters have been fairly copied for the press by Daniel Skinner, the manuscript helps us very little.

Skinner must have prepared the work for the press in a round-about way. For chapter xiv (pp. 183–96) he used a smaller sheet than he used in the first thirteen chapters, and it conforms roughly in size to the sheets in the remainder of the manuscript. Further, unlike the earlier chapters, but like later chapters, it had been paginated independently, and the numbers were struck out when the whole work was paginated consecutively. It would seem that Skinner wrote this chapter before he made his fair copy of the first thirteen. His procedure may have been something like this: he first of all prepared the work for the press by rewriting only those passages (or chapters) made most illegible by alterations and additions; he then decided to copy out the whole work in his neat Italian hand; and when he came to chapter xiv, already fairly copied, he may have decided that the rest of the treatise was easily legible by the printer. Whether or not this conjecture is sound, we have reason to assume that when the manuscript came into his hands, the first fourteen chapters—precisely those chapters in which Milton's thought is most original—were in a worse condition than the rest of the work. We can decide the nature and the importance of the revisions made in these chapters only by comparing the subject-matter of *De Doctrina Christiana* with the theological views found in *Paradise Lost*.

(v) Professor J. H. Hanford, in his article on the date of *De Doctrina Christiana*, says: ¹

Milton would naturally have regarded the formulation of his religious views as the most important part of the process [of preparation for *Paradise Lost*] and would hardly have begun the work until he had reached, for the time being, perfect clearness on all the points involved.

Although it may be doubted if a study of *Paradise Lost* offers much evidence of this 'perfect clearness', Professor Hanford is probably right in assuming that Milton had formulated his

¹ See *Studies in Philology*, 1920, p. 313.

religious views 'for the time being'. Milton was, however, some years in writing *Paradise Lost*, and there is no reason to suppose that his views remained constant throughout those years. The evidence seems to show that Milton did use a body of doctrine in the composition of the poem, but that that body of doctrine is not wholly what we find in *De Doctrina Christiana* as we have it to-day.

There is decisive evidence that at least one passage in *De Doctrina Christiana* was revised and amended after Milton had written Book III of *Paradise Lost*. In chapter xvi of the treatise Milton discusses the death of Christ and comes to the conclusion that Christ died in the whole of his nature. If we turn to the relevant passage in the manuscript, on page 206, we find that before any additions were made Milton was approaching the view that Christ was wholly slain, in both natures, human and divine. But he was not yet decided. His view then was:

De natura autem divina, eane quoque morti succubuerit, haesitatio major est. . . .¹

The evidence, Milton declares, seems to show that Christ's divine nature was indeed slain with the human, but the problem is not yet finally solved. In the margin of the manuscript there are two additions: one, rewritten by Daniel Skinner on a pasted slip; the other, in one of the unidentified hands. These two additions finally dispose of Milton's problem. The first reads:

Rom. 10. 9. *si professus fueris ore tuo Dominum Jesum, et credideris in corde tuo quod Deus eum suscitavit ex mortuis, servaberis. Quem ore profiteri debemus, eundem Deus suscitavit ex mortuis: at Dominum Jesum, id est, totam Jesu personam profiteri debemus: totam igitur Domini Jesu personam suscitavit Deus ex mortuis.*²

The second addition (p. 207) is even more definitive:

Sane Christum et divina et humana natura sacrificium fuisse nemo inficiatur; sacrificium autem omne mactari oportet; totus igitur Christus, agnus ille mactatus fuit.³

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 222.

² *Ibid.*, p. 222.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 223.

This conclusion, we may observe, logically follows on the doctrine stated in chapter xiv—the last chapter to be completely rewritten by Daniel Skinner—where Milton declares that the two natures constitute one indivisible Christ :

Adeo ut ex duarum naturarum sive essentiarum unione illa utrinque hypostatica unus Christus, unum ens, una persona facta fuerit.¹

The same point of doctrine is alluded to in *Paradise Lost*, Book III, lines 245 ff.:

Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell.

When this was written Milton was in a doubt similar to that in which the sentence quoted above was written, before the later additions were made. The phrase 'all that of me can die' epitomizes the 'greater hesitation'. And the reference to the soul is reminiscent of the words, 'tum enim anima cum corpore eundem diem obiit'.² It seems clear that these lines in *Paradise Lost* were composed before the additions to the treatise were made. It seems probable, too, that other revisions and additions to the manuscript of the treatise were made after part or the whole of the poem was composed.

There are many and important points of doctrine, in which *Paradise Lost* is at variance with *De Doctrina Christiana*. Wherever there is disagreement, the treatise seems to represent a stage of opinion later than that discovered in the poem.

The opening of Book III of *Paradise Lost* is an invocation to the Son of God in the following terms :

Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 209.

² *Ibid.*, p. 222.

In this passage Milton leans to the view that the Son is co-eternal with the Father: he is at pains to compose a syllogism to show that he may so 'express' the Son 'unblamed'. In *De Doctrina Christiana* he asserts that the Son was begotten by God in time according to a decree. M. Denis Saurat, conscious of a difficulty, ingeniously suggests that Milton, intoxicated for the moment by his reading of Fludd, has temporarily forgotten the underlying logic of his own system. This can hardly be. Milton specifically refers to that logic in the disjunctive phrase, 'offspring of Heaven first-born'. Moreover, mere forgetfulness would hardly have allowed Milton to indulge in a syllogism to confirm his error. It is much more reasonable to suppose that when Milton wrote these lines in *Paradise Lost*, he had not yet come to the final conclusion that the Son was begotten by the Father in pursuance of a decree, and that therefore 'in tempore genuit Deus Filium'.¹ Milton was a long way from thinking of the Son as begotten according to a decree when he could pen these opening lines to Book III of the poem.

In *De Doctrina Christiana* Milton insists in many places on the difference in essence between the Father and the Son. He makes the logical point that it is absurd to suppose that two persons can share the same essence. In these opening lines to Book III of *Paradise Lost* he suggests the Father and the Son are indeed of one essence. He speaks of the Son as 'Bright effluence of bright essence increate', and he insists that God is Light as well as the Son. In *De Doctrina Christiana*, only one passage, so far as I know, after chapter xiv, mentions the difference in essence between God and the Son. In chapter xvi, 'De Redemptionis Administratione', Milton discusses the satisfaction of Christ, and concludes with these words:

Hoc tamen fateor, me non videre quo pacto qui Filium ejusdem cum Patre essentiae esse volunt, ejus vel incarnationem, vel satisfactionem possint satis expedire.²

This sentence is an addition to the manuscript (p. 210) in one of the unidentified hands.

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 60.

² *Ibid.*, p. 226.

The absolute inferiority of the Son to the Father is a central point in the system expounded in *De Doctrina Christiana*. Milton there shows that both the Father and the Son speak of this inferiority in the Scriptures. 'Patrem majorem esse Filio Filius ipse profitetur palam atque declarat.'¹ The testimony of the Father concludes: 'Filius Altissimi: non ergo ipse Altissimus.'² In Book III of *Paradise Lost*, however, Milton wrote:

Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss.³

Here there is an emphasis that leaves no doubt. Milton repeats the word 'equal'. The statement is unequivocal. We must conclude that the lines in *Paradise Lost* were written before the arguments in the fifth chapter of the treatise, 'De Filio Dei', were finally framed.

There is reason to believe that *De Doctrina Christiana* was never finally revised by Milton. Statements incompatible with his later views remain in the body of the work; and many contradictions illustrate the progress of his opinion. We should expect these unrevised statements to be found in those chapters where the general argument least differs from accepted opinion, for an oversight would be easy where the main thesis of the chapter needed no amendment. My view of the formulation of the arguments on the Trinity will receive striking confirmation if a chance phrase or sentence left unrevised in the text implies a state of opinion at variance with the confident statements of the chapter 'De Filio'.

In the opening lines of Book III of *Paradise Lost* we have seen that Milton expresses some hesitation about the relation between the Son and the Father. He is undecided: the Son may be an 'offspring of Heaven first-born', or he may be 'of the Eternal Coeternal beam'. There is a sentence in chapter ix of the treatise, 'De Gubernatione Speciali Angelorum', that seems to me to reveal exactly the same doubtful state of mind.

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 105.

² *Ibid.*, p. 107.

³ *Paradise Lost*, iii. 305 ff.

Milton is discussing the view that Michael is really Christ: and he uses this argument against that view:

De quo [Michael] Judas, *contendens*, inquit, *de corpore Mosis non ausus est*—: quod dici de Christo minus conveniret, praesertim Deo.¹

This second clause bears only one translation:

which would be an improper expression to use of Christ, *especially if he is God*.

In the chapter 'De Filio', Milton has already stated unhesitatingly and unambiguously that the Son is not God. It is highly unlikely that Milton would go back on this position, even for the purposes of argument, and weaken what has been made so certain by the conditional—'if Christ is God'. Nor can it be argued that here Milton does not mean 'especially if the Son be one with the Father', but merely 'especially if the Son be divine'. There is never any doubt about the Son's being divine: and *praesertim Deo* would have no meaning at all if we put that interpretation on it.

What, then, are we to infer? We have evidence in *Paradise Lost* that Milton was in doubt about the nature of the Son and his relation to the Father. Here, surely, in this phrase, *praesertim Deo*, we have a most significant relic. We must infer that in the earlier state of the treatise Milton used words in the discussion of the Son very similar to those which he used in his discussion of the death of Christ: *haesitatio major est*.² In both instances his doubts were resolved after he had written *Paradise Lost*.³

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 157, MS. p. 140; Epistle of Jude, 9.

² *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 222.

³ Sumner in his 'Preliminary Observations' points out that during the eighteenth century—when the contents and the existence of *De Doctrina Christiana* were not known—Milton was acquitted of the charge of Arianism. Newton declared that he was 'generally truly orthodox'. Trapp, in his preface to the Latin translation of *Paradise Lost*, said of the poem: 'omne ex parte orthodoxum.' And Dr. Johnson declared that Milton was 'untainted by any heretical peculiarity of opinion'. We may be sure that Johnson would not easily acquit Milton of the charge of heterodoxy: but his study of *Paradise Lost* convinced him.

We are thus able to suggest approximate dates for the stages in the composition of *De Doctrina Christiana* mentioned by Milton in his preface. Edward Phillips tells us that as early as 1640 he and his brother John wrote from Milton's dictation 'a Tractate which he thought fit to collect from the ablest of Divines, who had written of that Subject: Amesius, Wollebius, &c.' From John Phillips's *Life* we learn that Milton began to frame 'a Body of Divinity out of the Bible' when he was excused 'from attending in his office of Secretary'. This was in 1655. Apart from additions and interlineations and the portions which were transcribed by Daniel Skinner, the manuscript of the work is in the hand of an amanuensis whom Milton used occasionally, if not regularly, from 1658 to 1660. The argument on the Law, in one of the chapters written by this amanuensis, must be later than the *Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, published in 1659. Not earlier, then, than 1660, Milton began to reconsider his opinions and to revise his treatise. The manuscript of the work affords some evidence of this process of revision. A comparison of the doctrine argued in the treatise with that implied in *Paradise Lost* shows that parts, at least, of the first fourteen chapters were comprehensively amended after the composition of the early books of the poem. There is no evidence that Milton deliberately withheld the work from the press; there is evidence that he was little likely to do so. It seems probable, therefore, that Milton was occupied with the revision of the treatise during the composition of the later books of *Paradise Lost* and, afterwards, during the declining years of his life.

II

Edward Phillips, in his *Life of Milton*, names Amesius and Wollebius as two divines from whom Milton 'thought fit' to collect his 'Tractate of Divinity'. Milton himself, in his preface to the treatise, speaks of 'shorter systems' of theology in imitation of which in his youth he had arranged passages of Scripture under various headings. These shorter systems were *Medulla Theologica* by William Ames or

Amesius (1576-1633) and *Christianae Theologiae Compendium* by Johann Wolleben or Wollebius (1586-1629).¹ Ames was a member of Milton's own college at Cambridge until 1611, when his extreme puritanical views led to a quarrel with the master. In Milton's undergraduate days Christ's College must have remembered both Ames and his teaching. His book was translated under the title *The Marrow of Sacred Divinity* and 'Published by order from the Honorable the House of Commons' in 1642.

The general arrangement of Milton's treatise closely follows the general arrangement of these two manuals. Milton divides his treatise into two books: *De Dei Cognitione* and *De Dei Cultu*. Ames and Wollebius make exactly the same division. There are many unmistakable verbal correspondences,² and where the parallels are not so close, it will often be found that Milton has altered a passage from either Ames or Wollebius to suit his own purposes.³ In Book II passage after passage is taken from Ames or Wollebius with very little alteration, supplemented only by the addition of further illustrative texts.⁴ We cannot escape the conclusion that the treatise was in its origin largely a synthesis of these two short works.

In Milton's Commonplace Book, there is a cross-reference in the hand of Edward Phillips to a book, now lost, which is called *Index Theologicus*. If this 'Index' was analogous in form to the indexes of the Commonplace Book, it can hardly have been the 'Tractate' mentioned by Edward Phillips. Milton would appear to have kept a note-book in which he recorded under various heads relevant passages of Scripture, while he was engaged on what was to be a 'perfect System of Divinity'.

As early as 1640-1 Milton was considering the Temptation and the Fall of Man as a possible subject for a drama. In

¹ I use *Medulla Theologica*, editio novissima, 1634, and *Christianae Theologiae Compendium*, 1637.

² Cf. *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 215, and Wollebius. *Comp.*, p. 119.

³ Cf. *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 267, and Wollebius, *Comp.*, p. 215.

⁴ Cf. Milton's and Ames's chapters on Oaths and the Lot.

the Trinity College manuscript there are two drafts in which the central incident is 'Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin'. We may reasonably suppose that in pursuance of this design Milton would have collected and arranged passages of Scripture relating to the Fall. Genesis, chapter iii, is the basis of the central incident in Book IX of *Paradise Lost*; but in *De Doctrina Christiana* there is no mention of the temptation of Eve by the Devil, and the Devil plays little part in the cosmology outlined in the treatise. It seems probable that the *Index Theologicus* and the unrevised treatise would contain specific mention of Satan's share in the story of the Fall. A comparison of Book IX with Ames's chapter on the Fall supports this view.

Milton in *Paradise Lost* and Ames both follow Genesis iii fairly closely; but there are certain idiosyncrasies of idea, implied perhaps but not explicit in the scriptural version, common to both writers. Coupled with Edward Phillips's definite statement that Milton had used Ames's work, these correspondences make it seem more than probable that Ames supplied the skeleton of Milton's account of the Temptation and the Fall.

First, Ames states the view on which Milton everywhere insists, that Adam fell entirely of his own free will:

... acceperat enim illam justitiam et gratiam, per quam poterat persistere in obedientia, si voluisset.¹

So Milton:

... ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.²

Nevertheless, Ames continues, God did not give to Adam that special grace which would afford him complete protection against Satan's wiles:

quamvis gratia illa corroborans et confirmans, qua peccandi actus fuisset actu impeditus, et contrarius obedientiae elicitus, non tuit ipsi concessa, idque certo, sapiente, et justo Dei consilio.³

¹ *Medulla*, p. 54.

² *Paradise Lost*, iii. 97 ff.

³ *Medulla*, p. 54.

Milton makes use of the same idea :

... who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde
Of Man. . . .¹

Milton and Ames are agreed in this, therefore ; Adam had both knowledge and power not to disobey, although God 'hindered not Satan' in his attempt on the obedience of Man.

What Ames has to say about the Devil sounds much like a prose paraphrase of Milton's own words :

Diaboli primum peccatum fuit superbia. Ex superbia statim sequebatur invidia erga Deum, et Dei imaginem in homine. Quia enim inordinatam excellentiam affectando ordinatam amiserat, idcirco de aliorum excellentia dolebat, et ad eam opugnandam malitiose ferebatur. Diabolus autem non fuit causa cogens. . . .²

Milton's Satan is skilful in fallacies and sophistical argumentation. He knows how to 'gloze', how to 'tune his proem' ; he is 'guileful' and 'sly'. He presents the prospect of evil as though it were the highest good ; and his voice, even in the act of temptation, is impassioned with his 'zeal of right'. Ames describes the same Devil, when he says :

Tentatio Diaboli est fallacia vel argumentatio sophistica : qua sub specie veri et boni, seducere conatur ad falsum, et inducere in malum.³

Of the Temptation itself, Ames uses words that might well be a précis of Milton's own more elaborate description.

In ista tentatione, bonum, quod proposuit, et quasi promisit, ostendebatur quasi summum : medium adhibendum ad bonum illud assequendum, proponebatur quasi facile ac leve : malum illud maximum, quod imminebat, fuit occultatum.

. . . in hac tentatione tamen singulare quoddam artificium est observandum, quod varias astutias complectitur, easque valde subtiles.

Earum prima fuit, quod serpentem elegit pro instrumento, qui naturalem quandam aptitudinem habuit, qua Diabolus novit abuti. Gen. 3. 1.⁴

¹ *Paradise Lost*, x. 7 ff.

² *Medulla*, p. 55.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

Milton and Ames agree in attributing to Satan's cunning the temptation of Eve rather than of Adam, although Ames follows the Bible more closely in admitting that there is no evidence whether or not Adam was at hand. The ambiguity of Satan's questioning, his suggestion that God's threat of punishment would never be fulfilled, his promise that Adam and Eve should 'be as Gods, knowing both good and evil'—these are in both accounts.¹

Milton seems to have used Ames's *Medulla* just as comprehensively in his description of the effects of the Fall. In *De Doctrina Christiana* Milton says of the first degree of death, the first or psychological consequences of disobedience:

Reatum itaque terrores conscientiae aut comitantur aut sequuntur . . . Et divini praesidii favorisque discessus; unde et majestas oris humani imminuta, animique turpis demissio secuta est.²

Much more than this brief sentence, Ames's description reads like the source of Milton's narrative in *Paradise Lost*, and especially of Adam's first realization of the evil results of his sin:

Ex isto reatu oritur conscientia prorsus mala: accusans nempe, et condemnans juste. Atque hinc sequitur horror, et fuga praesentiae divinae.³

So Milton's Adam asks:

. . . How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more.⁴

¹ Cf. *Medulla*, p. 56, and *Paradise Lost*, ix. 656 ff.

² *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 188.

³ *Medulla*, p. 58.

⁴ *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1080 ff.

After the Fall, Ames continues, man is overtaken by every sort of filthiness :

Turpitude est pollutio illa spiritualis, qua peccator destituitur nitore et honore, et fit vilis. Matt. 15. 11. Apoc. 22. 11.

Haec Turpitude immediate sequitur offensam peccati, et manet in peccatore, postquam actus peccati transiit, ac desiit esse : vocari solet *macula peccati, corruptio, inquinatio, deformitas, dehonestamentum, nuditas, impuritas, labe* et aliquando *culpa*.¹

So Milton describes the first consequences of the Fall :

innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame.²

And in Adam's own words :

Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence.³

Milton and Ames agree in dividing ' death ' into its various degrees. Those outer comforts that made Paradise a blessed place give way to the change of the seasons and the hazard of the winds. Man loses his dominion over the creatures and they grow hostile to him.⁴ It is clear to Ames that this death in which man is involved through disobedience cannot be the simple annihilation of life :

Est autem Mors ista non simplex, et nuda privatio vitae, sed cum subjectione ad miseriam conjuncta : atque idcirco non est peccantis annihilatio. . . .⁵

Milton's genius turns this idea to dramatic use and allows

¹ *Medulla*, p. 58.

² *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1054.

³ *Ibid.*, ix. 1073.

⁴ Cf. *Medulla*, p. 69, and *Paradise Lost*, x. 707.

⁵ *Medulla*, p. 61.

Eve to suggest to Adam that the 'bare privation of life' will save them from the miseries that await them :

Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy.¹

To this Adam replies :

. . . much more I fear least Death
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts
Of contumacie will provoke the highest
To make death in us live.²

Milton's idea is the same as Ames's, although Milton has used it for his own purposes.

Ames goes on to speak of the poverty in which man must live :

. . . paupertas, vel amissio eorum, quae pertinent ad victum, vestitium et possessiones.³

Life for man, he declares, must now be full of toil and danger. But God is not vengeful and has tempered his wrath :

Moderatio in ista corporali poena elucens, est quoad interna et externa.

Quoad interna, quod vitae spatium et commoditatem habet homo adhuc ex benignitate divina sibi concessam. Gen. 6. 3.

Quoad externa, quod reliquias quasdam habet veteris dominii in creaturas . . . eo ipso conceditur simul eorum usus quae necessario requiruntur ad vitam, et ipsi aliquo modo debentur.

Hinc est, quod quamvis creaturae vanitati et maledictioni subjectae fuerint, propter peccatum hominis, Gen. 3. 17, 18 ; Rom. 8. 20, 22. Conservantur tamen in illo statu, ut possint sufficere necessitatibus humanae vitae.⁴

This sequence of ideas—the poverty of man, the dangers which now assail him, his weariness through toil, the moderation of God's wrath in that man has length of years and

¹ *Paradise Lost*, x. 1003.

² *Ibid.*, x. 1024.

³ *Medulla*, p. 70.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 70.

wherewithal to keep himself alive—is found in Adam's speech at the close of the Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* (ll. 1046–85).

. . . Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
My labour will sustain me. . . .
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; . . .
Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.

Milton's description of the Temptation, the Fall, and the consequences of sin has no real parallel in *De Doctrina Christiana*. The structure of this narrative and the framework of ideas were, I think, largely determined by Milton's early reading of Ames's *Medulla*. It is not merely a question of a common source: Genesis iii. The ideas come from every part of the Scriptures, and their arrangement, their relevance in this special context, are the same in Ames's *Medulla* as in *Paradise Lost*. We may conjecture that in some earlier stage of the composition of the treatise, Milton borrowed from Ames this account of the Fall and the consequences of Sin.

There is another notable correspondence of ideas between

Milton's chapter 'De Creatione', and Ames's chapter on the same subject. The description of the angels in each work is almost word for word the same and is supported by exactly the same passages of Scripture. There are many incidental similarities of thought. Milton, for example, agrees with Ames that the creation of man was completed with greater deliberation than the rest of God's work.¹ There is, however, one striking passage in Ames's account of the Creation which has no counterpart in Milton's treatise:

Bonitas rei creatae est illa perfectio qua apta sit ad usum, cui inservit: usus autem iste vel est particularis, vel universalis. Particularis est operatio illa propria, cui res aliqua in sua singulari natura inservit. Universalis est ordinatio rei unius cum aliis ad perfectionem universi. Psal. 104 et 148; Esa. 40. 13. Per hanc bonitatem res omnes creatae naturali suo modo tendunt ad Deum, a quo proveniebant. Ens enim secundum est a primo, et propter primum. Hinc phrases illae, *ab ipso, per ipsum, et propter ipsum sunt omnia*. Rom. 11. 36.

Tendunt autem ad Deum res naturales.²

But Milton's belief in the essential goodness of all that is, and the return of all things to God from whom they came, is found in *Paradise Lost*, in lines which seem to owe much to the passage quoted above:

O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
In'du'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind.³

¹ Cf. *Medulla*, p. 40, and *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 134.

Ames: 'Homo autem quasi consilio et deliberatione maiore: *faciamus hominem*. Gen. i. 26.'

Milton: 'Facturus autem hominem Deus, tanquam majus adhuc opus, consultantis similis praefatur Gen. i. 26.'

² *Medulla*, pp. 35, 36.

³ *Paradise Lost*, v. 469.

