

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_172804

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

ESSAYS AND STUDIES

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4
London Edinburgh Glasgow New York
Toronto Melbourne Capetown Bombay
Calcutta Madras
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY

ESSAYS AND STUDIES

BY MEMBERS OF

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

VOL. XXVI

1940

COLLECTED BY ARUNDELL ESDAILE

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1941

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

^{*}
President 1940

SIR EDMUND CHAMBERS, K.B.E., C.B., D.Litt.

Chairman

F. S. BOAS, LL.D., D.Lit.

Hon. Treasurer

INSTR. CAPTAIN A. E. HALL, C.B., C.B.E., R.N.

Hon. General Secretary

V. H. COLLINS, M.A.

Checked 1963

CONTENTS

I. TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION	7
WILLIAM R. RUTLAND	
II. ASPECTS OF STYLE AND IDIOM IN FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH	30
HENRY CECIL WYLD	
III. THE REAL THOMAS AMORY	45
KATHARINE A. ESDAILE	
IV. LANDSCAPE IN AUGUSTAN VERSE	73
DOROTHY MARGARET STUART	
V. THE TEXT OF DONNE'S 'DIVINE POEMS'	88
EVELYN SIMPSON	
VI. SOME POETICAL MISCELLANIES, 1672-1716	106
HUGH MACDONALD	

TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

THE time must be approaching when it will be possible for English critics to write objectively about Tennyson; and when that time comes it will, I believe, be agreed that no poet is more certain of a secure place in the history of English literature. Apart altogether from questions of taste and fashion in poetry, historical reasons alone would seem to assure him such a place. 'He belonged to one of the crucial ages of modern civilization; and, among all the English writers of that age, he was perhaps the most representative. In the realm of thought the nineteenth century will probably always remain associated with the theory of Evolution. With the idea of Evolution Tennyson's mind was saturated. No poet of equal rank has ever been more dominated by an idea than was Tennyson by this, taking the word in its wider philosophical, and not merely its biological, sense. The certainty of 'la somma sapienza e il primo amore' was not more essential to Dante's vision of Hell and Heaven, the conviction of human free will was not more fundamental to Milton's justification of the ways of God, than was the belief in an evolutionary Process necessary to Tennyson's whole conception of the nature and meaning of the Universe.

Despite the already great volume of writings about Tennyson, it does not yet seem to have been adequately shown how deeply his creative thought was rooted in the scientific theories of his age. For being 'the poet of Science' he has been both praised and blamed; but only A. C. Bradley seems to have expressed the simple truth:

With the partial exception of Shelley, Tennyson is the only one of our great poets whose attitude toward the sciences of Nature was what a modern poet's attitude ought to be . . . the only one to whose habitual way of seeing, imagining and thinking it makes any real difference that Laplace, or for that matter Copernicus, ever lived.¹

¹ 'The Reaction against Tennyson' (in *A Miscellany*).

8 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

A scientist, who himself played a part in the turmoils of the later nineteenth century, best described what Tennyson meant to his contemporaries, at a time when the fierce dispute between the scientist and the theologian shook intellectual Europe:

In the conflict between Science and Faith our business was to accept the one without rejecting the other; and that he achieved. Never did his acceptance of the animal ancestry of man, for instance, upset his belief in the essential divinity of the human soul, its immortality, its supremacy, its eternal destiny.¹

And even that is only half the truth. For the real interest and significance of Tennyson's position is this: not only did he accept scientific truth without losing religious faith; the truths of science became to him an essential part of the truth of faith. This ought not to be without interest for the twentieth century, which has reaped, and is reaping, the harvest that the nineteenth sowed.

The fundamental link between the thought of Tennyson and the science of the nineteenth century is to be found in the idea of Process. It is, above all, for its development and application of the conception of Process that the nineteenth century will be remarkable in human history. If we substitute for the word 'Process' the word 'Evolution', this will at once be conceded. But 'Evolution' has acquired a more limited meaning, and some associations which obscure the argument. In particular, it has become equated with the name of Charles Darwin. The name of Darwin, however, is only a source of error and confusion to the student of Tennyson. For Tennyson was Darwin's exact contemporary; and when *The Origin of Species* appeared at the end of 1859, the poet had been pondering the subject of Evolution as deeply and as long as the biologist himself, if not exactly from the same angle. It is possible that the word 'Evolution' came into Tennyson's poetry as a result of Darwin's book.² The conception of an evolutionary

¹ 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science', by Sir Oliver Lodge, in *Tennyson and his Friends*, ed. H. Tennyson (1911).

² The word, of course, is much older than the nineteenth century;

Process, however, had long occupied the foremost place there. Moreover, the evidence suggests that Tennyson's first acquaintance with this conception came, not from biology, but from astronomy.

On the subject of his intimate knowledge of astronomy a bulky pamphlet could be written.¹ It is even possible exactly to date some of his poems by their astronomical references. Astronomy was the first science to interest Tennyson. To take only two examples from his early verse: *The Devil and the Lady*, written when he was fourteen,² contains a truly astonishing passage, the long speech in the second act in which the Devil apostrophizes the starry heavens. And in *Timbuctoo*, with which he gained the Chancellor's Medal for an English poem at Cambridge in 1829, there is a significant anticipation of his later scientific imagery:

The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth
And harmony of planet-girdled suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire.

For our present purpose, the most significant of the astronomical references in Tennyson's early poetry is to be found in *The Palace of Art*, written in or just before 1832. Some of the original stanzas were omitted from the volume published in that year, but were printed in the *Memoir*. Here are two of these:

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome,

but, like the word 'anthropology', it acquired an almost wholly new meaning in that century.

¹ Much evidence is given in two papers entitled 'Astronomy in Tennyson', by C. T. Whitmell, in the *Journal and Transactions of the Leeds Astronomical Society* for 1906.

² First published entire in 1930, edited by the poet's grandson.

10 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

*Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.*

The line here italicized clearly contains the conception of Cosmic Process; the whole stanza can only refer to the Nebular hypothesis, which was first propounded by Laplace in 1796.¹ The *locus classicus* in Tennyson for the Nebular hypothesis is, of course, in *The Princess*:

This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets; then the monster, then the man.

It is particularly to be noted that here the Nebular hypothesis leads directly to that of biological evolution. Yet at least fifteen years before he wrote *The Princess*, and while still in his early twenties, Tennyson made the same connexion in *The Palace of Art*. That poem would be notable enough if the only reference in it to the Cosmic Process were an astronomical one. But two more of the cancelled stanzas contain a biological conception of Cosmic Process which, considering the date and the age of the author, is remarkable:

‘From shape to shape at first within the womb
‘The brain is moulded,’ she began,
‘And through all phases of all thought I come
‘Unto the perfect man.

‘All nature widens upward. Evermore
‘The simpler essence lower lies,
‘More complex is more perfect, owning more
‘Discourse, more widely wise.’

There we have the conception of biological evolution in connexion both with the human race, and with the individual man, clearly expressed; and, what is even more interesting, expressed in terms of a science in which we

¹ The first appearance of it is in a note in the *Exposition du Système du Monde*, which appeared in that year. The development of it comes in *La Mécanique céleste* (5 vols., 1799-1825).

should least expect a young poet to be interested, the science of Embryology. To the subject of foetal development here raised we will shortly return. Suffice it to remark in passing that the subject here introduced by Tennyson into his poem did not receive its accepted scientific formulation until more than thirty years after the poem was written.

The increase of knowledge has removed us so far from the Renaissance ideal of Humanism, that no student of literature can now be expected to be familiar with the history of science. This is very clear from the vague references made to Tennyson's connexion with the theory of Evolution, not, indeed, by those so ignorant as to think him the follower of Darwin, but even by trained scholars, who knew that he anticipated Darwin, but knew nothing more. In view of this general vagueness, some brief explanation of the condition of scientific thought in Tennyson's youth seems necessary. In the light of that knowledge, it is possible to understand how, and why, Tennyson was deeply influenced by it; and what he meant when he wrote of himself, in the first *Locksley Hall*:

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time.

The theory of creation familiar to the Western world for more than twenty centuries is to be found in the first and second chapters of Genesis. What is for convenience called the Mosaic hypothesis (without making any claim to its invention by Moses) contains two fundamental assumptions, the geocentric and the anthropocentric. It assumes that the earth is the centre of the universe; and that Man, created 'in the image of God', is the original ruler of the Earth, under the Creator (Gen. i. 28), and from the completion of the creative process its most important inhabitant. The geocentric hypothesis was destroyed by Copernicus. For the Ptolemaic system, according to which the Earth lay at the centre of the Universe, while the stars revolved about it in concentric spheres, Copernicus and Galileo showed that the Earth revolved about the sun. Upon the anthropocentric hypothesis no serious assault was made until the

12 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

latter half of the eighteenth century. It arose in the first place from human curiosity as to man's fellow denizens of our planet. Natural philosophers asked the momentous question: What are species? The first step towards answering it was to reduce the innumerable and bewildering abundance of living organisms to some system of scientific classification. This was chiefly done by the great Swedish naturalist Linnaeus (1707-78), who invented binary nomenclature.

Linnaeus himself went no further towards answering the question, What are species? He believed, as men had always done, that there are as many different species as there were different forms created at the beginning by the Almighty ('Species tot sunt diversae quot diversas formas ab initio creavit infinitum Ens'). But even Linnaeus himself recognized that additional new species may since have arisen, and may indeed still arise, by hybridism. A very great step further was taken by Georges Cuvier (1769-1832), the founder of Comparative Anatomy. It was Cuvier who discovered the division of animals into natural families. Conclusions similar to those of Cuvier were reached from independent investigations in Embryology carried out by Karl Ernst von Baer.¹ Von Baer's investigations had also another interest, of which hereafter.

Cuvier, however, was not only interested in the present forms of life on Earth. He was also a great palaeontologist. With the evidence supplied by geology, he investigated the forms of life which had formerly existed on the planet; and this led him to the assertion that the difference between living and extinct species increases, in proportion to the depth at which the remains of the latter are found, i.e. to their age in geological time. Hence he believed that one and the same species were never found in two succeeding strata; and from this he deduced that each geological epoch had possessed its own flora and fauna, divided, like the present, into many species (which he did not suspect of being any-

¹ Von Baer's *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Thiere* (1828) contains the formulation of conclusions reached and stated in 1824.

thing but immutable). His final deduction was that each geological epoch had been destroyed by a cataclysm, and a new one created. He also pointed out that the active forces of nature as we now know them are not sufficient to account for the cataclysms demanded by his hypothesis, and that therefore the past history of the Earth had witnessed the operation of forces of which we can have but a faint conception. To this theory of Cuvier there is a striking reference in *In Memoriam*, cxviii:

They say
 The solid earth whercon we tread
 In tracts of fluent heat began,
 And grew to seeming-random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms.

In the first half of the nineteenth century this theory was widely held. It was believed that the past history of the earth had consisted of a series of distinct phases; which necessarily involved the corollary of a belief in 'special creation' to account for them.

The theory of 'special creation', however, involved many great difficulties. It began to appear that some species which had existed in earlier epochs had vanished, only to be replaced by others, distinct indeed, but very similar; while some had not vanished, but continued to the present day. By the second quarter of the century these facts had so shaken the 'special creation' theory that, as one writer put it,

The inference from the facts and doctrines of this school (of 'special creation') is, that Divine Power has seen fit to change the species of elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers and bears, using special miracles to introduce new ones, one with perhaps an additional tooth, another with a new tubercle or cusp on the third molar, while It has seen no occasion for a similar interference with the otter, wild cat and badger.¹

An even greater difficulty was presented by the minor

¹ *Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, 1845, p. 155. The author of both books, Robert Chambers, was not identified till long afterwards.

14 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

variations in species in isolated parts of the globe. Of these, the writer just quoted said :

In the single fact that it necessitates a special fiat of the inconceivable Author of this sand cloud of worlds *to produce the flora of St. Helena*, we read the more than sufficient condemnation of the theory of special creation.

Already towards the end of the eighteenth century an altogether different hypothesis had begun to be put forward to account for the known variation of past and present forms of life. According to this, the diverse forms of terrestrial life were not each distinctly and specially created, but were connected with one another by a process of development. As is the case with most of the greatest discoveries of the human mind, it seems impossible to isolate the first beginning of the theory of development. There are very distinct traces of it in Goethe ; and also possibly in Kant ; but, like most ideas, it seems to have been in the air at a certain period ; and it appears in many minds almost simultaneously.

The great scientist who has established the foremost claim to be for ever remembered, in connexion with the theory of development, is Lamarck (1744-1829). It is perhaps not meticulously accurate to say that he was the founder of Evolution ; but no one can prove the title of any earlier claimant. Anyone at all familiar with philosophical, or theological, discussions of the science of the early nineteenth century will know how frequently the term 'Lamarckism' appears in them. Though the connotations of that word were not precisely those that now attach to the word Evolution, the difference is for our purpose negligible. Lamarck's life-work was the investigation of the Invertebrata. In the *Histoire naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres* (1815) he laid down four general laws governing the whole organization of animals ; the fourth of these laws states the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which is the essence of the theory of Evolution. The great contribution which Charles Darwin made to the theory of development was to

establish the causal foundation of it, by his theory of Natural Selection, based upon a vast mass of evidence.¹

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, while Lamarck was drawing such epoch-making conclusions from the study of invertebrate animals, a systematic and little less epoch-making investigation was being made into the embryonic forms of life in animals and in Man. Ever since John Hunter (1728–93) had formed the great collection of specimens which found its final home in the Royal College of Surgeons, the embryo had been a subject of increasing interest to physiologists. The systematic investigation carried out at the beginning of the nineteenth century is chiefly associated with the names of three embryologists, Friedrich Tiedemann, E. A. R. Serres, and K. E. von Baer. It seems to have been Tiedemann who first stated the most significant fact. He found that the brain of the foetus, in the highest class of vertebrate animals, assumes in succession a remarkable resemblance to the forms which belong to fishes, reptiles, and birds; so that in the passage from the embryo to the perfect mammal there is a kind of typical representation of all the transformations which more primitive species underwent. Tiedemann and the early embryologists were, indeed, under the impression that the resemblance was actually identity. The work in which these conclusions were stated was published at Nürnberg in 1816; and translated into English in 1826.²

It was in a translation of a German treatise on a highly specialized branch of medical science that these conclusions became available in English when Tennyson was fifteen. We are told in the *Memoir* that he and his friends at Cambridge took interest in the subject of the development

¹ He had arrived at his theory as early as 1844; but continued to amass evidence until the independent discoveries of Alfred Wallace in the fifties forced him to publish in 1859.

² *Anatomie und Bildungsgeschichte des Gehirns im Foetus des Menschen nebst einer vergleichenden Darstellung des Hirnbaues in den Thieren; Anatomy of the foetal Brain with a comparative Exposition of its Structure in Animals* (Edinburgh, 1826). Serres's work was entitled *Anatomie comparative du Cerveau* (1824).

16 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

of the human brain.¹ It was before 1832 that Tennyson wrote :

‘From shape to shape at first within the womb
‘The brain is moulded,’ she began,
‘And through all phases of all thought I come
‘Unto the perfect man.’

Meanwhile the investigation of the Cosmic Process was proceeding in the other sciences, especially in geology. Cuvier’s hypothesis of cataclysms was destroyed by Sir Charles Lyell, who, in his *Principles of Geology* (1830–3), showed that no cataclysms were necessary to account for the terrestrial conditions of the past revealed by geological evidence. The book was described by its author on the title-page of the first volume as ‘An attempt to explain the former changes of the earth’s surface by references to causes now in operation’. It is an impressive account of that ceaseless process which has made the surface of our Earth what it now is. Of particular interest are the tenth and eleventh chapters of the first volume, which treat of the action of running water. It was from Lyell that Tennyson learned the significance of

The sound of streams, that, swift or slow,
Draw down Aeonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be.²

Lyell’s book is permeated by a conception which is of great importance in nineteenth-century thought, the conception of universal Law. Lyell himself, who still believed in the permanent distinction of species, and would have nothing to do with any theory of development, explained the variation of species thus :

We must suppose that when the Author of Nature creates an animal or plant, all the possible circumstances in which

¹ Vol. i, p. 44.

² *In Memoriam*, xxxv. Bradley (*Commentary*) points out that Tennyson probably derived this from ‘works on geology’; the work was certainly Lyell’s *Principles*. It may be remarked that in *In Memoriam* Tennyson did not definitely decide between the hypotheses of Cuvier and Lyell, any more than Milton in *Paradise Lost* decided between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems.

its descendants are destined to live are foreseen, and that an organization is conferred upon it which will enable the species to perpetuate itself and survive under all varying circumstances to which it must inevitably be exposed.¹

As the nineteenth century advanced, belief in the immediate operation and special intervention of Almighty Power became more and more difficult to hold; and this conception of its operation through universal law began to replace such belief. To the quotation from Lyell may be added two from the third Bridgewater Treatise, published in 1833, written by William Whewell, Tennyson's tutor at Trinity:

God is the author and governor of the Universe through the laws which He has given to its parts, the properties which He has impressed upon its constituent elements.

And again:

The laws of material Nature, such as we have described them, operate at all times and in all places; affect every province of the Universe and involve every relation of its parts.²

It would not be difficult to add further quotations to the same effect from the writings of other scientists and philosophers of the period, e.g. from Herschel's *On the Study of Natural Philosophy*.

It takes many years before the conceptions of men like Lyell, Whewell, and Herschel, who are in the forefront of the thought of their time, filter down into the popular mind. In 1844 there appeared, anonymously, a book which was a popularization of the advanced scientific thought of the previous forty years, *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. This contained some old ideas, such as Lamarck's belief in the possibility of spontaneous generation, which were already out of date; and it contained nothing new to scientists. At many points it anticipates *The Origin of Species*, still popularly believed to have been the earliest formulation of the theory of Evolution. But when it appeared, *Vestiges* was so new to the general public that it raised a storm; and went through twelve editions in a very short time. *Vestiges* is of very great interest to the student

¹ Vol. ii, pp. 23-4.

² p. 361.

18 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

of the period, for it reveals the scientific thought which was then just at the stage of becoming public property, and was no longer confined to scientists and specialists. In the twelfth chapter there is a long passage which admirably sums up the position long held by advanced thinkers concerning the operation of law in nature, which was then beginning to become general; the substance of the author's views of organic creation is in these words:

Let us seek in the history of the earth's formation for a new suggestion at this point. We have seen powerful evidence that the construction of this globe and its associates, and inferentially of all the other globes of space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion on the part of the Deity, *but of natural laws which are expressions of His will.* What is to hinder our supposing that the organic creation is also a result of natural laws, which are in like manner an expression of His will?

In the last chapter of *Vestiges* the whole philosophical argument of the book is thus summarized:

The Great Ruler of Nature has established laws for the operation of inanimate matter, which are quite unswerving, so that when we know them we have only to act in a certain way with respect to them in order to obtain all the benefits and avoid all the evils connected with them. He has likewise established moral laws in our nature, which are equally unswerving, and from obedience to which unfailing good is to be derived. But the two sets of laws are independent of each other. . . . It is clear, moreover, from the whole scope of the natural laws, that the individual, as far as the present sphere of being is concerned, is to the Author of Nature a consideration of inferior moment. Everywhere we see the arrangements for the species perfect; the individual is left, as it were, to take his chance amidst the mêlée of the various laws affecting him.

No student of Tennyson can read that passage without thinking of the famous section lv in *In Memoriam*:

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,
 I falter where I firmly trod—

It is not suggested that the poem was indebted for this sentiment to the passage quoted from *Vestiges*; the idea was one of the leading preoccupations of all thinking men in the nineteenth century. Moreover, *In Memoriam* was contemporary with *Vestiges*, and the ideas to be seen in both were derived from common sources. But *Vestiges* at least supplies an independent exposition, in prose, of much that Tennyson was expressing in *In Memoriam*, during the late thirties and in the forties. A further, striking, example is to be seen in section liv, which puts into most memorable language thoughts not unlike the final conclusion of *Vestiges*:

It may be, that, while we are committed to take our chance in a natural system of undeviating operation, and are left with apparent ruthlessness to endure the consequences of every collision into which we knowingly or unknowingly come with each law of the system, there is a system of Mercy and Grace behind the screen of nature, which is to make up for all the casualties endured here, and the very largeness of which is what makes these casualties a matter of indifference to God. For the existence of such a system, the actual constitution of nature is itself an argument.

Anyone doubting that the essence of true poetry lies, not in the thing said, but in the manner of its saying, would do well to compare that bald passage with the magnificent stanzas in which Tennyson expresses his dream—

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void
 When God hath made the pile complete.

The conception of universal law, that came in his youth to be held by thinkers who understood the conclusions of science, permeates Tennyson's poetry from end to end. It will suffice to give here only the most striking examples.

20 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

In the earliest of his great philosophical poems, *The Two Voices*, which was written in the first darkness of his sorrow for Hallam, he thus describes the purpose in life which he had set himself to accomplish:

As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about.

To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

In *The Higher Pantheism* he proclaims his acceptance of the legitimate conclusion of science, but decisively rejects the further conclusion, which came to be that of the scientific materialists of the later part of the nineteenth century:

God is law, say the wise: O Soul, and let us rejoice.
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool:
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool.

