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VOL. X

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E. K. CHAMBERS

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PREFACE

THIS volume, which completes the first decade of *Essays and Studies*, is dedicated by the Association to its distinguished Vice-President, and President for 1911, Dr. A. C. Bradley, as a token at once of admiration for his literary achievement and of gratitude for his devoted labours on the Association's behalf. Dr. Bradley joined the Publications Committee in 1908 and has rendered yeoman's service in all its activities. The Pamphlets on *Shelley's View of Poetry*, on *The Uses of Poetry*, and on *The Reaction Against Tennyson* are from his pen, and he edited the *Short Bibliographies, English Literature in Schools: a List of Authors and Works*, and *A Reference Library of English Language and Literature*. The *Essays and Studies* owe him a special debt. He collected the first volume in 1910 and the first volume after the war in 1920, and contributed a paper on *June Austen* to the volume of 1911. His example has been the encouragement of his comrades. If the *Essays and Studies* have made for themselves a modest place in English letters, it is largely due to Dr. Bradley's inspiration and counsel.

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MARLOWE'S MAP

'Giue me a Map.' These words, put into the mouth of the dying Tamburlaine, bring Christopher Marlowe into line with all those 'aspiring minds' to whom a map can be a satisfaction of curiosity and a source of delight. They are a great and varied company, from Charlemagne studying his 'fair silver tables', to the schoolboy Hakluyt having his first lesson in map-reading in the Middle Temple, even to Mr. Conrad in our own day, if one may venture to identify him with his mouthpiece, yet another Marlow. Before him, no one has expressed in prose the stay-at-home's pleasure in such a study more fully than Burton; he 'never travelled but in map or card', and could not but think 'that it would please any man to look upon a geographical map, . . . to behold, as it were, all the remote provinces, towns, cities of the world, and never to go forth of the limits of his study. . . . What greater pleasure can there now be, than to view those elaborate maps of Ortelius, Mercator, Hondius, &c.?'

Burton is the inheritor of the Elizabethan interest in maps, fostered in all readers of early voyages, and satisfied in students by the fine productions of the cartographers of Venice and Antwerp. That Marlowe shared this educated taste is suggested by the demand of his hero for a map in which to tread again the 'interminable roads' of a life's conquests, to lament over 'the little done, the much to do'. That his interest had some thoroughness seems to be attested by the frequency with which, in locating countries, he refers to the Tropic Circles, and by an actual reference to the science of map-making. When Tamburlaine is encamped before Damascus (Part I, iv. iv), he boasts that with his sword for pen, he will anew reduce the countries

to a map, of which the meridian-line will pass through that city :

Here at *Damascus* will I make the Point
That shall begin the Perpendicular.

Marlowe knew that the cartographer of his time had a wide choice for his initial meridian of longitude, his perpendicular, though already the island of Ferro in the Canaries was becoming standardized. He knew also that it was a sign of territorial conquest ; for a quarter of a century controversy on spheres of influence had raged between Spaniards and Portuguese round the meridian, the Line of Demarcation, or Repartition.

These seem unmistakable signs that Marlowe used a map with pleasure and intelligence. Yet his geographical knowledge is one of the points on which his editors have been most severe. 'Marlowe's notions of geography are as vague as Æschylus's', said Bullen despairingly, when he caught his author letting the Danube flow into the Mediterranean ; and when it came to Zanzibar being on the west coast of Africa, he accepted the emendation to east without even a note. In guessing at the whereabouts of some of Marlowe's towns commentators evidently felt that the one thing safely to be assumed was an indifference to exactitude. German scholars seem to stand almost alone in suggesting that it would be fairer to Marlowe to seek his sources, and find whether his knowledge and his ignorance are those of the man or the period.

All the names in the Jacobean Burton's list of 'elaborate maps' might have been known to the Elizabethan Marlowe. Mercator's fame has best withstood the tooth of time, but in his own day it was no greater than that of his friend and fellow-worker, Abraham Ortelius. The vast monument of Ortelius's industry, the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, published in 1570 at Antwerp, was constantly re-issued, revised, translated, in the attempt to keep pace with discovery and to supply the demand for geographical knowledge. Both the man and his atlas were well known in England, and by the ordinary inquirer of the time the work was accepted as authoritative, however some seamen might question its accuracy in the minutiae of coast-lines. Sir Humfrey Gilbert and his friend

Gascoigne the poet consulted it for the North-west passage; Daniel Rogers, diplomatist, antiquarian, and kinsman of the compiler, wrote dedicatory poems for it; Humfrey Llyud sent from his deathbed his description of Anglesey and map of Wales for insertion in it; Mulcaster asked Ortelius for advice on the teaching of elementary drawing; Camden had the substantial honour of a presentation copy; Hakluyt reproduced its map of the world, as the best available, in his *Principal Navigations*, and later wrote to Ortelius begging him to make a panoramic map, such as might be contained in small compass, rolled on rollers in a wooden frame; this would be of great service to politicians, citizens, and students of Oxford and Cambridge!