There could be no clearer identity of thought and phrase. Both Milton and Ames assert that there is a perfection in all created things which makes them tend to return to God from whom they came. There is, likewise, a more particular perfection which sustains them in their several spheres. Milton has perhaps translated Ames's view into the terms of a materialism which Ames might have hesitated to accept. But the essence of Milton's statement is to be found in Ames's *Medulla*.

From these correspondences it is reasonable to infer that when Milton was writing *Paradise Lost* he had in mind either the original or else a paraphrase of Ames's chapter on the Creation. There are good reasons for supposing that he was guided by an unrevised form of *De Doctrina Christiana*, which owed more to the *Medulla* than does the version we know to-day.

On the whole, the minutiae of theological speculation cannot have been Milton's concern until 1655. Politics, social problems, and the hope of a share in some great business of State had been his preoccupation. While his theological thinking was necessarily somewhat desultory, the Calvinistic set of his mind would not willingly yield to the pressure of newer and freer ideas. Nevertheless, the movement of opinion was going on around him from his undergraduate days onward. Milton was aware of it. The temper of his mind was sympathetic to many elements in it.

When, in 1655, his mind was freely occupied with doctrine, the full implications of the drift of opinion began to dawn on him. The old notes taken from Ames and Wollebius were very fully used in this new compilation; but Milton very often doubted and rejected the authority of these orthodox manuals. *The Trinity*—what did Ames mean when he said that the ultimate object of Faith is not Christ, but God? Does not this imply some inferiority in the second Person? *The nature of Christ*—how can one Person have two natures? Was Christ slain in both of his natures, human and divine? *The Mosaic Law*—must we still obey the letter of the Law? Must we not rather freely co-operate with the will of God?

Milton had gone some way in sifting 'matter of belief' from 'matter of opinion' when he dictated his treatise, part perhaps before, part evidently after 1659, but many of his doubts were still unresolved. This unsettled state of Milton's thought is reflected in *Paradise Lost*.

We are in a position to make some conjecture of the state of the treatise when Milton was composing *Paradise Lost*. Book I, chapters xv to xxxiii, were much as they are now, except for certain changes in two or three points of doctrine: the abrogation of the Law under the Gospel; the nature of Gospel Liberty; the death of Christ in his divine as well as his human nature; the worship of idols as representations of the true God. Chapters i to xiv of Book I, on the other hand, must have been very different from chapters i to xiv as we now have them. Milton was still in doubt whether or not the Son was of the same essence as the Father. Nor had he yet determined the nature of Christ 'Theanthropos'. We have reason also to suppose that he had made much fuller mention of the role played by Satan in the Fall of Man.

Some of Milton's second thoughts in doctrine are to be found in the later books of *Paradise Lost*. There is one clear instance of agreement between the altered text and the poem. In Book XII Michael tells Adam of the promised Saviour:

The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord.¹

In *De Doctrina Christiana* as we now read it, chapter xxvii, 'De Evangelio', Milton describes the Gospel as a new dispensation, 'primum a Mose et prophetis obscurius, deinde ab ipso Christo ejusque apostolis et evangelistis plena luce annuntiata'.² *Obscurius* and *plena luce* are additions to the manuscript in a later hand. Here we have evidence that revision was going on during the years in which the later books of the poem were written.

We may conjecture that it was Milton's later, more 'accurate' reconsiderations that made him think of giving his

¹ *Paradise Lost*, xii. 543.

² *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 299. MS., p. 312.

treatise to the learned world. He would hardly have had reason to publish a work that was largely a paraphrase of the manuals of Ames and Wollebius, even though it were salted with the chapter on the death of the whole man and the original views on polygamy. The pamphlet, *Man's Mortallitie*, by R. O., 'wherein was proved that man is a compound wholly mortal', was published in 1643, and Milton's chapter shows resemblances to it. The Divorce pamphlets exhausted what Milton had to say about marriage, and the chapter on the Special Government of Man in the treatise adds to them only the discussion of polygamy. There was, however, great import in his later views on the supremacy of the Father, on the complete union of the two natures of Christ in one Person, on the total abrogation of the Law under the Gospel.¹ These reshaped and restated the Christian religion: these strengthened 'its works of defence' where they were weakest.² Where else could be found, proved wholly from the Scriptures, a proper discussion of the true relation between the Father and the Son? Where else could be found so complete a statement of Gospel Liberty and the nature of Faith? These were sufficient reasons for publication.

It seems likely that Milton never finally revised the treatise. There are references in the earlier chapters to several points of doctrine that are either repudiated or modified in other parts of the work. In chapter iv, 'De Praedestinatione', Milton says:

(Tota scriptura) salutem atque vitam aeternam sub conditione obedientiae in Veteri Testamento, fidei in Novo, aequè omnibus proponit.³

A little later he modifies this statement in a passage that

¹ For Zanchius had not dared to follow the logic of his position. See *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 309 (translation, 1825, pp. 420-1; *Prose Works*, iv, p. 395).

² 'Reformatae religionis arcem animadverti . . . neque operibus neque propugnatoribus firmatam satis aut defensam', Dedication of *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 3; *Prose Works*, iv, p. 4.

³ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 36.

reads very much like an addition to the manuscript from which Daniel Skinner made his fair copy of the first fourteen chapters:

(vix enim est ut de electione proprie dicta, id est, ad vitam aeternam, in veteri foedere verbum ullum aut vestigium expressum reperias).¹

In chapter xxvi these words are added to the manuscript in a later hand, and I take them to be his last words on the Law:

Litera occidit . . . id est, vitam aeternam non promisit.²

Similarly we have seen how Milton seems to have left the phrase 'praesertim Deo' after he has definitely proved that the Son is not one with the Father. Such contradictions show that fragments of the earlier work remain undigested in the new thought.

De Doctrina Christiana was never conceived as a whole. It is a comprehensive body of doctrine, revised and supplemented as Milton's views changed. Despite the independence of his thought, and the unfailing earnestness of his purpose, it has suffered in its method by too close adherence to earlier manuals. But its importance as a statement of his religious opinions, and as a demonstration of the workings of his mind, cannot be questioned. *De Doctrina Christiana*, rather than *Paradise Lost*, must be our authority for what we hold to have been final in Milton's belief. ARTHUR SEWELL.

¹ *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 38.

² *Ibid.*, p. 298, MS. p. 310. These words are written in a hand that does not seem to have been used elsewhere.

The passage runs thus as printed by Sumner: '*littera occidit, id est, littera legis sive elementum, ut alias dicitur; occidit, id est, vitam aeternam non promisit.*' Milton's argument that the Law (the Old Testament) did not promise eternal life leads to the conclusion that 'faith in God through Christ' attains it: '*Fides autem in Deum per Christum assecuta est et quod lex ipsa et quod legis observatores praestare nequiverunt, idque ad vitam sempiternam.*'

IZAAK WALTON'S METHODS IN BIOGRAPHY

NO one doubts that *The Compleat Angler* is Izaak Walton's greatest work, but its prominence has given us a false impression of Walton. It has made us think of him as an honest, docile fisherman, employing his winters in writing pretty stories about his eminent friends. Whereas the reverse is more true. Walton is a thoughtful biographer, greatly interested in the political and ecclesiastical changes of his age, and sometimes taking a day off to go fishing. *The Lives* occupied the greater part of his life: in 1681, two years before his death, he was reissuing the *Life of Sanderson* in revised form, and his biographical activity can be traced back to a date some fifty-five years earlier. 1626 was the year of his marriage to Rachel Floyd. She was the great-granddaughter of Archdeacon Cranmer, the brother of the Archbishop: her uncle, George Cranmer, had been Hooker's favourite pupil at Oxford; and later, her mother, her uncle William Cranmer, and her aunt had lived in Hooker's parsonage at Bishopsbourne. Her aunt had afterwards been married, first to Hooker's literary executor, John Spencer, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and later to Richard Field, Dean of Gloucester. No doubt Walton's love of anecdote and taste for the company of great men were born with him, but his marriage gave him the opportunity of indulging them. He mentions in his Introduction to the *Life of Hooker* that 'forty years past'—that is, about 1626—when he first became acquainted with the Cranmer family, his affection to Mr. Hooker's works had made him a diligent Inquisitor into many things that concerned him; as namely, of his Person, his Nature, the management of his Time, his Wife, his Family, and the Fortunes of him and his. Which inquiry hath given me much advantage in the knowledge of what is now under my consideration, and intended for the satisfaction of my Reader.¹

¹ All quotations from *The Lives* are taken from the edition of 1675 and the *Life of Sanderson* (1681), except where otherwise stated.

There is reason to believe that Walton was living at this time at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street.¹ His house was therefore very close to the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, where he held the office of parish scavenger. The vicar of St. Dunstan's was John Donne, who held the living with the Deanery of St. Paul's. It is unlikely that Donne should not have known his parish officers; in any case Walton's connexion with the Cranmer family would probably recommend him to Donne's notice. At about the same time² Walton became acquainted with Henry King, the poet, later Bishop of Chichester, who was then a prebendary of St. Paul's. Possibly it was King who introduced him to Morley, later Bishop of Winchester, with whom Walton lived for many years in the episcopal palace at Farnham, for Morley was a younger contemporary of King at Westminster School and Christ Church. Morley introduced Walton to Hammond, Chillingworth, and Sanderson;³ and Sanderson's great friend was Gilbert Sheldon, later Archbishop of Canterbury, at whose instigation Walton wrote his *Life of Hooker*.

This was part of the acquaintance that prepared Walton for his biographical work, and allowed him to take advantage of the opportunity when it was offered.

The opportunity came by the death of Sir Henry Wotton, who was meditating a life of Donne as a preface to the first collection of Donne's *Sermons*. Having noticed Walton's inquisitiveness about the lives and manners of remarkable men, Wotton had asked his assistance in collecting material. But Wotton did little or nothing himself; and when at his death on 9 December 1639, his papers were examined, a life of Donne was not found amongst them. At this disappointment, Marriot the publisher seems to have decided to issue the *Sermons* immediately, and he entered them on the Stationers' Register on 3 January. It may have been this action to which Walton refers in his introductory remarks to the *Life of Donne*: 'When I heard that sad newes, and likewise that these Sermons were to be publisht without the Author's life, . . . indignation or grieve

¹ A document quoted by Hawkins (*Angler*, 1760, p. xiii), but since lost.

² *Lives*, p. 1.

³ *Sanderson*, a₁^v.

(I know not whether) transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken Collections, and resolved the world should see the best picture of the Author that my artlesse Pensil (guided by the hand of Truth) could present to it.'¹

Walton had no further time for research: his business was to arrange his material and write his biography as soon as possible. He informs his readers (in the 1675 edition) that he finished it on 15 February; that is to say, it cost him about six weeks' work.

According to his own account, the *Life of Donne* 'begot a like necessity of writing' the *Life of Wotton*, which was published in 1651 as a preface to the first edition of *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*; he had undertaken it, he says, at the renewed request of Sir Edward Bysshe, the Garter King-of-Arms, Charles Cotton, the elder, and Wotton's friend, Nicholas Oudart. This life was also written in haste for some reason which cannot now be explained; Walton begs the reader 'to afford him a gentle Censure, because it was by the Printer fetch'd so fast by pieces from the Relatour; that he never saw what he had writ all together, 'till 'twas past the Presse'.² The apology is offered again in the same words before the second edition of 1654, though in the meanwhile Walton had found time to make some changes in expression and to add half a dozen new passages. He made some further amends for haste in 1658 when he revised the *Life of Donne* and enlarged it. This was the first of his lives to be published in a volume by itself.

The *Life of Hooker* was published in 1665. It was occasioned by a prefatory memoir written by Bishop Gauden of Exeter for an important new edition of Hooker's works published in 1662. This memoir was so inaccurate that Archbishop Sheldon asked Walton to write an authoritative life which should correct it.³ Thus Walton cannot have been at work on the *Life of Hooker* for much more than two years. But he had been collecting material long before this opportunity occurred. He writes in his preface of certain valuable

¹ Donne's *LXXX Sermons* (1640), A₅^r.

² *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (1651), a₄^v.

³ *Lives*, A₆^r.

conversations about Hooker with Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Morton, who died in 1656 and 1659 respectively; and possibly the copy of Hooker's will which William Somner, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, made for him was procured before Laud's execution in 1645, since Somner was Laud's registrar and in charge of the wills at the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. Walton's inquiries about Hooker in 1626 and later years have already been mentioned.

There are some important differences between this work and Walton's earlier biographies. The *Lives of Donne* and *Wotton* were assisted by Walton's personal knowledge, but Hooker had died when Walton was seven years old. The *Life of Hooker* was written almost to command, and was published separately; the *Lives of Donne* and *Wotton* were intended as prefatory memoirs to volumes of collected work. And further, Hooker was a much more important man than either Donne or Wotton. In 1665 neither Donne nor Wotton had any place in the history of Church or State, and their lives therefore lent themselves to straightforward biographical treatment; the events were comprehensible without any special background, except for the background of Venetian domestic politics in the *Life of Wotton*. But Hooker had done more than any other writer to decide the policy and fate of the Church of England. Partly for this reason, partly because Walton had no personal memory to rely upon, Hooker became synonymous with the Elizabethan struggle against Puritanism. The *Life of Hooker* is a Life-and-Times biography: the first few and the last few pages give us a clear enough picture of the man; but Hooker's figure is lost in the centre of the book, for Walton is not so much concerned with recreating Hooker as with recreating Hooker's attitude towards Puritanism, which was also the attitude of Whitgift and the English Church. The book is a history of a short period of the Church's existence.

Walton's next biography was the *Life of Herbert* published five years later in 1670, and, like the *Life of Wotton*, it was accompanied by apologies. Not that it was written in haste, Walton says; but he was absent from London when it was

printing, and therefore could not rectify 'some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted'. Corrections were made for later editions, but the apology is allowed to remain. As for the *Life of Hooker*, so for this life too, some of the material seems to have been collected long before the book was written; for Walton says that he wrote this life not by request but for his own pleasure. He may therefore have had it in mind for some time. The most important collection of his new material came from Herbert's and Ferrar's friend, Arthur Woodnot: if Woodnot communicated this directly to Walton—there is some doubt about it—we must assume that once more Walton was collecting material for a biography twenty years before it was published, since Woodnot died some time before 1651.

In the *Life of Herbert* Walton maintains the different attitude to biography which has already been noticed in the *Life of Hooker*. Possibly because, again, he had no personal memories of his subject—he had only seen Herbert¹—Walton did not attempt a straightforward narrative like the *Lives of Donne and Wotton*. But neither is it a 'Life and Times'; it is Walton's nearest approach to hagiography. In this he was influenced by an earlier biographer of Herbert, Barnabas Oley. Both men regarded Herbert as a type of the perfect country parson, and Oley confesses that he had written his life of Herbert to recall the country clergy to a sense of their duty. Walton also has this in view. From the beginning his gaze is fixed on Bemerton. Even when Herbert is still at school, 'the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit, shin'd and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seem'd to be marked out for piety', and at Cambridge 'God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of vertue to all posterity; and especially, to his Brethren of the Clergy'. This last phrase shows why Walton gives so many pages of his biography to the instruction which Herbert delivered from his pulpit at Bemerton. The country clergy had not been so diligent since the Restoration, and this

¹ At Lady Danvers's funeral service; *Lives*, pp. 261, 270.

biography was to renew a right spirit within them. With this intention, Walton adds to his account of Herbert's book, *The Country Parson*, 'it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it'. It should also be noticed how Walton pauses on the confines of Bemerton to prepare his readers for descriptions of holiness to come, and to contrast Herbert's life with that of the modern clergy.

The four lives were issued as one book in 1670 and again in 1675. The fifth and last, the *Life of Sanderson*, was published with a collection of Sanderson's tracts in 1678, and reissued in revised form with Sanderson's sermons in 1681. Once more the printer had been in a hurry, and Walton offered the usual apologies for errors and the promise to correct them in a second edition. The *Life of Sanderson* is a return to Life-and-Times biography. Just as Hooker became synonymous with the Puritan struggles in Elizabeth's reign, so Sanderson became synonymous with the Puritan struggles in Charles I's reign and the Church's evil days in the Commonwealth period. But there is this difference: Walton was now writing both from personal experience and from the experience of Bishop Morley at his elbow.

In this life Walton makes use once again of material collected many years earlier; he includes a long and circumstantial account of a conversation which he had held with Sanderson in 1655. The most satisfactory explanation of this recurrent phenomenon is to suppose that Walton kept a diary. This would also explain how in 1675 he was able to remember the day of the month thirty-five years earlier on which he had finished the *Life of Donne*.

If Walton's diary existed, it was only one of the many sources which he used. These were the written work of his subjects both in prose and verse; their wills, quoted in evidence of their enduring sanctity;¹ their letters, printed and

¹ Walton does no more than refer to the wills of Hooker and Herbert, for these are arid legal documents.

in manuscript; earlier biographies, where these existed; and miscellaneous books and records.

Particularly interesting is the way in which Walton uses Herbert's poetry. Parallels are frequent and exact between passages in *The Temple* and *The Country Parson* and Walton's record of Herbert's conversations and actions. For example, Walton tells us that on his deathbed Herbert turned to his friend Woodnot and said, *I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in musick, and pleasant Conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them.* This reads like a prose summary of certain verses of *The Quip*.

First, Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poore man? said he:
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me . . .

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine:
And then they have their answer home.

It is possible that Herbert expressed himself twice on the same subject, but it is more likely that Walton has used the licence, to which he confesses in the preface to the *Life of Sanderson*, and has paraphrased what he thinks Herbert would have said on that occasion, choosing the words out of one of Herbert's poems. At another time, in a long answer to a friend who had advised him to be more frugal, Walton makes Herbert exclaim: *Being all my Tythes, and Church-*

dues, are a Deodate from thee, O my God! make me, O my God, so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee. It seems more probable that Walton has remembered a line in *The Church-Porch* :

Restore to God his due in tithe and time,¹

and has on this suitable occasion put Herbert's opinion into his own mouth, than that after a period of forty years Herbert's exact words from a long speech in a casual conversation could be perfectly remembered.

Walton's Lives of *Donne* and *Wotton* are the first accounts which we possess of these men, but he had had predecessors in the biography of Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, Fuller had written short accounts of Hooker in *The Church History* (1656) and *The Worthies* (1662), and Bishop Gauden's Life had been prefixed to the edition of Hooker's works published in the same year. Nicholas Ferrar had written a very brief biographical notice of Herbert as a preface to the first edition of *The Temple* in 1633, and Barnabas Oley's more circumstantial notice had been written for the collected edition of Herbert's *Remains* in 1652. A life of Sanderson by one D. F., entitled *Reason and Judgment: or, Special Remarques of the Life of the Renowned Dr. Sanderson, Late Lord Bishop of Lincoln*, had been published in 1663, the year of Sanderson's death.

The relation of Walton's lives to these earlier biographies varies in each case. Walton shows no acquaintance with *Reason and Judgment*. None, even, of the many anecdotes are common to both; and this is remarkable, for D. F. was well acquainted with Sanderson's habits and is able to tell his readers many things which experience leads one to expect from Walton. Thus Walton makes a point of relating how Donne composed his sermons and how Herbert dieted himself; D. F. knew all about Sanderson's methods, and had often watched him at table; but Walton apparently was ignorant: he tells us nothing of these things. Walton could have written a more intimate life of Sanderson if he had read *Reason and Judgment*, but not a more accurate life, for *Reason and Judgment*

is more like a character than a biography. The important events in Sanderson's career are not mentioned.

Walton knew the work of Fuller and Gauden on the life of Hooker, and of Ferrar and Oley on the life of Herbert, but his attitude towards them differs. The immediate occasion of his *Life of Hooker* was to correct the mistakes of Fuller and Gauden. To Fuller he owes no more than two phrases, one of which he borrows with acknowledgement—and improves in the borrowing—for the purpose of contrasting the doctrines of Hooker's and Travers's sermons at the Temple: 'The Pulpit spake pure *Canterbury* in the *Morning*, and *Geneva* in the *Afternoon*.'¹ The other is the epithet 'dove-like' applied to Hooker's simplicity.² To Gauden he owes nothing.

Ferrar's and Oley's accounts of Herbert are much more trustworthy than Fuller's and Gauden's accounts of Hooker. Ferrar's is a slight piece of work intended merely to show the reader of *The Temple* what kind of man Herbert was. Walton's debt to it is an anecdotal debt. It was from Ferrar's account that he learned of Herbert's abundance of private devotions, and his 'solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leafe [of the word of God] for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange'. Some three or four more examples could be added.

It has already been shown that Walton was influenced by Oley's attitude towards biography; and in addition to this general debt, Oley's *Life* is the source of a number of anecdotes and small details which Walton relates. But Oley never mentions a date, which is evidence that his work was of very little value to Walton in research. There is one example of Walton trusting Oley too far and misconstruing his meaning. Walton describes the church which Herbert built at Leighton Bromeswold as 'being, for the workmanship, a costly *Mosaick*: for the form, an *exact Cross*; and, for the decency and beauty, I am assur'd it is the most remarkable Parish-Church, that this Nation affords'. It is unlikely

¹ *Worthies* (Devonshire), p. 264.

² *Church History*, Bk. IX, p. 235.

that Walton had ever seen the church ; indeed he cannot have seen it for, as Zouch, a very competent eighteenth-century editor, points out in a puzzled note on this passage, there is no trace of mosaic work to be discovered. Walton was misled by Oley's summary of Herbert's work at Leighton : Oley writes, '*So that the Church of England owes to him . . . the reparation of a Church-materiall*'; and then he passes on, by a natural sequence of ideas, to Herbert's volume of poems, and adds '*and [the] erection of that costly piece (of Mosaick or Solomonick work,) the Temple*'.

Walton's predecessors in biography were of little anecdotal value to him, and of no value in the hard work of research. The bulk of his material had to be gathered from the memories of his friends and from scattered books and records. He knew which works were authoritative and which were likely to give him the occasional information he required. For English history he referred to Camden ; for Irish history, to Carew's *Pacata Hibernica* ; and for ecclesiastical history, to Fuller¹ and Spottiswood. He also knew the value of county histories : Lambard's *Perambulation of Kent* is his acknowledged authority in the *Life of Wotton*, and in the *Life of Sanderson* Thoroton's *Antiquities of Nottinghamshire*, published in the preceding year. These were the recognized authorities, books which librarians would now call 'select' ; but Walton refers to others, which are authorities only for the occasion. Thus Bernard's *Clavi Trabales*, a collection of tracts by Archbishop Ussher and others, is used in evidence of the existence in manuscript of more complete versions of Hooker's last three books than those then printed, and Watson's *Quodlibets*, a Jesuit's book of political casuistry, as evidence of attempts first to excommunicate James I and then to assassinate him. The accounts of Bishop Lake and Bishop Abbot of Salisbury in the *Life of Sanderson* can be traced to the anonymous life of Lake prefixed to the collection of his sermons published in 1629 and to Fuller's *Abel Redivivus*

¹ Apparently so ; for at least two anecdotes and two pieces of unusual information are common to both writers and related in very nearly the same words.

respectively. Walton's account of the family of the Herberts is much more circumstantial than Oley's account. This may be due to oral information, but it is just possible that Walton had been allowed to see a manuscript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography. He appears to know only so much about Herbert's brothers and sisters as Lord Herbert chooses to relate; and of Lord Herbert's own career he gives an adequate account down to the year 1624, in which the autobiography was concluded, but of his later life he mentions nothing except that he was created Baron Castleisland and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and that he wrote a history of the reign of King Henry VIII, facts which would be common knowledge to any one who knew Lord Herbert's name.