In *In Memoriam*, as his uncontrollable grief begins to give place to a calmer mood, he recognizes that the loss of his friend is a part of the law that governs the universe:

I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law. (lxxiii)

Towards the end of the poem, in recalling some occasion associated with his friend,¹ he thinks of that time in terms of the identification of himself with the eternal law:

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
When I rose up against my doom,
And yearned to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law:

¹ None of the commentators has identified the occasion, and Bradley points out the difficulty. But it does not affect the point here at issue.

In the lines to the Duke of Argyll, written in old age, he describes it as the highest achievement of human statesmanship to make

This ever changing world of circumstance
In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

Most striking, perhaps, of all, are the lines in *De Profundis* with which he greeted the birth of his son, Hallam, in August 1852:

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever-heightening life,
And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touched with earth's light—thou comest.¹

The lines here italicized show, more clearly than any other passage in Tennyson's writings, how intimately his philosophical beliefs were based upon scientific knowledge; in this case upon biological knowledge. He reverts here to the fascinating conception, which he had already used more than twenty years earlier in *The Palace of Art*, of the progress of the human embryo through all the lower forms of life, which had been revealed by embryologists in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century.² This was finally formulated by Haeckel, in the dictum that the embryo, in its ontogeny, repeats its phylogeny.³ Put in less abstruse language, this means that every individual, in its own development, exhibits a summary of the development of the race. The early embryologists believed that the human embryo was actually at one time a fish, at another a bird, and so on. It is now known that the close resemblance is by no means identity. The human infant, in the course of its intra-uterine life, never actually is identical with an unborn puppy, close though the resemblance can be. But

¹ That there should be a reference to an astronomical phenomenon—that of 'the old moon in the new moon's arms'—in such a context is very characteristic.

² In the first edition of *Vestiges*, on p. 198, there is an account of this idea. In the second and later editions the passage is modified.

³ *Generelle Morphologie der Organismen* (1866), vol. ii, p. 110 seq.

22 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

this in no way detracts from the philosophical suggestiveness of the resemblance. Whether Tennyson, who adopted the belief of the scientists of his youth, lived to know the modern view does not matter. What matters is that he was deeply affected by the implications of this glimpse of the growing Tree of Life. The best known of his references to foetal development—though it is safe to say that most readers have little idea of what is meant—is to be found in the conclusion to *In Memoriam*. Here, after describing the marriage of his sister Cecilia to Lushington, the poet thinks of them on their honeymoon; and then, in lines that rise far above the level of what has just gone before, of the procreation of a new human being, that shall climb the Tree of Life in its turn; and perhaps carry it infinitesimally nearer to its fruitage of perfected Humanity:

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book:

No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit.

It is interesting to speculate whether this famous and beautiful passage owes anything to the first edition of *Vestiges*. We know that Tennyson asked for that book when it appeared, and said that it seemed to contain many ideas with which he had long been familiar.¹ His son asserted that the sections of *In Memoriam* which treat of Evolution had been read by Tennyson's friends before the

¹ *Memoir*, vol. i, p. 223.

publication of *Vestiges*; which is doubtless true of some, though not necessarily of all. *In Memoriam* was seventeen years in the writing, and Tennyson's friends, who had been shown portions of it as it progressed, would remember striking passages, such as those dealing with evolution; but they would certainly not remember, unless they had taken detailed notes, exactly which passages had been written by any particular year. Had any such notes survived, Hallam Tennyson would have known of them. We have seen that Tennyson had long been familiar with many of the matters popularized in *Vestiges*. The nebular hypothesis, some of the geology, and the idea of foetal development, all appear in poems written before 1844. It is, however, certain that the conclusion of *In Memoriam* was written not earlier than 1842, the date of the marriage of Cecilia Tennyson; and it may easily have been written later.¹ There is a very striking and suggestive resemblance between the expression 'the crowning race', and an expression in *Vestiges*; this is italicized in the following extract:²

It is startling to find an appearance of imperfection in the circle to which man belongs, and the ideas which rise in consequence are no less startling. *Is our race but the initial of the grand crowning type?* Are there yet to be species superior to us in organization, purer in feeling, more powerful in device and act, and who shall take a rule over us?

In *In Memoriam* it is assumed that 'the crowning race', of which Arthur Hallam seemed to Tennyson a type, would at least be of the human species, however far above the level of present humanity. *Maud*, however, contains a remarkable passage which seems to be directly founded upon the passage in *Vestiges*. The lines in *Maud* at least prove that at some time before 1855 Tennyson had been strongly impressed by the idea that in the Cosmic Process

¹ This and other vexed points of chronology are discussed in Bradley's *Commentary*.

² *Vestiges*, p. 276. In the second and later editions the whole chapter in which this occurs is replaced by a much modified one containing nothing like this passage.

24 TENNYSON AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

Man might be displaced by a higher species, as he had himself displaced the species which had preceded him :

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,
For him did the high sun flame and his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the shaping of man.
He now is first, but is he the last? Is he not too base?

It is most significant that here the idea of foetal development appears once again; and it is stated in such a way as to leave us in no doubt as to the nature of Tennyson's interest in it. The biological fact derived its fascination from its philosophical implications.

Great stress has been laid upon Tennyson's consciousness of the cruelty in Nature, as it is stated, for example, in *Maud*. The science of the nineteenth century shed much harsh light upon natural processes, and the effect upon a man so sensitive as Tennyson was profound, as may be seen from the famous sections lv and lvi of *In Memoriam*. But the true significance of Tennyson's debt to science will entirely escape us, if we consider this as the whole matter. It is only one-half. If he was deeply sensitive to the implications of 'Nature red in tooth and claw', he was equally so to the implications of the fact that 'thro' lower lives I came'. The importance of the latter cannot be overestimated.

'Tennyson looked courageously in the face of Nature, as he saw it with his very keen perception, and as it was revealed to him by the science of his age. He found in it cause both for joy and for despair. He expressed these in his poetry. But above all, and when he felt his vision to be widest and deepest, he found in Nature an inconceivably vast Cosmic Process according to Law, the evidence of some inscrutable, but unmistakable, Purpose. As he said near the end of *In Memoriam* (cxxviii):

I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end. †

This Cosmic Process had brought the solar system out of a

gaseous nebula ; it had produced the conditions which made possible organic life on Earth ; it had led that life up from the lowest forms of organism, by a road still to be seen in the embryonic forms of Man. It had resulted in Man himself. Man still had within his own nature the taint of his ancestry, the traces of ape and tiger ; if he proved unworthy of his sovereign place, it might yet produce a higher being to supersede him.

At this point in the argument, Tennyson looked within ; for only there was it possible to find indications of the future ; and only there might lie some solution of the enigma of the cruelty of the external world, and of Man's place in the universe. The evidence supplied by his own nature was to Tennyson of the very highest importance, in his wrestling with the problems of Being and Reality. The famous section (cxxiv) of *In Memoriam* devoted to the intuition of Deity is, from the extreme complexity of the last stanzas, not a very clear exposition. A better one is to be found in *The Two Voices* ; it should be remembered that this was written when Tennyson had not long come to manhood, and it does not contain the whole solution which he reached later ; but nowhere is there a passage more clearly revealing the mind of its author than these remarkable stanzas. The Voice, after failing to persuade him to kill himself, dwells upon death ; but he replies that the evidence of the senses may not be conclusive as to the destiny of Man :

Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense ?

He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

Here sits he shaping wings to fly :
His heart forebodes a mystery :
He names the name Eternity.

That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find.
He sows himself on every wind.

He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
 And thro' thick veils to apprehend
 A labour working to an end.

The end and the beginning vex
 His reason ; many things perplex,
 With motions, checks and counterchecks.

He knows a baseness in his blood
 At such strange war with something good,
 He may not do the thing he would.

Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
 Vast images in glimmering dawn,
 Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

The doubt, the difficulty, and the intuition expressed in that magnificent passage remained with Tennyson always; but the doubt grew less and less—and the intuition grew stronger. The same debate between doubt and intuition—perhaps between the two sides of Tennyson's own nature—is the subject of a famous poem of his old age, *The Ancient Sage*. At the end, the Sage tells the youth how it is possible to see, beyond the range of Night and Shadow,

The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
 Strike on the Mount of Vision—

Tennyson himself saw that dawn.

It seemed to him in his maturity that the Process visible in external Nature, which had produced Man, was also taking place in the moral nature of Man himself. For the race it might in some far future result in a perfected humanity. For the individual it could assuredly result in a conquest of the lower nature; in a surrender of the individual will to the furtherance of that Purpose behind the Process which such conquest seemed to reveal.

Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours to make them thine.

It should be noted in passing that the 'argument from intuition', so consistently advanced by Tennyson for his belief in the beneficence of the Purpose which he called God, is not primarily an emotional matter. It is primarily a

rational argument; and in this, Tennyson was a true child of the nineteenth century. His argument is based upon analogy; and the analogy is with the evolutionary process in nature, the conception of which is, perhaps, the greatest achievement of the human reason. As far as reason would take him, Tennyson went with reason. Even the further step, which was by intuition, was not without rational sanction.

'Both Tennyson's greatest masterpieces, *In Memoriam* and *Maud*, have as their real subject the spiritual evolutionary process in the life of an individual. From the nature of that process in his own heart, Tennyson, when at his highest and serenest, believed what he could not prove: that the Purpose behind the process, both in the physical and moral worlds, was good—that it was the God

Who ever lives and loves.

And finally, the supreme implication of the evolutionary process was an intimation of the continuance of the individual life beyond death:

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruined chrysalis of one. (lxxxii)

To illustrate, in greater detail, this doctrine of the Process from the whole of Tennyson's writings would take much space and is perhaps unnecessary. To take only the most personal of them, *In Memoriam*:

At the beginning, when he is in the darkest hours of his cruel fellowship with Sorrow, the process of Nature seems to him empty, useless and meaningless (section iii). In section xxxv the endless process which makes continents is again described as meaningless to human love, for whom it is identified with the process of the corruption of the body in death. In the famous sections lv and lvi there is a closer analysis of process in nature. Apparently, at this point in the poem, it appears as largely waste; and raises the question: shall Man, the culmination of it, be himself of no account, and blown as dust about the desert? In section cxviii comes

the answer which Tennyson gives to his own earlier doubts and agonies. Contemplate the process, runs this answer, and do not think of human love and death only in terms of organic nature, but in terms of an analogy between organic and spiritual processes. As biological organic process has, 'thro' cyclic storms', given rise to Man, who is the highest type of being known to us, and the herald of a race higher than himself, so in like manner the spiritual evolution within Man's moral nature suggests, for the individual, a 'higher place' beyond the fetters of matter, provided that he remain true, while still within those fetters, to the Purpose behind the Process. In section cxx this theme is continued on a purely personal plane. Tennyson here in retrospect says: 'It is not in vain that I have fought with death, because I have discovered that we are not only cunning casts in clay. If science proves us to be so, science is useless to mankind and to me; and I do not wish to live to see it.'¹ In section cxxiii he returns, in the mood of tranquillity to which he has now attained, to the thought of the eternal geological changes of the Earth which had, at the beginning, given him such anguish. Bradley, in connexion with this section, most aptly quotes the beautiful lines from the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*:

For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will;
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul?

¹ The very difficult last quatrain, which nobody has yet elucidated satisfactorily, does not affect the question. Bradley is probably right in suggesting that it contains a reference to Tennyson's belief concerning the pre-existence of the soul; there are many traces of the doctrine of Anamnesis in Tennyson; but it is not an explanation of the real difficulty. I would suggest the following interpretation: 'The science of the future may teach man to act from childhood like the greater ape; in my time it was not so, for I was born to a better heritage.' This would foreshadow Tennyson's later views of the abuse of science.

In the conclusion (which is really an epilogue) to *In Memoriam* occurs the passage already quoted, in which the thought of the procreation of a new human being leads to a mental recapitulation of the whole evolutionary process; a process finally to culminate in the divine consummation of the universe.

Such, then, is the debt which Tennyson owes to the science of the nineteenth century. It is a debt greater than any poet has ever owed to science, greater than the debt of Dante or Milton or Goethe. For the troubled twentieth century it has a double message. The first is that all knowledge is the legitimate province of the poet capable of creative thought. The second is a personal one. We live to-day under the shadow of a terrible conflict, and the threat of the destruction of all that we value in civilization. Tennyson lived in an age of political peace, but of intense spiritual warfare; and from the death wounds given in that conflict many of the troubles of our time arise. Tennyson had himself been through that conflict; and, having escaped the death of the spirit, he ceased to fear so greatly the death of the body. For he knew this to be but a part of the Cosmic Process; beyond the full understanding of man, indeed, but not beyond the control of the Purpose behind the universe:

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,

Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

‘Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.’

WILLIAM R. RUTLAND.

ASPECTS OF STYLE AND IDIOM IN FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH

THE Englishman of to-day when he reads prose writings of the fifteenth century, if he judges them from the standpoint of the language which he habitually speaks, writes, and reads, is struck by a general sense of strangeness, and perhaps of quaintness. This impression has a very real foundation and is produced by what we may call superficial differences, of spelling and grammatical form, on the one hand, and on the other, by more deep-seated differences of style and idiom. These in their turn result from those gradual changes that have come about naturally in the course of five hundred years, in vocabulary, word order, and often in the structure of the sentence. These various changes in the modes of expression have resulted in very marked differences in what we may call the general flavour or atmosphere, between the prose style of our own day compared with that of the fifteenth century. With the older spelling and grammatical forms, considerable and significant as the differences are, we are not here concerned. These features undoubtedly contribute greatly to the general impression made upon the modern reader by the older prose writings, but they belong to aspects of language other than those with which we are now to deal, and a discussion of them would take us too far afield. It must suffice to point out that in the fifteenth-century spelling was far from being definitely fixed as at present, but was in a very fluid state. The varieties in spelling observable among writers of approximately the same date, and even in the same writers, are due to the fact that these sometimes follow a traditional type, and at others use a more or less phonetic spelling which more nearly expresses the pronunciation. These inconsistencies are found more commonly in private letters such as those of the Paston and similar collections, but occur also in official documents, such as proclamations, returns of guilds, and so on, and even in literary compositions, such

as Bishop Pecok's works, and to a less extent, in early printed books. It was the printers indeed who were chiefly responsible for a more or less fixed and uniform spelling, though the process of establishing this was gradual, and many variants still occur in works printed in the sixteenth century and even later. The manuscripts of John Milton and his early editions exhibit many largely personal habits of orthography based on phonetic considerations. With regard to grammatical forms and inflexions, it will be noted that those current in written documents of the fifteenth century, not only often differ much from our own, but that here also, as in spelling, variant forms occur, often in the same document, while different writers favour different forms in nouns, pronouns, and verbal endings. Some of these variants, and some of those in spelling are due to differences of regional dialect. Dialectal diversity is less and less manifest in written English as the century advances, and by the end of it has practically vanished from English in its written form, except in documents written in areas remote from London. The printers have produced, at least on paper, virtual uniformity of dialect. But the fifteenth century is a period of linguistic transition—one in which the language is gradually passing from Middle English to a form which must be recognized as Early Modern, a form, indeed, not far removed from the language of to-day. In such a period it is natural to find, often in the same document, survivals of the older usage side by side with the later, and this is a further source of the variety in grammatical forms which is so characteristic of fifteenth-century writings. At the same time also, by the side of expressions and constructions which seem surprisingly modern, there are others which are purely Middle English, and quite unfamiliar to a reader unacquainted with this.

It is with these latter aspects of fifteenth-century English that we are now concerned. It must be emphasized at once that in a brief treatment such as we can here attempt it is out of the question to do more than indicate a few of the

many interesting points which arise under the various aspects of the subject selected for discussion. Further, only very few documents from among the vast number of all kinds which have come down from our period can be used as sources of illustration. These few are, however, representative of many phases of English life and culture. They range from the matter-of-fact records of the Brewers' Company, through the more stately style of Royal Proclamations, the formal correspondence between Henry V and the Mayor of London, the anxious, and often agitated, letters of Margaret Paston; they include two works of the earnest theologian and philosopher Bishop Pecok, and culminate in the enchanted and enchanting romance of Malory.¹

We begin our account of fifteenth-century prose style with a glance at some of the more outstanding features of the vocabulary. This may be considered under three heads: (a) words now obsolete, some of which must have been felt as archaisms even in the fifteenth century, such as Malory's *undern* 'early hours of the morning before noon'; (b) words still in use, but now conveying a different meaning or shade of meaning from that which they bore in the fifteenth century, such as Pecok's *wilful* in the sense of 'voluntary'; (c) words the basis of which is still current, but which in fifteenth-century English are compounded with different suffixes or prefixes from those now used with the same senses. This group contains both nouns, such as *nobley* 'nobleness' (of character), and adjectives such as *radymous* 'radiant'. All three categories include words of native English origin as well as others from French or Latin sources.

¹ The sources used are: Correspondence of London Mayor and Aldermen and Henry V (1415-24), from Chambers and Daunt, *London English*, pp. 64, &c.; extracts from Guildhall Ltr. Bk. (1411-23; especially Articles and Ordinances of Physicians in London 1423), all from *London English*, pp. 93, &c.; extracts from the Brewers' First Book (1422-6), *London English*, pp. 140-91; various letters of the Paston family and others, *Paston Letters*, ed. Gairdner (between c. 1440-65); Pecok's *Donet* (c. 1443-9), Pecok's *Folewer* (before 1465), both ed. Dr. Hitchcock, E.E.T.S. 1921 and 1924; Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (1485), ed. Sommer.

I. VOCABULARY.

(a) *Words now obsolete.*

From *Brewers' Bk.*: *noonschyns* 'light meal and liquor taken in early afternoon'; '*owttaken and except*'; '*latthes of Sappin*' (pinewood, deal); from *Guildhall Letter Bk.*: '*shame and dole*' (grievous hardship, distress; here, caused by tradesmen's excessive charges); *noious* ('noxious') '*medicyns*'; '*a gode practisour*' (practitioner of medicine), also, '*vnkonnyng* (ignorant) *practisour*'; from letters between Henry V and Mayor of London: '*enformacion and singler comfort of the gode hele* (health, well-being) . . . of your persone'; '*Herry . . . kyng of Ingelond . . . hoteth* (orders) and *commaundeth*'; *Pecok's Donet*: *sipen* 'since' *cris stized* (ascended) 'into heuen'; '*þe ignoraunce in which a man vnknowep* (is ignorant of) his *deede* which he *doop*'; '*oute of ioynt and oute of lipþ*' ('joint'), *lip* is also in *Malory*; from *Pecok's Folwer*: '*ignoraunce or vnknowyng*'; from *Malory*: '*ouerthwart and endelong* (across and from end to end) in a *wylde forest*'; '*Galahad the haute* (high) *prynce*'; '*smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe* (split) to the *coyfe* of *stete*'; '*Syr sayd the lady myn arme is out of lythe*' (joint); '*vntyl undorne*' (hours of morning before noon); '*by undern* or by noon'; '*there came one holy man and vnhyllid* that vessel' (uncovered); '*vnneth* (scarcely, not easily) in the world men myghten fynde his *matche*'; '*gret dole trey and tene*' (sorrow, distress, and suffering); '*ther nys non other boote*' (remedy); '*they blewe bemous* (trumpets) *trumpettes* and *hornes*'; '*orgulty* (pride); '*a corps hilled* (covered) with a cloth of *sykke*'; '*a wood* (mad, furious) *lyon*'; '*he betaughte* (committed) him *vnto* God'; '*he changed his wedys*' (garments); '*beholdeth and houeth*' (looks, scrutinizes); two '*myghty kempys*' (warriors); '*he felle downe noselynge*' (flat on his face, lit. on his nose); '*sydelynge* (sideways); '*in my lyfdayes*' (lifetime); '*now is thy dethday* (day of your death) *come*';—the two last compounds are frequent in Anglo-Saxon poetry—; *wyhte* (bold, valiant).

A very old word, in its original sense, is *learys* ('cheeks,

face'), OE. *hlēor*: 'as this lytel brachet (hound) felte a saueor of Syr Tristram, she lepte vpon hym, and lycked his *learys* and his crys.' The word survives in *leer*, a particular kind of 'face' or grimace.

From Paston letters, Sir Thos. Howys to J. Paston, 1455: 'Know verely your avyse shall *peyse* (weigh morally, have weight) depper ('deeper') in my maisterys concyt thanne bothyn thers shal do.'

(b) *Change of meaning.*

We include here not only words which fifteenth-century writers use in senses quite different from those which the same words bear to-day, but also those which exhibit in older English different, and more or less subtle, shades of meaning and connotations compared with later usage. Many of these are still quite familiar and intelligible even in the old context, but evidently expressed, for the old writers, ideas and emotions very different from those which we now associate with them. We could no longer use these words in the same context—their intellectual and emotional values—their general *atmosphere*—have changed.

Some instances may be given of words formerly used of purely material objects or physical actions or processes, which are now used only, or chiefly, in a non-material or spiritual sense. So, in Grocers' Bk., 'and tho those things (i.e. certain merchandise) that thei fynde defectyve to destroye or *amende*'. Similarly with the nouns *amendynge* and *amendment*; thus, in Brewers' Bk. 'for v. dayes yn *Amendynge* of diverse defautes (defects) as of dawbyng and oper labour'; 'for *amendynge* of þe elekettes of dyvers dores'; 'for iij newe keyes with *amendment* of iij lokkes'.

A similar difference of usage is seen in *reparation* where we should say 'repair'—'þe *reparacion* of oure halle'; 'tiles to þe same *reparacions*', in Brewers' Bk. The form *ensample* meaning 'sample, specimen', now archaic, though used in biblical language in the sense of 'spiritual example, model, &c.', appears in Brewers' Bk. in the phrases '*diuerses ensamples of malte*', and '*an ensample of malt of Norffolk*'.