This list of books is not exhaustive, but it is sufficient to show that Walton had the intelligence necessary for research. His use of records corroborates this. One remarkable difference between Walton's lives of Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson and those of Gauden, Oley, and the others is that the early lives rarely mention a date whereas Walton's lives are full of them. Some of these dates are common dates. When Walton writes that Donne sailed in the Cales and Islands expeditions of 1596 and 1597 he is recording dates which are common to more lives than one and which could be discovered in a work of history. But when he states that Herbert was born on 3 April 1593 and that Sanderson matriculated on 1 July 1603, he is recording personal dates, dates which do not affect any more lives than one; and if Walton did not find these dates in previous biographies, then in all probability he had to search the records for them. Either he consulted the records himself or he got some one else to consult them. There was no custom in these matters. Fuller states in *The Worthies*¹ that the Master of the Records in the Tower transcribed documents for him, and William Petyt, the archivist, assisted Bishop Burnet in searching the Parliament Rolls for his *History of the Reformation*;² on the other hand, Wood took the trouble of making a special journey from Oxford to

¹ *Worthies* (General), p. 65.

² *D.N.B.*, sub 'Petyt'.

visit the Tower,¹ and John Walker says² that he went in person to all the public offices in London, except the Tower, where the Bishop of Lincoln had been before him. Walton makes few definite statements. He says that he had a transcript of Hooker's will from William Somner; but on the other hand, when recording that Sanderson proceeded Master of Arts on 11 July 1608, he notices that Sanderson is suspiciously young to take his degree, and adds: 'If I be mistaken in the time, the college records have misinformed me; but I hope they have not'. This suggests a personal inspection, and so perhaps does a passage in the *Life of Herbert*: 'I find by the Records of *Lincoln*, that he was made Prebend of *Layton Ecclesia*, in the Diocess of *Lincoln*, July 15. 1626.' An example of frustrated diligence is afforded by the *Life of Wotton*: 'Many other of his Services to this Prince, and this Nation, might be insisted upon. . . . But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some Papers that might inform me, (his late Majesties *Letter Office* having now suffered a strange alienation).'

Walton's dates are usually more trustworthy when he mentions the day of the month as well as the year than when he mentions the year only. It is quite possible to guess at the year in which something occurred; and Walton occasionally does so. For example, he says that the time of Sir Henry Wotton's arrival in Venice was about the year 1604. It was a good guess. But Walton could scarcely expect to guess the day and month of any event correctly, and sufficient is known of Walton's regard for truth to be sure that he would not make the attempt. If he quotes the day and month as well as the year, he has applied to some record for the date. Thus when he mentions Hooker's election to a scholarship at Oxford, we can be almost positive that he or some one employed by him has been to the college records. Not only the detailed date but the very language is indicative. 'In this nineteenth year of his age, he was *December 24. 1573.* admitted to be one of the twenty Scholars of the Foundation,

¹ *Life and Times* (Oxford Historical Society, xxi, p. 109).

² *Sufferings of the Clergy* (1714), p. xxiii.

being elected and so admitted as born in *Devon or Hantsire*; 'elected and admitted' suggests the phraseology of the college register. Similarly, there can be little doubt that he or his proxy had been to the Lincoln diocesan registers for the date of Hooker's presentation to the living of Drayton Beauchamp; else, for what reason should the patron's name be given? It is never heard of again.

A comparison between the detailed date and the rough date will show what need there is to be suspicious of the latter. Walton states that Sanderson 'was born the nineteenth day of *September*, in the year of our Redemption 1587', but of Donne's birth he writes 'Master *John Donne* was born in *London*, in the year 1573'. There is no extant record of the birth of either man, but there is some check upon Walton. The Sheffield parish register records Sanderson's baptism on 20 September 1587, and Walton's date is therefore credible. Thanks to Professor F. P. Wilson¹ we now know that Donne was born sometime between January and June 1572. Walton's mere '1573' is thus shown to be a rough estimate. The date was added to the fourth edition, and was very probably calculated from the evidence given by the Marshall portrait of Donne, on which Walton had written some verses, and where Donne is stated to have been eighteen years old in 1591.

Even if all this research could be credited to Walton's unaided powers, there would still remain much which he owed to his friends. Walton makes several acknowledgements. He mentions that Bishop Morton of Durham had told him of Donne's refusing his offer of a benefice. To Fulman, the Oxford antiquary, he was indebted for some evidence of Hooker's expulsion from college and for the exact date of his death. Bishop Henchman of London had described for him Herbert's ordination and burial, in both of which he had assisted as a canon of Salisbury. Bishop Pearson of Chester had informed him of the part which Sanderson had played at the Savoy Conference, and Sir William Dugdale had shown

¹ *Review of English Studies*, iii. 272.

him a manuscript in evidence of Charles I's high opinion of Sanderson's *De Juramento*.

But the assistance which Walton received from his friends was more intimate than such casual references suggest. There is some reason to suppose that his chief helper in the *Life of Donne* was Bishop Henry King. King's father had been chaplain to Sir Thomas Egerton while Donne was his secretary, and some ten years later, as Bishop of London, had ordained him: King himself had quite possibly met Donne as early as 1616. Later King, whose poetry is touched with the manner of Donne, was counted one of Donne's most intimate friends; he and Walton were among the select few to whom Donne gave his seal, and King was appointed one of Donne's executors. He must therefore have had much personal and family knowledge to communicate to a biographer, and it is interesting to find Sir Henry Wotton mentioning King's name when writing to Walton about his proposed life of Donne.¹ Wotton's biography was never written. What is more likely than that Walton should turn to King for information and help when he hurriedly took up the work? It is worth noticing that of Walton's narrative of the early life of Donne, the part which needed least alteration in subsequent editions was the account of Donne's courtship and marriage, of which Henry King would have special knowledge from his father.

Something has already been said of the ecclesiastical help which Walton received in writing the *Life of Hooker*. It was commissioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presumably gave his assistance where it was needed; Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Morton had talked to Walton about Hooker; Bishop King had written a commendatory preface; all this suggests that the *Life of Hooker* was a semi-official Anglican account of the Church's victory over the Puritans. The *Life of Sanderson* seems to have been authorized in the same semi-official way. Much of it deals with the years of Puritan supremacy, and there is a long account of those difficult times before the King's execution. Walton was an eyewitness of the course of events, and much could therefore be

¹ *Reliquiæ*, p. 511.

related on his own testimony. But the life was written in Bishop Morley's palace at Farnham, and was dedicated to him; it is therefore no rash assumption to say that Morley, who had been such an important figure in the struggle, was allowed some part in guiding the account of the Church's second conflict with the Puritans. This is made even more credible by the Epistle Dedicatory to the collected edition of 1675, in which Walton states that 'hearing and discoursing' with Morley had enabled him 'to make the Relation of these Lives passable'.

This episcopal assistance is certainly the most important factor in the *Lives*, and it must be taken into account in any estimate of Walton's trustworthiness. He did not work alone.

There are two aspects of biographical truth, truth to fact (a faithful record of dates and incidents), and truth to impression (a faithful record of the subject's character and manner of life). Walton's abundant revisions and his reiterated assertions that he has made no wilful mistakes and that he lacks the skill to deceive, make it quite impossible to doubt either his good intentions or his strenuous efforts to perfect the *Lives*. But allowances have to be made for self-deception and the possibilities of human errors. The uncertainty of his rough dates has already been noticed, but even his detailed dates are not always accurate. His early habit had been to avoid using them. The *Life of Donne* had been related in 1640 without the need of any dates as far as August 1630, seven months before Donne's death. Three dates only in the first edition of the *Life of Wotton* refer to Wotton's career. Detailed dates become more frequent in the *Lives of Hooker* and *Herbert*, and there are more than twice as many in the *Life of Sanderson*. This suggests that Walton gradually realized their value, which is corroborated by the first systematic dating of the *Life of Donne* in 1675. But he never accustomed himself to using them; he preferred to date an event by the year of his subject's age rather than by the year

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of our Lord, and he seems to have become confused between the two.

When transcribing, Walton made a distinction between books and records. Deeds and wills he copied accurately enough, but when quoting from poems he relied on his memory: Shirley's

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust

becomes

But, the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust ;

and a difficulty in Herbert's *Affliction* :

I took thy sweetned pill, till I came neare ;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

is ingeniously resolved :

I took the sweetned Pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

When Donne does not express himself sufficiently clearly in his letters, Walton makes the meaning obvious. 'Sir', Donne writes in one letter, 'I hope to see you presently after Candlemas, about which time will fall my Lent-Sermon'; Walton adds 'at Court': 'except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out'; Walton adds 'of the Roll'.¹

It is sometimes said that Walton's *Lives* lack truth to impression. The objection is made by Mr. Harold Nicolson, who writes: 'Where Walton fails is in truth: he fails to present us with complete or even probable portraits; the intrusion of his own feelings and predilections is too apparent; he is too confident of his own ethical values; he surrenders too readily to the deductive method.'² This has the fascination

¹ This subject has been treated more fully by the present writer in *Review of English Studies*, viii. 72-4.

² H. Nicolson, *The Development of English Biography*, 1927, p. 65. The opposite point of view is expressed by Saintsbury, who goes to the other extreme: 'The human Donne whom Walton depicts is so exactly the poetical Donne whom we knew, that the effect is uncanny' (*Poems of Donne*, Muses' Library, i, p. xii).

of an easy summary. We read Donne's poems, and our impression of their author is, to use Mr. Nicolson's phrase, that he was a 'tortured sensualist'; yet Walton would have us believe that Donne spent a studious youth, chiefly occupied in deciding points of religious controversy, and that his old age was unusually saintly. No doubt that is the impression which Walton intended to convey, but there is a great deal more than that in the *Life*. Walton does not think it too outrageous to compare with a whirlwind the force of that love which led to Donne's marriage¹: he tells us that Donne's reason for refusing Morton's offer of a benefice was that there had been some irregularities in his life which needed penitential resolutions to be made against their recurrence. He refers to some of Donne's passionate speeches,² and in his concluding character he writes: 'He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it'. In another place he speaks of his wit 'able and very apt to maintain Paradoxes', and later of his fancy 'unimitably high', and again of 'his winning behaviour (which when it would intice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art)'. That is more like the Donne we imagine from the poems. Yet the general impression we gain from Walton's *Life* is of Donne's studiousness and piety. The two are not difficult to reconcile. Walton dare not conceal the irregularities of Donne's early life because of his regard for truth; but he loads the scales against them with longer accounts of Donne's sanctity, partly because he does not think that the irregularities are important, partly because he is writing from his memory of the last five years of Donne's life when studiousness and sanctity prevailed. He tells the whole truth, but the old man is of more interest to him than the young.

Walton's procedure in writing the *Life of Herbert* was much the same. He looks forward to Bemerton from Herbert's childhood, laying stress on every appearance of sanctity; and it is because of this emphasis that we suppose Herbert's life to have been one of almost incredible piety. Yet those who read *The Temple* and *The Country Parson* are not satisfied

¹ *Lives*, p. 16.

² *Ibid.*, p. 68.

that Herbert's character can be explained so easily, and close study of Walton's Life reveals much more than a life of unswerving holiness. Walton relates that Herbert neglected his duties as public orator at Cambridge to follow the King in hopes of Court preferment; he mentions his love of fine clothes—Herbert wore silks and a sword when he was a prebendary, though this was an infringement of the rubric¹; he mentions his over-zealous reproofs of indecent behaviour in church, which may be taken to corroborate Lord Herbert's attribution of a hasty temper.² Walton even confirms the impression received from reading *The Temple* and *The Country Parson* that Herbert had difficulty in forgetting that he was an aristocrat:—‘And, if during this time he exprest any Error; it was, that he kept himself too much retir'd, and at too great a distance with all his inferiours.’ But these things are swallowed up in Herbert's holiness. Walton mentions them because they are part of the truth, but he does not think them important.

Walton tends to lay stress on sanctity and studiousness of life at the expense of other characteristics. This is the personal criticism which he applied to his collected facts. But the facts are there for any one who cares to look for them.

JOHN BUTT.

¹ *Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiasticall* (1604), ch. 73.

² *Autobiography*, ed. Lee, 1907, p. 11.

SOME DATES IN COLERIDGE'S *ANNUS MIRABILIS*

COLERIDGE'S own dates for the ballads of his flowering time at Stowey were recorded long after they were written. His editors, James Dykes Campbell in 1893 and Ernest Hartley Coleridge in 1907 and 1912, have occasionally departed from them, on a theory that in such points his normal 'tenacious and systematizing' memory was apt to fail him. 'Coleridge is generally unreliable in the matter of dates assigned to particular single events', writes Campbell, and this is echoed by Professor Lowes with 'The one thing which Coleridge seems to have been constitutionally incapable of remembering correctly was a date that concerned himself'.¹ I am not sure that the facts cited by Professor Lowes fully bear out so sweeping a statement. There is a constant error as to the day, and sometimes the year of his birth, which was hardly within the scope of his own memory. Probably he had not consulted the Ottery registers. There is a tendency to ascribe undated scraps of verse to his schoolboy days. There are two definite misdatings in books printed away from his eye in 1815, for an unsatisfactory publisher, one of which he repeats in a letter of the same date. I will not claim that he was infallible.

The important issue, of course, is as to the time-relations of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*. In reviewing the somewhat complicated evidence, I will begin from the angle of an unnamed ballad which figures in Coleridge's correspondence of 1797-8. It is first mentioned in an undated letter to his friend and publisher, Joseph Cottle of Bristol.² The manuscript is mutilated, but the earlier part of the letter appears, from the fragment preserved, to have been devoted,

¹ J. L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu* (1931), pp. 356, 584.

² Harvard College Library, 19478. 5. F. I owe a photostat to the kindness of Professor Lowes.

wholly or mainly, to criticism of a poem by Southey. Then Coleridge turns to his own affairs.

I am translating the *Oberon* of Wieland—it is a difficult Language, and I can translate at least as fast as I can construe.—I pray you, as soon as possible, procure for me a German-English Grammar—I believe, there is but one—*Widderburne's*, I think—but I am not certain.—I have written a ballad of about 300 lines—& the Sketch of a Plan of General Study:—and I have made a very considerable Proficiency in the French Language, and study it daily—and daily study the German—so that I am not, and have not been, idle. — I have heard nothing about my Tragedy, except some silly remarks of Kemble's, to whom Linley shewed it—it does not appear to me that there is a shadow of probability that it will be accepted.—It gave me no pain—& great pleasure in finding that it gave me no pain. I had rather hoped than believed, that I was possessed of so much philosophical capability.—Sheridan, most certainly, has not used me with common Justice. The proposal came from himself—and altho' this circumstance did not bind him to accept the Tragedy, it certainly bound him to pay every & that the earliest, attention to it. I suppose, it lies snugly in his green Bag—if it have not emigrated to the Kitchen or the Cloāca.

I sent three mock Sonnets in ridicule of my own, & Charles Lloyd's, & Lamb's, &c &c—in ridicule of that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping & misplaced accent on common-place epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by Italics (signifying how well & *mouthisly* the Author would read them) puny pathos &c &c—the instances are almost all taken from mine & Lloyd's poems — I signed them Nehemiah Higginbottom. I think they may do good to our young Bards.—

God love you &

S. T. Coleridge.

P.S. I have procured for Wordsworth's Tragedy an Introduction to Harris, the Manager of Covent-garden—who has promised to read it attentively and give his answer immediately—and if he accept it, to put it in preparation without an hour's delay.

Cottle's treatment of this letter is a characteristic example of the way in which he handled his Coleridge material, both in his *Early Recollections* (1837) and in its revised form as *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey*

(1847). He nowhere prints it as a whole. Most of it appears, very inaccurately, as an undated letter, inserted between notices of events in 1797 and 1798.¹ The bit about Wordsworth's tragedy is given separately, some pages earlier.² That about the ballad and the plan of general study is put in 1795, with a hope that 'the productions named may be still in existence'.³ The manuscript, however, is endorsed, probably by Cottle himself, as of 'Nov. 1797', and internal evidence shows that this is approximately right. We know from other sources that Coleridge's *Osorio* was sent to the poet Bowles for transmission to Sheridan on 16 October 1797⁴; that Wordsworth's *Borderers* had gone to Covent Garden by 20 November⁵; that the Higginbottom sonnets were in *The Monthly Magazine* for November, published in December⁶; that the rejection of *Osorio* had been notified by 2 December⁷; and that Coleridge had been working during the last three months of 1797 on a 'plan of general study' for a group of pupils to be taken in conjunction with Basil Montagu.⁸ Sheridan's methods in dealing with business affairs were much like Coleridge's own, and the green bag into which he put unanswered letters was notorious. But even Coleridge could hardly have become impatient for a decision on his play much before the middle of November.

We hear next of a ballad on 6 January 1798, when Coleridge wrote to Estlin on his plans for meeting his debts⁹:

I will sell my Ballad to Phillips who I doubt not will give me 5 £ for it.

This was Richard Phillips, the proprietor of *The Monthly Magazine*, wherein, however, no such ballad is traceable. A third letter is again to Cottle, on 18 February 1798.¹⁰

¹ *E. R.* i. 288; *Rem.* p. 159.

² *E. R.* i. 251; *Rem.* p. 143.

³ *E. R.* i. 138; *Rem.* p. 66.

⁴ G. Greever, *A Wiltshire Parson* (1926), p. 32.

⁵ W. Knight, *Letters of the Wordsworth Family* (1907), i. 112.

⁶ *iv.* 374.

⁷ E. L. Griggs, *Unpublished Letters of Coleridge* (1932), i. 84.

⁸ *Letters to J. P. Estlin* (1884), p. 46.

⁹ Griggs, i. 92.

¹⁰ Griggs, i. 101.

I have finished my ballad—it is 340 lines. I am going on with the Visions—all together (for I shall print two scenes of my Tragedy, as fragments) I can add 1500 lines—now what do you advise? Shall I add my Tragedy and make a second volume? or pursue my first intention of inserting the 1500 in the 3rd Edition.

The '3rd Edition' never appeared. Nor was *Osorio* then printed. The two scenes from it are in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. Here, too, is *The Ancient Mariner*, as a 'Rime'. In the second edition of 1800 it became, for a time, 'A Poet's Reverie'. It is, of course, in strict form a ballad. Wordsworth called it a 'Vision'.¹ But the 'Visions' of the letter to Cottle were almost certainly the *Visions of the Maid of Orleans*, with which Coleridge originally meant to piece out his contribution to *Juan of Arc* for the *Poems* of 1797. He dropped them in deference to Lamb's criticisms, and never in fact finished them. The surviving fragments were printed as part of *The Destiny of Nations* in *Sibylline Leaves*.

It is reasonable to suppose that all three of Coleridge's letters refer to the same ballad. But can we identify it? There are four things which have to be taken into account—*The Ancient Mariner*, the First Part of *Christabel*, *The Dark Ladie*, *The Three Graves*.

Of *The Ancient Mariner* we hear nothing by name, until Cottle took it from Alfoxden to Bristol, probably in June 1798, to begin the printing of the *Lyrical Ballads*.² When Coleridge revised it about 1815 for the volume which appeared as *Sibylline Leaves* in 1817, he added the note:

It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him (Wordsworth) and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

About the same date, describing in the *Biographia Literaria* the genesis 'during the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours' of the *Lyrical Ballads*, he says that in accordance with the plan for this:

I wrote 'The Ancient Mariner', and was preparing among other poems, 'The Dark Ladie', and the 'Christabel', in which

¹ *Prelude*¹, xiii. 396.

² *E. R.* i. 315; *Rem.* p. 178.

I should have more nearly realised my ideal, than I had done in my first attempt.¹

The chronology here is, of course, less precise than that of *Sibylline Leaves*. The 'year' in question may be, not a calendar year, but the period from 28 June 1797 to 2 July 1798, during which the Wordsworths were at Stowey and Alfoxden. More puzzling is a later statement. On 22 October 1815 Coleridge sent to Lord Byron seventeen lines of verse as being all he could remember from a poem called *The Wanderings of Cain*, of which he had lost the only copy.² On 12 May 1825, in response to a request for an autograph, he sent to an acquaintance, possibly T. J. Pettigrew, the same lines and title, and wrote at the top of the sheet, 'The first stanza of the Poem, composed in the same year in which I wrote the Ancient Mariner and the first Book of Christabel'.³ The keen eye of Professor Lowes has observed that 'year' is an alteration in the manuscript for 'month'. The same lines, with the same heading, were printed, also in 1825, as a footnote to *Aids to Reflection*.⁴ To *The Bijou* (1828) Coleridge contributed, under the title of *The Wanderings of Cain: A Fragment*, not a poem, but a passage of prose narrative. This was also given in the *Poetical Works* of 1828, with a prefatory note, in which Coleridge ascribes the piece to 1798, and says that it was 'to have been written in concert with another', clearly Wordsworth, and finished it in one night; that he had drawn up a scheme and written the first 'canto'; that his partner had broken down over the first; and that 'the Ancient Mariner was written instead'. 'Years afterwards', he adds, 'I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas', but did not complete it, and now could only recover the introductory stanza, which had been written down. Then follow the lines already printed in 1825. Obviously there is some confusion here. Coleridge must have been in error when he treated the verse as part of the original composition. That this was in prose we have the confirmation of Hazlitt, who visited the Valley

¹ *B. L.* (ed. Shawcross), ii. 6.

² Griggs, ii. 146.

³ Harvard 19478. 5. F; cf. Lowes, p. 538.

⁴ p. 383.

of Stones at Lynton with Coleridge in June or July 1798, and was told 'that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to the "Death of Abel", but they had relinquished the design'.¹ Some prose fragments contributed by E. H. Coleridge to the *Athenaeum* of 27 January 1894 seem to be part of Coleridge's preliminary 'scheme'. Even in 1828, however, Coleridge's memory must have slipped. His date of 1798 for *Cain*, 'instead' of which *The Ancient Mariner* was written, is inconsistent with his date of 1797 for the beginning of *The Ancient Mariner* itself in *Sibylline Leaves*.

Wordsworth, too, had his reminiscences of *The Ancient Mariner*. In a passage of *The Prelude*, written, according to Professor de Selincourt, in May 1805, he recalls to Coleridge:

That summer when on Quantock's grassy Hills
Far ranging, and among her sylvan Combs,
Thou in delicious words, with happy heart,
Didst speak the Vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
And I, associate with such labour, walk'd
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap! was found,
After the perils of his moonlight ride
Near the loud Waterfall; or her who sate
In misery near the miserable Thorn.²

The summer was no doubt that of 1798, not 1797, since we know that *The Thorn* was written on 19 March 1798. In 1843, dictating some notes on *We are Seven* to Miss Isabella Fenwick, Wordsworth said:

In the spring of the year 1798, he (Coleridge), my Sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Lenton, and the valley of Stones near it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the new monthly magazine set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off—and proceeded, along

¹ 'My First Acquaintance with Poets', in *The Liberal* (1823).

² *Prelude*, xiii. 393.

the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner'. . . . We began the composition together, on that, to me, memorable evening. . . . We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant and some of them droll-enough recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to talk of a Volume which was to consist, as Mr Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium.