Edify and *edification*, now used only of a moral and spiritual building up, were formerly applied, with the original Latin meaning, to the material act of building and the results of this. Thus, in an indenture of the executors of the Mayor, Richard Whittington (*London English*, p. 22, &c.) (1425) we find: 'to make edifie and set up . . . two houses'; also, 'the makynge and edificacion of whiche two new houses', and 'the seid edificacions' . . . 'werkes and edifications'.

In 1422 the Brewers of London are stated to have suffered '*meschief* and *diseise*' (injury and hardship) in their trade, as a result of the high price of malt and loss of custom.

Defend retains its French sense of 'forbid, refuse', in Henry V's letter to the Mayor (1418) describing his victories in France and his crossing of the Seine, without any loss of men—'albehit that our enemys with grete power assembled nyh the same riuer for to haue *let* and *defended* vs the same passage'. This correspondence between King and Mayor teems on both sides with words and expressions which now appear strange to us in the context. A few examples of this. The King has asked for ships (*manie smale vessels*) 'together with *vitaille* and *drink* for the *refreshing* of vs and our hoost'. These are dispatched readily and cheerfully, and the Mayor, with many expressions of loyalty, thanks the King that 'your most excellent and noble persone (should) so *graciously* and *goodly* declare and *vttre vnto* vs that are your liege men and subgits *your pleine lust* and *plesaunce*', and goes on to assure him that '*we haue don our besy diligence* and *cure* as *God wot*'.

After the death of King Henry V in August 1422, his elder brother the Duke of Bedford writes several letters to the Mayor to inform him that 'for as mucche as hit liked our lord but late agoo to calle the King oure souuerain lord that was from this present world vn-to his perdurable blisse, by whos deces during the tendre age of the King our souuerain lord that is nowe, the gouernaunce of the Reaume of England . . . belongeth vn-to vs as pe elder brother of our

saide souuerain lord that was'. The Mayor addresses the Duke as 'Right high, right myghty, and right honourable Prince', and acknowledges the '*bountees and bienfaites*' which his 'high and gracious lordship... hath euer shewed... but in especial for *po passyng gladsom and comfortable letters*'. *Comfortable* in the sense of 'comforting'—as in the *Comfortable Words* of our Liturgy—occurs several times in the Mayor's letters—*comfortable exposition, comfortable tidinges, &c.*

The noun *cunning* has, in the fifteenth century, a wider and more varied significance than at present, and is generally used in a favourable sense, with no implication of 'craftiness'. It has the meaning of 'ability, capacity', in a letter of the Mayor to the Duke of Bedford, which assures the latter that 'it excedith in-estimablieh our power and *konnyng* to yeue you thankynges perof recompensable in eny wyse'—that is for the Duke's gracious letters and the expression of his wishes. In an earlier letter, to Henry V, the Mayor thanks the king 'with al our hool *myght and konnyng*'. The word is applied specifically to the art and science of medicine, in the Articles of Physicians and Surgeons of London (1423)—'*pe glorious konnyng of Phisyk and pe crafte of Cirurgy*'. Bishop Pecok uses the word in the sense of 'knowledge'—'*pe hool ful kunnyng of goddis lawe*'; . . . '*pe kunnyng of grammar*' (*Donet*). Pecok attaches a still further meaning, in '*a mannys kunnyngis pat is to seye, his intellectual or kunnyngal vertues*'. *Kunnyngis*, thus, here means 'intellectual faculties, or powers'. We shall have something to say later (under (c)) about the curious adjective *kunnyngal*. We should note also the force of *vertues* ('mental faculties') here. Reference has already been made to the phrase *wilful pouerty* (*Donet*) where the former word renders literally the Latin 'voluntary'.

Bishop Pecok is indeed a 'painful' writer in more senses than one. The modern reader needs to scan his writings with 'busy diligence and cure'—to borrow a phrase of a Mayor of London in the fifteenth century—if he would be sure of understanding, approximately, what the Bishop intends to convey by his philosophical hair-splitting. I

quote a few more examples of usage which is strange to us: 'y may 3eue goode *skiles* ('reasons') who', &c.; 'þe v. outward sensityf *wittes*' ('senses'), also 'þe *witt* of *sizt*'; 'þe *witt* of *taast*', 'þe *witt* of *smellyng*', &c.; 'þe *avised doom*' ('considered judgement'); the noun *haunt* has the sense of 'habit, custom' in: 'þe now before seid *haunt* . . .'

A few examples of interesting usage from Malory must be given here. *Lightly* in the sense of 'swiftly': '*lyghtly* he smote of the hede'; 'came dashing *lyghtly* into the feld'. Bishop Pecok has the phrase *lyztly* and *esily*, where the two words have an identical meaning. Malory's phrase *in thy daunger* exhibits the last word in the archaic original sense of 'power, control, gouvernaunce', as in ME. and O.French; *betake* in the sense of 'entrust, hand over to': 'they *betooke* their horses to their men'; 'Syr Launcelot *betooke* the fayr maiden hys sheelde'; *sad* = 'severe, grievous': 'many *sadde* strokes'. The transitive verb *use* (in present tense) has the archaic sense of 'to be wont to practise' in 'I am a gentilwoman that *vseth* here in this forest huntynge'. It is difficult to find an exact single equivalent in Mod.English for *haunt* in the following: 'for we be come of kynges blood of bothe *partyes* ('sides of the family'), and therefore, moder, it is our *kynde* (nature) to *haunte* armes and noble dedes'. We should require a double rendering—'to be associated with, follow habitually', or something of this sort. Compare Chaucer's 'yonge folk that *haunteden folye*' (*Pard. T.*). *Hard* (*heard*) is applied, in Anglo-Saxon poetry, to warriors with the sense 'brave, valiant', and Malory retains this in: 'he is the *hardest* knyghte in bataylle that now is lyuyng excepte Sir Launcelot'. The ME. and OFr. sense of 'watch, guard' is kept for the noun *wait* in (the king) 'commaunded a certayn *wayte* upon the barget' (little boat). As a final example of complete change of usage in a familiar word the phrase 'Joseph was layd in his *dedely* bed' may be cited. The last two words would now have to be rendered 'death bed' or 'bed of death'. The adjective as used by Malory would now be hardly intelligible in the context.

(c) *Words compounded otherwise than at present.*

Certain forms occur in fifteenth-century English which are strange to us simply by virtue of suffixes or prefixes different from those now in use to express the same modification in the meaning of the same basal words. '*Radyous* beings', where we now say 'radiant', has already been noted. A few other examples may be cited. The form *livelihood*, 'means of life', is an adaptation of OE. *lif gelād*, ME. *livelōd*, &c., 'way of life', where the ending *gelād* means 'course'. The suffix in our form is due to association with the abstract suffix *-hood*, *-head*, as in *manhood*, *Godhead*, &c., OE. *-hūd*. But the ME. type is still found in the Paston Letters: 'losyng our *lyvelode* and goodes', where the first noun has the present-day sense. Pecok has some very strange and rather awkward adjectives formed with the suffix *-al*: *eendal*, 'final, ultimate'; *meenal vertues*, *knowyngal* and *intellectual vertues*', where both adjectives have the same sense. Similarly, '*knownyngal vertues*', that (mental powers), contrasted in the text with '*natural vertues*'. Even *quecerer*, perhaps, is '*knowal vertues*', that is, 'powers or faculties pertaining to knowledge', and further, '*craftial wisdom*', that is, knowledge pertaining to the various crafts; *opynyal feith*, contrasted with *sciential feith*. Pecok apparently formed these words on the analogy of such familiar words as *natural*, *intellectual*, *principal*, *celestial*, and so forth, which he constantly uses. The Bishop has also some nouns in *-erie*, *-orie*, *-rie*, the names of crafts and trades. *Carpentrie* and *masonrie* are still in normal use, but on the analogy of those Pecok forms—*kerverie*, 'carving' (in stone, &c.), *payntorie*, *tailorie*, *scryuenrie*. Further we may note *worldlihode*, where we now use the abstract suffix *-ness*. The prefix *en-* instead of *a-* in *encheve*, 'to achieve, attain', gives, for us, a sense of strangeness, and impression of remoteness from ordinary life in Malory's phrase: 'whenne I soughte worldly adventure and desyres I evir *encheved* them', also 'he shalle *encheve* the Sangreal'.

Words now used without prefix often had one in ME.

and later; thus 'gretly *disclaundred*' ('brought into disrepute') and 'sorrowfully skorned', in Guildhall Letter Bk. Compare the biblical *despitefully used*.

II. VARIOUS FEATURES OF STYLE

(1) *Coupling together words of approximately the same meaning.*

It is a very old and favourite device of English style to express the same idea twice, or even thrice, in the sentence by words of similar or identical meaning. This is very frequent in the English Prayer Book, where usually French and Latin words alternate with others of English origin; French words are also coupled with Latin. As a rule, one word of the pair is perhaps slightly more familiar than the other; sometimes the second word is to some extent an amplification of the first, making the sense of the combination more precise; in other cases, there is hardly a shade of difference between the two. The pairs thus joined may consist of nouns, adjectives, or verbs. Familiar examples of the three types which occur in the Liturgy are: *joy* and *felicity*, *power* and *might*, *humble* and *meeke*, *requisite* and *necessary*, *pray* and *beseech*, *vanquish* and *overcome*.

From the letters between Henry V and the Mayor of London: 'for to haue *socours* and *help* of hem'; 'the ancien *vsage* and *custume* of þe same reaueme'; 'your kyngly *might* and *power*'; 'that ye mowe . . . in eternal glorie perpetuelly *duelle* and *abyde*'; 'and so ben the sayd castell and Town *yolden* and *deliuered*'; 'in as *meke wyse* and *lowely maner*'; '*diligence* and *cure*'; '*spede* and *welfare*'; 'our soueraign lord, whom god *saue* and *kepe*'; '*kepe* and *mainteyne*'; 'gret *pees* and *tranquillite*'; 'your plein *luste* and *plesaunce*'; 'to *receyve* and *accepte*'. From the Guildhall Letter Bk.: 'it is *shame* and *dole* for to here'; 'reasonable *gayne* and *getyng*'; 'if eny *strif* and *debate* falle'; from Brewers' Bk.: 'and ziff John Pekker *breke* or *empeire* eny werk of Tylynge'; '*meschief* and *disese*'; 'þei *wysten* and *knewen*'; 'wonte to *selle* or *retaille*'; we may also note: 'þe *body* þat is to weten þe *cors* of our said kyng'; from a Memorial from John Paston to Henry VI: '*ambyguytes*

and *doubtes*'; 'hertye *devoyr* and *dewtee*'; '*trust* or *confidence*'; '*yoie* (joy) and *felicitie*'; from Indenture of Whittington's executors: 'the *makyng* and *edificacion* of two new houses'; 'to *make edifie* and *set vp*'. From Bishop Pecok come: '*eer* and *before*'; '*liztly* and *esily*'; '*ouer narowe* and *scant*'; 'his *kynde* or *nature*'; '*þe ooþe* and *vowe*'; '*abstain* and *forbear*'; '*freette* and *febilnesse*'; '*conteynyng* and *includyng*'; '*deluyng* and *diggyng*'; '*ioie*, *delite* and *solas*'; '*ioifully* and *blisfully*'. From Caxton's Preface to the *Morte d'Arthur*: 'put to *shame* and *rebuke*'; '*joyous* and *playsaunt hystoryes*'; '*good fame* and *renomme*'; '*gyue fayth* and *byleue*' (cf. OE. *geleafa*, 'faith, belief'); 'this *shorte* and *transytorye lyf*'. From Malory himself: '*gentyl* and *courtois knyght*'; '*homage* and *fealte*'; '*with play* and *game*'; '*my prowess* and *hardynesse*'; '*a strange* and *merweillous* adventure'; 'yonder ye maye see Syr Palomydes *beholdeth* and *houeth*'; 'and so *shoke* it thryse and *braundyshed*'; '*repose* yow and *take your rest*'.

(2) Word Order.

Noun and Adjective. Mayor to Duke of Bedford: '*bountees* and *bienfaites innumerable*'; Guildhall Letter Bk.: '*peyne pccunier* or *prison*'; Brewers' Bk.: '*lordes spirituell* and *temporell*' (stereotyped phrase); John Paston to Henry VI: '*our grettyst sorrowe erthlye*'; 'in as grete honnor . . . as ever had ony *prince erthlye* under the whyng of your *Magestee Royall*'; from Duke of York's Proclamation before the Battle of St. Albans: 'the Lord that ys the *kyng* of Glorye that regneth in the *kyngdom celestyall*. Malory: '*two holtes hore*'.

Adjective and Noun followed by a second Adjective. Margaret Paston: '*a jantyلمانly* man and *a worshipful*'. Malory has not infrequent examples of this word sequence: '*a good knyght* and *a true*'; '*a fayr lady* and *a good*'; '*a passyng fayre lady* and *a yonge*'; '*a ryche kyng* and *a myghty*'; '*a lykely* man and *a well made*'.

Noun and Verb. There are various conditions which in Anglo-Saxon bring about an inversion of the verb and its

subject or object. This occurs chiefly in sentences introduced by an adverb or adverbial phrase; in subordinate clauses introduced by *that*; after auxiliaries; after relative pronouns. The normal order of words may also be altered, for the sake of emphasis, by placing the emphatic word in a prominent position. Such inversions survive, sporadically, in fifteenth-century English. The following examples, which are not classified, will all fall within the above conditions. From Guildhall Letter Bk.: '*when pei godely mowe*'; '*as hit to hem most nedfull semeth*'; Brewers' Bk.: '*pat pei shold no more harme have*'; Margaret Paston: '*that ye shuld no knowlech have therof*'; Pecok: '*me pinkip pat pei shulden sumwhat in lyk maner fele*'; Malory: '*and there was he recyued*'; '*thenne was he ware of knyghtes*'; '*mercy shalt thow haue*'; '*Then herd Balyn hym saye thus*'; '*thenne departed Balyn*'; '*none that to yow longen*'; '*now is thy deth day come*'; '*I wille no reward have*'; '*now haue I slayne that I most louyd in al my lyff*'; '*now rydeth Galahad withouten shelde*'.

The following illustrate the placing of words in the sentence for the sake of emphasis, and in some cases this, or an auxiliary, may involve also inversion of noun and verb. Duke of York's Proclamation, 1455: '*better yt ys for us to dye in the feld*'; Malory: '*thyder shal that good knyghte come*'; '*mercy shalt thow haue*'; '*moche blood haue we lost; leuer I had ye had wroken your angre vpon me*'; '*Vp they gat vpon their horses*'; '*doubte it was to here off that bataille*'.

As in Anglo-Saxon, when a verb has two subjects, the second may, together with the conjunction, be placed after the verb, which is in the singular. Thus, *God and the Holy Gospels help him*, is expressed in the Guildhall Letter Bk.: '*so God hym helpe and þe holy Gospels*'.

Various Constructions.

Double Negative. This survival from Old and Middle English still persists in the fifteenth century: '*our entent is nocht to move fro nothing of your hye worship*', Mayor

to Henry V; 'methout it had be *no* sending of *no* letter; wrot *not* to yow now *non* answer', Margaret Paston; Malory has a certain number of such negative sentences: 'loue muste aryse of the herte and *not* by *no* constraynte'; 'ther *nys non* other boote'; 'Galahad the whiche was passyng fayre and wel made that *vnneth* in the world men myghte *not* fynde his matche'; '*none* of yow shalle haue *no* parte of her': 'ther *nys neuer* a knyghte wylle fyghte for hym'; 'thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and sayd in this world we mete *neuer* *nomore*, he wyl *not* haue adoo with *no* man'; 'there was *neuer no* lady more rychelyer bysene'.

Group Possessives.

Where we now often add the possessive suffix to the last word of a group when the whole of this is felt to be in the possessive case, as *the king of England's son*, and even in longer sentences, *the man in the black coat's name*, and so on, Middle English does not tolerate such a construction, and deals with these groups in various other ways. These ME. forms of sentence occur in the fifteenth century. Brewers' Bk. has—*pe coupers markes of London* (cf. the Bailiff's daughter of Islington); T. Calle in Paston Letters (1461), 'my *Lords* of Suffolk fee, my *Lords* of Norwich fee'. The more modern type also occurs (1462)—'the Erle of Oxenford's son'. Malory has practically the modern type in—'the kyng Lot of Orkeneye sone' (where possessive *-s* is omitted before initial *s*—of the next word) but usually the more archaic types: 'my broders the black knyghte'; 'the kynges daughter of France'; 'kyng Lots sone of Orkeneye'; 'hys broders shild *Syr Lyonel*', 'his brother Sir Lionel's shield'. *To thank of.* The preposition in this construction appears to take the place of the old genitive case, used in Anglo-Saxon after *þancian*. Mayor to Henry V: '*Thankyng* your most soueriegn excellence . . . *of* *pe* right gentell lettres . . .'; '*thankyn vs perof* so hertely'; letter of Margaret Paston: 'he *thanked* hem *of* her godewil'; Alice Crane to Margaret Paston: '*thankyng* you *of* the grete frenschyp that ye have do to my moder'.

Various Idiomatic Phrases and Usages.

Brewers' Bk. (our halle): 'was yn poynt (on the point of) at pis tyme to have falle down; þe same malt was so good chepe'; 'to riden yn barge to Westmynster'; 'þe whiche goune dede stonde hem at xvi. s.' (cf. present-day 'to stand them in'); 'to couche þe tile, þe couchyng of þe stones'; Proclamation of the Mayor (1418): 'a Monday þat next comeþ'='next Monday'; Mayor to Henry V: 'þestate of your Cite London'; Henry VI before Battle of St. Albans: 'I shal destrye them every moder sone'; from Duke of York's reply to this letter: 'to quyte vs lyke men'; from an account of the battle, printed, with the two former documents in Paston Letters, ii. 328-31: 'sodeynly the ('they') blew up trumpettes'. (Cf. Biblical phr. and Nursery Rhyme, 'Boy Blue'.) From Pecok's *Donet*: 'at þe first bluyisch'. From Malory: 'they sawe a knyghte come yn whyte armour hors and all'; 'he asked his Saueour' (i.e. 'demanded the Eucharist'); 'O my lord Launcelot be that ye?' ('is that you?'); 'a good man named of his body'; 'the man of moost prowesse of your handes lyuyng'; 'euyl be you founde'; 'Balan yede on al four feet and handes'; 'she was as naked as a nedel'; 'fame sprang into Corewailer amonge them of Lyonesse' (cf. *blæd wide sprang*, in *Beowulf*).

There seems to be a certain sprightliness in the phrase, 'Thenne this fayre lady Elayne skyped oute of her bedde al naked'. A very modern-sounding expression is 'what the deuyl is vpon the (thee) this day?' I have noted two early examples of a loose construction similar to that in the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, 'And we far away on the billow'. They are: 'John Stok and Margaret his wife Regratours and forstallers . . . and she a comyn scolde' from *Guildhall Pleas, &c.* (1422), in *London English*; and from Malory: 'and she a fayre ladye'.

In bringing to an end these remarks on fifteenth-century English I am fully sensible of their incompleteness, of the many aspects of style and construction which are here omitted, and of the small number of texts here cited—

44 ASPECTS OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH

a mere handful from the vast treasure-house of prose writings of all kinds belonging to our period. It is with some diffidence, therefore, that I present this Essay, in the hope that in spite of its defects and deficiencies, it may yet provide some features of interest.

HENRY CECIL WYLD.

THE REAL THOMAS AMORY

READERS of Lamb and Hazlitt know the name of *John Bunclé*; his author, Thomas Amory (1691–1788), is ignored in no serious history of eighteenth-century literature and has his place in the *D.N.B.*; yet no one has troubled to disinter from his pages the autobiographical fragments which, as Leslie Stephen saw, are embedded in it, or to check his references to notable Englishmen or his reactions to the people and to literature of his own day. As his writings are the reflection of his own vivid personality, as his wildest adventures reflect his dreams if not invariably his experiences, it is worth while to attempt a full-length portrait, remembering that his own son equated Amory with his hero Bunclé, and that there is nothing the least like his work in the whole vast field of English literature.

I was born in London and carried as an infant into Ireland, where I learned the *Irish* language, and became intimately acquainted with its original inhabitants; I was not only a lover of books from the time I could spell them to this hour; but read with an extraordinary pleasure, before I was twenty, the works of several of the fathers, and all the old romances; which tinged my ideas with a certain piety and extravagance, that rendered my virtues as well as my imperfections particularly mine. (Preface to *John Bunclé*.)

The *St. James's Chronicle* stated that he was trained for a doctor (Bunclé also, as we shall see, took to doctoring); but no profession could long keep him in one place. 'Compelled to be an adventurer when very young', by his own account he was a bundle of incongruous qualities; he developed 'a passion for extraordinary things and places'; was a passionate Unitarian; adored learned ladies; disliked commonplace people; dived from a (low?) cliff for fun, swam out to sea, boarded a ship, and sailed to the next port, leaving his companion to conclude him drowned; and was a good hand with the small sword.

If oddness consists in spirit, freedom of thought, and a zeal for the divine unity; in honouring women, who were admirable for goodness, letters, and arts; and in thinking, after

all the scenes I have gone thro', that everything here is vanity; except that *virtue* and *charity*, which gives us a right to *expect beyond the grave* . . . then may it be written on my stone— Here lies an odd man.