Wordsworth was fond of describing this walk. He spoke of it earlier to Alexander Dyce, and later in 1844 to Mrs. Davy and others, and in 1847 to his nephew and biographer Christopher Wordsworth, but these accounts do not precisely date the walk, and add nothing material to the Fenwick note.¹ This stands as I have given it, with the omission of some passages on Wordsworth's own small contributions to *The Ancient Mariner*, in the Moxon *Wordsworth* of 1857, where first the Fenwick notes appeared in full.² But it had already been used by Christopher Wordsworth in the *Memoirs* (1851), and here the walk is dated, not 'in the spring of the year 1798' but in 'the autumn of 1797'.³ The correction may, I suppose, have emerged in the course of Christopher's own conversation with his uncle, although in that, as recorded, the notice of the walk is immediately followed by a reference to poems which Wordsworth wrote 'in the course of that spring'. Or it may be taken from the *Sibylline Leaves*, or perhaps more probably from two letters of Dorothy Wordsworth, which the biographer had just quoted as follows:

In November, 1797, Wordsworth and his sister accompanied Coleridge in a pedestrian tour along the sea-coast to Minehead, thence to Porlock. From Porlock says Miss Wordsworth, 'we kept close to the shore about four miles. Our road led through wood, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, with views of the opposite mountains of Wales: Hence we came

¹ Campbell, p. 594; *Wordsworth Memoirs*, i. 15; ii. 444.

² i. 181.

³ i. 106.

by twilight to Lymmouthe, in Devonshire. The next morning we were guided to a valley at the top of one of those immense hills which open at each end to the sea, and is from its rocky appearance called the Valley of Stones. We mounted a cliff at the end of the valley, and looked from it immediately on to the sea.' They were struck by the wild grandeur of the scenery, and returned home gratified by the tour. On the 20th November, Miss Wordsworth writes, 'We have been on another tour: we set out last Monday evening (13 November) at half past four. The evening was dark and cloudy: we went eight miles, William and Coleridge employing themselves in laying the plan of a ballad, to be published with some pieces of William's.'¹

The date originally given in the Fenwick note to the Dulverton walk, even apart from its clash with Coleridge's own, cannot possibly, I think, be right. Dorothy's *Alfoxden Journal* and Coleridge's movements, as disclosed by his correspondence, leave no room for it between 20 January and 17 May 1798. There was a walk to Lynton at least, with Cottle, at the end of May or early in June, but that is too late, as *The Ancient Mariner* was then ready for the press.

So much, for the moment, of *The Ancient Mariner*. The direct evidence as to the three other poems involved is, happily, shorter. For the First Part of *Christabel* we have the already quoted references of it in 1815 and 1825 to the same 'year' as *The Ancient Mariner*, and a more precise statement in the preface to the first edition of 1816 that it was written in 'the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven'. This date he had already given in a letter of 22 October 1815 to Lord Byron, with the following amplification:

I should say that the plan of the whole poem was formed and the first Book and half of the second were finished—and it was not till after my return from Germany in the year 1800 that I resumed it—and finished the second and a part of the third book.²

There can be little doubt that the whole of the Second Part, as we know it, was written after the return from Germany, and there is no trace of any fragment of a Third Part. More-

¹ i. 105.

² Griggs, ii. 146.

over, as late as about 1820, he referred to the fragment as of two cantos.¹ He may have had a different plan for the distribution of the existing matter in 1815.

The Dark Ladie was being prepared, according to the *Biographia Literaria*, for the *Lyrical Ballads*, and cannot therefore be later than 1798. In 1802 Coleridge hoped soon to send the completion of it to a lady, Miss Sotheby, who had been pleased with 'the first part'.² The existing fragment of 60 lines was printed, with asterisks to denote omissions, in the *Poetical Works* of 1834. An undated list of poems in Coleridge's hand shows that there were once 190. The last three stanzas are found separately in a manuscript. They tell of a wedding, with 'nodding minstrels', and Professor Lowes suggests that their substance may have been taken up into *The Ancient Mariner*.³ They are not, however, in the same metrical form.

The Three Graves is also incomplete. Part III of 169 lines and Part IV of 149 lines were printed in *The Friend* for 21 September 1809, as from a tale of six Parts, the two last of which might be given thereafter. A prose sketch of the story 'as it is contained in the first and second parts' is appended. Coleridge says that the verses were composed 'somewhat more than twelve years ago', which takes them back at least to 1797; and they may be earlier still, as he adds that he had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of *Oby* witchcraft, which we know that he borrowed from the Bristol Library on 14 July and returned on 7 August 1795.⁴ Parts III and IV were reprinted in *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), with substantially the same statement and a final note, '*Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum*. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!' There is an unfinished manuscript draft of 219 lines, which clearly represents Parts I and II, but nothing is known of Parts V and VI.

Dorothy Wordsworth, who records the planning of a ballad

¹ T. Allsop, *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S.T.C.*², p. 51.

² *Letters*, i. 375.

³ Lowes, p. 577.

⁴ Bryan Edwards, *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies* (1793), vol. ii; *Modern Philology*, xxi. 317.

in her letter of 20 November 1797, records the end of one in the journal which she kept at Alfoxden from 20 January to 17 May 1798.¹

23rd (March). Coleridge dined with us. He brought his ballad finished. We walked with him to the Miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.

It is perhaps reasonable to suppose that both records are of the same ballad, and, so far as time-indications go, this may also be the ballad of Coleridge's letters. That this should be 'finished' on 18 February and 'finished' again on 23 March need not trouble us. Dorothy's ballad is generally taken to be *The Ancient Mariner* and its initiation put accordingly on 13 November 1797. This is in many ways plausible. *The Ancient Mariner* has the 'horned moon', which Dorothy had already noted in her journal on 21 March. Elsewhere, as Professor Lowes points out, she generally speaks of the 'crescent moon'.² And *The Ancient Mariner* was certainly planned on a walk. Moreover, the late start of Dorothy's letter looks like the late start of Wordsworth's narrative. There are, however, some difficulties to be faced. Dorothy's letters, quoted by Christopher Wordsworth and probably written to Mary Hutchinson, are unfortunately not preserved. So far as the extracts go, they describe not one walk but two, do not date the first, do not in either case refer to a long detour homewards by Dulverton, and do not give the direction of the second at all. Two walks as far as Dulverton, each at a cost to economical people of at least £5, are not very likely, but conceivably the walk recalled by Wordsworth might be either of them. If it was the first, the ballad of the second and probably also that of the journal would be other than *The Ancient Mariner*. I am inclined, however, to think that it was the second, for this reason. The scheme for *Cain* preceded that for *The Ancient Mariner*. But the scene of *Cain*, if Hazlitt may be trusted, was to have been the Valley of Stones at Lynton, and Dorothy's reference to the use of a guide to the Valley on the earlier walk certainly suggests

¹ W. Knight, *Journals of D. W.* (1897), i, 3-18.

² Lowes, p. 184.

that it was Coleridge's own first visit to that wild place. *Cain* was abandoned for *The Ancient Mariner*, and the second walk would fit in well enough for that. There is, however, a discrepancy to be noted between Dorothy's account and Wordsworth's. She says that the ballad of 13 November was to be published with some pieces of Wordsworth's, which is what in fact happened to *The Ancient Mariner*; he that *The Ancient Mariner* was to be sold for £5 to Phillips. This also was Coleridge's intention for the ballad of his letters, on 6 January 1798. By 18 February he had diverted it to a volume, not of Wordsworth's, but of his own. Dorothy's statement, being contemporary, must of course be accepted. Possibly Wordsworth's memory had confused a second intention with a first, which also became a fourth. But if the ballad of 13 November is also the ballad of Coleridge's letters, there is yet another question to be put. No doubt *The Ancient Mariner* 'grew and grew'. But can we believe that a poem which was finished by 18 February in 340 lines, and finished again by 23 March, grew into a poem of 658 lines before it was printed in June? If so, an entire revolution in scale and scope was entailed. I do not like to suggest that Coleridge may have originally written in 'fourteeners'; his models, in Percy's *Reliques*, would not put him on that track. Part I of *Christabel* comes nearer to the measure of 340 lines; it has 265 as first printed, 257 and 266 in two manuscripts; its *Conclusion*, if that is of the same date, adds another 53. But Coleridge can never have supposed that *Christabel* was 'finished'. *The Dark Ladie* is clearly too short. Parts III and IV of *The Three Graves* come to 318, which is fairly near.

I am afraid that the problem of identity between ballad and ballad is hardly soluble with certainty on these lines. There is some further evidence, both for *The Ancient Mariner* and for *Christabel*, although the name of neither poem occurs in it. I have noted the appearance of the 'horned moon' in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Alfoxden Journal*. This yields further parallels of phrase to the poems. I give them as others have given them, but listed in order of time:

(1) *21 January*. Those oaks, fanned by the sea breeze, thick with

feathery sea-green moss, as a grove not stripped of its leaves;
17 February. The bright green moss was bare at the roots of the trees.

A.M. 552. He kneels at morn and noon and eve—

He hath a cushion plump :
 It is the moss, that wholly hides
 The rotted old Oak-stump.

Chr. 33. And naught was green upon the oak
 But moss and rarest misletoe.

280 (*Conclusion*).

She

Was praying at the old oak tree.

Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs.

- (2) *25 January.* The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light of the moon. . . . At once the clouds seemed to cleave asunder, and left her in the centre of a black-blue vault.

A.M. 314. Hark ! hark ! the thick black cloud is cleft,
 And the Moon is at its side.

- (3) *27 January.* The manufacturer's dog makes a strange, uncouth howl.

Chr. 11. Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, and over loud.

- (4) *31 January.* The moon immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her.

Chr. 16. The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full ;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.

- (5) *8 February.* Sat a considerable time upon the heath. Its surface restless and glittering with the motion of the scattered piles of withered grass, and the waving of the spiders' threads.

A.M. 175. Are those *her* Sails that glance in the Sun
 Like restless gossameres ?

- (6) *17 February.* The branches of the hollies pendent with their white burden. . . . The bare branches of the oaks thickened by the snow.

A.M. 568. When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow.

- (7) *7 March*. Only one leaf upon the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.

Chr. 48. There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

- (8) *21 March*. Startled two night birds from the great elm tree.
A.M. 569. And the Owlet whoops to the wolf below.

Chr. 2. And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;
 Tu-whit !—Tu-whoo !

306 (*Conclusion*). By tairn and rill
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu-whoo ! tu-whoo !
 Tu-whoo ! tu-whoo ! from wood and fell !

- (9) *20 March*. The spring seemingly very little advanced ; *24 March*. The spring continues to advance very slowly ; *6 April*. The Spring still advancing very slowly ; *12 April*. The Spring advances rapidly.

Chr. 21. 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

- (10) *24 March*. A duller night than last night . . . The stars dim.
A.M. (1800, *not* 1798) 206.

The stars were dim, and thick the night.

- (11) *24 March*. Nothing green but the brambles that still retain their old leaves, the evergreens and the palms. . . . The crooked arm of the old oak tree points upwards to the moon.

Chr. 33. And naught was green upon the oak
 But moss and rarest misletoe :
 She kneels beneath the huge oak tree.

- (12) *25 March*. The night cloudy but not dark.

Chr. 14. Is the night chilly and dark ?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.

Individually these parallels, except perhaps No. 7, are trivial ; notes of recurrent natural phenomena, which both friends may have often observed, and may have observed together.

Taken in mass they do at least suggest that the same images were present to the mind of Dorothy when she made the entries in her *Journal* and to that of Coleridge when he worked on *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*; or, more precisely, on passages of *Christabel*, since the parallels are concentrated in the first 52 lines and the *Conclusion*. E. H. Coleridge went further, and asserted that the observations 'were jotted down by Dorothy, and, then or afterwards, found their way into Coleridge's verse'. This seems to have been his main reason, when he published his fine edition of *Christabel* in 1907, for rejecting Coleridge's own date of 1797 as that of Part I and substituting 1798. But Professor Lowes has pointed out, on the analogy of Dorothy's habit in later years, that any transference may just as well have been the other way, through the setting down in the *Journal* of phrases heard from poems read by Coleridge which clung to Dorothy's memory, and were revived by the sight of the objects portrayed. Thus in 1802, long after the publication of *The Ancient Mariner*, she wrote: 'The moon came out suddenly . . . and a star or two besides.'¹ Professor Lowes does not, however, think that this can account for all the parallels with *Christabel*. And indeed there may be some temporal significance in the double reference to the late spring, which fits the facts of April 1798. E. H. Coleridge also thought that Coleridge could not have written *Christabel* in 1797, because he was busy with *Osorio*, and was not likely to begin it before he had finished *The Ancient Mariner*, and he notes from *The Prelude* that *Christabel* was being chanted to the Quantock combs in the summer of 1798. But *Osorio* was over by October 1797, and anyway Coleridge was not the man to be deterred from starting upon one thing by the mere fact that he ought to have been winding up another. And in the summer of 1798 he was admittedly working on the continuation of *Christabel*. Moreover, Wordsworth himself was chanting *The Thorn*, which he had written on 19 March. E. H. Coleridge does not explain why he reverted to 1797 for Part I in his full edition of the *Poems* in 1912. At one time

¹ Lowes, pp. 175, 179, 512.

he seems to have put it between 23 March and 14 May 1798, for he noted 'The *Poem* as I suppose *Christabel*' on his transcript of a letter of the latter date from the poet to his brother George, in which he says:

I have written a Poem lately which I think even the Major (James Coleridge) (who is no admirer of the art) would like.¹

There is, however, little in *Christabel* to appeal to the imagination of a Major of Volunteers, and surely this poem was *Fears in Solitude*, written on 20 April 1798, just after a visit to Ottery, and in a scare of invasion.

Finally there is the famous *Gutch Note Book*, with the help of which Professor Lowes has traced so much of the omnivorous reading that welled up in *The Ancient Mariner*.² This reading goes back at least to 1795, but *The Ancient Mariner* seems to have fallen inheritor to several earlier schemes, which never came to fruition. One was the 'Wandering Jew, a romance', the title of which Coleridge jotted down in 1795. *Cain*, perhaps an outgrowth from this, was another. A third was a series of hymns on the sun and moon, and probably the elements, already known of by Charles Lamb in June 1796.³ A fourth was a play of *Siberian Exiles*, which had been in Coleridge's mind shortly before January 1798. Professor Lowes thinks also that a bassoon hoped for by the Stowey choir in 1797 may be the bassoon of *The Ancient Mariner*.⁴ All this fits in well enough with Coleridge's own date for that poem. The traces of *Christabel* in the *Note Book* are slighter. Many of its entries cannot be chronologically fixed. It was certainly in use from 1795 until well into 1798. A note, not in Coleridge's own hand, on the last page of the distance from a 'passage' to Abergavenny suggests his visit to John Thelwall at Llyswen, beyond Abergavenny, in the August of that year. But I think that the book falls into two sections. The first half of it seems to have been filled up continuously from 1795 to late 1797 or

¹ Griggs, i. 105.

² B.M. Add. MS. 27901, printed, not very accurately, in *Archiv f. neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, xcvi (1896), 333, by A. Brandl.

³ *Letters* (ed. Lucas), i. 27, 92.

⁴ Lowes, p. 213.

1798.¹ Near the end of this is recorded a childish incident of Hartley Coleridge.

Hartley fell down and hurt himself—I caught him up crying and screaming—and ran out of room with him.—The Moon caught his eye—he ceased crying immediately—and his eyes and the tears in them, how they glittered in the Moonlight!²

Hartley, born on 19 September 1796, cannot well have been old enough to fall and hurt himself before the autumn of 1797, and the entry may be later still. The second half of the book is broken by blank pages here and there, and seems to consist of casual memoranda, set down at various dates.³ They cannot form part of a chronological series with the first half, since some of them almost certainly go back to events of 1795 and 1796.

Hartley's adventure fused itself in Coleridge's mind with two other thoughts, which are also in the *Note Book*. Here he had written, as far back as 1796:

Discontent

Mild as an Infant low-plaining in its sleep;

then some references on Plato's myth of the Cave, and then another comment:

In a distempered dream things and forms in themselves common and harmless inflict a terror of anguish.⁴

And so we get in *The Nightingale* of April 1798:

He knows well

The evening-star, and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream—)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam!

This, in turn, has been compared with lines in the *Conclusion* to Part I of *Christabel*.

¹ ff. 2-37.

² f. 32.

³ ff. 38^v-89^v.

⁴ ff. 28^v, 29.

And see ! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance ;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
 And of the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light.

A doubt arises, through E. H. Coleridge's suggestion that whatever the date of Part I itself, the *Conclusion* belongs to 1800. There does not seem to be much basis for this, beyond the use of the northern words 'fell' and 'tairn', which may well have been learnt from the Wordsworths as early as 1797. One other entry in the *Note Book* clearly found its way into *Christabel*.

Behind the thin
 Gray cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky
 The round full moon look'd small.¹

This comes just before Hartley, and may therefore be of either 1797 or 1798. It is nearer than Dorothy's *Journal* to Coleridge's

The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind and at the full ;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.

It must be added that the *Note Book* jottings were not always, although they often were, used in poems of more or less even date. Sometimes, like the Platonic notes of 1796, they were referred to, or floated back into Coleridge's memory, after an interval. One is in *Love*, which can hardly have been written before the first meeting with Sara Hutchinson in October 1799 ; another perhaps in *The Picture*, not otherwise traceable before 1802.² There is a 'daimonic' element in *Christabel*, but this was an old preoccupation of Coleridge, even before his acquisition of Psellus, *De Daemonibus*, in November 1796.³

If I may register a resultant personal impression, where the

¹ f. 31.

² ff. 31, 36v.

³ *Letters*, i. 182 ; cf. *Lowes*, pp. 229 sqq.

evidence is at once so copious and so inconclusive, it must be, apart from the question of the identity of ballad with ballad, which eludes us, that *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* largely proceeded *pari passu*; that the initiation of *The Ancient Mariner* was probably the earlier; and that, while there is no sufficient ground for substantially rejecting Coleridge's own ascription of Part I of *Christabel* to 1797, touches may well have been added to its opening and perhaps the *Conclusion* written in the spring of 1798. It would be a natural evolution from the rather crude balladry of *The Three Graves* to *The Ancient Mariner*, still in strict ballad form, and from that to the more free rhythmic handling of ballad-themes in *Christabel*, and in the stanza, not itself a ballad-stanza, of *The Dark Ladie*.

The date of *Kubla Khan* is a problem by itself. For this, too, there are hints in the *Note Book*. The poem has its 'demon-lover'. In 1796 Coleridge set down 'a river run under ground' as an image for the re-emergence of old opinions. A note from Thomas Maurice's *History of Hindostan* (1795), of an image of ice in a cave of Cashmere is undatable.¹ The account of Hartley's fall is framed in extracts from William Bartram's *Travels* (1791), which Coleridge was evidently reading on that night. It gave him his first note after the interruption:

Some wilderness-plot, green and fountainous and unviolated by Man.²

And the influence of this Professor Lowes traces both in the scenery of *Kubla Khan* and in a letter of March 1798 to George Coleridge on the 'divine repose' of laudanum.³ We may safely put Coleridge's knowledge of Bartram's book as early as 1797. It contributed to *Cain*, as well as to *The Ancient Mariner*. It may have influenced a passage of *Osorio*. In a note of 1800 to *The Lime-Tree Bower*, written early in July 1797, Coleridge says that 'some months after' he found a parallel to one of its lines in Bartram. But

¹ ff. 26^v, 45^v.

² f. 32.

³ *Letters*, i. 239, but there postdated; cf. Lowes, p. 364.

I doubt whether Professor Lowes is justified in an inference that he had already read the *Travels* in 1794 or early in 1795.¹ This rests on an early draft of *Lewti*, the 'Tamaha' of which is an adaptation of Bartram's 'Alatamaha'. In this draft the object of the poem is not a Lewti but a Mary. Professor Lowes, however, himself cites a statement by Southey that it was a boyish poem of Wordsworth's, corrected by Coleridge. There seems no reason for rejecting this, and we may suspect that Mary was not Mary Evans, but Mary Hutchinson. Certainly Wordsworth, as well as Coleridge, knew and used Bartram.

When Coleridge published *Kubla Khan* in 1816, he wrote—

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed.

It was under the influence of this that he composed the poem in his sleep. In 1893 Campbell transferred it from 1797 to 1798 and related it to a 'rupture' with Charles Lloyd, and gave his justification as follows:

A MS. note by Coleridge, dated Nov. 3, 1810, has been discovered, in which it is stated that the retirement to the farm-house, and the recourse to opium—he calls it 'the first', meaning, doubtless, the first recourse for relief from *mental* trouble—were caused by the breach with Lloyd. He goes on to say that the nervous disquietude and misery which he suffered prevented him from finishing *Christabel*.²

The discovery was made by E. H. Coleridge, who wrote in 1895—

The MS. note of November 10, 1810, to which a previous reference has been made, connects a serious quarrel with Lloyd, and consequent distress of mind, with the retirement to 'the lonely farm-house' and a first recourse to opium. If, as the letters intimate, these events must be assigned to May 1798, it follows that 'Kubla Khan' was written at the same time.³

¹ Lowes, p. 513.

² *Poems* (1893), xlii.

³ *Letters*, i. 245.

I cannot find any 'previous reference', but in the *Poems* of 1912 E. H. Coleridge puts *Kubla Khan* under 1798 and says—

There can be little doubt that Coleridge should have written 'the summer of 1798'. In an unpublished MS. note, dated November 3, 1810, he connects the retirement between 'Linton and Porlock' and a recourse to opium with his quarrel with Charles Lloyd, and consequent distress of mind. That quarrel was at its height in May 1798.

I have been particular about these accounts, because the variant terminology of 'rupture', 'breach', and 'quarrel' suggests that we have nothing more than paraphrases of the note. It is still unpublished, and the Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge, who was kind enough to make a search for me, tells me that he cannot see it in his father's transcript of the poet's note-book for 1810. Possibly it may have gone astray with other material for E. H. Coleridge's projected *Life*.¹

There were two occasions, one in 1797 and one in 1798, on which Coleridge's relations with Charles Lloyd caused him acute distress. Lloyd had visited him at Bristol in the autumn of 1796, and had been attacked there with epileptic fits. An arrangement was made for their domicile together at Stowey. During the move, Lloyd went home to Birmingham, and thence to London, where he became very friendly with Charles Lamb. He reached Stowey early in February 1797, stayed for a fortnight with Thomas Poole, and took up his quarters in Coleridge's cottage on 22 February.² He brought with him poems, which he gave to Coleridge for publication with his own and Lamb's.³ They were printed by July and published in October.⁴ A fortnight after his arrival at the cottage, the fits recurred in a serious form. Coleridge was still nursing him on 16 March, but shortly afterwards he went home.⁵ There is no clear sign of a 'rupture' or 'breach' or 'quarrel' at this time, although anything,

¹ Cf. Griggs, I. xii.

² E. V. Lucas, *Charles Lamb and the Lloyds*, p. 37.

³ *E. R.* i. 232; *Rem.* p. 132.

⁴ Harvard 19478. 5. F; *Monthly Magazine*, iv. 304.

⁵ *E. R.* i. 197; *Rem.* p. 107; Griggs, i. 72; Greever, p. 29; Lamb, i. 98.

I suppose, might happen between a sensitive and poverty-stricken poet and an epileptic. Certainly Coleridge was much perturbed. He wrote to Cottle:

When last in Bristol the day I meant to have devoted to you was such a day of sadness, that I could *do nothing*.—On the Saturday, the Sunday, and the ten days after my arrival at Stowey I felt a depression too dreadful to be described. . . . Wordsworth's conversation, etc., roused me somewhat; but even now I am not the man I have been—and I think never shall. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Indeed every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese, has been, one after another torn away from me—but God remains. I have no immediate pressing distress, having received ten pounds from Lloyd's father at Birmingham.¹

There is nothing here which necessarily points to anything but financial embarrassment. Coleridge had doubtless planned his Stowey expenses on the basis of a contribution from Lloyd, although to what extent is not clear, in view of the shifting negotiations with Lloyd's father in 1796. The letter to Cottle is undated, but Coleridge's name was entered for a book at the Bristol Library on 23 March and he took it away a fortnight later.² Incidentally it seems clear that Wordsworth, who left Racedown for a fortnight in Bristol on 19 March, was with him at Stowey in April.³ Our knowledge of Coleridge's further movements up to June is scrappy. There was at least one other visit to Bristol, where the joint *Poems* were being printed. There is room for a retirement to the farm-house near Porlock in the latter part of April or May, and perhaps between 16 and 23 March. But there is no evidence of illness, other than mental, during this spring.