So much for Thomas Amory on himself. His son, Robert Amory, M.D. of Wakefield, tells us that his grandfather went with William III to Ireland and became Secretary of the Forfeited Estates; that he was a considerable land-owner in County Clare, his seat being Bunralty Castle; that the family was connected with the de Monforts, Pettys, and Fitzmaurices; and finally that his father lived on Millbank, but being 'now 97 years old . . . will not see any company, nor ever comes out of his room', adding that 'when very young, he was a very handsome man'. This statement will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788 (p. 1062); on November 25th of that year appears among the Obituaries: 'Nov. 25, Aged 97, *Tho. Amory* esq. author of *John Bunclé*'.

The younger Amory had rushed into print in consequence of genealogical inaccuracies in an account of his father in the *St. James's Chronicle* for November 6th, 1788, but the personal details there given, evidently in the belief that Amory was dead, Boswellian as they are, are not denied:

Mr Amory was a man of very peculiar look and aspect; though at the same time he bore quite the appearance of a gentleman. He read much, and scarce ever stirred but like a bat in the dusk of the evening, and then he would take his usual walk, but seemed always to be ruminating upon speculative subjects, even while passing along the most crowded streets.

Public interest in Amory must have been considerable for such details to be acceptable, and it is significant that the Wakefield doctor finds it necessary to protest that his father 'never had but the one wife'; the public clearly thought that Bunclé's many 'charmings' reflected his own experiences. But as his son begins his correction with the phrase 'My father (John Bunclé) Thomas Amory esq', the public was hardly to blame for the mistake, and may even have drawn the deduction that Bunclé's dismissal of his own offspring as

thoroughly uninteresting was based on his knowledge of this his one surviving child. For not only was Dr. Robert Amory a dull dog, anxious to assert the dignity of his family indeed, but confused and heavy-handed in his description of his ancestry, but Amory himself was not interested in children, even giving no account of his own childhood, on the ground that it would not be fair to make the public pay for anything so uninteresting. One incident of that childhood indeed he does record, but that is because Steele, in the *Tatler*, had given currency to an inaccurate version of a story which he only knew by hearsay: the public ought to know the facts, which are, in truth, illuminating.

As 'a little boy in Dublin, between seven and eight', Amory knew his father's neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Eustace, the Orlando and Belinda of the 172nd *Tatler*; Belinda indeed, 'a lively prattling thing, by tarts and fruits, encouraged me to run into her parlour as often as I could. . . . As I was a remarker so early in my life' (*Buncle*, iii, p. 3) he adds, he perceived the pride and obstinacy of the one, the vanity and satirical wit of the other, which led to the disaster. Belinda's sister spent a guinea on a fan with Indian figures on it; Belinda admired it, Orlando did not; they quarrelled; Belinda went to bed before him; and when she was asleep, the 'despotic husband' stabbed her, barricaded himself in his house, and was shot by an officer of justice at whom he was taking aim. The body was carried head downward through the city on a cart and the child saw it; 'and of all the faces of the dead I have seen, none ever looked like his. There was an anxiety, a rage, a horror, and a despair to be seen in it, that no pencil could depict'. Is it fanciful to see in this tragic incident of Amory's childhood the origin of that quixotic desire to help and justify injured women, always young and always beautiful, which plays so large a part in his books?

The boy was sent to the best school in Dublin, Dr. Sheridan's, who on Swift's authority 'shone in his proper element' as a headmaster; the curriculum seems to have been far from conventional, and of high educational value.

The boys acted plays in Greek and English, Amory playing Falstaff in *Henry V* (*Buncle*, i, p. 108), and recalling with delight the holiday joys of ‘frolicks and rambles, and merry dancings we had at *Mother Red-Cap’s* in Barn-Lane, the hurling matches we have played at *Dolphin’s Barn* and the cakes and ale we used to have at the Organ-house on *Arbor hill*’.

It was either in some Long Vacation or between school and college that he was ‘placed in a *French* family of distinction’ (Dedication to the *Ladies*), and met the first of his female prodigies; but he was certainly in Dublin by 1706 or 1707, going up to Trinity College at sixteen and spending five years there, devoted to five several subjects, of which Divinity was one. He ‘lived in the same chambers’ with his tutor, Jack Bruce, the ‘bright and excellent’, for four years, discussing *inter alia* Divinity: ‘Religion’, would Jack Bruce say, as we passed an evening over a little bowl of nectar, for he never taught in the dry, sour method—‘Religion consists in a steady belief in the Existence of God’, &c. and we learn that he placed the virtues of civility and good manners beside those of ‘temperance, mercy and charity’.

We shall meet some of Amory’s undergraduate friends at Harrogate; meanwhile we may note that the Irish historian MacCurtin (*Ladies*, iii, p. 218) and Bishop Brown of Cork, ‘a man of vast learning, exemplary piety and great goodness to the poor’, but a Jacobite ‘who in hatred to King *William* writ a book against drinking healths to the memory of anyone’ (*Ladies*, i, p. 85) were friends of his, and of another friend, Mrs. Grierson he writes:

Mr Ballard’s account of her in his *Memoirs of some English Ladies* lately published [1752] is not worth a rush. He knew nothing of her. And the imperfect relation he got from *Mrs Barber* is next to nothing. I was intimately acquainted with Mrs Grierson, and have passed a hundred afternoons with her in literary conversation in her own parlour. Therefore, it is in my power to give a very particular and exact account of this extraordinary woman,

which, alas, he never did. Now this passage serves to explain

many episodes in *John Bunce*. Not only had Constantia Grierson studied obstetrics at seventeen under Mrs. Pilkington's father, a well-known Dublin doctor, but, according to Mrs. Pilkington herself, was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, a student of higher mathematics, and an elegant writer in verse and prose. She edited Terence, dedicating her edition in a Greek epigram to her son, afterwards a friend of Dr. Johnson, and her edition of Tacitus [1730] was pronounced by Dr. Harwood, a good judge, 'one of the best edited books ever delivered to the world'; her unpublished annotations of Sallust belonged successively to, and were treasured by, Lord George Germain and John Wilkes. She was an intimate friend of Swift, Dr. Sheridan, and Dr. Delany; and Mrs. Delany, before she became the Dean's wife, speaks appreciatively of 'beginning an acquaintance among the wits Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Byron and Mrs. Pilkington' (*Autobiography*, i, p. 301); the society of Mrs. Grierson, then only twenty-five years old, was, that is to say, regarded as an honour by a distinguished and aristocratic Englishwoman visiting Dublin for the first time. As for the contemned Ballard,¹ his praise is so unstinted that one cannot but wonder what Amory could have added to it:

She was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgement, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety; she was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, too knowing and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and her abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any; on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to advise and direct those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. Lord Carteret [to whom her Tacitus was dedicated] when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent for Mr. Grierson, her husband, to be the King's printer, and to distinguish and reward her uncommon merit, had her life inserted in it.

This gifted and delightful creature died in 1733 at the age of twenty-seven, and when we are tempted to laugh at

¹ *Memoirs of the learned Ladies of Great Britain* (1752).

Amory's many accomplished ladies, always young, always attractive, and always ready to discuss divinity, fluxions, the meaning of Hebrew phrases and the classics, it is well to remember that he had actually known, and known well, a woman who was at least as charming, learned, and accomplished as any Harriot or Statia of them all. In fact, what has been treated by every writer as utterly fantastic turns out to be autobiography, actual reminiscences of days spent in Mrs. Grierson's parlour, and not, as has always been supposed, the dreams of an unbalanced mind.

But before pursuing his adventures as depicted in his novels, we must say something of Amory's relations with Swift. His promised account of him never appeared, any more than did that of Mrs. Grierson, but the long Advertisement contains what he did write, and must be quoted in full. He is protesting against the four recent biographies, by '*Lord Orrery, The Observer on Lord Orrery, Dean[e] Swift Esq., and Mrs. Pilkington*', as quite inadequate:

After all the man is not described. The ingenious female writer comes nearest to his character, so far as she relates; but her relation is an imperfect piece. My Lord, and the Remarker on his Lordship have given us mere critiques on his writings, and not so satisfactory as one could wish.

They are not painters. And as to Mr. Swift, the Dean's cousin, his essay is an odd kind of history of the doctor's family, and vindication of the Dean's high birth, pride, and proceedings. His true character is not attempted.

I knew him well, tho' I was never within side of his house, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagancies of any man. I am sure I knew him much better than any of those friends he entertained twice a week at the Deanery; *Stella* excepted. I had him often to myself in his rides and walks, and have studied his soul, when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his times of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity. He was fond of company upon these occasions, and glad to have any rational to talk to: for, whatever was the meaning of it, he rarely had any of his friends attending him at his exercises. One servant only, and no companion, he had with him, as often as I have

met him, or came up with him. What gave me the easier access to him, was my being tolerably well acquainted with our politicks and history, and knowing many places, things, people, and parties, moral and religious of his beloved England. Upon this account he was glad I joined him. We talked generally of factions and religion, states, revolutions, leaders and pieties. Sometimes we had other subjects. Who I was he never knew; nor did I seem to know he was the Dean for a long time, not till one Sunday evening that his Verger put me into his seat at St Patrick's prayers; without my knowing the Doctor sat there. Then I was obliged to recognize the great man, and seemed in a very great surprize. This pretended ignorance of mine as to the person of the Dean, had given me an opportunity of discoursing more freely with and of receiving more information from the Doctor, than otherwise I could have enjoyed. The Dean was proud beyond all other mortals that I have ever seen, and quite another man when he was known.

This may seem strange to many, but it must be to those who are not acquainted with me. I was so far from having a vanity to be known to Dr. *Swift*, or to be seen among the fortunate at his house (as I have heard those who met there called) that I am sure it would not have been in the power of any person or consideration to get me there. What I wanted in relation to the Dean, I had. This was enough for me; I desired no more of him. I was enabled by the means related, to know the excellencies and defects of his understanding; and the picture I have drawn of his mind you shall see, with some remarks on his writings, and on the cases of *Vanessa* and *Stella*.

This passage is reprinted in the second supplementary volume of Hawkesworth's *Swift* with a denial of its accuracy by Deane Swift which cannot be regarded as final: Amory's account is so undramatic that in a man of his perfervid imagination it may be taken as true.

Amory's college friends were a lively set, but one at least became a 'glorious penitent' and died owning a Thomas à Kempis (*Buncle*, ii, pp. 51, 57). He had the entrée to the Castle (*Buncle*, iii, p. 304); knew the Knight of Kerry and the Knight of the Glin; had friends in Tipperary, Kildare, and Galway (iii, pp. 107, 173, 200); spent Christmas of 1715

with the Wolfes of Balineskey, and saw a friend acquitted by Sir John St. Leger, a judge who, he says, would never convict a duellist of murder. Soon after he went down, however, his father, already an old man, married 'an artful cruel servant-maid' who contrived to get him ousted from favour, and turned loose on the world, though with a comfortable sum in his pocket. In his wandering life he 'met with a wonderful deliverance' unnamed (*Buncle*, Preface), and at some time, in the 1720's presumably, went to London, where his friends included 'worthy John Toland—I say worthy from my own knowledge', and another deist 'Unhappy [elsewhere Mad] Tom Woodston, my intimate acquaintance', who was convicted of blasphemy on March 4th, 1729, the day before Buncle (read Amory) set off on the travels which form the subject of *John Buncle*.

A much more dangerous London acquaintance was Edmund Curll the bookseller, with whom Amory as well as Buncle lodged; only personal knowledge could have produced Buncle's description of him and his company. Curll was

in person very tall and thin, an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light grey, large, projecting, goggle and semi-blind. He was splay-footed and baker-kneed. He had a good natural understanding and was well acquainted with more than the title pages of books . . . debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with unnecessary notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four shilling book to ten. His translators in pay, lay three in a bed, at the *Pewter Platter Inn*, Holborn, and he and they were ever at work to deceive the public.

The subsequent statements regarding 'the holy goggle of his eyes in his public devotions' and his penitence are not impressive, but 'there were men in respect of whom Curll was a cherubim' (vol. iv, p. 151). This passage suggests that Amory knew John Dunton's *Life and Errors*.

Curll took Amory round the town, to the playhouse (he mentions Garrick, iv, p. 294) Sadlers Wells, the night cellars, and that haunt of vice, Tom King's in Covent Garden. The

female company was of the worst, but gave him a chance of meeting Carola Bennet, a victim reclaimed by a 'sensible and excellent' young clergyman, who ultimately married her: from a 'charming libertine' she had become 'beautiful and modest'. There is one touching story which probably reflects a real episode, the discovery of a woman whom Amory had known as an innocent girl in the last stages of disease and famine, his carrying her to the house of a good woman, and having her tenderly nursed until her death: the reader will remember Dr. Johnson, whose charity was nobler still because the woman was a stranger.

Amory must have gone abroad again, for his visit to France as a child can hardly have sufficed for his obvious knowledge of Paris. He compares an English wood to the 'venerable' forest of Fontainebleau (iii, p. 116), and had a most remarkable knowledge of French literature from Courayer, Fénelon, Mézeray to Calprenède and Molière, whom he delighted in, and Voltaire, whom he detested. Much more doubtful is his having 'ventured in a light boat copied from the *Indian Prow* from the coast of Norway to a high latitude in West Greenland', which, with his descriptions of the Canary Islands and Brazil, must be ranked as a literary flight; but he certainly knew Scotland (iii, p. 190), St. Donat's in South Wales (iii, p. 64) and the Roman Wall (his one surviving letter proves that he was in Yorkshire in 1773), so that when Bunclé 'set out to travel over Britain' he was only doing what his author had done before him.

But *John Bunclé* was not Amory's first novel: that honour belongs to

Memoirs: concerning the Lives of Several Ladies of Great Britain. A History of Antiquities, Productions of Nature and Monuments of Art. Observations on the *Christian Religion*, as preferred by the Established Church, and Dissentors of every Denomination. Remarks on the Writings of the greatest English DIVINES; With a Variety of Disquisitions and Opinions relative to Criticism and Manners: and many extraordinary *Actions*. 2 vols. 8vo. 1755 (Vol. i reprinted 1769, vol. ii reprinted 1766).

The dedication is 'To Mrs. Monkhouse of Paterdale, on the Banks of the River *Glenkroden*, in *Westmoreland*'; the Advertisement already quoted describes the purpose of the book, and mentions a whole series of ladies whose stories—'true histories of amour, distress and relief'—were never published, though allusions in his second and more famous work suggest that they were written. A second part, 'to be published with all convenient speed', never appeared.

The *Memoirs* must have succeeded, since in the following year appeared the far more famous work:

The Life of John Bunclæ Esq: containing Various Observations and Reflections made in several Parts of the World, and Many extraordinary Relations. In Four Volumes. 1756-66 (reprinted in 12mo, 1770, from which quotations are here given).

The book was a favourite with Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and to the extracts given in the latter's 'Book for a Corner', read at the age of twelve, I owe my own introduction to Amory. A year or so later I was puzzling over Hazlitt's description of Bunclæ as 'the English Rabelais'; a less apt description of Amory's luscious delight in religious controversies, wild scenery, good eating, and the Fair Female Form it would be hard to conceive, but he and Hazlitt had at least the merit of gusto in common.

As the *Memoirs of Several Ladies* was a book for women, so *John Bunclæ* was a book for men. This 'true history of my life and notions' is dedicated to 'The Critics', and written 'to vindicate my character from misrepresentations and idle stories; and to illustrate my *Memoirs*'; it was, indeed, as he admitted, 'requisite to render the *Memoirs* before-mentioned intelligible'.

The matter of both books is fairly summed up in the title of the first; the manner may be described as the Picaresque in search of the Picturesque, with the important additions that the *Picaro* is a religious maniac, but a very learned one, and that he contrives to introduce a number of heroines of his favourite type by killing off a series of wives—'to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife'—and to bring the

hero into contact with other ladies, married and single, all as ready to tell their stories as Fielding's *Man of the Hill*. Running through all this is a singular acquaintance with art, literature, and the Fathers; a passion for caves, ruins, and wild nature; attacks on Popery and the Athanasian Creed; a remarkable appreciation of the social value of the convent system; a detailed acquaintance with birds and botany; and a prodigious gust of life, and you have a picture of the novelist whom his son equated with John Bunclé.

On the literary side we note references to *Don Quixote*, *Astræa* and other romances of the school of Calprenède, *Amadis de Gaule*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *David Simple* (*Bunclé*, i, p. 226); an absolute passion for Shakespeare and Milton; an intimate acquaintance with Molière; a use of the word Gothic as a term of admiration in the manner of Browne Willis and Horace Walpole, whose appreciation of gardening he anticipates; and an insistence on the intellectual equality of men and women otherwise unknown before the next century. Even the Dedication to the *Ladies* describes how, when placed as a child with a French family, he met a girl of fourteen who 'could construe an Ode of Horace in a manner the most delightful and read a chapter in the Greek Testament with ease every morning'; he was later to meet with a child of eleven yet more precocious; and the theme is developed when, as a young man, he was inspired by the 'Admirable Maria', for whom we may, as elsewhere, read Constantia Grierson, to write that remarkable passage on the cultivation of the powers of women (*Bunclé*, iv, p. 25)¹ to which no parallel can be found for half a century. In his *Transactions and Observations in a Voyage to the Western Islands in the year 1741* (*Ladies*, i, p. 126) he anticipates Dr. Johnson by forty years, and, like Johnson, must have known Martin's books on those islands as a child, since where his own observations differed from Martin's he does not hesitate to say so. Twenty years before

¹ Ballard, in his account of Mrs. Elstob, remarks her guardian objected to her learning other languages 'through a vulgar mistaken notion *that one tongue was enough for a woman*'.

Gray had uttered his daring praise of the Lakes, Amory was exalting them, and scenery remoter and more wild, in unmeasured terms, as well as taking notice of inscriptions on Roman cinerary urns and the tombs among twelfth-century ruins. Is it fanciful to suggest that Leigh Hunt, a devoted Bunclite, took the title of his *Men, Women and Books*, from Amory's *Notes relating to Men, and Things, and Books*? This is mentioned in *Buncle*, iii, p. 147, as though it were published and accessible, but in iv, p. 287 as to be 'published as soon as possible'. The word 'Men' must be generic, as a book by Amory omitting all mention of women is unthinkable.

In 1739, he tells us in the *Ladies*, he 'travelled many hundred miles to visit antient monuments and to discover curious things' among the 'vast hills' of Northumberland, and met Marinda Bruce, the daughter with whom he endowed his old friend and tutor of the Dublin days, reciting Shakespeare; she asked him in, and proved to be a painter then engaged on 'finishing an *arcadia* and a *crucifixion*', the first after Poussin, the second (with some difficulty, one fancies) 'uniting the different excellencies' of Rubens and Coypel. 'These pictures got Miss Bruce a husband' in the shape of a Mr. Benbow, whose early death left her in possession of Hali Farm, its ruins, its live eagle in a niche, its grotto, its flower-frescoes 'beyond anything of Baptist' (had Amory visited Montague House?), and its ducks, green peas, and cream. Her companion, Elise Janson, a Huguenot refugee, had translated *Astraea* and herself written a romance entitled 'The history of Florisbella the Good, Queen of the Northern Hills', and both she and another lady, Carola Chawcer, tell the stories of their lives in approved eighteenth-century fashion, not without garnishings of Epictetus (in Greek), German philosophy, and the Council of Trent. So do other ladies whom he met, Miss West and Mrs. Schomberg (*née* Bossuet), the latter

as beautiful as Lalage, a born mime; she takes off *Warburton* in the greatest exactness; his very voice, and the mien of his visage, as he contemplates, and as he predicates; and when she brings him on with a bit of his *legation* [*The Divine*

Legation of Moses] in his mouth, or some scraps of his controversy with *Stebbing*, or *Tilliard*, or *Sykes*, or *Jackson*, one cannot help screeching with laughter. You see all the vanity and self sufficiency of this gentleman, in her face and manner, when she is drest as a parson, and then, like him dictates his fancies, and pronounces all the world, except himself, a *crude writer*. I really believe if the Doctor saw her at this work, he could not forbear laughing.

As for Miss West, her reading of Milton was better than Quin's, reported 'the best reader of the *Paradise Lost* now living'; he was an excellent *Comus* on the stage,¹ but Miss West could make 'the poet admired and the actors forgotten'.

With regard to the Western Islands, however, it must be remembered that the poets may have sent him there; 'The stormy Hebrides' of *Lycidas*—and Amory was a fanatical admirer of Milton—he would not forget, and the authentic voice of poetry is heard as almost nowhere else at the time in that stanza in the *Castle of Indolence* beginning:

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isle,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,

and in the ninth stanza of Collins's *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*:

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruins shews:
In whose small vaults, a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground:
Or thither, where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade;
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovran power

¹ Can this refer to the famous performance of *Comus* for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter in 1750, at the very end of Quin's life, or was the masque acted earlier in the century?

In pageant robes and wreathed with sheeny gold—
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

Since Amory was a bookman first and foremost there is nothing strange in the fact that his passion for travelling, wild scenery, and romance should have led him to the Hebrides, to make accurate notes on the flora and fauna, and people the remote and lonely islands with new wonders of his own.