On 5 June Poole invited Lloyd to contribute to a fund for Coleridge, which shows that he at least was aware of no ill feeling.⁴ About 20 September Lamb wrote to Coleridge, 'You use Lloyd very ill, never writing to him.'⁵ A failure

¹ Griggs, i. 70.

² *Modern Philology*, xxi. 317; *E. R.* i. 211; *Rem.* p. 117.

³ *W. F. L.* i. 104, misdated 1796.

⁴ Sandford, *Thomas Poole and his Friends* (1888), i. 228.

⁵ Lamb, i. 112.

to write does not, with Coleridge, imply estrangement. There had, however, been at least one letter, enclosing a copy of the *July Lime Bower* poem.¹ It has not been printed, and I do not know where it is. Meanwhile Lloyd, improved in health, had fallen in love with Sophia Pemberton. There was family opposition. He came to Lamb in trouble about 10 August, and carried him off on a visit to Southey at Burton in Hampshire. He had thought of consulting Coleridge, but said that 'if he *had* come to you, he could never have brought himself to leave you'. Here again is no sign of ill will. Lamb left Lloyd at Burton after one night's stay, and then Lloyd and Southey went together to Bath and on to Birmingham, for the purpose of persuading Sophia to a Scotch marriage.² According to De Quincey, Southey stole her away for Lloyd 'by proxy'.³ That is absurd; Lloyd and Sophia were not married until 1799. Evidently the attempt was abandoned, and by 3 September Lloyd had returned with Southey to Burton. Southey's own letters about his relations with Lloyd are curiously cryptic.⁴ On 3 September he writes to Grosvenor Bedford:

It is a huge while since I have written to you. I have been an immensity of way since—even to the middle of Warwickshire, the quares why & the propter becauses of which, must be learnt hereafter. The result is that Charles Lloyd is with us at Burton.

And on 16 September, now from Bath—

Charles Lloyd is still my companion. I never expected (to ha)ve another friend, & yet chance has birdlimed me to one in the most odd manner.

And on 19 November—

Charles Lloyd is coming to London with me—& means to lodge in the same house. How all this chanced is a long & odd story. I could wish you to know him well—but it would be an effort to give his character—and I love not exertion. Thus much however I will say—his feelings are too susceptible of neglect or kindness, they are not so blunt as we could wish them—or

¹ *Poems* (1893), p. 591.

² Lamb, i. 109.

³ *Tait's Magazine* (March 1840).

⁴ Bodl. MS. Eng. Letters, c. 23, ff. 15, 20, 28v.

as they should be for his own happiness, & a little attention to him in conversation—& any trifling mark of kindness will highly gratify him.

On 11 November he wrote to his brother Tom that Lloyd had written a novel, which was no doubt *Edmund Oliver*.¹ Lloyd did not lodge long with Southey in London, but joined James White, and the constant society of the pair became a source of some irritation to Lamb, who was absorbed in his sister's state of health.² So he wrote to Coleridge on 28 January, and so too, probably, implies in his *Old Familiar Faces*. For some of what follows we are dependent on an undated letter from Coleridge to Lamb during the summer of 1798.³ Coleridge's Nehemiah Higginbottom Sonnets had appeared in December 1797. They do not seem to have perturbed Lamb on his own account; he makes no reference to them on 28 January. But they did perturb Southey, who thought that he was one of the poets aimed at. Coleridge denied this to him on 8 December 1797.⁴ But Lamb, for some reason, discredited the denial. According to Coleridge—

When I wrote to you that my Sonnet to Simplicity was not composed with reference to Southey, you answered me (I believe these were the words): 'It was a lie too gross for the grossest ignorance to believe'; and I was not angry with you, because the assertion which the grossest ignorance would believe a lie the Omniscient knew to be truth.⁵

That it was truth, we are assured by Coleridge's letter to Cottle in November 1797. On 8 March 1798 Coleridge, then planning a third edition of his *Poems*, had been informed by Cottle that Lloyd wished his to be omitted. He agreed, with the comment, 'By past experiences we build up our moral being'.⁶ Two undated letters evidently followed.⁷ In one he tells Cottle that he is 'willing to believe myself in part mistaken' and has no wish for or against the republication of the poems; in the other that he never involved Cottle in bickering.

¹ *Letters* (ed. Warton), i. 46.

² Lamb, i. 114.

³ *Letters*, i. 249.

⁴ *Letters*, i. 251.

⁵ *Letters*, i. 249.

⁶ *E. R.* i. 294; *Rem.* p. 164.

⁷ *E. R.* i. 297, 300; *Rem.* pp. 165, 167.

Your letter supplied only one in a link of circumstances, that informed me of some things, and perhaps deceived me in others. I shall write to-day to Lloyd.

There was certainly some correspondence with Lloyd, and either before or in the middle of it Coleridge must have seen *Edmund Oliver*, which was dedicated to Lamb, and published by Cottle in April 1798.¹ This was a gross attack upon Coleridge. The imaginary hero is given his personal appearance, his 'large glistening eye' and 'dark hair', and to him is ascribed, not only Coleridge's adventure in the army, after a love-affair which was not quite the same, but even, in more than one place, his addiction to opium. It was a bombshell to Coleridge. To Estlin he wrote on 14 May—

I have had many sorrows and some that bite deep; calumny and ingratitude from men who have been fostered in the bosom of my confidence!²

And to Poole on the same day—

I have had lately some sorrows that have cut more deeply into my heart than they ought to have done.³

On 16 May he set out on a walk with Wordsworth and Dorothy to Bridgewater, Cheddar, and Cross, and of this he tells Estlin that Wordsworth's 'main business was to bring back poor Lloyd, whose infirmities have been made the instruments of another man's darker passions'. They had learnt on the way that Lloyd had gone to Birmingham, but Wordsworth had proceeded to Bristol to make sure.⁴ On 20 May he writes again to Poole:

So many unpleasant and shocking circumstances have happened to me in my immediate knowledge within the last fortnight, that I am in a nervous state, and the most trifling thing makes me weep.⁵

There can be little doubt that the other man of Coleridge's suspicion was Southey, with whom his reconciliation after their quarrel in 1795 had never been whole-hearted; and little doubt

¹ *Monthly Magazine*, v. 297.

² *Letters*, i. 246.

³ *Letters*, i. 248.

⁴ *Letters*, i. 245; *Alfoxden Journal* (22 May in error for 17 May).

⁵ *Letters*, i. 249.

also, I am afraid, that those suspicions were justified. We have seen that *Edmund Oliver* was being written in Southey's house at Burton; and that Southey suggested it, or at least provided material for it, seems a natural inference from the fact that 'my novel, in three volumes, of Edmund Oliver' appears in a list of projected works which he sent to Grosvenor Bedford on 31 July 1796.¹ Having given away the name, however, he did not altogether drop the design. His commonplace book of 1798 or 1799 contemplates a novel with an army hero, under the title of *Oliver Elton*, and in 1801 he added a note to omit 'the soldier part'.² How far Coleridge ever learnt all about the genesis of *Edmund Oliver* must remain uncertain. In August 1799, when making a move for a renewed reconciliation with Southey, he says that he never charged him with anything but 'deep and implacable enmity' towards himself³; and in October, after the reconciliation had been effected, he says of *Edmund Oliver*—

You remember Lloyd's own account of this story, of course, more accurately than I, and can, therefore, best judge how far my suspicions of falsehood and exaggeration were well-founded.⁴

Just before, or soon after, the attempt to recover Lloyd at Bristol must come Coleridge's undated letter to Lamb.⁵ He has been told by Lloyd through Dorothy Wordsworth that Lamb no longer intends to correspond with him. For that he feels no resentment; Lamb has misunderstood him. From Lloyd he has had letters for which he wishes the writer may feel remorse. Lamb had disbelieved him about the sonnets, when he spoke the truth.

This, however, makes me cautious not too hastily to affirm the falsehood of an assertion of Lloyd's that in Edmund Oliver's love-fit, leaving college, and going into the army he had no sort of allusion to or recollection of my love-fit, leaving college, and going into the army, and that he never thought of my person in the description of Oliver's person in the first letter of the second volume.

¹ *Life and Correspondence*, i. 286.

² Ed. J. W. Warton, iv. 9.

³ Griggs, i. 123.

⁴ *Letters*, i. 311.

⁵ *Letters*, i. 249.

And now—

I write to you not that I wish to hear from you, but that I wish you to write to Lloyd and press upon him the propriety, nay the necessity, of his giving me a meeting either *tête-à-tête* or in the presence of all whose esteem I value. This I owe to my own character; I owe it to him if by any means he may even yet be extricated. He assigned as reasons for his rupture my vices; and he is either right or wrong. If right, it is fit that others should know it and follow his example; if wrong, he has acted very wrong.

This is the only thing which suggests a possible 'rupture' in March 1797, since Lloyd cannot have had any personal experience of Coleridge's 'vices' since that date. We do not know what reply, if any, Lamb made. In June Cottle wrote to Lloyd, urging a visit of reconciliation to Coleridge, and Lloyd excused himself.

I cannot think that I have acted with, or from, passion towards him. Even my solitary night thoughts have been easy and calm when they have dwelt on him. . . . I love Coleridge, and can forget all that has happened. At present I could not well go to Stowey. I could scarcely excuse so sudden a removal from my parents. . . . I shall write to Coleridge today.¹

All very well, but of course the only unforgettable thing was *Edmund Oliver*, a very different affair from the legitimate, if unwise, literary criticism of the Higginbottom sonnets. So ends the story, so far as Charles Lloyd is concerned. The friction between Coleridge and Lamb lasted until Coleridge left for Germany, but I need not go into the later stages of that. Let Lamb's reminiscence of 1832 be its epitaph.

If you ever thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah; and the great waters swept it away.²

On the whole I am disposed, in the absence of the note on *Kubla Khan*, to think with Campbell and E. H. Coleridge, that May 1798 is the most likely date for the composition of that poem. Coleridge had been ill in March. The *Alfoxden Journal* shows him at Stowey from 6 to 8 May, and on

¹ Lucas, p. 54.

² Lamb, ii. 946; cf. i. 565.

19 May he preached at Taunton. But on 9 May Dorothy wrote to him, which suggests an absence. Was it the letter which notified Lamb's secession? Anyhow, a retirement to the farm-house on 9 May would fit in very well with the fortnight's trouble of which Coleridge told Poole on 20 May. It might have been later in May than that letter. During most of June, first Cottle and then Hazlitt seem to have been visiting at Stowey. There was a walk to Lynton with each of them, but certainly no stop between that and Porlock on the second occasion, and probably none on the first.¹ Moreover, even if Coleridge did not read Bartram's *Travels* for the first time in the latter part of 1797, it was then or early in 1798 that he took the scenic hint which emerged in *Kubla Khan*.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

¹ *E. R.* i. 311, 315; *Rem.* pp. 176, 179; Hazlitt, in *The Liberal* (1823).

THE LYRIC

HUMANITY makes a variety of demands upon its artists, upon those who express it to itself, giving articulate permanence to its half-articulate emotions. Narrative poetry satisfies one demand and can be used for a diversity of ends ; and drama satisfies another. But in answer to a different demand there arises inevitably another type of poetry which may be called occasional or personal, the direct expression of men's feelings in all phases and circumstances of human life, whether they are philosophizing or moralizing, or, more often, falling into love or out of it, mourning for the dead, preparing for war, or getting drunk. It has been generally agreed to call this type of poetry lyric. One need not spend time in considering how real a distinction this label implies. It may mean no more than that in this type of poetry the poet speaks in the first person. It may represent, as I think it does, a more fundamental distinction. But for the immediate purpose it will be sufficient to agree that lyric is an expression, usually brief, of a personal feeling, whether that feeling is a transient emotional mood such as the excitement of a revel, or of a long-continued emotional experience such as love of country. And since lyric is so all-embracing in its range and so personal in its expression, it follows that from lyric more than from any other form of literature we secure an insight into a nation's temper and its attitude towards life. And it is therefore perhaps worth while to consider sometimes in relation and contrast to one another the lyrics of Greece and Rome and England.

It is clear that for a form of poetry which is to include many poems both brief and intense the hexameter metre is unsuitable. Its sweeping movement requires space in which to deploy, and there is inevitably a certain absence of ' form ' in any succession of hexameter lines, as there is in any ordinary succession of lines of English blank verse. The four lines of the famous fragment of Alcman are purely lyric in spirit, but

in the reading even of these there is, I think, a certain sense of dissatisfaction because they do not so much end as stop.

οὐ μ' ἔτι, παρθενικαὶ μελιγάρυες ἱμερόφωνοι,
 γυῖα φέρειν δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἶην,
 ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἄμ' ἀλκυόνεσσι ποτῆται
 νηδεὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις.¹

The object of lyric is not to carry us on from point to point of a narrative, but to awaken in us the keenest possible realization of an emotion, 'stabbing the spirit broad awake'; and it is therefore a gain if the ear as well as the mind is aware of a satisfying arrest. We demand that the lyric music should end on a recognizably final chord, and not behave like the music of musical chairs. Further, since the emotional range of the lyric is so wide, the lyric writer must have ready to his hand a variety of metres. So the inventive Greek mind set to work and produced a wealth of new metres, the elegiac (nearest to the hexameter), iambic (nearest to ordinary prose), trochaic, anapaestic, choriambic, alcaic, sapphic, not to mention all the regularly irregular metres of the choric odes.

Equipped then with these diverse metres, and stimulated by a variety of emotions other than the traditional *rabies* of Archilochus, what kind of lyric did the Greeks produce? We are perpetually being told that the Greeks were lovers of beauty, which is no doubt true; but because to us a love of beauty means very largely love of beauty in nature we expect to find the Greek love of beauty expressing itself in a wealth of exquisite nature lyric. When we fail to find the expected profusion, we are a little apt to run to the other extreme and assert that the Greeks were not nature-lovers at all, supporting the contention by reference to their limited sense of colour, or saying with Mr. Chesterton that they could not see the wood for the dryads. Now when we descend from a general

¹ No more, O musical maidens with voices ravishing-sweet!

My limbs fail:— Ah that I were but a ceryl borne on the wing
 Over the bloom of the wave amid fair young halcyons fleet,

With a careless heart untroubled, the sea-blue bird of the Spring!

(WALTER HEADLAM.)

impression to the particular examination of the Greek lyric it is no longer possible to maintain that the Greeks could not at any rate write lyrics about nature. We find ourselves faced with Alcman's description of night (though it is true that most of the passage is little more than a catalogue), or by Sappho's description of the stars and the moon, or the exquisite description of the coming of spring attributed to Meleager, or the list of flowers in Heliodora's garland, much like the list in Shelley's *The Question*. Nevertheless the number of extant Greek nature lyrics is comparatively small; and, even in those that we have, this peculiarity is, I think, observable; except in the Sicilian Theocritus we search long in Greek lyric, or for that matter in Greek poetry at all, before we find any *affection* for nature as we understand the term; and still longer before we find that imaginative attitude, so familiar to us, which attributes personality to natural objects. The absence of the note of affection is natural enough. The Greeks on the whole were a nation of town-dwellers; their state is the city-state; and their qualities are all those which are fostered by life in a society, versatility, intellectual keenness, and that eagerness for affairs which was apt to degenerate into 'busybodyness'. Philosophers might bestow theoretic praise upon the 'contemplative life'; but to the ordinary Greek a 'wise passiveness' would have been a contradiction in terms, an attitude not wise but foolish and characteristic of the contemptible *ιδιώτης*, and, as is usual with the sensitive town-dweller, the Greek's attitude towards nature is an attitude towards something lovely, stirring in him perhaps a keen sense of beauty, but something external and alien, towards which he cannot feel any human emotion. In nothing is Keats more characteristically Greek than in his attitude towards the nightingale. As the swallow of the famous 'Swallow Song' is nothing but a signal, so to Keats the nightingale is not so much a sentient being, a small brown bird with its own domesticities, for which affection or pity might be felt, as something—it matters little whether sentient or not—which by its song rouses him to a rapture of ecstatic emotion. To that emotion he gave unrivalled expression—the *Ode to a*

Nightingale is beyond dispute one of the chief jewels in the regalia of English poetry—but it is surprising, if one has not studied it from that point of view, to find on rereading that great and justly famous poem how little there is in it about its ostensible subject.

As to the second point, when Mr. Chesterton says that the Greeks could not see the wood for the dryads he touches the centre. It may have appeared absurd to suggest that the Greeks had little sense of personality in nature, when one remembers the naiads, and the dryads, and the oreads. But that is precisely the point. The clear-cutting Greek mind saw the fountain and the hill as one thing, the naiad and the oread as quite another thing. If one imagines a being dwelling in a fountain it is just because one does not think of the fountain as a being in itself. To put it in another way, 'the spirit of the hills' implies an entirely different set of conceptions from 'the Spirit of Helvellyn'. To take a concrete instance, which has nothing to do with dryads, but illustrates much of the difference, here are the famous lines of Sappho about the last apple:

οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὕσδῳ,
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπῃες,
οὐ μὰν ἐκλελάθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐπίκεσθαι.

That is all perfectly clear and perfectly straightforward: the apple is an apple: and it is a nuisance to the apple gatherers that they cannot reach it, but a matter of complete indifference to the apple. It, being an apple, cannot either want or not want to be gathered. Here, on the other hand, is Coleridge on the last leaf:

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can.

And if this attitude differentiates the Greek lyric from our own, or, as I hope to show later, from that of the Romans, there is a comparable, though not the same, difference in the lyrics of patriotism and war. No State in history has evoked a patriotism more passionate than the city of the rocks and the violet crown, whose citizens were her lovers; and the

patriotism of her great rival, though less fiery, was no less deep. But whereas Roman and English patriotism has its roots deep in the soil and demands something concrete to attach itself to, the Greeks, like the French, found it easy not only to feel, but to express, a devotion to an abstract ideal. One sees this in that lofty expression of patriotism which we know as the funeral oration of Pericles; it is magnificent, but it is only by an effort of the imagination that we allow ourselves really to be moved by it; we do not easily breathe that rarefied air. And the same is true of the Greek lyric; the great epitaphs, for example those on the Spartans at Thermopylae, on the Spartans and Athenians at Plataea, they are full of abstractions, laws, freedom, glory, and the like. Observe with what a sense of surprise we light upon the exception, as in that lovely epitaph on the Eretrians in Media.

οἶδε ποτ' Αἰγαίοιο βαρύβρομον οἶδμα λιπόντες
 'Εκβατάνων πεδίῳ κείμεθ' ἐνὶ μεσάτῳ
 χαῖρε, κλυτὴ ποτε πατρὶς 'Ερέτρια, χαίρετ', Ἀθηναί
 γείτονες Εὐβοίης, χαῖρε, θάλασσα φίλῃ.¹

It would be absurd to fancy that such patriotism, stirred by abstractions and expressing itself in abstract terms, is either stronger or less strong than one which talks less easily of *κλέος* or *liberté*; but it is the patriotism of a different national temperament. The Roman and the English mind do not work in that way. What brought the homeward-bound Athenian's heart into his mouth was the sunlight on the spear point of the statue of a goddess; to the returning English exile it is the Channel lights and the Dover cliffs; and I wonder whether it is an allegorical statue or one of the most superb sky-lines in the world, the block of buildings on the Battery, that tells the wandering American that he is home again.

I shall do no more than mention some other types of Greek lyric (if indeed they should properly be called lyric at all), the

¹ From where Aegean breakers roar to meet our fate
 We sailed, and in this Persian land we fell;
 Land of our fathers, hail! Hail, Athens o'er the strait,
 And thou, O sea we loved, hail and farewell!

political moralizing type of Solon and Theognis, the bluntness of Hipponax, the reflections upon human nature of which Simonides' ungallant estimate of women is an example. I cannot even do more than call passing attention to the famous *σκόλια* or drinking songs: in this class we find the light gay lyrics of Anacreon, whose potations from his own account seem—as usual with the Greeks—to have had a deal of allaying Cayster in them; or the more satisfactory song of Hybrias, or the most famous of all drinking songs, the Harmodius and Aristogeiton song of Callistratus.

We pass on to the two great figures in Greek lyric. They are the figures of the Watts picture, but with a clarity of outline of which that beautiful colourist and sentimental allegorist was incapable, Love and Death. It is when dealing with these two that Greek lyric rises to its heights.

The poets who lived in a fighting age had a first-hand acquaintance with violent death, and they do not blink the horror of it; the feverish and staccato realism of the modern poets of war is less unsparing than the quiet grimness of 'Tyrtæus' description of the old man dying in battle, but against this the Greeks set the glory of an honourable death; and for the most part they were more concerned with the fact of death than with its circumstances. The dead pass into a shadowy world of which we know nothing. All that remains is their work, or the remembrance of their valour. Heraclitus is dead, but his nightingales sing on; and the Spartans at Plataea are not truly dead since their valour glorifies them and raises them from Hades. The Greek epitaphs are like the Athenian stelai; they have the same grace, the same dignified acceptance of the inevitable, which one sees in those bas-reliefs of the last quiet farewell. Let us look for a moment at two instances:

*Εἰπέ τις, 'Ηράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ῆγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὀσσάκεις ἀμφοτέροι
ῆλιον ἐν λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν' ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που,
ξεῖν' Ἀλίκαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή·
αἰ δὲ τεαὶ ζῶουσιν ἀηδόνες, ᾗσιν ὁ πάντων
ἀρπακτὴρ Αἶδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.*

That is well known in Cory's translation, as lovely as it is false in its softness, almost its sentimentality.

'They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead', &c.

Here it is in another rendering, Walter Headlam's :

The brief words, Heraclitus, fell—
Your death ; and with them drew
Tears to my eyes ; old memories thronged—
How many a time we two

Had sunk the tired-out sun beneath
Our talk !—Dear friend of old,
And you there now in Caria—dust,
A charred ash, ages cold. . . .

But thy sweet voices are not dead,
Those nightingales yet wake ;
Death with his clutch takes all away,
But those he shall not take !

The whole epitaph is pure Greek ; the quiet opening, and then the shattering news ; the spirit that will not spare itself the last refinement of pain nor display it ; his friend is *τετράπαλαι σποδιή*, and he does not even know where the ashes lie ; there are few monosyllables in poetry that contain such full measure of controlled anguish as that *πou* ; but there is no rebellion, which would be alike useless and undignified ; and he finds what comfort he can, though I think that one feels him set his teeth at *άρπακτήρ*. But moving though this epitaph is, let us leave the Greek lyric of death with lines even if possible more purely Greek in their quiet and exquisite grace :

*Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐφῶς,
νῦν δε θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.*¹

And what of the Greek lyric of love ? It is a theme handled in many tempers, lightly, in the dancing measures of those songs of Anacreon that remind one of the Cavalier lyric in the security with which they touch the surface without ever break-

¹ Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled ;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead. (SHELLEY.)

ing it; or more philosophically, as in one of the greatest of Greek choruses, that invocation of Sophocles, *ἔρως, ἀνίκατε μάχαν*. But however the emotion of love is handled, and unfailingly perfect though the expression of it may be, we become conscious that it is always the physical passion for beauty that speaks. It is to the philosophers that we must turn for a different, and as we should say higher, conception of the possibilities of love. But though this implies a limitation of outlook, it is a limitation and not a distortion, and within those limits there are many lovely things. In particular there is one poem that stands in splendid isolation, perhaps the most poignant love-poem in all secular literature. If the ideal of poetry is to be simple, sensuous, and passionate, here is a poem which completely realizes it. It is simple both in sentiment and in statement, but it blazes white hot with passion. The first lines are familiar from their position in a context which would desecrate them, were they capable of desecration. Swinburne, sitting among the dead clinkers of what had never been more than a coke fire of febrile emotion, and maundering of Dolores and sullen savours of poisonous pain, stretched out a grimy hand and with mingled impudence and folly, challenging comparison with childish bravado, set at the head of one of his interminable lyrics the first words of this incomparable poem, before whose clean and fiery passion all his own work shrivels like a parched scroll. We may leave Greek lyric with this poem in our ears, the voice of a passion too profound to lose control of itself.

φαίνεται μοι κῆρος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
 ἔμμεν' ὄνηρ, ὅττις ἐνάντιός τοι
 ἰσάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδυ φωνεῖ-
 σας ὑπακούει.¹

When we turn from Greece to Italy we enter a different world, and one in which it is at first difficult to find our bear-

¹ Blest beyond earth's bliss, with heaven I deem him

Blest, the man that in thy presence near thee

Face to face may sit, and while thou speakest,

Listening may hear thee.

(WALTER HEADLAM.)

ings. Any one who has at all studied the Roman lyric must have been struck by an odd diversity, even discordance, of impression. The Greek lyrics, however diverse their subjects, are felt to be related to one another, to be the products of the same spirit. But here there seem to be two quite different spirits at work, and so in fact there were. It is worth notice how few of the great Roman poets were Romans born. Virgil and Catullus came from beyond the Po; Horace from south Italy; Seneca and Lucan were Spanish; Terence was an African slave. Almost the only great exception is, as one might expect, Lucretius, who was a Roman aristocrat. And in reading the Roman lyric what we are watching is the spectacle, as has been well said, of 'a great and prosaic people with a great and prosaic language directing and controlling to their own ends forces deeper and more subtle than themselves'. Let us begin our study with the least Roman of Roman poets, who was directed and controlled by nobody, least of all by himself, in whose work you hear the very voice of unsatisfied desire. Catullus abandoned himself with complete surrender to his passion; he is carried hither and thither on the ebb and flow of the tide, and writes not as he would but as he must; and so writing he wrote some of the most moving lyrics of the world, whose poignancy is sometimes almost intolerable. It is a commonplace to say that he is neither a Roman nor a Greek, that he had like Virgil a large tincture of that 'deep and tender sensibility which is the least Roman thing in the world, and which in its subtlest manifestations is perhaps the peculiar possession of the Celt'. Catullus, at least in part, transcends the limitations which seemed to confine the Greek lyric. Whereas we feel that the Greek might have been satisfied with slaking here and now life's daily thirst, we know that here we have a consuming passion which nothing on this earth can satisfy, but only the eternal possession of the grave:

soles occidere et redire possunt;
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.

We notice too the instability of the quick shifts of emotion, passing without warning from vitriolic invective to languor

and yearning. The instance is trite, but so much the most obvious that it is inevitable :

cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans vere sed identidem omnium
ilia rumpens.

There is something of the crazed fury of Othello about it, a savagery, a hatred of the woman he had loved, a contempt for his own thralldom, which he will punish by lacerating himself with the cruellest lash of the imagination, which, like much in Catullus, resembles but far surpasses the dark bitterness of Donne. Then, without a break, this :

nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
tactus aratrost.

The storm of fury is over and succeeded by the calm of an infinite sadness.

But Catullus wrote other things than love-poems, and in them we are more conscious of direction and control. When he writes of his all-but-island olive-silvery Sirmio there rings in his voice that deep love of home which is one of the most Roman and English things in the world, the spirit that when

labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum

can say

hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

Then turn to the poem at his brother's tomb. There is a ring in that poem which you will not match in all the lyrics of the Greeks. Neither Greek nor Roman will lose his dignity in a vain conflict; but whereas the Greek bows his head in acquiescent resignation before the inevitable, the Roman stands up and confronts it. As there is all the Roman pride of empire in the first line, so there is all the grave Roman stoicism in the last.

multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias :

ut te postremo donarem munere mortis,
 et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
 quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
 heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
 nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
 tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
 accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
 atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

I have given that poem in full partly for the pleasure of putting beside it a translation in which is a model of what such 'Englishing' can be:

Over the mighty world's highway,
 City by city, sea by sea,
 Brother, thy brother comes to pay
 Pitiful offerings unto thee.

I only ask to grace thy bier
 With gifts that only give farewell,
 To tell to ears that cannot hear
 The things that it is vain to tell,

And, idly communing with dust,
 To know thy presence still denied,
 And ever mourn for ever lost
 A soul that never should have died.

Yet think not wholly vain to-day
 This fashion that our fathers gave
 That hither brings me, here to lay
 Some gift of sorrow on thy grave.

Take, brother, gifts a brother's tears
 Bedewed with sorrow as they fell,
 And 'Greeting' to the end of years,
 And to the end of years 'Farewell'.¹

As Catullus turns from Love to Death he becomes his own master, no longer the Celt but the free Roman. And as we read the Roman lyric we find, I think, that the language and its writers do not easily submit themselves to the domination, the tyranny, of an emotion so swift and overbearing, but that when the subject is death the full power of the great instru-

¹ Mr. H. W. Garrod, in *The Oxford Book of Latin Verse*.

ment is evoked. It is when the Roman Muse wears the sceptred pall that she moves with the most majestic and stately dignity, *vera incessu patet dea*. To realize the full capacity of the Roman language, the grave utterance of the rulers of the world, read the Cornelia elegy of Propertius: the muffled drums of the greatest of funeral marches cannot equal the rolling thunder of the opening lines:

Desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulchrum;
 Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces:
 Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
 Non exorato stant adamante viae.

Then we go on to read how there is to be silence in Hell as she pleads her case, though 'pleads' is a poor word for a defence which is instinct with the pride of race; and from that she turns to the home she has left and to her husband, with the very human doubt as to how blunderingly he will fill her place; and then she reverts to the hope that she is not unworthy of her famous line; and as we close the book we are aware that through the lips of a Roman matron we have heard the voice of Rome.

But if we wish to hear this voice in all its many accents, grave and gay, we must turn to the most Roman of the Roman lyricists. It is useless to try to define the charm of Horace's style; the attempt has been made again and again, and I suppose that *curiosa felicitas* comes nearest to success; but we can at least make the attempt to discover what it is that we find in him that we do not find in the Greeks. In the first place he is the perfect example of the polished *urbanitas* of Rome. If not indeed in the earlier Horace of the Satires and Epistles, at least in the later Horace of the later epistles and the odes, you find the unerring taste, the perfect poise, the spirit *dignitatis suae et libertatis alienae memor*, which mark the gentleman who is also a man of the world. As a result Horace moves with equal grace from court to country, from politics to farming, from morality to a dinner invitation. If he wants to be amusing he moves with complete security on the tight-rope of serio-comic wit from which so many literary Blondins have been ignominiously precipitated. Throughout

his work we are perpetually happening on that turn of phrase behind which we catch the twinkle in the writer's eye. Now this kind of wit is a thing almost unknown in the Greek poets, though one finds it in their prose. Further, as to Horace's moralizing, it is the stupidest of blunders to suppose that Horace was a trifler. But whereas Solon and Theognis get into the pulpit and pound the cushion, Horace explains to you over a glass of wine by the fire that sound morality is sound common sense and good citizenship. It is this last phrase that explains much in Horace, not least the unexpectedly urgent note that creeps into his voice.

virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
nec sumit aut ponit securis
arbitrio popularis auræ.

The man who wrote that is no mere man about town. But the earnestness of which we are so often conscious is never, I think, what one would call *moral* fervour; it is patriotic. The late Sir Walter Raleigh wrote much brilliant literary criticism, and the last sentences of his *Shakespeare* are well known; but he wrote, I think, nothing that compares, for quiet power and trenchancy, with a sentence or two, less well known, in his *History of the Air Force*. They illuminate Horace, and are themselves in the best Roman manner. 'Critics who speak of what they have not felt and do not know have sometimes blamed the air service because, being young, it has not the decorum of age. The Latin poet said that it is decorous to die for one's country; in that decorum the service is perfectly instructed.' That is also Horace's notion of decorum; the decorous, the thing to do, is whatever serves the State; it is the man who knows *angustam amice pauperiem pati* who makes the good soldier, the man who is *constans et propositi tenax* who makes the good citizen. Therefore in his quiet but penetrating way he teaches his wit-spiced lessons of how to be a good man, because to be a good man is to be a good Roman. He, like Virgil, in large measure devotes his art to the service of his country, but with very different results, his art being thereby greatly ennobled and strengthened.

And it is in Horace that you will find that aspect of the Roman lyric which brings it nearest to our own, the love of home and countryside. To the Greeks 'home' in our sense seems to have meant little. They spent their days in a social bustle, in agora or pnyx or theatre. The general impression of their life is of one marked by the lack both of privacy and of the desire for it. Is there a word in Greek which really translates 'home' or *domus* or *lares et penates*? In Greek lyric any expression of the joy of return home, or of a quiet hour with a friend, is uncommon, its rarity emphasized by the delight, but the surprised delight, with which we chance upon the exceptions. But the Roman lyric is full of expressions of this feeling; Catullus' welcome home to Veranius, the poem to Sirmio already mentioned, Horace's directions to pile the logs high when the snow is deep on Soracte, the invitation to Maecenas for the Calends of March. It is the feeling which inspires those far deeper lines of Lucretius:

Iam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Praeripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tanget.

Greece had neither the Roman *domus* nor the Roman *uxor*.

Again, to find the true expression of Roman patriotism, do not look for it in definite exaltations of Rome and the Roman empire. You will find them no doubt, and you will find perhaps the finest example shining out as Roman literature fades into the twilight, the magnificent tribute paid by a Gaul to the imperial city that had made the inhabitants of the world her citizens. But is that the kind of thing that really moved the Roman heart? Surely not. The true note is in the lines of Horace:

ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
angulus ridet.

It matters little where the 'angulus' is; it may be Sirmio, or where the waters flow past fertile Tibur, or a Sabine farm, or the fountain of Bandusia or Bilbilis; and the poet may be Catullus or Horace or Martial; but the spirit is the same. Home and the country that he has known and loved from a

boy, that is what moves the Roman to fight for it. He is a practical person; he loves something territorial and concrete; he prefers a proper name to an abstract noun. It was a sure instinct that made Macaulay write

And he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

Let us make this easy transition to our own English lyric, since in no other regard perhaps are we nearer akin to the Romans. We have the same kind of territorial patriotism, and we are thoroughly uncomfortable when there is any talk of abstractions; and symbols, except human ones like the royal family, are anathema to us. We are contented enough with John Bull, a trifle uneasy about the British lion, and frankly derisory about Britannia. If an Englishman says he loves England—in point of fact wild horses would hardly extract such a phrase from him, and the nearest he gets to admitting affection is something like ‘not such a bad old country after all, what?’—but if he were so far to forget himself as to admit that he loved his country, even then he would not have an abstract England in mind; he would not even mean that area of ground so many square miles in extent that is coloured red on the map and labelled England. He means that *angulus terrarum* which is dear to him above all others, whether it is the Devon combes, or the churches and windmills of the fens, or the blue goodness of the weald, or the rich meadow land of the south country, or the clean edges and windblown spaces of the north.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordaed for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

This feeling for the country is one of the most all-pervading inspirations of English lyric. It may be a love of nature in general as in ‘Sumer is icumen in’ or ‘daisies pied and violets blue’, or the ‘annihilating all that’s made to a green thought

in a green shade', or the shepherd telling his tale, or the lowing herd on the lea, or the meadows of England shining in the rain. Or it may be more particular, Kirconnel Lea, or Leven Water, or the Lake Isle of Innisfree, or the Bells of Shandon, or the pleasant land of Teme, and Lugg, and Clent, and Clee, and Wyre, or Grantchester. But it is there always, and it comes through most piercingly in the exiles' songs—Stevenson in the South Seas writing to Crockett :

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how !

or the great admiral, low on the field of his fame :

Only to look once more on the land of the memories of childhood,
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the moorland,
And sleep at last among the fields of home !

or the Jacobite exile longing for

The lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby ;

or the other Jacobite who

Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for *his* lovelier Tees.

And it is this passion that thrills through that loveliest of all wanderers' laments

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

What of other aspects of the English lyric ? Let us descend for the moment from the heights of patriotism however expressed to more trivial subjects, drinking songs for example. We looked rather cursorily at the kind of thing which a Greek sang when he was revelling : I say revelling rather than

drinking since the latter suggests a certain repose which is absent from the *σκόλια*. They are light, dancing, excited. You feel that they are the songs of light-headed excitable persons to whom wine is a not very important adjunct to a revel. There is nothing at all to show that the Greeks had any proper, solid, and discerning appreciation of good wine. The Romans knew better than this, and had some notion of circumstantial detail. Horace would seldom be so crude as to say merely *φέρ' οἶνον*. That is the vulgar attitude of the man who merely wants to get drunk. Horace has the loving particularity of the connoisseur; his wine is a Sabine vintage four years in wood; or a nine years' old cask of Alban; or he warns his guest that he must be content with Caecuban, not Falernian, but it is good Caecuban, well cobwebbed from his grandfather's cellar; or for yet another occasion the wine must be 'languidior'. For the purposes of the English lyric it is unfortunate that the national drink should have little diversity, nor any proper names valuable for literary decoration. It cannot be pretended that either 'beer' or 'ale' is particularly euphonious, or indeed has any merit except a monosyllabic and uncompromisingly British air. However, let us see what the English writer makes of his material. It may be the not unaptly named Prelate of Bath and Wells (if it was he who wrote the poem) who

stuffed his skin so full within
With jolly good ale and old;

or it may be that admirable anonymous writer who wrote two songs to tobacco and ale, the second of which opens thus:

Whenas the chill Charokko blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When pyes and daws and rooks and crows
Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;
Then give me ale.

These have none of Horace's perfect artistry, but there is a fine solid gusto about them both, a deliberate smack of the lips, that is typically English; and even when the lyric becomes more definitely a drinking catch, like the *σκόλια*, there is still

a power about it, a roll of bass voices, which is absent from the lighter music of the Greeks. Take for illustration Peacock's *Three Men of Gotham*, or still better that uproariously sweeping chorus in which one can hear the pounding on the table in Headlong Hall :

A heeltap ! a heeltap ! I never could bear it !
 So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret !
 Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it or spare it,
 For a heeltap ! a heeltap ! I never could bear it !

If we want to find the perfection of light dancing wit we shall find it brought to a trimmer exquisiteness by the Cavalier lyrists and by Prior than by any classical writer. Horace can do it, but it is only by taking thought that he adds this particular grace to his many others ; whereas the English poets, however much of the *summa ars* they are in fact using, appear at any rate to do it without a thought, with as well-bred an ease as they dusted the snuff from their lace ruffles. Take Suckling's famous lines that begin with the inquiry after the lover's complexion and end with so airy a dismissal ; or his cry :

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together !

and the exquisitely trivial condition of the next couplet ; or Prior's lines put into the mouth of a lady dedicating her mirror to Venus ; or those others which have all the classical balance and a more than classic grace :

For as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, would Fate but mend it,
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

Now Martial has a great reputation for finished and polished wit ; as a matter of fact he spent or misspent a deal of time cultivating a sewage farm, and even his more readable efforts at their most finished are clumsy, heavy, and laboured beside the butterfly lightness of the English work, and the Greek lyric in its extant examples hardly attempts this vein.

To return from these trivialities delicate and delightful though they are, to one of the great lyric subjects. What of the English love lyric? What can we find out from it about the English? If we compare it with the Greek and Roman lyric we are at once conscious of a wide difference that has its roots much deeper than in differences of language or even of temperament. The truth is that the whole conception of love in England, at least from the days of chivalry onwards, is something so entirely different from that of classical Greece and Rome that a comparison is none too easy. We are in a world where the whole position of women is different. When you find a man of Plato's stamp, of superlative intellectual power, deep humanity and lofty idealism, in his ideal state raising women, as 'guardians', to an equality with men, but relegating them, as women, to the position of breeding machines, you know exactly where you are. Matters were better in the Rome of the Republic but much worse under the Empire. And I do not think it is going too far to say that the phrase the 'marriage of true *minds*' would to a Greek or Roman have been meaningless. Here are the first eight lines of a sonnet by Sidney, and a lyric by Robert Bridges.

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given :
 I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven :
 His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides :

Since thou, O fondest and truest,
 Hast loved me best and longest,
 And now with trust the strongest
 The joy of my heart renewest ;

Since thou art dearer and dearer
 While other hearts grow colder,
 And ever, as love is older,
 More lovingly drawest nearer :

Since now I see in the measure
Of all my giving and taking,
Thou wert my hand in the making,
The sense and soul of my pleasure ;

The good I have ne'er repaid thee
In heaven I pray be recorded,
And all thy love rewarded
By God, thy master that made thee.

They are separated in time by three hundred years, in feeling by no distinguishable interval. They are songs of spiritual love, and they and others like them are perhaps the peculiar glory of the English lyric. I do not mean that this is the only or even the chief type of English love lyric. We find the sheer love of physical beauty which appears in its artificial form in the inventories of the lady's charms with artificial comparisons, or Shakespeare's counterblast to that ; and in its more frankly sensuous form in Donne or in *The Eve of St. Agnes* ; and we find the most delicate filigree work in the same vein, ' Whenas in silks my Julia goes '. There is the pain of love, sinking sometimes to a deeper note, as in Campion's great lyric ' When thou must home to shades of underground ', with its sombre bitterness and tremendous climax ; or expressed with passionate anger and revolt in Donne. But even in Donne there appears also the spiritual and intellectual aspect :

Our souls, which to advance their state,
Were gone out, hung twixt her and me.

I suggest that in the English love lyric, as elsewhere in English poetry, we find two distinct ways of regarding love, not antagonistic but complementary, one the purely sensuous and physical, which may lead to exquisite lyric or to the frank coarseness of the Elizabethans, and the other a very high spiritual conception which raises and transmutes the physical passion into something finer ; but that what we never find, what indeed would seem to an Englishman a sort of confusion of thought, is the conception of physical passion raised to a pitch of intensity at which it in its own right becomes spiritual.

To test this theory I suggest an inquiry into the reasons which to the ordinary English reader make Rossetti's *House of Life*, wonderful poem though it is, seem a trifle morbid and unhealthy. For examples of the two types at their best, there are Meredith's *Love in the Valley* and Browning's *By the Fireside*.

Before we move on to consider how the English lyrists have handled the other of the two great lyric subjects, we may perhaps pause for a moment to wander a few yards down one or two by-ways. Any one, I think, who compares the lyrical poetry of the three languages must be struck by the impression of much richer variety which the English lyric produces. This variety is due at least in part to the fact that the English lyrists found subjects either demanding, or at least permitting, lyric treatment, subjects which exerted no such demand or extended no such permission to their forerunners. Here, for example, is an epitaph written by a man who died in 1523.

O mortal folk, you may behold and see
 How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight :
 The end of joy and all prosperitee
 Is death at last, thorough his course and might :
 After the day there cometh the dark night,
 For though the day be never so long,
 At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

Now what is it in that comparatively common-place passage from a worse than common-place poem that strikes with so arresting an impact on the mind attuned to the classic lyric? Surely the bells and all that they conjure up in the imagination, 'the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of medieval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world'. Vanished perhaps for us; but for Horace and Sappho it had never been born.

The religious motive is indeed pervasive in English lyric, whether it has to do with the religious conception of immortality, or with the figures of religion, or with the religious impulse in general. We find Chaucer, who cannot be called a profoundly serious poet—it is curious to watch—becoming

moved and therefore moving as in the ABC or the account of the small boy's cry of 'Alma Redemptoris Mater'; and we jump five hundred years to find Flecker, from whose poems one would be hard put to it to extract anything specifically religious, yet writing one of his most exquisite lyrics on the Magi, in which the effect depends not indeed on an acceptance but on an appreciation of a religious significance. Then there is all the poetry which is inspired by religious symbolism, especially by the book of Revelation and the hope of immortality:

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But one who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

There is Sir Walter Raleigh with his scallop shell of quiet; there is, three centuries later, perhaps the most secure and satisfying of all our religious poets, Christina Rossetti. And finally there is all the poetry of the great mystics, Crashaw flaming and ardent, Vaughan illumined by the light that he so loved, Francis Thompson with his almost hectic splendour of diction, Herbert of all English poets the most beautifully at ease in Sion. Whether one rates mystical poetry high or low depends no doubt upon temperament, but at least the

mystical poets had extended the range of the lyric by using it to express a type of emotional experience which, whether or not it had existed before, had not commonly used poetry as its channel. In the classical lyric there are magnificent invocations to the members of the Olympian hierarchy, but hardly a trace of that mystic element without which religion is little more than picturesque mythology.

If religion is a new subject, even newer is science. It is true that classical writers wrote about scientific subjects in verse, and even sometimes in poetry; but they were very far from writing lyric poetry about them. Science lived in a speculative realm of its own, apart from the ordinary life of men which is the realm of lyric. But as soon as science, particularly in its guise of 'applied' science, breaks the barriers and becomes part and parcel of life, then its products and its tools become something which the lyric poets can without incongruity handle. If we follow the line of our lyric poetry down from Donne constructing his famous simile of the compasses, through Wordsworth and a good deal of Tennyson, to Brooke writing of the 'unpassioned beauty of a great machine', we shall find the footprints of science more and more deeply marked.

But the rich variety of English lyric is not the outcome only of new subjects. It is the outcome also of a wide diversity of temper in handling the old subjects. We have Coleridge and Keats distilling for us the essence of the 'romantic', the form elaborate, the outlines sometimes deliberately a little blurred, the compelling mystery of Gothic architecture in the moonlight; but we have also Landor and Housman to show that we can rival the classic writers in their own field, deep emotion ridden on the curb, strong simplicity of form and clean-cut clarity of outline; and for that matter we have Mr. de la Mare using the methods of the classic writers to transport us with a wizard's easy mastery to the fairy lands of the romantic. We have in fact *Kubla Khan*, and the *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*, and *The Listeners*.

This diversity of temper is seen in the different ways in which the subject of Death is treated, with one or two illus-

trations of which this cursory examination may conclude. Here is one temper :

Death at last for all men is a harbour ; yet they flee from it,
 Set sails to the storm-wind, and again to sea ;
 Yet for all their labour no whit further shall they be from it,
 Nor longer, but wearier shall their life's work be.
 And with anguish of travail until night
 Shall they steer into shipwreck out of sight,
 And with oars that break and shrouds that strain
 Shall they drive whence no ship steers again.

Here is another :

And when I was a-weary, last and best,
 They gave me dreamless rest,
 And sent me on my way that I might come,
 Unknown, unknowing, home.