As Mrs. Schomberg had already in conversation rejected the authority of the Fathers as 'no more true than the splendid fancies of Bunyan the Tinker', and the minds of the other ladies ran on the same lines, it was a fit company that set out together for the Western Islands in the beginning of June 1741 in a ship commanded by Captain Scarlet, whose treatment of Hebridean superstitions was, as we shall see, unlike that of the poet. They spent a few days on the mainland of Scotland with a Mrs. Howel, and added to their number both that lady and her daughter, aged eleven, who discussed Bishop King's *Origin of Evil* and Chubb's *True Gospel Asserted* with modesty and spirit. They saw the Uists and Harris, Mull and Skye, passed the Green Island in the distance, and landed on Troda, whose birds and long-tailed rabbits are described, along with the four poor families who spoke only 'Irish', a convent of Poor Clares, and two old Franciscan friars. MacDuffs, Macphersons, Macleods, O'Connors, O'Rorkes, O'Briens, and O'Kellys peopled the convent; they wore 'the white plaid, that has a few narrow stripes of black, blue and red', with blue sleeves and silver crosses on their arms, the costume, in fact, of the old-fashioned inhabitants of Skye, crosses apart, as described by Martin at the end of the seventeenth century. Miss O'Rorke, of course, told her story, partly in excellent French, and defended 'the things of the Roman Religion' such as the Mass and prayers to the saints as 'figurative and spiritual' in a way which Amory so much admired that he promised her 'a welcome to his home and a comfortable provision'. Miss O'Brien, on the other hand, 'this charming votary', was a mystic on whom

he could make no impression, so on June 28th they set sail again, and with a fair gale of wind sailed north-west round the Island of Lewis, coming at last 'to a vast rock' where they set up their tents, and found a solitary ensconced in a natural 'suite of rooms' in the side of a valley, where he had collected books, globes, mathematical instruments, a case of arms, a portrait and an admirable bust of a fair lady, and a gold box lettered *The Heart of Belvidera*. They drank *Great George the Second* after a good supper; the hermit told his story and that of Belvidera Dellon, who was torn from his arms by a ruffian, but happily discovered in a wood near Avignon, whereupon he married her, and, losing her ten years later, placed her heart in a box and retired to his Hebridean rock. The party then sailed to Lewis, where Buncle found some natives with black hair and eyes, though Martin had found 'all red-haired in his time', admired their musical gifts and native songs, and rode over to see a Mr. Bannerman, who wrote Unitarian tracts and escorted them to see some grottoes undescribed by Martin, which 'were really very strange'. The first series contained 'hundreds of rooms' full of stalactites and spars; another 'had a hideous and hollow noise in it', and as their lights were blown out they sat for long 'in an unspeakable horror'; he thought Martin's account of another cave in the *Loch Grace* inadequate, but noted that the animals of Lewis had nothing uncommon 'except their tiny breed of horses and a variety of birds'. He saw what appears to be a genuine Roman inscription to Julia Sorana, a Roman altar to Carausius, the marble urn of a daughter of the Augustan Legate, various Roman coins, and a stone circle which led to a discourse on the Druids and the discovery that it was used for divine service by a good old lady, Mrs. Gordon of Lewis, who presented him with a doctrinal manuscript written in a style suspiciously like his own.

They then set off for St. Kilda, but were swept south by a terrific tempest, probably derived from one of Amory's commonplace books, to the Cape Verde Islands,¹ where

¹ Martin, trying to make St. Kilda's, met a storm which 'almost

they spent a month and a day, and found the black inhabitants generous and good natured, and Zulima, the Governor's niece, exceedingly friendly, and quite ready to be converted to Unitarianism; in fact, with her uncle the noble Abdullah's leave, she sailed for England with them but is never heard of afterwards. They were driven north to the Green Island again, which Martin had only seen at a distance, and the ship's captain expressed his disbelief in the sailors' stories of 'Barbecula the finest glen in the world', where lived 'the *great men*, the souls of the Kings and champions, who lived and ruled in those islands in former times', and who obviously inspired the last lines in Collins's great stanza. The captain, however, promised: 'Be they *great men* or *great women*, *hobblins* or *goblins*, *fairies* or *genii*, I will give you a good account of them, ladies', and Buncler set out to find them for himself. What he did find was, in the words of the Postscript to the *Ladies*, 'a Villa Mouseion, a plain conventual retirement for the delights of reading and contemplation', with near twenty acres of garden and a statue of Mercury 'directing the traveller to the Elysian Fields', forty acres of laurels, shrubs, and flowers 'much finer than the Elysium at Stowe'; a statue of Cerberus stood 'on the way to Pluto's seat', and there were also statues of 'eight Greek Philosophers, twelve royal personages (all English except Marcus Aurelius), twenty-three divines, nine poets, eight Fathers, and many ladies'. Twenty ladies were 'sitting round a table, playing and singing', so the party started to sing 'the symphony in the opera of Rowland' to attract attention, and were invited by 'a black in a rich running dress, who came from his lady, *Mrs. Harcourt*, to know who we were'; she of course invited the party to stay; proved to be from the North Riding; had had a learned education; travelled all over Europe; inherited a fine estate, and was of course a Unitarian. A series of notes on Loyola, Mrs. Rowe, Jeremy Taylor, Conyers Middleton, and Dr. Cheyne, who, Amory says, turned to Jacob Behmen, 'the reverend philosopher, drove us to the Ocean', and this may have inspired Buncler's more romantic experiences.

and William Law the father of our intellectuals, in his old age, after he had turned vegetarian', interrupt the story, and we may note that as regards Cheyne at least what Amory says is true: 'He carried his vegetarian views to great extremes', says the *D.N.B.*, 'as when he maintains that old age permitted the use of animal food to man only to shorten human life'. His views on this point would hardly have suited Amory, who describes more good eating than any novelist on record; but Cheyne had written on *The Philosophical Principles of Religion* and on Fluxions, and would be dear to him on both accounts.

We then get a statement that Mrs. Harcourt 'died suddenly, at her seat in Richmondshire, the first of December 1743, and not in the year 37, as the world was told in several advertisements in the London *Evening Post* of December 1739, by a gentleman who was imposed on by a false account he received of her death; this statement it has proved impossible to check, as the Burney newspapers are evacuated and the journal is not at Bodley's. We hear that the ladies' statues were removed after Mrs. Harcourt's real death to the 'noble library' of another seat of hers in Richmondshire, though 'all the other statues remain there [in the Hebrides] still'. A beautiful Rotunda, used for religious services, completed the view, and the twelve ladies and 'their eleven elves' passed the time in music, devotion, riding, and painting, the twelve dressed alike, the others 'wearing what they please, except that *Diabolical innovation*, that for ever execrable ensign the impious and unnatural hoop-petticoat', on the immorality of which Amory agrees with the *Spectator*. Every Saturday every member of the Society had to read 'an essay, observation, or poem of her composing' on the week's studies, the best being entered in a large folio book with the author's name; twelve poor girls who attended on them were, we are told, well educated and well fed. After this it seems superfluous to find an attack on the 'endless and wild imaginations of the Hutchinsonians'.

Near the Elysian Fields were the ruins 'of a once grand abbey of Benedictine nuns of the order of Cluny' covering

more than an acre of ground, and a curiously sympathetic account of St. Bernard follows, as well as a list of sepulchral monuments to Charitas de Shareshull (ob. 1220), Caroletta de Shoreditch (ob. 1222), Agnes de Shardeloe (ob. 1225), and many more, the latest of 1464, as well as many inscriptions in Gaelic; this appears to be based on Martin's account of the tombs of Abbots in St. Mary's, Iona, combined with that at St. Ouran's near-by, one of which Martin calls splendid. An interesting passage follows :

By the way, Jewks, it is very wrong to ridicule nunneries in the manners some protestants do . . . I have had an intimacy with several ladies who had taken the vow and veil in Roman catholic cloisters, and . . . I declare that I never saw the least tendency to levity or indiscretion As to the stories of *Love in a Nunnery*, they are for the most part idle inventions ; and if there be an unfortunate case now and then, it no more affects the church of Rome, than the debauch of a protestant daughter in her father's house . . . can be a blot on the morals of her pious parents.

Very few eighteenth-century polemical writers could have written such a paragraph.

Scalpa, by the way, they visited in a coracle, which he calls a *Nerogue* or *Currogh* ; their waterman was called Shoneen, and caught them fish, and roasted eggs for dinner, and the sixty-odd inhabitants of Scalpa welcomed them warmly, setting before them fish, eggs, potatoes, oatcake, goat butter, goat's milk, and whisky or aqua vitæ. They attended the Sunday service, 'beautiful in simplicity', in a field, and spent nine days weather bound, getting off at last in the coracle and coming safe to land.

The 'natural cathedral' in the rock, containing a writing table with a manuscript 'Historiæ Naturales in the Saxon Hand' signed by '*Morchar the Carmelite* A.D. 1422' is as incredible as Mrs. Harcourt's establishment, but Buncke knew all about the Cashel Psalter, and Martin mentions caves at Arran, in one of which, used as a church, a hundred men could sit, while another had an altar in it. It is more surprising to find that Amory was interested in Egyptology. A minute and scholarly description of two Egyptian mummy-

cases and their contents, and two statues of gods, all sold to Mrs. Harcourt by a Copt 'who might have been honest' might almost come from a current Museum Guide Book, and must have been based on knowledge; scrolls, hieroglyphs, bearded faces, swathing, are vividly described, and no mere reading would have told Amory that polished basalt looks like steel.

One of Mrs. Harcourt's recluses, Mrs. Bathurst, 'a writer in the Hebrew, Greck, and Latin', unexpectedly praises that 'great and beautiful genius Fenelon, Mme Bourignon and Mme Guion, the other illustrious visionary' in terms which leave no doubt that Amory's admiration for them was genuine; it is worth remembering that Wesley's abridgement of the latter was familiar to Dinah in *Adam Bede*. This Postscript also contains a 'description of the *Green Island*, its curiosities, and monuments of antiquity', a brief glimpse of the 'amazing frightful rock' of Scalpa and the 'little wrinkled rumped woman' of nearly a hundred of whom he says 'I have not elsewhere seen anything for age that comes up to the *Old Woman of Scalpa*'; we could have done with more about her. The position of the islands is accurately described, but 'tho everything new and curious, what [*sic*] had not been observed by other people' was avowedly included, Mrs. Harcourt's establishment, like Belvidera's solitary, remains incredible; we must remember, however, that the accurate Martin saw an old Lay Capuchin on Benbecula, and a chapel whose altar bore a crucifix at St. Kilda.

When we come to *John Buncl*e, obvious autobiography and critical opinions, often of great interest, are mixed up with extravagant romance in a fashion which can only be illustrated by a summary—a very brief summary—of the narrative;¹ the two cannot be disentangled, and as a man is said to be known by his dreams, Amory is surely explained

¹ It may be worth noting that a certain Mrs. Nally, of Duke Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, who died in July 1743, had had eight husbands, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'and was scarce ever sick till a little before her death'.

by his fantasies. His first 'charming angel' was a Miss Noel, whose reading of Hebrew so surprised him that he sat 'terrified, like the Enchanted Prince in *Amadis of Gaul*'; but she died of smallpox on December 29th, 1724, just before their marriage, so he returned to Dublin to find his father in the toils of his detestable young wife and sadly troubling his son's conscience by using the Prayer Book at Family Prayers; on May 1st, 1725, therefore, he left his father's house, and with fifty Spanish pistoles and a bank-note for £500 made for England. The Dean of Derry was on board, but broke down in the gale, whereas Bunce's next 'angel', Miss Melmoth, sat calmly discoursing on the Divine Power with the mate and himself, while a group of officers, 'dismal disturbing howlers', cursed, swore and lost their heads. Miss Melmoth and he went north (the notes on the northern inns are very interesting: coffee, toast, and butter were provided even at 'a little lone house on the edge of Stainmore'), and he ran into an old schoolfellow who hailed him as Falstaff, having himself played the Prince in their performance of *Henry V*. The pair joyfully recalled their schooldays in the passage already quoted; Jack Prince told his story and invited him to stay; but on June 13th, 1725, Bunce left him to wander among the Lakes (which inspire many pages on the Deluge) and ran into Azora, who had a grotto, a garden, and a greenhouse at Burcot Lodge, and was of course a convinced Unitarian, with a father half ruined by a passion for alchemy. Azora understood algebra and had ten pupils, all devoted to her, and with these ladies he stayed until June 18th, 1725 (in the margin July 19th, 1726). His pages show an intimate knowledge of the wild Westmorland country, then wild indeed; he had an affair with highwaymen near Brough; met the 'glorious penitent' already mentioned; and decided to marry 'some sensible good-humoured girl of the mountains', and to encourage his two servants 'to pick up two bouncing females on scripture principles and start a state of his own'. Coming on a building 'more like a small gothic cathedral than a house' called Ulubrae, he was invited in,

for once by a party of gentlemen ; they discussed the rules of geometry and suggested improvements ; ‘studied the vegetable world’ through the microscope, and a battle between a louse and a flea which the louse won ; examined manuscripts and incunabula in the library and the works of great writers from Bellarmine to Scaliger, and noticed a remarkable cornelian portrait of Erasmus, to whom Amory devotes some learned notes (pp. 109–11). Hearing of a notable cave, he had himself lowered into it, getting out with difficulty to find Mr. Harcourt’s house, where he met Harriot Eusebia his daughter, later the Mrs. Harcourt of the *Ladies*, whose paintings of scenes from the Revelation and whose powers of talking Latin, Spanish, and English were only less admirable than her religious notions. It was after her father’s death at Constantinople in 1733 that she returned to England and started the Hebridean nunnery with which we are already familiar.

He then met the sister of his old friend Charles Turner, and, while waiting his return from Scarborough, came on a country seat with a deep moat: its owner was that very Miss Melmoth whom he had already admired, and he settled down to wedded bliss for two years, for his Charlotte sang divinely, and he was the happiest man on earth till she died of a fever, when he set out, ‘not like the Chevalier of *La Mancha*, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great Princess; but to see if I could find another good country girl for a wife, and get a little more money’. His first call was at Basil Grove, where an open door admitted him into a noble library filled with books and scientific instruments and adorned with an object rare in libraries of that or any period: in the middle of the room was a reading-desk, and on it leaned the skeleton of a man bearing the legend ‘*This skeleton was once Charles Henly, Esq.*’; in its hand was a scroll of parchment exhorting the reader to piety. The explanation came from a second house in the neighbourhood where, under groves and trees, sat an ancient gentleman and his lovely granddaughter, whose father was the skeleton; they were rash enough to ask for

Buncle's life history, and got it, after which they asked him to stay the night. The grandfather offered him his granddaughter's hand when she was two-and-twenty, but Statia, 'bright and beautiful as *Aurora*', developed religious scruples after the old man's death which were happily dispersed by Buncle's argument that it was 'cruel to deprive children of their entailed heavenly inheritance', 'a greater sin, in fact, than murder'. The *cri du cœur*, 'Marry then, illustrious Statia, marry and let the blessing of Abraham come upon us Gentiles', melted her, and they spent a year or two in perfect happiness till she died of the small-pox. After sitting with his eyes shut for three days, he set out for Harrogate, 'through scenes, an amazing mixture of the beautiful and terrible', meditating on commencing the 'Married Regular' after meeting with a convent of Ivonites, or married friars, among the fells of Westmorland. This he left on April 8th; 'spent several days in the cottage of a poor fisherman in Bishoprick'; kept an eye on the 'charming Antonia'; and met with Dorick Watson the hermit, a brother-in-law of the famous Abbé le Blanc, whose garden surpassed 'the laboured and expensive gardens of Chiswick, the work of the late Lord Burlington', for, having lost his Adelaide, 'Contemplation was become his *Venus*'. The name of Le Blanc introduces a curious attack on Voltaire, '*half infidel, half pagan*', who 'writes the history of *England* with a *partiality* and malevolence almost as great as *Smollet's*' and 'like all the Jacobite clerics, prates against the *placing* of the *Prince of Orange* on the *throne*'. Worse still, he 'denies *Shakespeare* almost every dramatic excellence ... though in his *Mahomet*, he pilfers from *Macbeth* almost every capital scene (*Shakespeare*, who furnishes out more elegant, pleasing, and interesting entertainment in his plays, than all the other dramatic writers, ancient and modern, have been able to do; and, without observing any one unity but that of character, for ever diverts and instructs)'. This almost foreshadows Dr. Johnson's famous *Preface*.

After an impassioned defence of the Reformation, he wins his 'innocent beauty', Antonia, who dies of the small-

pox after two years, whereupon, after sitting with his eyes shut for four days, he at last gets to Harrogate. It is this chapter which ends with the famous passage on children which explains the odd contempt for his own childhood expressed in the *Ladies*:

N.B. As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives . . . once for all, I think it sufficient to observe that I had a great many, to carry on the succession, but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I heard of;—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make anyone pay for their history.

Harrogate, 'a small straggling village on a heath, two miles from Knaresborough', was unique among eighteenth-century watering places; the company was very good, though too often counteracting the action of the waters by self-indulgence (hence an address on 'Temperance! Divine Temperance') but 'the lady of pleasure, the well drest taylor, the gamester are not to be found there', though this statement is counteracted in part by the 'six *Irish* gentlemen who had been my contemporaries at Trinity College, *Dublin* . . . we had been *Sociorums* (a word of *Swift's*) at the conniving house *Ring's end*, for many a summer evening, and their regard for me was great'. All save Mr. Makins were 'handsome fine fellows', but the ladies 'preferred ugly *Makins*, as he was called, to many handsome men'; a zealous Unitarian of five and twenty 'he had but one eye, with which he squinted most shockingly, wore his own hair, which was short and bad, and only drest by his combing it himself in the morning, without oil or powder'; but he was 'matchless on the fiddle, sung well, and chatted agreeably'; whereas the gigantic Gallaspy was woefully immoral, a drunkard, a duellist, and most unsuitably 'passed life away in health, joy and plenty; dying without a pang for any kind of pain' at his house in Galway about 1753. We are reminded of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, whose misspent life had left him at fifty-three a rosy little

cock-sparrow of a man, whose contemporaries groaned and envied him at Spa and Vichy.

Mr. Duckley prided himself on being all things to all men; Mr. Monaghan knew books and men; Mr. Gollogher, after reading very hard for several years and keeping a commonplace book in four vast volumes, 'sold every book he had, determined to read no more, and spent his every day in the best company of every kind', his taste for *Love and a Bottle* resulting in his leaving nineteen daughters a thousand pounds each. It is sad that biographies of Mr. Gallaspy and 'Mr. O'Keefe, descended from the *Irish* kings and first cousin to the great *O'Keefe* who was buried not long ago in Westminster Abbey' (a fact: the dramatist's tablet is in the Cloisters) are lacking, apparently because Amory was in haste to get on to Miss Spence, 'a lady who had the *head* of Aristotle, the *heart* of a primitive *Christian*, and the *form* of *Venus de Medicis*'; it was the powers of the 'Admirable Maria' which led him (iv, p. 25) to those reflections on the cultivation of the minds of women which anticipate Charlotte Brontë. Maria's discussions of the differential calculus as practised by Newton and Leibnitz, and her refutation of Berkeley formed agreeable subjects of conversation on the ride to London which ended in their marriage, but Maria died in six months, and as he 'would not quarrel with Providence', he set out again to try his fortune, after printing her *Moral Thoughts* at length as a memorial of her.

'At a pleasant village not far from Nottingham' he met over a good supper a couple of invalids, one of them a chemist; Phlogiston—just made fashionable by Dr. Priestley—the properties of minerals, and the virtues of the Middle State formed the subject of their discourse, but next day produced another country house and hospitable host, as ready as usual to tell his story, for once of an unfaithful wife; the day after brought him to 'a lone inn' and Miss Turner. So charming was she that they sent for Father Fleming, Bunclè's tame friar, at once, 'to qualify us for the implanted impulse, and sanctify the call', but soon after they had started for London their chariot and four over-

turned and the charmer was killed, dying with a Latin epitaph upon her lips. He rode on, and at Curll's met Dunk the miser, whom Curll, stationer as well as bookseller, supplied with 'paper, pens, ink, wax and pamphlets'. He had a lovely daughter whom Curll recommended as a wife; 'the charming Agnes' accepted Curll's letter of introduction, which seems rash, and was about to marry Buncle when she died and left him free for adventures in Westmorland, where he met her, disconcertingly, as the wife of one Dr. Stanvil; her body had been dug up and sold to the Doctor for dissection; one incision showed that she was alive, and the Doctor married her ('this case of Mrs Stanvil may be depended on as a fact'). The situation was an uncomfortable one for all parties, but fortunately a neighbour, Dr. Fitzgibbon, recognized Buncle as the man who had saved his son's life in Ireland,¹ and took him as a pupil for two years. As the *St. James's Chronicle* specifically states that Amory was 'bred to some branch of the medical profession', and as Robert Amory did not contradict the statement, we may take it that this is another case of actual experience being fantastically worked into the life of Buncle, who married the doctor's daughter, 'the illustrious Julia', in the beginning of 1734 and took over the practice. Julia was drowned, however, and after he had sat with his eyes shut for ten days, he set out to pay a visit to the Stanvils; after a harangue on the properties of salts, the doctor fell down dead of 'a rarefaction in his stomach'. 'A decent tribute of tears' followed; Mrs. Stanvil agreed to become Mrs. Buncle in earnest; and the pair started for Bagatogh Castle: but the poor lady died in the beginning of the year 1736, and her disconsolate husband sailed for Brazil via the Canary Islands and Cape Verde, spending nine years in Borneo and Asia and returning 'to a little flowery retreat within a few miles of London' (at Bedfont, in fact, as his son says) to rest from his labours and write

¹ The episode is narrated in *Buncle*, iv, p. 194: Buncle's skill with the small-sword brought him off victorious but with a broken collar-bone.

the history of his life, with his observations on three continents, 'in a scheme that gives a relief to still-life, and renders it a contrast to the breezy, bustling crowds of men'. Almost on the last page of the fourth volume he alludes to *The Voyages and Travels of Dr Lorimer*; this like the *Notes* (p. 56) has not been traced, but his son the doctor informed Sylvanus Urban that Amory 'published many political and religious tracts, poems, and songs', a statement curiously illustrated by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* who was the lucky possessor of the only known letter of Amory's and of several more which he did not, unfortunately, publish; true to type, it is addressed to one of a party of ladies during a visit of Amory's to Yorkshire at the age of 82. It was on going through his papers that C. de D. 'found several letters from T. Amory (John Buncke), and very curious ones they are. I send you a copy of one, which you may perhaps think worth preserving in your entertaining and instructive papers [i.e. *Notes and Queries*, vol. i, p. 589].'

My dear Miss——,

I send you a curious paper for a few minutes' amusement to you and the ladies with you. It was written above thirty years ago. Perhaps you may have seen it in the magazines, where I put it; but the history of it was never known till now that I lay it before you.

I am,

Miss——

Your faithful, humble servant,
Amouri

Newton Hall [2] 8. 73.

A Song

in praise of Miss Rowe.

Written one night extempore by a club of gentlemen in the county of Tipperary in Ireland. It was agreed that each member should, off-hand, write four lines, and they produced the following verses:

Nota bene.—When by our mutual contributions we had finished our song, we all drank bumpers to Miss Rowe's health, and sang the last verse in grand chorus.

I do not remember, in all my reading or acquaintance, such a thing being done before, and, perhaps, will never be again.

All the composers of this song (except Amory and Miss Rowe) are now in the grave. Here I am, round and sound, by the order of Providence, for some of God's adorable decrees.

Newton in Yorkshire, July th' 8th, 1773.

Amory's own verse must suffice; all the verses are metrical and in much the same manner, and the rhyme scheme is the same, the whole an imitation of Gay's *Molly Mog*.

In the dance, though the couples are scudding,
How graceful and light does she go!
No Englishman even lov'd pudding
As I love my sweet Molly Rowe.

This letter would be in place in the pages of Buncle: no wonder the author's son equated him and Amory. His earlier novel was written when he was well over sixty; the letter shows that this amazing gust of life was equally well marked when he was past eighty. That Amory spent part of his old age at Wakefield is also proved by a letter from a charming young Scots doctor, Thomas Christie, to John Nichols. Christie was making a tour of England, and on July 24th, 1787, writes from Lichfield, 'the birthplace of the glorious Johnson', that Wakefield had proved a disappointment: 'I neither learnt aught from the wisdom of the Rev. Dr. Turner . . . neither saw I Mr. Amory, the author of John Buncle, nor his son Dr. Amory M.D.' (*Lit. Anec.* ix, p. 379). Of Dr. Turner the *D.N.B.* states that 'his Wakefield ministry brought him into close connection with Thomas Amory', a sentence not, unfortunately, elucidated in the article on Amory himself; Unitarianism was clearly the link between them, for Turner and Priestley were intimate friends.

How does Amory stand among eighteenth-century novelists? First, we may note as significant that the only contemporary fiction he alludes to is by a woman, Sarah Fielding's *David Simple*, though his knowledge of seventeenth-century romances is wide and various. Next, he is the first novelist to make scenery play a vital part in his stories, treating the sight of wild Nature as an end in itself, not as an incident. Finally—and we may probably thank his father's

library and perhaps Jack Bruce for this—his reading, though deep and wide, is both in form and matter mainly of the past. How he came across Thomas à Kempis and Madame Bourignon, still more how he came to appreciate the virtues of the conventual life from the time of St. Bernard to his own day, is more mysterious, but his conversion to Unitarianism may well have been due to Toland and Woolston. Two things are certain, he never forgot Mrs. Grierson, though of the character and name of his own wife we have no idea, and when he cast in the novel form his views on divinity, scenery, nuns, antiquities, the education of women, he would at another time have written pamphlets or essays; in the 1750s—and the *Ladies* was written after 1752, since that date occurs in a note—the pressure of the age forced him to use the novel, whatever absurdities it led him into.

What his contemporaries made of him may be gathered from the fact that though both books were translated into German, in 1769 and 1778, a parody, *Geschichte einiger Esel*, appeared in 1782–3, after the publication of Cogan's *John Buncl Junior* (1776), two volumes of letters professedly by

the youngest son of *John Buncl Gent.* of Marvellous Memory; who leaped Precipices, tumbled through Mountains [an adventure omitted here for lack of space] found *wise* and *good* Men, *beautiful* and *learned* Women.

as the Preface has it. 'My Progenitrix was his seventh consort', Cogan says, and when he comes to an elegant retreat, he cries 'Oh, for the pen of my worthy Sire, to describe this enchanting scene, to do justice to the bread and butter and delicious cream, to raise up some fair, for the loss of which to pour out the tear, and captivate our hearts!' The author quotes Gray's *Elegy*, and banters 'my father of Blessed memory'; but the authentic fire is wanting. There is only one John Buncl, and his name is Amory.

KATHARINE A. ESDAILE.

NOTE.—When he created Ulubrae (p. 64) had Amory heard of the inscription over the door of Auchinleck, that 'house of hewn stone, very stately and durable'? Or is this a pure coincidence?

LANDSCAPE IN AUGUSTAN VERSE

UNTIL the quickening wind of the Romantic Revival began to blow through the conventional groves, the Augustan poet, like the majority of his English predecessors, used landscape mainly as a backcloth. During the first half of the eighteenth century it was a backcloth as unconvincing as those vague, bosky vistas which stretch behind the people painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough. The very phrases in which it was suggested had become common form. In the inevitable vale was planted the equally inevitable grove. There might be a cave in the vale, and a bower in the grove. As yet no ruined tower arose, but a rock was occasionally seen; and a tree larger than the rest would obtrude itself, as in Thomson's *Hymn on the Seasons*:

Where o'er the rock the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And the groves were invariably agitated by gales. Water usually took the form of a stream, which probably made 'a humid maze along the vale', though melodious torrents in the Theocritean manner were not unknown. Spring and Autumn were the favoured seasons, if any season were defined, the one expressing itself in flower-enamelled meads, the other in fields of golden grain. Fruits never omitted to blush: and where the scene was set in foreign parts, there would be allusions to the purple grapes, or the vines which

Climb round the poles and rise in graceful row.

It was all obviously derivative, alien, and artificial. Yet, with a few disregarded exceptions, such as Ann, Lady Winchelsea, at the beginning of the period and Collins towards its middle, the pre-Romantics were completely under the spell, and with Greek and Latin writers always before their eyes, they practised a stiff and pedantic conformity. That real love of nature which was implicit in the Roman mind seems never to have communicated itself

to the English classicists. Virgil's influence made itself felt in landscape chiefly through the *Eclogues*, though in Gay's *Rural Sports* the poet openly takes the *Georgics* as his model. 'Here', says he, 'I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains'. As Mr. Tillotson says, the Mantuan 'helped the eighteenth century nature poet in something like the same way that the Bible helped Bunyan'.¹

The pastoral had always fitted a little loosely into the English framework, and in the age of Pope and Gay its simpering shepherds and shepherdesses, its swains bending over russet swaths and milkmaids dancing on the well-shaven green, were as unreal as the figures in Sidney's *Arcadia*. That Pope's *Pastoral: In Four Parts*, should have attracted the favourable attention of the great coffee-house wits in 1709 seems strange, even when we remember that it was the work of a brilliant youth of twenty-one who had had the foresight to include among the dedicatees such influential persons as Mr. Wycherley and Dr. Samuel Garth. It owes something to Spenser and Milton, as well as much to Theocritus, and to those 'Sicilian Muses' whom he imagines singing in 'Windsor's blissful vale'. Though Strephon exclaims :

Blest Thames's shores the highest beauties yield,
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field,

it is a little difficult to recognize the flora and fauna of Berkshire when 'swelling clusters bend the curling vines' and the milk-white bull 'spurns the rising sand'.

Four years later—in *Windsor Forest*—Pope took a step, short and hesitant enough, away from the 'Sicilian' background and towards the kindly earth of his own England. The poem is congested with historical and topical allusion, and typical of its period in its insensitiveness to 'Gothick' antiquity—as when the Norman churches despoiled by Rufus are described as 'naked temples'—yet here and there it is touched with memories of things seen. In one passage

¹ *Essays and Studies*, xxv, p. 69.

we have the same contrasting blues and browns that Thomson was to employ so effectively :

There interspersed in lawns and opening glades
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades ;
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.

Elsewhere Winter is suggested better in two lines than in the whole Pastoral that bears its name :

When frosts have whitened all the naked groves
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade.

Not yet was the English Muse suffered to roam among trees which failed unconscionably to form themselves into a grove ; and Pope, whose horizon was bounded by his own recently planted groves at Twickenham, can hardly be blamed if he did not leap ahead of his age and realize that there might be beauty in a 'horrid' mountain or a blasted heath.

Horace Walpole once observed that the English climate was most delightful when 'framed and glazed', and his immediate predecessors seem to have felt the same about what they were pleased to call 'Nature'—'Order', it had well been said, was 'Heaven's first law', and Heaven's omission to observe its own law troubled nobody. Much might be done to rectify that omission, and the pre-Romantics did what they could to cultivate what Goldsmith called 'Creation's mildest charms'. How unresponsive they were to the influences which made Macpherson's *Ossian* the vogue some forty years later is amusingly illustrated in the words placed by Thomson in the mouth of 'a Person left on a Desert Island' :

... At early morn
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds I looked around
For usual objects : objects found I none
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods in savage view behind.

These Augustans of the earliest vintage endeavoured to accomplish in their verse what enterprising landowners were, quite rightly, doing on their estates :

. . . to smooth the rugged wilderness,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
 Depending road, and to make gay the face
 Of nature with th' embellishments of art.

In those words a minor poet who was himself a country squire—William Somerville—summed up the taste and purpose of the first half of the century.

This lack of enthusiasm for 'savage views' extended even to an expatriated Scot like Smollett, who, Lowlander though he was, might have been expected, in *The Tears of Scotland*, to glance at the fact that many of the woes catalogued in that lament were being endured by people living in mountainous country. But no: all he can produce is a rock or a plain.

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

And it is significant that in his *Ode to Leven Water* he notes with marked approval that no torrents stain its limpid source, nor is its 'dimpling course' impeded by rocks. The same words might well apply to the course of English eighteenth-century verse during the greater part of the period commonly called—by an extension of the term once applied only to the reign of Queen Anne—the Augustan Age.

It was a didactic as well as an artificial age, and those poets, mostly minor, whose self-appointed task it was to expound theology in verse did not neglect the scenic aspects of creation, credit for its wonders and beauties being punctiliously paid to the Creator:

His works our love and our attention steal ;
 His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil !

Mountains and the 'majestic main' figure in these versified sermons, but in none is there any reflection of the thought that 'the First Author of Beauty hath created them', and they are introduced only to heighten our sense of His 'awful' dignity. Christopher Smart, in his vision of the Day of Judgment, paints such a landscape, half-realistic, half-ecstatic :

Ye rocks that mock the raving of the floods,
 And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
 Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves
 That all along the immense Atlantic roar,
 In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
 To quench the inextinguishable fire?
 Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
 Are lessened into shrubs, magnific piles
 That prop the painted chambers of the heavens
 And fix the earth continual; Athos, where,
 Where, Teneriffe, thy stateliness to-day?
 What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? No more
 Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

For one poetaster who had climbed—or even seen—a mountain there would be twenty who had seen, or perhaps crossed, the sea, and seascapes are consequently more usual than mountainous scenery. We even find what might be called 'underseascapes', glimpses of 'the azure kingdoms of the deep below', with their unplanted gardens, lovely with

. . . vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
 And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom.

When the more amiable works of God are considered, the didactic poem shows an odd disposition to trick itself out as a pastoral, not in the manner of Psalm cxxiii, but rather in that of *Windsor Forest*. An example is embedded in the ponderous *Hymn on the Supreme Being* written by Thomas Blacklock, the same blind Doctor of Divinity whose encouraging letter called Burns back from his projected journey to the West Indies. As he had lost his sight in early infancy the images evoked must have been purely derivative, and there is something pathetic in his allusions to 'majestic darkness', and to 'shade unperceived so softening into shade'. Drawing his inspiration from Psalm cxciv and his idiom from Pope, he wrote:

Here rising boughs adorn'd with summer's pride
 Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide,
 While gently perching on the leafy spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay.

About the time that Blacklock and many others of his breed were grinding out these conventional ponderosities the son of a Chichester hatter was writing his *Ode to Evening*: but William Collins was one born out of due season, and the crepuscular simplicity of his style found neither admirers nor imitators. When, in his *Eclogues*, he did adopt the idiom of his contemporaries he sank to the level of the poorest couplet-grinder among them.

There is another type of background not uncommon in Augustan verse which, without being either pastoral or pious, contrives to be both artificial and unpoetical. This consists of a catalogue of items, perceived with accuracy yet observed without subtlety. It is to be found in otherwise delightful poems, such as *The Deserted Village*, where hill and hawthorn, cot, church, and farm form a dull background to figures far from dull; but it is nowhere more conspicuous than in Somerville's *Chase*. There it is made a vehicle for instruction, which would further commend it to the taste of the time:

Water and shade no less demand thy care.
 In a large square th' adjacent field enclose;
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm
 Or fragrant lime: most happy thy design
 If at the bottom of thy spacious court
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect
 Thy downward structure and inverted grove.

The transparent bosom of contemporary verse reflected structures and groves of depressing uniformity until, as the century advanced, the groves became a little less symmetrical and the structures definitely less Palladian. Fashion then decreed that English ponds should be spanned by Chinese bridges and—by a bold recantation—that knolls should be crowned with imitations of those ruins not long before condemned as unsightly and uncouth. In *The Cit's Country Box* the result of the craze is thus amusingly described:

The traveller with amazement sees
 A temple, Gothic or Chinese,

With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water four feet wide.

In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where taste would want its first great law
 Without the skulking, sly Ha-ha,
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields' distance.

The name of Gray is so justly associated with the first phase of the Romantic Revival that it is with some surprise that one becomes conscious that the whole pastoral bag of tricks is packed up in the first stanza of the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. Nothing is missing. We have the glade, the grove, the lawn, the mead, the river wandering on 'its silver-winding way'. And in the next stanza blow the inevitable gales. Indeed, Gray's backgrounds are not noticeably romantic, and even the *Elegy*, in spite of its ivy-mantled tower, would be classical and Augustan enough if it were written in heroic couplets. All too soon the glimmering landscape fades, the drowsy tinklings die away, and Personification fills the field in the authentic Augustan manner. Yet in one respect the *Elegy* does mark a stage on the road towards that fusion of Romance and Realism which occurred during the change-over from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. It has, what none of the earlier Augustan landscapes had had, atmosphere. At no time of day, at no season of the year, did the formal groves 'glimmer'. They were either steeped in sunlight or veiled in gloom. That the poem is agriculturally unsound matters nothing. Gray was a townsman to his very bones; but he was a poet, too, and that is a powerful combination. Somerville, who would have enjoyed pointing out the practical errors in the opening quatrain, could never himself have written a single line as lovely as the first line of Gray's second stanza.

Though the English pastoral setting was not distinctively

English, there were in the verse of the period some specifically foreign scenes, sometimes suggested in a few clichés, sometimes traced with the arid punctiliousness of a Guide Book. Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* owed as little to personal experience and observation as did Blacklock's *Hymn to the Supreme Being*, but it contains a characteristic example of the conventional continental backcloth. Apostrophizing Beauty, the physician-poet exclaims :

. . . Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic Isles
 And range with him the Hesperian fields and see
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove
 The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil the tender clusters grow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an evening sky ?

After that it is but one step to the valley where

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene.

How light a handicap the lack of personal observation may prove is shown by Goldsmith in one part of *The Deserted Village*. In *The Traveller*, where he drew upon his own reminiscences, the result is hardly better than Akenside's oleographs, except in the little Dutch landscape, a perfect Ruysdael in one couplet :

The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.

Even the 'vale', so unlikely a feature in a perfectly flat country, cannot destroy its charm. But emotion triumphs effectively over truth in the passage describing the place of exile where the villagers of 'Sweet Auburn' had 'sought a kindlier shore'—a strange shore indeed, suggesting a foretaste of *The History of Animated Nature*, its flora and fauna most incredibly assembled ; and yet it is projected with an energy that almost carries conviction with it.

. . . a dreary scene
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more murderous still than they.

Where the inspiration is feeble and the technique poor, prose is always breaking in, and nowhere more frequently or more fatally than in such descriptive passages, whether the fragment be native, foreign, or fabulous. Thomson enriches us with a line worthy of inclusion in *The Stuffed Owl* :

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !

Other poets no more eminent than he give a varnished precision to their pictures which at one end of the scale suggests Canaletto and at the other Stubbs. Here again there is a strong smack of the guide-book, and it is often difficult to conceive why verse should have been chosen as the vehicle for matter so inherently prosaic. Aspiring Augustans seem to have felt, however, that the favour of a noble patron, the goodwill of a critical public, might be more readily won if a thesis in heroic couplets or in blank verse were laid before them. Another of those pestilent Scottish medicos with a trick of letters, John Armstrong, forced into iambs his interminable treatise *On the Art of Preserving Health*, and thereby secured appointments at home and abroad which might have been withheld from a writer whose views were set forth in prose. His eye for the picturesque was no better than the eye of his more gifted compatriot Smollett, but when he is imparting advice to his reader as to the choice of a dwelling-place he gives incidentally a rather attractive panorama in high relief of districts round about London :

. . . Oh, from the summer's rage
 Oh, wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham! But, if the busy Town
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;
 Or lose the world among the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air,
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.

The landscape allegorical, an unusual form, is well exemplified in *The Castle of Indolence*, with its 'sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between'; and Thomson's choice of the Spenserian stanza lifts the poem above the Augustan groove, even if its diction is sometimes more Augustan than Spenserian. He gives us, too, an early instance of the romantic treatment of background, where

. . . up the hills on either side a wood
 Of blackening pines aye waving to and fro
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood.

Curiously enough it was Gray's friends rather than Gray himself who exploited the sinister possibilities of ruined shrines. Both the Wartons, more especially Thomas, produced landscapes indifferently in the traditional-pastoral and the neo-romantic mode, and already the quickening influence of the imminent Revival is felt, even in their more formal compositions; for example in such a line as

The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof.

The transition from the first to the second mode is neatly embodied in the third stanza of *An Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall in Warwickshire* by Thomas Warton, where we can see with our own eyes the 'Gothick' merging with the sylvan—quite in the style of Strawberry Hill:

At morn I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
 And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
 That trimly paints my blooming mount ;

Or, o'er the sculptures quaint and rude
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

The aesthetic value of darkling clusters of trees had already been perceived by Blair, whose taste for natural history taught him to discriminate between one plant and another with greater precision than the pastoral versifiers troubled to do, and who, though a Scot and a pedant, really *had* an eye for the picturesque. He was not so far in advance of his age that he felt disposed to centre a whole poem, or even a considerable portion of a poem, upon one patch of Haddingtonshire; yet in *The Grave* there are five lines which almost uncannily anticipate the scenic tricks of the later school:

Quite round the pile a row of reverend elms,
 Coeval near with that, all ragged show
 Long lash'd by the rude winds; some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks, others so thin atop
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.

Perhaps because of her never neglected wealth of ballad literature, Scotland was well to the forefront of the movement in which Allan Ramsay with his *Evergreen* marched forty years ahead of Bishop Percy with his *Reliques*, and two other northern asteroids, Mickle and Ogilvie, struck a 'Gothick' harp amid crumbling fragments of antiquity. In Mickle's *Pollio*, written in 1762, we still have the gale, which breathes in one stanza and whistles in another; but torrents are no longer depreciated, they are mentioned with approbation, and full scope is given to the pictorial value of the ruins.

August and hoary o'er the sloping dale
 The Gothick abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs
 Dull through the roofs resounds the whist'ling gale,
 Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs;
 Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves
 And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains.

The affinity between Blair's elm 'rift half down' and Mickle's 'scath'd poplar' is curious if accidental. The poplar was now competing successfully with the oak, the willow, and the elm for poetical attention.

Ogilvie also finds inspiration in the more genial aspects of nature, and in his *Ode to Evening* there are groups of couplets which seem to reach forward to *The Lady of the Lake*; for example:

Now from the green hill's purple brow
 Let me mark the scene below,
 Where feebly glancing through the gloom
 Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb
 Not far beneath the evening beam
 The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
 Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
 Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.

It is poor stuff enough, even if not much poorer than most contemporary productions in that kind: but the passage immediately following startles the reader by a sudden streak of mysticism—the last element one would expect to see in any verse written between 1700 and 1800 by anyone but Blake.

Groves, meads and spires and forests bare
 Shoot glimmering through the misty air;
 Dim as the vision-pictur'd bow'r
 That gilds the Saint's expiring hour,
 When rapt to ecstasy, his eye
 Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky.

The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
 The ruby-beaming dome sublime,
 The towers in glittering pomp display'd—
 The bright scene hovers o'er his bed.