But for our last illustration let us have something in reading which we forget to trouble ourselves much about this or that temper, and surrender to its power upon us, the work of a great lyric poet, whose full appreciation by his own countrymen is still to come, a poem than which no better example could be desired of the heights to which the English lyric for the dead can rise. It has all the grave dignity of the Cornelia elegy, all the strong restraint of Callimachus' lament, all the secure control of either ; and it is also as English as anything can be. Here are the first and last verses of *Elegy on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed*.

Assemble, all ye maidens, at the door,
 And all ye loves, assemble ; far and wide
 Proclaim the bridal, that proclaimed before
 Has been deferred to this late eventide :
 For on this night the bride,
 The days of her betrothal over,
 Leaves the parental hearth for evermore ;
 To-night the bride goes forth to meet her lover.

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And thou, O lover, that art on the watch,
 Where, on the banks of the forgetful streams,

The pale indifferent ghosts wander, and snatch
The sweeter moments of their broken dreams,—
 Thou, when the torchlight gleams,
 When thou shalt see the slow procession,
 And when thine ears the fitful music catch,
Rejoice, for thou art near to thy possession.

M. R. RIDLEY.

POETRY AND THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE¹

IN considering the present state of dramatic poetry in our island, there is always subconsciously the thought that the connexion between literature and the stage, that we take for granted, is a precarious and not inevitable thing. We cherish a sometimes unconsidered idea that drama is a form of literature because we possess one of the two greatest dramatic literatures in the world and are accustomed to see printed plays stand copiously on library-shelves. Indeed, after Æschylus and Shakespeare it is not easy to remember that a play is an action, and that such an action can be developed without words—without literature.

Literature is certainly at an advantage in the matter; for drama only survives its own age and takes on some aspect of immortality when the quality of great literature enters into it. Most ages have a drama of some kind, yet there are few of which we know much. There were mysteries in Greece before the first great age of drama began—I dare say those of Eleusis were not unlike some fantastic Russian ballet in aspect; but all we can say is that the Grecian drama came out of the ritual dance.

At the nearer end of classical antiquity we know that in Imperial Rome dramatic miming was developed to a great height of significance and stylistic virtuosity; but nothing is left for us of that kind of theatric art.

In our own time we are confronted with such possibilities again; and the modern theatre's narrowing demands on literature may well be among the first signs of their coming.

¹ The substance of an address given before the Aberdeen branch of the English Association at Marischal College, Aberdeen, on 25th January 1931; and before the Manchester branch at the University, Manchester, on 21st October 1932.

There has been a steady development of the visual aspects of drama, furthered by the recognition of marvellous possibilities in electric lighting, and complicated by the incursion into the theatre of a new race of pictorial artists who aspired to paint with lights and built-up shapes and human bodies instead of with brushes and pigments. On these factors the kinema supervened, with a first effect of the complete diseducation of large audiences in the art of listening. Lately its visions have been tempered by an accompaniment of incredible, inhuman noises; but these are definitely subordinate to vision, and do not affect the present consideration—except as a disquieting indication of how insensitive modern audiences have been taught to be to the sounds that are now made in theatres. And beautiful sound, finished diction, was the foundation of the greatest drama we know.

It is true that in the theatre a form of speech is still used—a halting, colloquial usage in the service of a naturalistic convention that aims to present life as we know it and live it; in it, however, language has taken a secondary place, it is not the master-force on the stage, it is an accompaniment of the action.

This shrinkage of the area of the theatre's appeal has committed the English drama to an almost exclusive pursuit of actualism; and as verse is obviously not our medium of daily intercourse it has been held to be discredited and ruled out.

We have seen poetic drama become unacceptable on the English stage in our own time. At first it was said that modern poets could not write for the theatre, and that if another Shakespeare arose all would be well; more recently Shakespeare also has been held to be unsuitable for the changed theatre of this age.

That recent development is probably fortunate. A theatre in which Shakespeare was apparently acceptable, while later poets were not, led to irrelevant deductions at the expense of the later poets: when the disqualification is shifted from poets to poetry a fairer diagnosis is in view.

Something may be allowed to the changed *tempo* of the

age: speech itself is swifter; rhetoric is distrusted, and the source of its power in a communicated magic of diction is forgotten; observation in the theatre itself has been accelerated by the technique of the kinema.

Most of our theatre-goers seem to be unaware that any subject which can be proposed to a dramatist can be treated in two ways, upon two different levels: the level of daily intercourse, in which an appearance of actuality is sought and dramatic life is carried on by that apparatus of colloquial speech which we use as much for purposes of self-defence and concealment as for expression; and, beyond this, that other level where language leaves behind its utilitarian purposes, and, in masterly hands, tends from every point of its circumference to the one central purpose of complete expression. The broken, few rhythms of our daily speech are implemented and supplemented until they have an enlarged life; the sounds we make in daily life are extended in range and quality; and, above all, the influence of sound upon expression is explored. And this enlarged instrument is used to show us the things that man would say if he could; to show us—like something at the heart of a crystal—the thoughts that are governing his life, and that the lesser tensions of daily speech will not permit him to utter.

Another characteristic of this higher level of drama is that its nature is missed if its value is estimated by standards of realism and actuality. In the greatest drama the murder, the suicide, the kiss are not things of moment; it matters little whether they are convincingly executed or not; they may be signified by a formal gesture, or the audience may be notified of them in a narration: it is what they come out of and what they imply that matters. If we consider what a large proportion of modern drama consists in the simple execution of such acts, we have a measure of the gulf that widens between poetry and the theatre, dramatic poetry and modern drama.

The poetic drama is, indeed, not so much a representation of a theme as a meditation upon it or a distillation from it; its business is far less the simulation of life than the evocation

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and isolation for our delight of the elements of beauty and spiritual illumination in the perhaps terrible and always serious theme chosen.

Most essentially of all, poetry differs from other uses of language on the stage in being, in itself, action. Colloquial conversation may illuminate the play's action or complete it; but the magic there is in poetry, the transfiguration that is its essence, can carry on the play without other action. In poetic drama at its supreme moments words are themselves a form of action: at such times they do not even need to be reinforced by movement, and drama at its highest reaches is a sound in a stillness.

Possibly it is on account of this quality in poetry that our contemporary theatre and its audiences have rejected it. Drama for them has a different sound, a different appearance, a different pace even. We know by the success of Corneille and Racine—not to say Marlowe—that a dramatic progression by rhetoric is possible; but this is now denied to the British poet, and only the more obvious progression by action is allowed to him and considered valid; and poetry can only enter when the word comes first.

Yet it may be that the fault lies with the poet in the last resort; and, if one condition were fulfilled that has been long overlooked, modern audiences would still accept what he desires most to give. One cannot read much Jacobean prose—at its height in our Bible, on an everyday and journalistic level as in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book*, or even the rough dialogue of the lower kinds of prose comedy—without a strong feeling that the everyday speech of that time bore an inward, subconscious relationship to the verse (lyric, elegiac, narrative, as well as dramatic) which was then flowering so fully on every hand.

I do not mean by this that the diction of everyday conversation and controversy was influencing and controlling the language of poetry in the way which Wordsworth later proposed and almost brought to pass: the glories of sixteenth-century poetry would disprove such a proposition at a glance. My suggestion is of a subtler influence, subterranean and

nearer the foundations—a relationship of ‘tune’, speech-rhythms, breath-lengths, cadence—which ran parallel under the surface, rose on occasion naturally into the great metric and music, expanding with the greater inflow of the spirit; but all the time possessing an affinity in sound which no longer exists between the blank verse of our greatest drama and our daily speech. The quality I would segregate might almost be defined as the cadenced flow of sound which one hears from an accomplished speaker when one is too far away to distinguish his words; and, when this speech-melody of ordinary intercourse underlies the choicer and more studied flow of poetry as well, the listener is bound to have a swifter reception and perception ready for the greater complexities of verse. And this relationship no longer exists. Our dramatic poets have gone on, sometimes emulating directly the Elizabethan and Jacobean style in both diction and music, sometimes deducing from it (instead of from daily speech) a modish stylistic elevation in the literary manner of the time—with ephemeral results ranging from the artificialities of Rowe to the romantic lingo of the early nineteenth century; while daily speech was changing its cadences through Restoration artifice and eighteenth-century sobriety to the second great efflorescence in the nineteenth century that also signalized a definite break-up in its formal nature.

By now the difficulty is felt with regard to the Jacobean themselves—enough so, at least, to suggest to one contemporary actor-manager recently the wisdom of having Shakespeare translated into modern English. However far such unwisdom might go, it seems at least fairly clear by now that to attempt to continue the use of the Jacobean verse in drama, without its original great purpose (and with a changed and changing mental and psychological outlook), is bound to hamper the necessary swiftness of apprehension in audiences—who will quickly blame the mere use of poetry on the stage for the difficulty they experience. I conceive that if poetry is to regain its right of entry to the theatre it must learn again to base itself upon contemporary speech-rhythms (though not necessarily contemporary speech-usages)—upon, that is,

contemporary sound, and not either the look of a printed page or even a bygone usage of sound.

In addition to this consideration, there is another that is perhaps more difficult to cope with. The Elizabethans created a great drama of metrical and rhythmic speech; but they used it for the realistic and naturalistic development of their themes, to which prose was often more analogous than verse. The Civil War appeared to bring our great period of drama to an end; but did it not truly end with Shakespeare and Webster and Beaumont? The poets of that last age transgressed the range and freedom attained in blank verse, to degrade it into a mere jumble of tolerable lines and sham lines, worse than bad prose. It is curious that no one seems to have said anything about this when blank verse was discussed after the Restoration; but there is no wonder that it was then agreed to be 'too low for a paper of verses'.

Perhaps the downward path was inevitable—and for a reason that still inhibits a renaissance of dramatic poetry: a choice that was made by Shakespeare's fellows, and to some extent by Shakespeare. They chose to pour their treasures of formal, patterned, metrical speech into the mould of naturalistic action: with a few exceptions, such as *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, *Richard III's* backward glance upon Seneca, and the use of the Queen in *Hamlet* for the admirable 'Greek Messenger' of Ophelia's death, the plot and action of an Elizabethan play could be developed in prose as well as in verse. *The School for Scandal*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Pigeon* could be written in verse as successfully as *Much Ado About Nothing*: if Shakespeare did it we should gain glorious poetry, but not more complete plays—though we can, indeed, tantalize ourselves pleasantly with the thought of the seven-times-freer hand that Sir James Barrie would have had in handling the plot of *Dear Brutus* and developing its undeniable delights in 1610.

This mental astigmatism, this solution of continuity was not noticed while the fires of great genius flamed high, melted the most refractory ores, dominated the movements of the players, and carried the audience unquestioningly along: the richly

vowelled, sonorous Jacobean speech was still plainly the raw material of Jacobean poetry—and our physical movements are possibly in some relationship, yet undetermined, to the rhythms of our daily speech. But while our ordinary speech changed with the ages, the verse of drama became more and more a fixed language divided from the language of intercourse—and, eventually, naturalistic movement, of a kind called for by the naturalistic plot, to produce the illusion of a thing happening as it would in real life, was plainly at cross purposes with it. For only movements dictated by the verse can illustrate the verse wholly. When the great dazzling poetry was over, the solution of continuity was more and more apparent. One wonders why the writers of the end of Charles the First's reign troubled to write blank verse: however grandiose and far-fetched their plots might be, they were prose plots in essence. Everyday reality had, indeed, triumphed in the envisaging of the theme; and it is reasonable to wonder if, long before the last stage was reached, the actors did not then begin to slur over verse distinctions in attempting to reconcile otherwise unaccommodating speech with naturalistic action. At least it is easy to admit that the nineteenth-century people had reason who began to ask, 'Why should plays be written in verse?'

The Greeks and the seventeenth-century logical French saw this from the start: when they would write in verse for the stage they evolved a rhythmic, patterned, non-naturalistic action to match their rhythmic, metrically patterned speech. Perhaps our Caroline writers felt they were missing something desirable in this way as blank-verse drama became matter-of-fact; for about that time the masque began its elaborate transitory existence in a way to suggest that its inventors hoped to retain a vanishing spirit by material addition and complication. There might have been a renewed hope for poetry if drama could have found a point of union with the masque; but the masque looked away, and towards music—and the bastard form of poetic drama that is opera seems to have been the outcome.

It is interesting to note that when the French poets, in

their wisdom, saw the advantages of a regulated, unreal action for their regulated, unreal speech, they were followed before very long by Molière's invention of modern prose comedy; and the battle was joined then, as implacably as modernists could ever wage it now, by his insisting on his players speaking Racine's verse for the sense—as though it were prose. That is a new and modish idea to-day also: but it cannot be so easily shown to be wrong now as it was when this species of naturalism was imposed on Racine's formal, symmetrical, unreal play. Racine had no doubt, at any rate: he struck hard for the integrity and music of his verse.

Perhaps, then, the poets' example now lies there—and, more completely, in the Greece of Æschylus and Sophocles. In the early, limited example of *The Seven Against Thebes* one may reasonably see a seed-pod of unlimited opportunities—opportunities that are always poetry's, yet without any denial of the rights of drama. One's earliest reading of it leaves an impression of poignantly real things happening to absorbingly real people; the poignancy is intensified from the first by the happening being in terms of poetry, but it is only after familiarity that one notices how far the progress is from being one of actuality, how much the progression is one of rhetoric and not of action—and how deeper issues are reached on that account. The play is built on a rigid pattern, unaccommodated to events: a series of strict duologues are punctuated by sympathetic choruses: one can almost liken it to a canto of an epic in *ottava rima*—a duologue of three interchanges of rhyme finished off and separated by a couplet of chorus. We are told that Æschylus did this because he was only allowed to use two (perhaps three) actors: the lesson for us lies, not in the fact, but in the proof that the nature of things can be depicted and attained on the stage without reconstructing the appearance of their actuality—and also that the power of their expression can be at least cubed by the use of so unnatural a thing as a chorus.

Rhetoric, with all that it connotes of cadence and music and vivid life added to words, is widely discredited now; but with this wave of fashionable opinion we lose too much—

more indeed than the lovers of literature will be content to go on losing, as soon as some channel forms by which it can return into our consciousness freed from the recipes and standardization which have made it stale. Until it does so return, poetry cannot easily return to the stage; and it can only exist there when the balance of everyday life is denied and a new balance reached in which words have the supreme power.

In a recent volume of the British Drama League's journal *Drama*, Mr. Edward Lewis, in a course of instruction in the art of play-writing, says, 'Never put into words what your actor can convey just as well by a look, a gesture, a movement on the stage, or by the intonation of his voice.' This is, no doubt, excellent advice for one kind of play-writing: it is probably true for such kinds of drama as are now unfortunately lost in antiquity; but it does not cover Sophocles' and Shakespeare's and Racine's kind of achievement.

To hear a great French actress speak Racine's *Phèdre* is to realize for oneself that in Britain we have lost a whole domain of art. Literature is not ancillary there: the words are the condition of all else; and because literature is controlling her mind, it governs her bodily existence in the play. The people in an actualistic drawing-room play must be kept in changing movement by a producer to hold the audience's attention; but *Phèdre* and her sisters are often still, *still* in order that they shall not distract their listeners from the action of the play—which they are *uttering*; and, when they move, it is as often to further the rhythms of their speech as to exemplify facts in the plot—with the result that their beautiful movement is twice expressive.

Dramatic poetry's relations with action are, indeed, at the core of the present day's attitude to its use in the theatre. There is something important to be considered with regard to theme also; for the contemporary theatre-goers value greatly an element of novelty and surprise; whereas it would seem from past experience that the supreme achievements of dramatic poetry have been reached with themes universally known (at least in their general outline). When every one

knew beforehand—as in the Greek theatre—what was going to happen, attention was set free for the imageries and reverberations of verse; and the possibilities of tragic irony were sharpened and deepened. But when all other criticisms are answered, the manufactured antithesis between poetry and action remains unresolved.

Professor Albert Verwey of Leyden, himself a notable poet, says in writing of the dramas of the Dutch seventeenth-century poet Vondel:

It sounds very plausible when those who demand action of a drama reproach Vondel for his lack of it. But the demand is a purely arbitrary one. What is needed is not action, but tension and suspense, no matter how that is attained. The characters in Vondel's dramas speak in meditations shared between dialogue and chorus, distributed and kept together with a delicate sense of balance and a great genius for artistic arrangement, enlivened with a wealth of *trouvailles*, and melodiously rendered by a delicate natural diction.

This sense of balance, however, follows a rising line, in which the tension consists—for the sake of which and through which the poem is a drama, that is, suited not merely to be recited by different characters, each taking his part, but to be really acted and to exercise a fascinating effect (first moving, then easing) on an audience.

The audience must be ripe for it, however, as well as the actors. If the actors do not see the delicate shades of balance, if they do not feel the tone which unites all parts of the work as a continuing melody; or if the spectators have no natural bent for meditative emotion—then they are unfit for Vondel. If the actors are not content with the delicately modelled types which he has created for them in harmony with his purpose and style, but desire parts giving them opportunity for intensely personal depiction of character; or if the spectators desire to feel a suspense of immediate compassion for the characters represented, and not one of reflective emotion over the fate that is coming to pass before their eyes; then, surely, Vondel is not for them.¹

Not Vondel; and not other poets. Professor Verwey

¹ I am indebted to Dr. Th. Weevers, of Bedford College, Regent's Park, for bringing Professor Verwey's admirable criticism to my attention, and for permitting me to use his translation of it here.

speaks for all poets in this. To say more, I can only quote an interlude written for the performance of such drama :

We tell of things that once were news,
Such as the press now soils for its use ;
But we look beyond the accident
Of a thing that happened for the thing it meant.
To mimic the murder or the kiss
Tells us nothing of what it is
In the significance of the heart.
We need to meditate apart
From the imitation of something seen—
To ask of deeds that once have been
What they were destined to come to mean
In the spirits of those who suffered and did,
And in our spirits in which are hid
The same dim forces, which all inherit.

Which of us has seen a spirit ?
We have no belief to bring us near it :
Yet in the world of poetry
We can admit such things may be,
And in the possibility
Receive enlarged experience
Of beauty and the interior sense
Of man's most intimate dealing with man.

Here, moving in the little span
Of this loved stage, you shall not see
The day's externe reality.
Poetry wills that you shall hear
The implications of all fear,
All terror and joy, that shall express
In earnest grievous life no less
Than an inmost essence of loveliness.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

ENGLISH NAMES AND OLD ENGLISH HEATHENISM¹

FOR our knowledge of the fall of heathenism in England we are almost entirely dependent on Bede. The conversion to Christianity began in Kent, which had been throughout the heathen period in the closest touch with the civilization of Gaul, and was complete within a century of St. Augustine's landing in 597. The 'god-descended' kings were the first to abandon the worship of Woden. Penda of Mercia is, of course, a notable exception; but his Welsh allies were Christians of a sort, and it is likely enough that his opposition was as much political as religious. That is not to say that there is a record of uninterrupted progress. There was apostasy, particularly in times of plague or national disaster. On the death of Æthelberht, the first Christian king of Kent, his son Eadbald not only refused baptism but married his stepmother—a heathen practice noted by Procopius among the closely-related Warni of the Continent. Again, on the death of Sæberct of Essex his three sons began

¹ This essay, which is from the nature of the case rather a summary of results than an exhaustive survey of the subject, owes a great deal to the ten volumes so far published by the English Place-Name Society and to the eleventh which is now in the press; to Dr. Mawer's work published elsewhere, especially his *Problems of Place-Name Study* (Cambridge, 1929); to Professor Ekwall, especially *The Place-Names of Lancashire* (Manchester, 1922); and to my old teacher Professor Chadwick's *The Cult of Oðin* (London, 1899). Much of the ground is covered in greater detail in two excellent monographs by German scholars, R. Jente's *Die mythologischen Ausdrücke im altenglischen Wortschatz* (Heidelberg, 1921), and E. A. Philippson's *Germanisches Heidentum bei den Angelsachsen* (Leipzig, 1929), but practically all my material has been collected independently of them. It is hardly necessary to add that many of the charters cited from Birch's *Cartularium Saxonicum* and Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* are in their present form much later than the dates they bear. But some sacrifice must be made to brevity of reference. Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica* is abbreviated *H. E.*

to profess heathenism and allowed their people to worship idols (*H. E.* ii. 5). In Northumbria the defeat and death of Edwin undid the work of Paulinus; the two kingdoms, united under Æthelfrith and Edwin, fell apart, and the kings alike of Deira and Bernicia apostasized. Again, Redwald of East Anglia professed an eclectic faith; for in the same temple he had an altar for the celebration of Mass and an *arula* (perhaps a diminutive of contempt) for sacrifices to devils. According to Bede (*H. E.* ii. 15) the temple was still standing when Aldwulf of East Anglia (d. 713) was a boy. And even when the kings were steadfast in the faith their subjects might hanker after the old ways. Thus in the *Life and Miracles of St. Cuthbert*, c. 3, the countryfolk refused to pray for monks in peril of the sea. ‘Nobody shall pray for them! May God spare none of them! for they have taken away from men the ancient rites and customs, and how the new ones are to be observed nobody knows.’ Again, St. Cuthbert had to strengthen those who in the time of pestilence had recourse to the false remedies of idolatry, as if they could have put a stop to the plagues sent from God by incantations, amulets, or any other secrets of the Devil’s arts (*H. E.* iv. 27). Some of the less obnoxious of such incantations are preserved and can be found in the three volumes of Cockayne’s *Leechdoms*. A useful reference to the belief in amulets is the story of Imma, a Northumbrian thegn captive to the Mercians at the battle of the Trent (*H. E.* iv. 22). When Imma’s brother, thinking him dead, celebrated masses for the repose of his soul his bonds fell off, and his jailer asked if he had *litteras solutorias* on his person. These *litterae solutoriae* may be compared with the spells mentioned in the Old Norse *Hávamál* 150, and it may be conjectured that they would have been inscribed in the runic character, as are the inscriptions (not satisfactorily explained) from heathen graves in the Jutish area—on the sword-hilt from Gilton (Ash) in Kent and the scabbard-mount from Chessell Down in the Isle of Wight. With these last we may compare the *run-stafas* on the sword described at *Beowulf* 1694–8 and the *sigrúnar* (victory-runes) of the Old Norse *Sigrdrifumál* 6. On the

other hand, when St. Wilfrid was thrown on the Sussex coast a heathen high priest, standing on a lofty mound, strove to curse the people of God and to bind their hands (Eddius, c. 13). There is a further reference to the heathen belief in spells in Bede's account of Æthelberht's reception of St. Augustine (*H. E.* i. 25); he refused to meet the missionaries within doors lest they should work some magic on him. In the second account of the dragon's hoard in *Beowulf* 3069 ff. we hear that a spell had been laid upon it—that any one who plundered it should be *hergum geheadærod*, 'shut out from the shrines'. Heathen gold was notoriously dangerous stuff to handle, but that did not necessarily keep the burial-mounds intact. When St. Guthlac became a hermit he took up his abode in a mound that had been opened by treasure-seekers heathen or Christian. The description of the last rites paid to Beowulf shows that his was a cremation-burial, but the practice of burning the dead seems to have gone out of fashion in England some time before the conversion to Christianity. There is a reference to the characteristic Germanic custom of observing omens at *Beowulf* 204 (*hæl sceawedon*).

We have little preserved in the vernacular that in its present form dates back to the heathen period, and it is tempting to fill in the blurred and broken outlines of Old English heathenism from the highly sophisticated picture of the gods of Asgarth we find in Old Norse literature. But we have no reason to believe that the neat pattern woven by Snorri was repeated in England, and it is safer to draw our illustrations from Old English personal names and place-names and from the heathen background of *Beowulf*. Of set purpose I have excluded material which I am satisfied belongs rather to the heathenism introduced by the Scandinavian settlers of the ninth and tenth centuries. That this struck deeper root than some recent scholars are inclined to admit is suggested by Dr. A. H. Smith's 'Old Scandinavian *lundr*' in *Leeds Studies in English*, ii. 72-5.