The colouring is gaudy, but it is also intense; and intensity is always a romantic attribute.

Among Gray's disciples yet another Scot is numbered—James Beattie. *The Minstrel* is a distant relation of *The Bard*, but the western Celt had little reason to be proud of his kinship with the northern. It is true that Gray tinkered

condescendingly with the earlier part of the poem; yet what tinkering can turn a poor thing into a fine one? The least trite passages are those in which Beattie betrays a sudden awareness of his own Scottish background, even though he calls a loch a 'lake' and a glen a 'vale'. Then he will sing not unpleasingly of

The crimson cloud, blue main and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn,
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while.

He is not afraid to draw upon his personal observation, and though his seascapes are conventional enough, he can sometimes achieve a bold stroke.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave
 He roam'd the snowy wastes at eve to view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue.

Though living in a land only too thickly strewn with ruined towers, Beattie unaccountably neglected that part of the 'Gothick' stock-in-trade. He was none the less a true child of the movement, of which he contrived to suggest the new philosophy in one ejaculation:

Hail, awful scenes that calm the troubled breast!

The day was still some three decades distant when whole poems, long and short, would be built round such themes as Westminster Bridge and Tintern Abbey: and even when that day came some of the Romantics, including Scott and Byron, continued to subordinate scenery to figures in the earlier manner. But the trammels of Augustan classicism were loosening long before that, and in Cowper we get that fresh and spontaneous observation of nature that the hard-shell classicists would have condemned as either trivial or uncouth. And even Cowper cannot quite escape from the conventional figures: as in *The Poplars are Felled*, where we get such a line as

Nor Ouse in her bosom the image receives.

Nervous anxiety to improve the occasion often breaks up

some enchanting scene; the resignation of the hungry cattle, contrasted with the fretfulness of man 'if unsupplied', obliterates the dazzling waste of snow where

the bents
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
 Of late unsightly and unseen now shine
 Conspicuous and in bright apparel clad,
 And fledged with icy feathers nod superb.

It is only when the tree-worshipping poet in Cowper dispossesses the moralist that something new and lovely comes to life in Augustan verse.

. . . Here the grey smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech distinctly shine
 Within the twilight of their distant shades;
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
 Seems sunk and shortened to its topmost boughs.

This loving observation of nature, this quiet enfranchisement from the pastoral convention, took Cowper a long way towards Wordsworth and the Lake Poets, yet even for him neither sunlight nor moonlight shines through ancient stone tracery, and there is as yet no magic in the word 'old'. The time was not far off when Truth and Beauty would kiss each other; but it had not come, and it was not Cowper who felt its imminence.

By one of those ironic strokes with which the history of literature is chequered, all the graces and virtues gradually and hesitatingly evolved by the poets of the century's end were displayed by Collins before it was half spent. The *Ode to Evening* spans the otherwise impassable gulf separating Milton from Wordsworth. Its nymph, wreathing her brows with sedge, might well have answered to the name of 'Sabrina'; its 'hamlets brown and dim-discover'd spires' are the same hamlets and spires that rise against the sky in *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*; and in two lines of one stanza the whole Romantic Revival is at once anticipated and condensed:

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'mid its dreary dells.

When the *Ode* was published Pope had been dead only three years, and the fetters of his style were still tightly bound about the feet of English poetry.

In the Romantic born either too early or too late there is often an element of pathos ; but in the figure of the tardy Classicist an uncharitable observer may see something at once irritating and absurd. Such a figure is that of Samuel Rogers, who, *en plein pays du roman*, continued to think and to write as if Pope's writ still ran. In his verse the groves still nodded, the gales still blew, the couplets tinkled still. Dying when Tennyson was Poet Laureate, he preserved to the last the code and the technique of the earlier Augustans, and his landscapes, whether native or foreign, had all the unconvincing elegance of a vanished literary world. Well might Mr. Rogers exclaim :

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

THE TEXT OF DONNE'S 'DIVINE POEMS'

DONNE'S *Divine Poems* stand high among his works. Though *The Litanie* and *The Crosse* are too full of verbal quibbles and metaphysical wit, in the *Holy Sonnets* and the three *Hymnes* he has given us some of the finest devotional poetry in the English language. Yet it is in this section of his work that the great edition of 1633, selected by Sir Herbert Grierson as the basis of his critical text of the *Poems* as a whole, fails us most disappointingly. It does not contain some of the best of the *Holy Sonnets*, such as 'Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay', 'O might those sighes and teares returne againe', 'I am a little world made cunningly', and 'If faithfull soules be alike glorified'. It lacks the *Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse*, and also the verses *Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sister*. The lines *To Mr. Tilman after he had taken orders*, though on a somewhat lower level of poetry, contain fine praise of the ministry of the Church, and these again are lacking in 1633. For a text of all these Grierson was obliged to fall back upon the edition of 1635, which elsewhere he has treated as of little authority. A new manuscript version of any of these poems should be welcome as helping us to correct the text of 1635 wherever that edition presents serious difficulty, provided that the manuscript bears within itself evidence of general trustworthiness.

In 1932 Harvard College Library bought a manuscript (hereafter called Dobell) from Mr. P. J. Dobell of London, who had inherited it from his father, the late Bertram Dobell. I have not been able to visit Harvard to examine the manuscript myself, but I have received photostats through the kindness of the librarian, whom I must thank also for permission to print the variant readings here given. My friend Mr. R. E. Bennett, who has been working at Harvard, has made a careful examination of the volume and has generously allowed me to make use of his notes.

The manuscript is unique among seventeenth-century collections of Donne's works in that it contains three sermons and the *Paradoxes and Problems* as well as the *Divine Poems, Songs and Sonnets*, satires, elegies, and verse epistles. Hitherto the sermons have always been found in separate collections from the poems and paradoxes. The collection of the poems is not complete, and the large number of blank leaves in the volume suggests that the owner intended to add more of Donne's works as the opportunity of copying them should present itself. The original hand of the Donne material is very neat and legible. Another and later hand has written a large number of proverbs and commonplace-book material in the margins and spaces, and has supplied a few marginal and interlinear comments on the poems, which do not appear to be of any value. A third hand has underscored certain words in the text of the poems, and has placed in the margin alternative readings which sometimes correspond with those of one or other of the printed editions and sometimes with the reading of another manuscript. Mr. Bennett informs me that these alternative readings are in a hand which is very like that of the text of the poems, and apparently Bertram Dobell in his notes, which are preserved with the manuscript, identified the two, for he speaks of three hands, where Mr. Bennett has distinguished four. The fourth hand has supplied against many of the poems the page-numbers in one of the early editions, and Mr. Bennett thinks that it was perhaps this hand which supplied titles for some of the poems.

An analysis of the contents of this manuscript shows that it differs from the majority of Donne manuscripts.¹

¹ In a brief note in the *Review of English Studies*, iv. 215, 6, Mr. H. J. L. Robbie stated that he had seen the manuscript while it was in the possession of Messrs. Dobell. He showed no appreciation of its importance for the editor of Donne's sermons, and argued that the copyist had probably had before him 'at one period a MS. of the type D, H 49, Lec, at another one of the type S96, W'. But the copyist could not have obtained the sermons, nor the lines *To Mr. Tilman*, from either of these sources, for all

Usually the poems and sermons are kept apart; those collectors who wanted the one did not want the other. The owner of this manuscript, however, wished to make a representative collection of Donne's work. The guiding principle of collection was not theological, as in Lord Lothian's manuscript, nor was it poetical. Far less was it a desire for something witty and scandalous—the motive which inspired many of the collectors of poems in early commonplace books. Whoever made the Dobell collection was a serious-minded person who put three sermons in the forefront of his (or her) manuscript, and hoped to acquire ten or twelve more, as is shown by the pages left blank. He continued with the *Divine Poems*, and then proceeded to the paradoxes and problems, after which he came to a selection of the secular poems; among these we find a few of which Donne's authorship is doubtful. Thus the collector's motive was personal—a desire to possess samples of Donne's literary activity in different fields.

The most likely person who might desire such a collection, and at the same time might have the opportunity to acquire copies of such rare items as the sermon on Psalm xxxviii. 9, the 'John of Salisbury' problem, and the longer form of Problem xiii, would be either one of Donne's most intimate friends, or one of his patrons among the nobility. The latter supposition is the more likely, unless we can find someone who has a place in both categories. Of Donne's intimates who remained in touch with him for most of his life, Wotton is already associated with the Burley MS. and Goodyer with the manuscript which was the principal source of the edition of 1633. This is proved in both cases by the letters which accompany each collection. Is there any letter in the Dobell MS. which would help us to identify the collector? According to my information, there are only two prose letters in the manuscript—one to the Countess of Montgomery, which precedes the sermon on Matt. xxi. 44, and one to the Countess of Bedford, prefixed these are lacking in both the manuscript groups mentioned by Mr. Robbie.

to the poem *Obsequies to the Lord Harington*. The second of these gives us no help, as the elegy was written specially for Lady Bedford on the death of her brother, and the letter is printed with it in 1633 and the following editions, and accompanies it in most of the extant manuscripts.

The letter to the Countess of Montgomery affords a better clue. The sermon following it is printed in *Six Sermons* (1634) and *Fifty Sermons* (1649) without the letter, and is also found alone in the Lothian MS. On the other hand, the letter alone was printed by the younger Donne in *Letters to severall Persons of Honour* (1651), pp. 24-6. Another version with several variants was printed by Gosse (ii. 123) from a manuscript in the possession of the Rev. T. R. O'Flaherty. As the letter is important for its bearing on the date of the sermon, and also as a possible clue to the origin of the Dobell MS., I give a transcript which shows that the Dobell text is substantially the same as that printed by Gosse, but differs considerably from that in the 1651 *Letters*.

To the right hono:^{ble} the Countesse of Montgomery.
Maddam,

Of my ability to doe your La^{pp}: service, any thing spoken may be an Embleme good ynough: for as a word vanisheth, soe doth any power in me to serue you. Things that are written, are fitter Testimonies, because they remaine and are permanent. In writing this Sermon, w^{ch} your La^p: was pleas'd' to heare before, I confesse I satisfy an ambition of mine owne, but it is the ambition of obeyinge your comandement; not only an ambition of leauinge my name in your memory, or in your Cabinet. And yet, since I am goinge out of the kingdome, and pchaunce out of the World, when God shall haue giuen my Soule a place in heaven, it shall not the lesse diminish your La^p., yf my poore name be preserud' about you. I knowe what dead Carkases things written are, in respect of things spoken: but, in things of this kinde, that soule that inanimats them, neuer departs from them: the spirit of God that dictats thē in the speaker, or writer, and is present in his tongue or hand, meets himselfe againe (as we meete our selues in a glasse) in the eyes and eares and harts of the hearers and readers; and that spirit

w^{ch} is euer the same, to an equall devotion maks writinge and speakinge equall meanes to edification; In one circumstance my preachinge and writinge this Sermon is too equall. That y^t your La^p. heard in a hoarse voyce then, you reade in a course hand nowe; but in thankefulnes I shall lift vp my handes as cleane, as my infirmities can keepe them, and a voyce, as cleare as his spirit shalbe pleased to tune in my prayers for your La^p: in all places of the World w^{ch} shall eyther sustaine or bury

Your La:^{ps}

Humble servant in Christ Jesus

J. D.

The reference to 'goinge out of the kingdome' shows that the letter was written shortly before Donne went to the Continent with Lord Hay's embassy in the spring of 1619. The sermon had probably been preached a few weeks earlier, and the heading prefixed to it in *Fifty Sermons*, p. 311, 'Preached February 21, 1611', must be an error for February 21, 1618 (old style). In that year the second Sunday of Lent fell on February 21. As Donne was not ordained till 1615, it has always been recognized that '1611' was an error, but Gosse in his note (ii. 122) adds fresh confusion by stating 'The sermon referred to . . . was probably identical with the discourse printed, as preached on the 21st February 1623, in the folio of 1649'.

The Countess was exactly the kind of patron for whom such a collection as this would be made. She was the daughter of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, himself a poet. In 1604 she married Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, twin brother of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the patron of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. On the death of William Herbert, Philip succeeded to the earldom of Pembroke, which he held in addition to the earldom of Montgomery. The two brothers were sons of that famous Countess of Pembroke, 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother' whose name is linked so closely with the *Arcadia*. She was herself a poetess and a patron of poets, and her sons inherited her love of literary society. William Herbert was lavish in his gifts to Ben Jonson and other poets, but

his life was dissipated. Philip was more serious-minded than his brother, and in later life developed Puritan sympathies and chose the Parliamentary side.¹ Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George Herbert were distant relations of the family.

The Countess had evidently asked Donne for a copy of his sermon, which he sent with the letter I have quoted. Such a lady, in forming a collection of her friend's works, would ask the scribe to give pride of place to the sermons. But she also valued poetry, and doubtless asked Donne for copies of those *Divine Poems*, which in this manuscript, contrary to the usual practice, precede his secular verse.

The text of the three sermons found in this manuscript vindicates its importance as having been derived from an authoritative source. The sermon on Psalm xxxviii. 9, which occupies pages 3-16, is here found in a better form than that which I printed in 1924 from Mr. Wilfred Merton's manuscript.² Some passages which were quite unintelligible there are clear in their meaning here, so that for the first time we can read this rare sermon with a proper appreciation.³ It was never printed in the Folios, and for

¹ John Donne the younger dedicated his father's *Biathanatos* to Philip Herbert, stating 'Your Lordships Protection will defend this Innocent from these two Monstors, Men that cannot write, and Men that cannot reade'.

² *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne*, pp. 321-39.

³ For example, Mr. Merton's MS. reads 'Studie all the historie, and waite out the presence of God'. Dobell MS.: 'Studie all ye history, and write all ye pgresses of ye holy ghost in thy selfe.' Again in Mr. Merton's MS.: 'Let no man think himself there were a new Church to bee erected by him, yet hee yielded all obedience to that was formerly erected, in y^t hee circumcised . . .'. Here the construction is illogical and ungrammatical, for the pronouns refer first to 'no man' and then to Christ, without any indication that the subject of the verb has been changed. The Dobell MS. shows that certain paragraphs had been misplaced by the scribe of Mr. Merton's MS. 'Let no man think himself . . .' is the beginning of a quite different sentence, and the sentence above quoted should run 'and therefore, though there was a newe church to be erected by him [i.e. Christ], yet he yielded all obedience to that w^{ch} was formerly erected; In that hee was circumcised . . .'.

years Mr. Merton's manuscript was believed to be the sole authority for it. In 1932 I discovered that it existed in Lord Lothian's manuscript volume containing eight sermons by Donne, and was allowed to collate it. Here, however, in the Dobell MS. we have what is undoubtedly the best version.

The sermon which occupies pages 111-28 of the Dobell MS. is an early text of the *Sermon of Valediction*, which was printed in a revised form as no. 19 in *XXVI Sermons* (1660). The form found here resembles the unrevised form found in the Lothian and Ashmole MSS., which I have shown elsewhere must be the original version of the sermon.¹

The sermon on Matthew xxi. 44, which occupies pages 137-56, was printed in *Six Sermons* (1634) and *Fifty Sermons* (1649). A careful collation shows that the scribe of the Dobell MS. had a source which was independent of these printed versions, and the letter to the Countess of Montgomery suggests that this source was Donne's own autograph copy.

Thus the Dobell MS. is of great importance to the editor of Donne's sermons for the three examples which it contains. It is natural therefore to assume that in the *Divine Poems* its text may be worth a careful examination.

The first point of interest is that the Dobell MS. contains the poem *To Mr. Tilman after he had taken orders*, of which no manuscript copy was known when Grierson published his edition of the *Poems* in 1912. Since then Mr. Harvey Wood has described a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Glass of Taversham Hall, which contains not only Donne's poem to Tilman, but another by Tilman himself, to which Donne's verses must be an answer. Mr. Harvey Wood printed this poem of Tilman's in *Essays and Studies of the English Association*, xvi. 184-6, but he gave no collations of Donne's poem.

Now in the Dobell MS. we have Donne's verses included among his sacred poems. There are several readings which seem to me better than those of 1635. I quote the following:

¹ *Donne's Sermon of Valediction* (Nonesuch Press, 1932), pp. 3-11.

Poems (1635), lines 5, 6:

What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage?

Dobell MS.:

What bringst thou home with thee? howe is thy minde
affected in the Voyage?

Three lines later Donne compares Tilman to a ship which 'after much paine and care For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware'. Thus *Voyage* is in harmony with the context.

Poems, lines 31-4:

Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust;
For, (such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay)

Dobell MS.:

Alas ! poore ioyes, but poorer men, whose trust
seemes richly placed in refined dust:
for such are clothes and beauties, w^{ch}, though gay
are at the best but as sublimed clay.

Donne's vocabulary was not so limited that he needed to use *sublimed* twice in four lines. Evidently the reading of line 32 in 1635 is due to the fact that the eye of the scribe or printer anticipated *sublimed* in line 34. Moreover, in the latter line 'as sublimed clay' is better as a description of clothes than 'of sublimed clay'.

In *The Litanie* the manuscript has some readings which are worthy of consideration: e.g.

1633, 1635 (line 26):

Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime

Dobell MS.:

though this darke lanterne flesh do suffer mayme

1633, 1635 (stanza 5, heading):

The Virgin MARY

Dobell MS.:

Our Lady

Here the manuscript has clearly preserved the original heading. *The Litanie* was probably written in 1609 or 1610.

1633, 1635 (lines 62, 63):

Let not my minde be blinder by more light
Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

Dobell MS.:

Let not my mind be blinder by more light
nor fayth, to reason added, loose her sight.

Here the context shows that Donne's meaning is better expressed by 'fayth, to reason added' than by 'Faith, by reason added'. He has been referring to the Patriarchs, 'whom Nature clear'd more, than vs Grace and Law', as praying in heaven 'that wee May vse our helpes right'. The patriarchs had only the light of nature, we have both faith and reason.

1633, 1635 (lines 71, 72):

That I by them excuse not my excesse
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse.

Dobell MS.:

that I by them excuse not my excesse
of seekinge secrets in Poctiquenes.

On the other hand, the scribe was careless and often omitted words which are necessary to the sense or metre. In line 164 'pious' is omitted, and in line 184 'enter in' (rhyming with 'sinne') appears as 'enter'. In stanza xxii he has ruined the sense and also the arrangement of the rhymes by transposing lines 196 and 197. In line 208 'enemies' is a bad misreading for 'cuennes', and there are a number of other errors. Here again, as in the manuscripts which Grierson examined, we are driven to his conclusion that no single manuscript gives us as good a text on the whole as that which is preserved in the edition of 1633.

When we consider the *Holy Sonnets* we find that the Dobell MS. has strong affinities with a group of manuscripts also containing four sonnets which were not printed in the

edition of 1633, but were added in 1635. These are some of the finest sonnets in the series. As Grierson has shown that the text of 1635 is not always trustworthy, it seems to me a moot point whether the readings of this group of manuscripts should not be preferred to the text of 1635, wherever several of the manuscripts agree together.¹ I quote the following examples :

Holy Sonnet, i. 6, 7.

1635 . . . and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste

Db, supported by *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W* :

. . . and Death before doth cast
such terrour, and my feebled flesh doth wast.

Here it is much more probable that Donne's unusual *feebled* has been changed by a scribe or printer to *feeble*, than that the change should have been made by five independent manuscripts in the other direction.

Holy Sonnet, iii. 7.

1635 : That sufferance was my sinne I now repent

Db, supported by *B*, *W* :

that sufferance was my sinne, nowe I repent

Holy Sonnet, v. 10, 11.

1635 : But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire
Of lust and envie burnt it heretofore

Db . but oh ! it must be burnt . alas the fire
of lust and envy haue burnt it heeretofore.

¹ I use the symbols adopted by Grierson for the manuscripts. They are *B* (the MS. formerly possessed by the first Earl of Bridgewater, Donne's companion on the Azores expedition, and son of the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere), *O'F* (the O'Flaherty MS.), *S96* (British Museum MS. Stowe 961), and *W* (the Westmorland MS. formerly in the possession of Sir Edmund Gosse). For the readings of these and other manuscripts of the *Divine Poems* I rely on the collations given in Grierson's *Poems of John Donne* (Clarendon Press, 1912). For the readings of the Dobell MS. I depend on the photostat sent me from Harvard College Library.

And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt
 My body, and my soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my 'ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt.

In line 7 *Db*, supported by *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W*, reads :

or presently (I knowe not) see that face,

Grierson was not aware that this was the reading of *Db*, but the evidence of the other manuscripts was sufficiently weighty to convince him that this form of the line went back to Donne himself, and that the 1633 reading was Donne's own emendation. The change was probably made by Donne because the original reading suggested a belief in an intermediate state after death. But if these manuscripts have here preserved Donne's first draft, it is likely that in other places they may also be a witness to his original text, as compared with his corrected version which was probably the source of 1633. In the following passages the variant readings are clearly independent of one another and cannot be mere scribal errors.

La Corona, i. 11.

1633, supported by *A 18, D, H 49, N, &c.* :

The first last end, now zealously possest

Db, supported by *B, S96, W* :

This first last end nowe soberly possest

O'F originally read *soberly*, which has been corrected to *zealously*.

La Corona, i. 13.

1633 and MSS. as above :

'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high.

Db, B, O'F, S, S96, W :

'tis time that voyce and hart be lifted high.

La Corona, 2. 9.

1633 and MSS. as above :

Ere by the spehares time was created, thou

100 THE TEXT OF DONNE'S 'DIVINE POEMS'

Db, B, S, S96, W:

Ere by the speares time was begotten, Thou

O'F reads *begotten*, which has been corrected to *created*.

La Corona, 3. 7, 8,

1633: Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent
Th' effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome.

B, Db, O'F, S, S96, W:

Starres and wisemen shall travell to prevent
Th' effect of Herods dire and generall Doome.

(*Db* has the absurd error *present* for *prevent*.)

Here there are three variants—*shall* for *will*, *effect* for *effects*, *dire* and *generall* for *iealous generall*. A scribe might make the two former alterations, but he could not be responsible for the last, which must be due to Donne himself. We have found strong evidence for the belief that the group *B, Db, &c.*, have preserved Donne's earlier draft. If this is so, Donne may have changed *dire* and *generall doome* to *iealous generall doome* because he liked the alliterative sound of initial *j* and *g*, here identical. His fondness for alliteration is obvious in such lines as 'a bracelet of bright hair about the bone', or

O more then Moone,
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy speare,
Weepe me not dead in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone.

Here, however, he had already an alliteration in 'dire . . . doome', which some readers may find more pleasing to the ear than 'jealous generall doome'. Perhaps the association of *dire* and *doom* was too trite for Donne's fastidious taste.

La Corona, 6. 8-11.

1633 and *A 18, D, H 49, TC* (*D, H 49* omit *long* in line 9):

If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other meanes be glorified.

Db, O'F, S, S96, W:

yf in thy life-booke my name thou enroule
fflesh in that last longe sleepe is not putrify'd
but made that there, of which, and for which twas,
nor can by other meanes be purify'd.

Here *life-booke* has also the support of 1635 and *B*. In *O'F purified* has been corrected to *glorified*. Donne probably omitted *last* in his revision in order to make the line more regular in its metre. He may have changed *purified* to *glorified* because the rime of *putrified . . . purified* is not very pleasing to the ear.

La Corona, 7. 3.

1633 and *A 18, D, &c.*

Yee whose just teares, or tribulation

1635 and *B, Db, S, S96, W:*

Yee whose true teares, or tribulation

Donne must have felt, on revising his work, that the alliterative effect of *true teares . . . tribulation* was too heavy.

Holy Sonnet, x. 11-13.

1633, 1635, and *A 18, D, H49, N, &c.:*

And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swellst thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally

Db, B, S96, W

and poppy or charmes can make vs sleepe as well
and easier then thy stroke: why swellst thou then?
one short sleepe past, we liue eternally

Here there can be no doubt that Donne improved the lines by the changes which he made in the version represented by 1633 and its kindred manuscripts. After *sleepe, wee wake* is far more effective than *we live*.

One small item may be mentioned as proof that the scribes of *B, Db, O'F, S96* had access to information which was not available to the editors of 1633 and 1635. For the poem which begins 'Tamely, fraile body, abstaine today' (*Poems, i. 334-5*) these manuscripts have the heading *Vpon*

the Annunciation and passion falling vpon one day, 1608 [Anno Dñi 1608. *B, O'F, S, S96*]. In this they are supported by *N, TCD*. The whole poem turns upon this coincidence of the two days in a particular year. On the other hand, *1633, 1635*, and following editions have merely *The Annuntiation and Passion*. Another group of manuscripts, *D, H49, Lec*, have only *The Annuntiation*, and *P* has no title at all. Incidentally we may notice that *Db, O'F, S96*, and *1635* read 'Tamely fraile flesh' for 'Tamely fraile body'. I deduce that Donne's original impulse was to use the alliterative phrase 'fraile flesh', and that on revision he decided to substitute 'fraile body' as a more direct antithesis to 'soule' in the next line. It may be also that he rejected 'fraile flesh' as too trite an alliteration, just as he rejected 'dire . . . doome' in *La Corona*, 3. 8, and 'true teares' in *La Corona*, 7. 3.

In the same poem, lines 11–15, *1633* supported by *D, H49, Lec*, reads :

She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
Sad and reioyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiteene.

Db, in company with *B, O'F, P, S, S96* reads 'reioyc'd and sad' for 'Sad and reioyc'd'. If this was the earlier reading, Donne probably reversed the order because he did not wish two consecutive lines to begin 'Reclus'd' 'Reioyc'd'. Greater metrical variety is obtained by the inversion of the stress when the second of the two lines begins 'Sad and reioyc'd'.

Again in lines 41–4 *1633* reads :

Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all ;
So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words
Would busie a life, she all this day affords.

In the last of these lines *Db* reads 'buy' for 'busie' and 'he' for 'she'.

In *The Crosse* also we have some variants.

In lines 49–54 *1633* reads :

But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move ; To th' other th' objects must come home.
 And crosse thy heart : for that in man alone
 Pants downewards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those dejections, when it downewards tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.

In line 50 *Db*, agreeing with *1635*, reads 'to th' others objects must come home'. In line 52 'Pants' was retained in the editions of 1635–69 and it is found also in some manuscripts. Grierson rejects it in favour of 'Points', which is found in *A 18, A 25, N, P, S, TC*. *Db* supports this reading, which clearly makes better sense. *Db*, however, follows it by the reading 'vpwards' which in conjunction with 'Points' is manifestly untrue as applied to the heart, and must be a scribal error. In the fifth of these lines, for 'dejections' *Db* reads 'defections'—another scribal error—while *O'F* and the editions of 1635–69 read 'detorsions'. *Db* had originally 'bends' for 'tends', but 't' with a stroke below it has been written above 'b'.

In most of these passages we have had a general agreement of *B, Db, O'F, S 96*, and *W*. There are one or two passages, however, where *Db* differs from its kindred manuscripts and offers a reading which is worthy of attention, e.g. *Holy Sonnet*, xvi. 9–14. Here it is necessary to distinguish between *1633* and the manuscripts which generally support it.

1633 : Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill ;
 None doth, but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill,
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but loue ; Oh let this last Will stand !

A 18, D, H 49, N, TC read *those laws* in the first line quoted, and, with the addition of *W*, they omit *thy* before *all-healing*. Again, with the support of *W* they read *that last Will* for *this last Will* in the concluding line.

Db: yet such are thy lawes, that men argue yet
 whether a man those statutes can fullfill.
 None doth: Let thy all-healing grace and spirit
 reviuē and quicken, what lawe and letter kill.
 Thy Lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but Loue, Oh let thy last will stand!

Here *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, and *W* agree with *Db* in reading *Reviue and quicken*, but in several other points they differ from *Db*, and also differ among themselves.

The last of the *Divine Poems* in *Db* is entitled 'To Christ', called in 1633 and succeeding editions 'A Hymne to God the Father'. It was written, according to Walton, during Donne's severe illness in the winter of 1623-4, and after his recovery he 'caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune and to be often sung to the Organ by the Choristers of St. Pauls Church, in his own hearing, especially at the Evening Service'. It is thus the latest of Donne's compositions to be included in *Db*, and its presence shows that the manuscript cannot have been compiled before 1624. The manuscripts which contain this poem have several differences from the text as found in the editions, so that Grierson thought it best to print first the version of the editions, and then that of the manuscripts, for which he chose *TCD* as the basis. *A18*, *N*, *TCC* are derived from the same manuscript source as *TCD*, and support it throughout. *O'F*, *S96* also contain the poem, and while they have substantially the same text as *TCD* against that of the editions, they offer a number of minor variants in which *Db* supports them. Grierson suggests that a number of the manuscript readings, e.g. line 18 'I have no more', 'probably belong to a first version of the poem, and were altered by the poet himself' (*Poems*, ii. 251). This confirms my own view, urged throughout this article, that in the section containing the *Divine Poems*, *Db* in common with *B*, *O'F*, *S96* has preserved an earlier draft than that found in 1633, which represents Donne's corrected text.

The title shows curious differences. *Db* with the *TCD* group reads *To Christ*. *O'F*, *S96* read *Christo Salvatori*.

The editions read *A Hymne to God the Father*. That Donne's first impulse in his sickness should have been to address the hymn *To Christ* or *Christo Salvatori* is in harmony with his impassioned address to Christ in *Holy Sonnet* xiii, and with numerous passages of penitence and devotion in the Sermons. It was to the mercy of Christ the Saviour that Donne instinctively turned when a sense of sin overwhelmed him. In this first draft there is also no pun in lines 15, 16.

Db and the other MSS. read :

sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sunne
shall shine as it shines nowe, and heretofore,

1633 and succeeding editions read :

But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore.

The word-play on 'sun' and 'son' was used of Christ in Donne's sermons without any sense of irreverence, e.g. *LXXX Sermons*, p. 13: 'His Church is his chariot; in that, he moves more gloriously, then in the Sun; as much more, as his begotten Son exceeds his created Sun, and his Son of glory, and of his right hand, the Sun of the firmament.' I suggest that in the poem as first written with 'thy sunne Shall shine as it shines nowe', there was no intention of a pun, but that Donne's fondness for this particular word-play caused him to alter the words later. The title 'A Hymne to God the Father', which is found in none of the manuscripts, may have been added in 1633 by the editor, who thought that a hymn containing the words 'thy sonne' must be addressed to God the Father. Walton in his *Life of Donne* uses this title, but he seems to have taken the text of the poem from the edition of 1633, for his version agrees with that edition against the manuscripts.

EVELYN MARY SIMPSON.

SOME POETICAL MISCELLANIES, 1672-1716

ANYONE who turns over the pages of Professor Case's *Bibliography of English Poetical Miscellanies 1521-1750* will notice that soon after the beginning of the reign of James the First there came about a considerable change in the kind of verse that is to be found in anthologies, whether from printed or unprinted sources. More than one of the famous Elizabethan collections of contemporary poetry had been given titles which are more attractive than their contents, but others, notably *England's Helicon* and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, were compiled with a good deal of judgement and fairly represented the high level of the poetry of their day. They were evidently published for cultivated readers without thought for any beliefs or political views they might have. They contained a rather large proportion of pastoral poetry—the editor of *England's Helicon* going so far as to alter his texts to emphasize the already pastoral character of the pieces he had chosen—but, unless one believes in the mystifications which some people profess to detect in a book so apparently innocent as *The Phoenix Nest*, it is evident that the purpose of the compilers was simply to give pleasure by printing what they believed to be the most attractive available poems, many of which were, of course, simple and spontaneous lyrics.

But from the early days of the seventeenth century till 1642 poetical miscellanies tended to be confined to verse written for particular occasions. Volumes of complimentary and funeral poems were published with great frequency, especially at Oxford and Cambridge. These are for the most part in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew and French, but they usually have a section of English verse where one may occasionally find the early work of poets who were afterwards famous. There were many books of songs and 'drolleries' and, after the abolition of the Court of Star Chamber, a great deal of political verse, mostly of a very abusive nature, was printed in collections. Milton, it is true, contributed to *Justa Edovardo King*, 1638, and a

number of distinguished poets to *Annalia Dubrensis*, 1636, *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638, and *Lacrymae Musarum*, 1649, but their poems were written specially for these volumes, which are not anthologies as we use the word for *England's Helicon* or *The Golden Treasury*. *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656, is more general in its scope, but most of the pieces in it have what is called 'historical' rather than literary interest, and moreover these Latin titles suggest a spirit of pedantry quite absent from *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites* or *The Garden of the Muses*. Some well-known and beautiful poems are found in various miscellanies, but after the Elizabethan series had come to an end there seems to have been no attempt made to compile selections of recent poetry written without any particular bias or to commemorate any particular event or which was not trivial or jocular, till 1672, when Hobart Kemp published *A Collection of Poems Written Upon Several Occasions By Several Persons*.

The reason for this dearth of miscellanies produced to satisfy a desire for poetry as such is not very clear. No doubt political and religious disputes created a demand for polemical verse, but volumes of poems by George Herbert, Milton, Carew, Crashaw, and many more appeared as time went on, and selections from these, one would have supposed, might have been made. It was in fact a golden age for anthologists had they taken advantage of it, though probably the question of copyright was tending to create difficulties. The existence of Kemp's volume, notwithstanding it contains a good deal that is poor and dull enough, and the fact that a new edition was printed in the following year, does suggest that booksellers were again beginning to find a public for miscellanies nearer in spirit to those of earlier days. Moreover, it formed the basis for a number of anthologies which were remodelled and kept up to date till 1716 and which, from 1693 onwards, were no doubt intended to compete with the very successful undertakings of Tonson.

A Collection of Poems, which was advertised in the *Term Catalogue*, 7 February 1672, is an octavo in two parts with

separate pagination. The title-leaf is followed by the table of contents, and collectors may like to know that F4, the last leaf of the first part, is a blank. Not much seems to be known about Kemp, who was probably not in business for long, as Plomer records only two other books published by him, *A History of Jewels*, 1671, and Shadwell's *Miser*, 1672. His place of business was at the Sign of the Ship in the Upper Walk of the New Exchange; Herringman, who at this time and until the rise of Tonson was the chief publisher of books of poetry and plays, was in the Lower Walk.

It is a rare book, though Professor Pinto had access to four copies, including the British Museum copy, when he was preparing his edition of Sedley. In three of these the initials of the authors of many of the poems are added in manuscript. I have examined one of these copies; it formerly belonged to Sir Charles Firth and is now in the Bodleian. The handwriting may be contemporary and is certainly not later than the early part of the eighteenth century. Thirty-four of the poems are attributed to Sedley, nine to Etherege, six to Mulgrave, three to Buckhurst, one to Captain Aston, and seven are unassigned. The authors of most of the poems are certainly given correctly, and the two copies with the largest number of initials agree very closely in their attributions. It will be seen that the volume is a collection of poems by some of the Court poets, as they have been called by Whibley, or less politely by Pope 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease'. Sedley's poems make up the bulk of the book, but the texts of several of them are unsatisfactory. The only piece of any length is Mulgrave's dreary *Temple of Death*, which was given a prominent place in the title of some of the subsequent editions. The taste for reading prologues and epilogues, which, judged by the number printed in *Covent Garden Drollery*, published in the same year, must have been pronounced, is provided for by two epilogues by Buckhurst, one of them for a revival of *Every Man in his Humour* at Drury Lane, and a prologue by Etherege for Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* spoken at the

opening of Dorset Garden Theatre on the 9th of November 1671.

In the next year a second edition was published by Thomas Collins, John Ford, and William Cademan (*Term Catalogue*, 16 June 1673). This includes all the poems in Kemp's volume and adds thirty-one more. It is poorly printed and the additions are not of much merit. They include some more verses to Chloris and other ladies, some songs, a prologue to the Middle Temple, and part of a prologue spoken at Oxford which is ascribed in Bodl. MS. Rawl. Poet. 19, p. 146, though I have no doubt incorrectly, to Dryden. There are also a prologue and epilogue 'to the Ordinary' and three prologues spoken at Court performances of Settle's *Empress of Morocco*. One of these is printed with the play and is by Rochester. Neither of the other two is the same as another prologue 'spoken by the Lady Elizabeth Howard' given in the quarto which was advertised in the *Term Catalogue* in November of this year.

The sheets of Collins's edition were reissued twelve years later with a cancel title-leaf which I transcribe, as Professor Case does not record it. My own copy is the only one I have seen. It runs: *Miscellany poems. With the Temple of Death. By Eminent Hands*[quot.] *London, Printed for Gilbert Cownly at the Popes-head in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange in the Strand. 1685.*

In 1684 Tonson, probably assisted by the advice of Dryden, published his first volume of *Miscellany Poems* and in the next year, that of Tonson's *Sylvac*, Tate and Mrs. Behn each produced a *Miscellany*, both being published by J. Hindmarsh. *Examen Poeticum* the third of Tonson's miscellanies, appeared in the early part of 1693 and some time later presumably, as it was not advertised in the *Term Catalogue* till May 1694, Francis Saunders published *A Collection of Poems By Several Hands Most of them Written By Persons of Eminent Quality*, 1693. The attractive title-page is printed in black and red. Saunders's volume contains thirty-seven poems from Kemp's collection, but none of the poems added by Collins. The selection seems to be quite

arbitrary. Saunders merely drops the last twenty-three pieces from Kemp, thus leaving out Sedley's 'Not Celia that I juster am'. The punctuation is improved and a few misprints are corrected. In the place of the poems omitted from Kemp, Saunders gives thirty-six new ones, most of which had been written since 1672. The names of the authors are supplied in the Contents and an Address to the Reader is added. Saunders does not tell us very much, for he had none of Tonson's capacity for writing prefaces. He hopes to publish a second volume and denies that he is imitating the French, who 'have lately Publish'd Five or Six Volumes of their choicest Poems by several Hands'. This was somewhat ingenuous as it was probably Tonson's successful venture which suggested a similar undertaking to Saunders. At any rate Dryden seems to have considered that his and Tonson's preserves were being poached upon, for in a letter to Walsh written at this time he says:

I thinke I gave you an account of all things in your letter. onely forgot, perhaps one thing: wch is you desir'd to know what kind of book it was which Herringman or his man publish'd under the name of Miscellany-Poems: they are almost all old as I am informed and have been most of them printed before. One or two of my Lord Roscommons excepted. Nobody vallues them nor would you yourself as my Friends tell me.

Saunders with Joseph Knight had taken over Herringman's retail business some years before and was carrying on business at the Blue Anchor in the New Exchange, Herringman's old address. This accounts for the inclusion of Dryden's verses to Howard in the 1693 volume, for they had been originally published by Herringman. The new authors are Roscommon, Rochester, Orrery, Sir Robert Howard, Waller, Tate, Knightly Chetwood, George Granville, and Mrs. Wharton. As the Earl of Dorset, formerly Lord Buckhurst, and Mulgrave had appeared in Kemp's volume there were poems by five earls, a future baron, the son of an earl and a baronet, so that the description of the 'Hands' as 'Persons of Eminent Quality' was fully justified.

Roscommon's paraphrase of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, which had been published in 1680, is given the first place in the book, although in the titles of the next three editions, as on the cancel title-leaf of 1685, *The Temple of Death* has the most conspicuous place. Women, who in the middle of the century had been represented by the rather solitary, if adventurous, persons of Orinda, Ephelia, and the Duchess of Newcastle, had by now become established as professional writers, largely of course through the masculine efforts of Mrs. Behn; and Mrs. Wharton, the unhappy wife of Thomas, afterwards Marquis of Wharton, and sister of the Countess of Abingdon, Dryden's *Eleonora*, contributes seven pieces. She had written a poem on the death of Rochester which had been printed in Tate's *Miscellany*. Mrs. Behn had also written on the same occasion, and in the present volume there are some lines by Mrs. Wharton complimenting Mrs. Behn on her poem. In Saunders's notice in the *Term Catalogue* attention is specially drawn to the inclusion of Mrs. Wharton's poems. George Granville, Pope's 'Granville the Polite', afterwards Lord Lansdowne, to whom Dryden, inadvertently one supposes, bequeathed his laurels in much the same words as he had previously bequeathed them to Congreve, has five poems. He had been associated with another of the contributors, John How, in the very rare *History of Adolphus With a Collection of Songs and Love-Verses*, 1691.

In 1695 Saunders reissued the sheets of the 1693 edition with a new title-leaf, this time in black only. The book is now called *The Temple of Death Written by the Marquess of Normanby*, &c. My own copy was given me by a friend in the belief that it was imperfect. In neither form is the book common, but the copies which the present conditions have allowed me to examine have the same apparent imperfections. Two leaves, E8 and F1, are missing, but as their contents are not given in the Table they were evidently cancelled. S8 is also missing, but the text and the pagination continue from S7 verso to T1, so, here again, there was an intentional cancellation. Professor Case states that

the British Museum copy has leaf S8 : a poem by Chetwood was dropped. Six years later another edition appeared. It is entitled *A Collection of Poems viz. The Temple of Death* . . . 1701 and contains nearly all the poems in the editions of 1693, 1695, with the exception of five of Mrs. Wharton's. Mulgrave's *An Essay On Poetry*, first printed in 1682, is substituted for Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and thirty-four additional pieces are given. John Philips's *The Splendid Shilling* was printed for the first time in this volume which is advertised in *The Post Man* for 29 March-1 April 1701. Gildon's *A New Miscellany of Original Poems*, in which it is also printed, was not advertised till 8-10 July of the same year. Philips's poem written in imitation of Milton and Lady Winchelsea's *The Spleen*, which follows a few pages later, introduce the eighteenth century with a fashion in versification and the description of a disorder which were both becoming prevalent. Stepney, Edward Arwaker, Congreve, Thomas Cheek, Charles Boyle, Colonel Codrington, and Charles Tooke are the new authors. Three poems by Dryden, his verses to Granville and the prologue and epilogue to *The Pilgrim* published the year before are included.

A Collection of Poems was reprinted for Ralph Smith in 1702, and finally in 1716 the series of editions came to an end with a duodecimo printed for several booksellers including Daniel Brown and Benjamin Tooke. All the pieces in the two previous editions were reprinted with the addition of a group of five more poems by Charles Tooke, including a dull address in heroic couplets to Sir George Rooke.

The six volumes of *Tonson's Miscellanies* were also reprinted in this year, with a large number of changes, so that since 1693 the volumes I have described had kept pace with their formidable rivals. Tonson's volumes were to reappear in 1727, but much of the verse in both series must have seemed out of date by 1716, for *The Rape of the Lock* had been included in a collection published four years earlier and a new taste in poetry was being formed.

HUGH MACDONALD.