It may save time to consider first some of the significant words which appear in the forms discussed. These refer partly to topographical features, partly to objects of man's

construction. OE. *feld* means 'open country' as distinguished from marsh and woodland, OE. *dūn*, 'hill', OE. *h(e)alh*, 'nook', OE. *hrycg*, 'ridge', OE. *denu*, 'valley'; it is often difficult to discriminate between *denu* and OE. *denn*, 'woodland pasture for swine'. OE. *lē(a)h* (cognate with Latin *lucus*) seems originally to have meant 'woodland', as in the old name of the Weald (*Andredeas leah* in the Chronicle 477 A), then a clearing, and finally open country of any kind. Thus it is difficult to say whether the second element of *Cernelega* (Charley, Leics.), the only place-name found in the Charnwood Forest area in Domesday Book, signifies 'woodland' or 'clearing'. Similarly OE. *w(e)ald* meant in the first instance 'woodland, especially on high ground'. O.E. *be(o)rg* and *hlāw*, which has also a mutated form *hlāw*, may refer either to a natural hill or to an artificial barrow thrown up in memory of some great man, such as the *hlāw* Beowulf asks may be built on *Hrones-næs*, 'that in after times seafarers may call it *Biowulfes biorh* when they drive tall ships from afar over the misty sea', or such as covered the bones of that Tæppa whose tomb-furniture (from Taplow, Bucks.) is one of the glories of the Anglo-Saxon Room in the British Museum.

Turning to objects definitely of man's construction one may note *dīc*, 'ditch', 'earthwork', often of pre-English origin, and *wīc*, 'dairy-farm'. There is also a small group of words meaning 'temple' or 'shrine'. (*E*)*ulh* (cf. OHG. *alah*, Goth. *alhs*) seems to have presented difficulty to late OE. scribes (cf. the manuscript readings at *Exodus* 392 and *Paris Psalter* 78, 1). Compounded it occurs, for example, in (*e*)*alhstede* (*Daniel* 674 and 690) and in many personal names such as *Ealhthere*, *Ealhmund*, *Ealhstān*, *Ealhweard*. In place-names it appears as the first element of *ealhfleet* in Graveney, Kent (BCS. 341 of 812), and apparently, preceded by a personal name in the genitive case, in *puttan . . ealh* (BCS. 225 of 778 dealing with Bedwyn, Wilts.).

He(a)rg (cf. OHG. *haruc*, 'temple', 'grove', ON. *hgrgr*, 'pile of stones', 'place of sacrifice') is used to gloss or translate a variety of Latin words for 'temple', 'shrine', 'idol'—once *lucum* (acc. sg.), 'grove'. At *Beowulf* 3072 it occurs in

the form *herg*, 'temple', and at v. 175 *hærg-trafum* for *hrærg-trafum* is as certain as any emendation can be. In place-names, Peper Harrow, Surrey (DB *Pipereherge*), is the temple of a man called *Pipp(e)ra*; and Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex (BCS. 201 of 767 *bitwih gumeninga hergae*), and *Besinga hearh* (BCS. 72 of 688, dealing with Farnham Surrey) were places of worship belonging originally to families or groups known as the *Gumeningas* and *Besingas*. More frequently, however, *he(a)rg* was used as the first element of names, as in Harrowden, Beds. (DB. *Herghetone*, but 1166 *Harewedone*), Great and Little Harrowden, Northants. (DB. *Hurgindone*, *Hargedone*), Harrowick, Beds. (1287 *Harewyke*, *Herewik*), Arrowfield Top in Alvechurch, Worcs. (c. 1300 *Harewemedde*), and Harrowbank, co. Durham (1382 *Harewbank*).

Wē(o)h (cf. OS. *wīh*, 'temple', ON. *vé*, 'sanctuary', Goth. adj. *weihs*, 'holy') means 'idol, or the shrine containing it'. It is used of the golden image in *Daniel* 201 and 208 and probably in the sense of 'idol' in the *Exeter Gnostic Verses* 133. In the compound *wīg-bed*, *wēofod*, 'idol-table', 'altar', a variant¹ survived till almost the end of the ME. period; *wēued* is recorded as late as c. 1425. In *Beowulf* it is found only as the first element of *wig-weorþunga*, 'sacrifices' (176), and in the personal name *Weohstan* (2613). Elsewhere it appears as the first element of *Wēohhelm* and in the hypocoristic *Wēohha* and probably in other names; but naturally it is difficult to distinguish between *Wēoh*- and *Wīg*-names. As an independent word it is found in an early form for Weyhill, Hants (1327 *atte Wee*), and preceded by an owner's name in Patchway in Falmer, Sussex (BCS. 197 of c. 765 *Petteleswig*), and in the unidentified *Cusanweoh* mentioned in connexion with Farnham and Churt, Surrey (BCS. 72 of 688). It is commonly compounded with *dūn* or *lē(a)h*—natural sites for a heathen temple; e.g. in Weedon, Bucks. (KCD. 824 of 1066 *in Weodune*), Weedon Beck (BCS. 792 of 944 *weoduninga gemære*) and Weedon Lois (DB. *Wedon(e)*), both in Northants.; Weeley, Essex (DB. *Wileia*), Willey in Farnham, Surrey (BCS. 627 of 909 *to weo léage*),

¹ Cf. the form cited for Whiligh, Sussex.

Whiligh in Ticehurst, Sussex (Stowe Charter 38 of 1018 to *wiglege*), Wheely Farm in Warnford, Hants (KCD. 780 of 1045 on *wéolége*), Weoley, Worcs. (1264 *Welegh*).

The character of these temples we can only surmise from the hints given by Bede. That destroyed by Coefi at *Godmunddinguham* (Goodmanham near York) seems to have been surrounded by an enclosure, and, like the hall of the period, to have been built of wood; it contained images of gods whose cult was performed therein, and it was profanation to bear arms within it (*E. H.* ii. 13).

The generic term for 'god' in Old English is the same as the modern English, but its gender varies between masculine and neuter with plurals *godu* and *godas*. In compounds it is difficult of course to distinguish it from *gōd*, 'good', but it seems likely enough that some of the *God*-names, such as *Godwulf* (cf. ON. *Þórolfr*) and *Godmunddinguham*, contain *god* in the sense of 'heathen deity'. In ON. there are two separate families of gods, the *Vanir* (*Njǫrðr*, who represents with change of sex the *Nerthus* mentioned by Tacitus, *Germania*, c. 40, as worshipped by the Anglii, and his children *Freyr* and *Freyja*) and the *Æsir*. A primitive form of this latter name appears in the sixth-century Gothic historian Jordanes (c. 13); the Goths 'proceres suos, quorum quasi fortuna uincebant, non puros homines, sed semideos, id est ansis, uocauerunt'. The *Æsir* reappear in England alongside of the elves in the charm *wið færstice* (Cockayne, *Leechdoms*, iii. 54); the gen. pl. *ēsa* may also form the first element of the Worcs. wood-name Easerfield Coppice in Kyre Magna (1669 *Eswaldfield*), though it is hazardous to attempt an explanation of so late a form. To the ON. singular *áss* corresponds OE. *ōs*, found independently only as the name of the runic character for 'o':

Os byþ ordfruma ælcra spræce (*Runic Poem*, v. 10).

On the other hand, *Ōs-* (cf. OHG. *Ans-*, ON. *Ás-*) is one of the most productive prefixes in OE. personal names. *Ōsb(e)ald*, *Ōsbe(o)rht*, *Ōsburh*, *Ōsfrith*, *Ōshere*, *Ōslāc*, *Ōslāf*, *Ōsmund*, *Ōsrēd*, *Ōsrīc*, *Ōsw(e)ald*, *Ōsw(e)ard*, *Ōswine*, *Ōswulf* are

frequently recorded, though they do not seem to have been used in the West Saxon royal family.

The reference in the *Runic Poem* is doubtless to *Wōden*; for in the OE. prose fragment of Salomon and Saturn *Mercurius* the giant is said to have first established letters. *Wōden* (cf. OHG. *Wuotan*, ON. *Óðinn*) as god of the dead, especially of those who have fallen in battle, and as the source of witchcraft and poetry is equated with the Latin *Mercurius*, and the fourth day of the week still bears his name (OE. *Wōdnes dæg*). In the *Exeter Gnostic Verses* 133 it is said that *Wōden* wrought idols, or, perhaps, built shrines, and in the *Nine Herbs Charm* (Cockayne, *Leechdoms*, iii. 34) that he seized nine *wuldor-tanas* and smote the adder so that it flew into nine pieces. The number nine is also associated with *Óðinn* in ON. writings.

All the Old English dynasties which claim an origin from the heathen gods trace their descent from *Wōden* except the kings of Essex, most of whose names alliterate with that of their divine ancestor *Seaxnēt* (not affiliated to *Wōden* before Florence of Worcester). *Seaxnēt*, in the Continental form *Saxnōt*, is found alongside of *Thunaer* and *Uuoden* in the Old Saxon renunciation-formula, and is perhaps a by-name of *Tīg*. The other Saxon dynasty which claims a divine origin traces its descent in the familiar way from *Wōden*. But there are many suspicious features about the first two centuries of West Saxon history—from Cædwalla back to Cerdic, who landed on the Hampshire coast bearing, like Cædwalla, a Welsh name (= Ceredig, an earlier form of which was latinized as Coroticus). *ƿunor* does not appear in royal genealogies, and this may suggest that, like *Þórr* in Norway, he was the god of the farmer, while the cult of *Wōden* and *Tīg* belonged especially to the military class. Ethelwerd, the tenth-century chronicler and scion of the royal house of Wessex, states definitely that 'the pagans worshipped Woden as a god with sacrilegious honour and offered him sacrifice for the acquisition of victory or valour'.

Wōden does not appear as the first element of OE. personal names, but is associated with *denu*, *feld*, *lē(a)h*, *dīc*, *be(o)rg*,

and *hlāw*, as, e.g., in *on wodnes dene* in or near Overton, Wilts. (BCS. 734 of 939); in Wednesfield, Staffs. (DB. *Wodnesfeld*); and *Wodnesfeld* (Florence of Worcester under the year 911), which is most improbably to be identified with Wanswell, Glos.; Wensley, Derbyshire (DB. *Wodnesleie*); Wansdyke, an earth-work in Wilts. and Somerset (BCS. 600 of 903, &c., *wodnes dic*); Wednesbury, Staffs. (DB. *Wadnesberie*), Woodnesborough, Kent (DB. *Wanesberga*, but in early twelfth-century Domesday of the Monks of Christ Church *Wodnesbeorge*), and *Wodnesbeorg* (Chronicle 592 and 792 E), which BCS. 390 of 825 (*be westan wodnes beorge*) suggests is to be identified with Adam's Grave in Alton Priors, Wilts.; Wensley. a half-hundred in Beds. (DB. *Weneslai*, but 1169 *Wodneslawe*).

In ON. *Frigg* is the wife of *Óðinn*; in OE. the corresponding *Frīg* is only used to render the Latin *Venus* in *Frīge dæg*, *Frīge æfen*, and *Frīge niht*. As a common noun the plural *frīge* is found occasionally in OE. poetry in the sense of 'physical love'.

Tīg (also *Tīw* from the genitive *Tīwes*) corresponds to the ON. *Týr* and OHG. *Ziu*. It is, of course, the Indo-European **deiwo*s (cf. Latin *divus*, *deus*) applied in Germanic to a specific god equated with *Mars*, though in ON. the plural *tívar* is still used of the gods in general. *Tīg* appears in Tuesday (OE. *Tīwes dæg*) and, associated with *lē(a)h*, probably in the Surrey place-name Tuesley (but see EPNS. Surrey 200). It is likely enough, too, that the name of the letter 't' in the OE. runic alphabet was originally *Tīg*; in the ON. alphabet it bore the name *Týr*.

There is rather more evidence for *punor* (cf. OHG. *Donar*, ON. *Þórr*), who is equated with *Juppiter*, as for example in the fifth day of the week (OE. *punres dæg*). His name when used as a common noun signifies 'thunder' and 'thunderbolt', and we can probably say of him, as did Adam of Bremen of the corresponding god in the great temple of the Swedes at Upsala, that he 'presides in the air, and governs thunder and lightning, winds and rains, fair weather and crops'. The commonest element with which his name is associated is *lē(a)h*, as in Thundersley, Essex (DB. *Thunreslea*),

Thunderley in Wimbish, Essex (DB. *Tunreslea*), on *Punres lea* (BCS. 393 of 826 dealing with Droxford, Hants), on *punres léa* (KCD. 781 of 1045 dealing with Millbrook, Hants), and on *punorslege* (BCS. 208 of 772 dealing with Bexhill, Sussex). It is also associated with *fel*, as in *to ðunresfeldu* (BCS. 469 of 854 dealing with Harden Huish, Wilts.); *hrycg*, as in Thundridge (see Skeat's *PN. of Herts.* 43-4); and *hlāw*, as in the DB. half-hundred of *Thunreslau*, Essex.

In Scandinavia *Þórr* is very frequently found as an element in personal names, *Freyr* occasionally, and *Óðinn* rarely; but the only possible evidence of a similar kind from England is of very questionable value. According to a late story given by Symeon of Durham, a Kentish thegn called *Thunor*, *quod Latina interpretatione sonat tonitrus*, brought about the death of two young princes of the royal house and was swallowed by the earth; the spot was marked *horrendo lapidum acervo* and called by passers-by *Thunerleaw*. This is probably a story invented to account for another place-name which preserved the memory of the heathen god.

There are also in OE. a good many words referring to supernatural beings—usually malevolent. OE. *dweorg* (cf. ON. *dvergr*, OHG. *twerc*) is used to gloss a variety of Latin terms for 'dwarf', and there are several references in the *Leechdoms* to charms *wið dweorge* (i.e. against convulsions). There is a compound *dweorge-dwostle*, 'pennyroyal', 'flea-bane', and the word is found associated with *denu* in Dwarri-den, WR. Yorks (1335 *Dweryden*); cf. also Derryhouse in Ecclestone, Lancs.

In ON. the *álfar*, 'elves', are mentioned alongside of the *jötnar* (cf. OE. *eotenas*), *dvergar* and *Æsir*, and in *Beowulf* 112 the *ylfe* (earlier *ielfe*) appear along with *untýdras*, *eotenas*, *orcneas*, and *gigantas*. The OE. charm *wið færstice* is used as a protection against *esa gescot* and *ylfa gescot* alike. *Ælf-ād*, 'nightmare', and *ælf-sogoða*, 'hiccough', were believed to be due to elves, and *ælf-þone*, 'enchanter's nightshade', was used as a remedy against diseases caused by them. Alden in Bury, Lancs. (1296 *Alvedene*), is perhaps, as Ekwall suggests, from **ælf* *denu*. A similarly unmutated or perhaps non-

West Saxon form is found as the first element of many personal names, of which *Ælfrēd* and *Ælfric* are the most familiar; this suggests that the elves were not always looked on as maleficent, and certainly in ON. poetry periphrasis with the names of elves was regarded as favourable. A West Saxon variety has survived in Ilfracombe and Elmscott in Hartland, Devon, which contain respectively **Ielfrēd* and **Ielfmund*.

OE. *scucca* (not recorded in continental Germanic) is used generally of a demon or goblin, specifically of Satan or Beelzebub. At *Beowulf* 939 the dative plural occurs in the phrase *scuccum and scinnum* referring to the supernatural beings that haunted Heorot. The compound *scuccgild* means 'idol'. *Scucca*, or *scucc-*, is associated with *be(o)rh*, *hlāw*, *h(e)alh*, and *þorn*, as in Shuckburgh, Warw. (DB. *Socheberge*), cf. also Shugborough in Colwich, Staffs.; Shucklow Warren (now Warren Farm) in Horwood, Bucks. (BCS. 264 of 792 *Scuccanhlaw*); Scoughall, East Lothian (1094 *Scuchale*); Shuckton Manor, Derbyshire, where the second element was originally *þorn*.

The associated word OE. *scīn*, or *scinn(a)* (cf. OHG. *giscin*), is used to render Latin *portentum*, *funtasma*, *prestigium*, and *demonium*. At *Whale* 31 *scinna þeaw* is parallel to *deofla wise*, and at *Christ and Satan* 72 the weak form is used of the fallen angels. Apart from the reference at *Beowulf* 939 the emendation *scyn-sceaða* for *syn-sceaðu* is necessary for the alliteration at v. 707. Compounded with OE. *clif* the genitive plural perhaps occurs in Shincliffe, co. Durham (c. 1125 *Scinneclif*).

In *Beowulf* there are several terms for 'giant'—*ent*, *eoten*, *þyrs*, the second and third of which are applied to Grendel. OE. *ent* (cf. German *enz*) is used to gloss *gigas*, and the adjectives *entisc* (*Beowulf* 2979) and *e(o)tonisc* (*Beowulf* 2616 and 2979, *eotenisc* 1558) are applied to arms and armour believed to have been wrought by the giants (cf. *enta ær-geweorc* at *Beowulf* 1679). Otherwise the genitive plural is used in conjunction with *geweorc* or *ær-geweorc*, the combination referring to constructions of the pre-English period—of the

dragon's barrow at *Beowulf* 2717 and 2774, of old buildings at *Wanderer* 87, *Ruin* 2, and *Cottonian Gnostic Verses* 2, and parallel to *stræte stanfuge* at *Andreas* 1235. In this connexion the gloss *ciclopum: enta* is of interest. In place-names it is associated with *dīc* and *hlāw*, as in *tó æntu dīc* (KCD. 743 of 1026 dealing with Worthy, Hants). In *on entan hlew* (BCS. 763 of 940 dealing with Polhampton in Overton, Hants) we have the genitive singular of a weak form; cf. *on enta hléwe* (KCD. 752 of 1033, which deals with the same place).

OE. *eoten* (cf. ON. *jötunn*, the original sense being 'devourer') is applied to Grendel at *Beowulf* 761 and used generally at vv. 112, 421, and 883. It is found occasionally as a rendering for Latin *gigas*, but does not occur in OE. poetry outside of *Beowulf*. It survived throughout the Middle English period and is found in the form *etayn* in *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* 140 and 723. In Scots it was still current in the sixteenth century in the story of the Red Etin (Sir David Lyndsay and the *Complaynt of Scotlande*), and the latest example given in *NED*. (Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I, ii) evidently refers to some such romance or folk-tale. It is very doubtful, however, if it is recorded in place-names; *eotan ford* (BCS. 1119 of 963 dealing with Aston near Lilleshall, Salop) may contain the genitive of a personal name *Ēota*. It is possibly the first element of Edinshall, the broch in the parish of Duns, Berwickshire, though in Armstrong's map (1771) and in the *Old Statistical Account* (1792) this is called 'Wooden's (Woden's or Odin's) Hall or Castle'.

OE. *þȳrs* (cf. ON. *þurs*, OHG. *duris*) is used to gloss Latin *orcus*, *cacus*, *colossus*, *cyclops* (also *mursus* in the sense of 'wizard'). According to the *Cottonian Gnostic Verses* 42-3 the *þȳrs* dwells in the marsh, alone in the depth of the country, and at *Beowulf* 426 the term is applied to Grendel. The word seems to have survived in dialect, especially in Lancashire, till modern times, and it is probably the second element of the Yorkshire dialectal *Hob-thrush* or *Hob-thrust*, *Hob* being a diminutive of Robert, as in *hobgoblin*, *Robin*

Goodfellow, &c. In OE. it is found in composition with *pytt* in *innon þone þyrs pytt* (BCS. 537 of c. 872 dealing with Mar-cliff in Bidford, Warw.); cf. KCD. 289.¹ In Lancashire place-names it is compounded with a number of words for 'valley', OE. *denu* and *clōh*, as in Thursden in Whalley (1324 *Thirsedeneheued*) and *Thurescloch* in Hindley, Wigan (1267-8); ON. *gill*, as in Thrushgill in Melling (1631 *Thursgill*). In this last, as in the duplicate names *Thursgyll* (c. 1350) near Capernwray, Lanes., and *Thursegilemos* (1267-8) in Bland, WR. Yorks., we have the corresponding ON. form *þurs*.

OE. *fifel* (cf. ON. *fífl*) occurs independently only at *Wald re* B. 10. In compounds it is used definitely of aquatic monsters, as in *fifel-cynn* (*Beowulf* 104), *Fifel-dor* (a name for the River Eider at *Widsith* 43), and *fifel-stream* and *fifel-wæg*, both of which latter are synonyms for 'ocean'. The corresponding ON. word usually means 'fool', 'idiot'; but the original sense of 'monster' occurs at *Völuspá* 51, where *fífls megir* (or *fíflmegir*) is applied to Loki and his crew.

OE. *nicor* (cf. *inter alia* ON. *nykr*, OHG. *nihhus*) is 'used (as Professor R. W. Chambers notes) by the different Germanic peoples for any strange water-being they might meet, from a mermaid (as in the later Middle English examples) to a hippopotamus'. In *Beowulf* it inhabits both the open sea and Grendel's mere, and a Sussex *aqua de Nikerpoll* (1263) was discovered by Professor Ekwall. *Nikeres* appear beside *ylues* in the striking *Wade-Ildebrand* fragment discovered by the Provost of Eton in a thirteenth-century Latin sermon on humility in Peterhouse Library (*Academy*. No. 1241 of 1896); cf. *Lazamon* 21745-8, where *Wace* has nothing to correspond:

þat water is unimete brade '
nikeres þer baðieð inne.
þer is æluene ploze '
in atteliche pole.

Finally, the name of the dragon (OE. *draca*), though a familiar beast in OE. zoology, is derived from Latin *draco*.

¹ A hitherto unrecorded example is the *Thyrspittes* (c. 1280-90) in Foston, Lincs. (A. Hamilton Thompson, *Wyggeston Hospital Records*, p. 233).

Fiery dragons flying in the air heralded the coming of the Viking invaders, and the reference in the *Cottonian Gnostic Verses* (26-7) to 'the dragon in his barrow, old and rich in treasures' tallies with the description of Beowulf's foe. As might be expected, *draca* is associated in place-names with OE. *hlāw*, as in Drakelow, Derbyshire (BCS. 772 of 942 æt *Dracan hlāwen*) and Dragley Beck, Lancs. (c. 1270 *Drakelow*). There is a reference to a dragon's hoard in BCS. 817 of 940-6 to *þes drakenhorde*. Dr. G. B. Grundy (*Archaeological Journal*, 81, 69) suggests that this is to be identified with Drake North, a piece of woodland in South Damerham, Hants.

The English place-name evidence for heathen practices and beliefs is of course miserably scanty compared with the wealth of Norwegian material at the disposal of Professor Magnus Olsen. But there have been considerable additions during the eleven years for which the English Place-Name Society has been at work, and as a small example of the way in which these names may be used to throw light on Old English heathen practices I may perhaps draw attention to an appendix contributed to the forthcoming Surrey volume of that society. Many years ago, in the first volume of *Essays and Studies*, the late Henry Bradley threw out the suggestion that names of the Gateshead (Bede's *Ad Cuprae Caput*) and Manshead type 'point to a custom of setting up the head of an animal, or a representation of it, on a pole, to mark the place for public open-air meetings'; I adduce evidence to support the view that some at any rate of these places were once the site of bloody sacrifice, in which the head, animal or human, was offered to a heathen deity.

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