Ortelius received many a compliment, including one from Dr. Dee, on the beauty of his maps, and they are indeed a triumph of clearness and elegance, and comparatively modern in general outline. The orientation sometimes differs from that familiar to us, since there was no necessity to identify the North with the top of the page. It is disconcerting to our prejudices to find, for instance, the coastline of Palestine displayed horizontally instead of perpendicularly; or Asia Minor hanging like a great pendant instead of jutting out squarely above Cyprus. The coloured copies, painted in Ortelius's own workshop, vary in preciseness and beauty, but all, whether plain or coloured, show the legibility that was one of his chief aims. Another aim, accuracy of nomenclature, is less well attained, but the difficulties were well-nigh insuperable, especially in half-known lands, or in countries like those of the Levantine seaboard, where conquest upon conquest has blurred a clear map into an ill-rubbed palimpsest. This conscientiousness fortunately did not make Ortelius despise the pictorial flourishes that turn the medieval map into an ideal playground. In his seas, mermaids, dolphins, and flying-fish rise above the surface, the whale waits open-mouthed to swallow Jonah, caravels and galliasses scud before the wind, slaves ply the oar in 'pilling brigandines', and galleons grapple, with bursts of smoke and flame. In his eastern countries, strange animals roam about and 'fill the gaps', as Swift

complains, and in China beyond the Great Wall, as Milton remembered,

across the barren plains
Of Sericana, the Chineses drive
With sails and wind, their cany waggons light.

All this, though geographically reprehensible, must have been of untold value in stimulating the fancy and imagination of the student.

It is difficult to compute how many copies of the *Theatrum* found their way into England; that Englishmen did buy it, we know from the letters of Ortelius himself.¹ Some college libraries would acquire it, and the collections of diplomatists and antiquarians could hardly afford to be without it. The close relations existing between noblemen, adventurers, scholars, and poets of the period make it probable that the latter had little difficulty in consulting such a book. Lord Lumley's library, to which Hakluyt had access, and of which Humfrey Llyud was librarian, would almost certainly have a copy. Sir Walter Raleigh, who, according to Aubrey, always took a box full of books on his voyages, was not the man to be deterred from possessing one by its high cost.

There is then every possibility that Marlowe could see and even consult the *Theatrum*, although the library of Corpus Christi College has now no copy; ² the query, can it be proved that he did so, is more searching. The proof seems to lie in one of his very 'mistakes'. In the map of Africa, Zanzibar the island is duly marked on the east coast as Zenzibar, but a far more imposing Zanzibar, a province, appears in large type as the 'Westerne part of Affrike', precisely where Marlowe places it. A closer survey of the map shows that Techelles, in the account of his triumphal march (II *Tumbarlaine*, i. 6), is merely transcribing into verse some of the salient names of the map. His first march passes

¹ One copy was bought by a certain Mr. Garth, surely that Mr. Richard Garthe, 'one of the Clearkes of the Pettie Bags', in whose cabinets Hakluyt delightedly beheld 'strange curiosities'.

² For this information I am indebted to the courtesy of the Librarian of the College.

along the riuer *Nile*,
 To *Machda*, where the mighty Christian Priest,
 Cal'd *Iohn* the great, sits in a milk-white robe.

The eye is drawn to *Machda*, an Abyssinian town on a tributary of the Nile, by the neighbouring note: *Hic longe lateq; imperitat magnus princeps Presbiter Iões totius Africę potentiss: Rex.* Techelles continues:

From thence vnto *Cuzates* did I martch,
 Wher Amazonians met me in the field.

Where the Nile rises in a great unnamed lake, the district *Cafates* has for its chief town *Cazates*, and is called *Amazonum regio*. Then comes the crux:

And with my power did march to *Zansibar*
 The Western part of *Affrike*, where I view'd
 The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes:
 But neither man nor child in al the land.

Beside Cape Negro appears in large print the province-name ZANZIBAR, with the note: *hec pars Africę meridionalis quę veteribus incognita fuit, a Persis Arabibusq; scriptoribus vocatur.* Between this western part and South America the sea is named *Oceanus Æthiopicus* in flourished letters; in the province small rivers abound, and to north and south of the name *Zanzibar* is that word so useful to the cartographer in difficulties, *Deserta*. Marlowe, it must be observed, is therefore vindicated when he speaks of *Zanzibar* as not *on* the western coast, but as itself the western part. He is equally explicit later, when Tamburlaine examines his map and accepts his general's conquests as his own; reversing the actual order of march, he passes

along the Ethiopian sea,
 Cutting the Tropicke line of *Capricorne*,
 I conquered all as far as *Zansibar*. (Part II, v. iii.)

Actually the name *Zanzibar* is to the north of the Tropic, but the coloured maps make it clear that the province includes the whole southern portion of the continent, from Cape Negro to the Cape of Good Hope and so round to Mozambique. In this location of the province *Zanzibar*, or more commonly *Zanguebar*,

on the western coast, Ortelius is at variance with many contemporary authorities, and the map of Africa by Gastaldo (1564), which otherwise he followed very closely, does not include it at all. Later cosmographers, such as Livio Sanuto, make its eastern position quite clear. The transference is possibly due to a confused understanding of Marmol, who, with Barros, is referred to in the introductory notes to the map. In any case, the responsibility for that oft-emended *western* rests with Ortelius, not with our Marlowe.

Techelles has reached his southernmost point; turning northwards, he passes successively through Manico, by the coast of Byather, and so 'to *Cubar*, where the Negros dwell'. On the map, Manico, curtailed by Marlowe for his metre, appears in full style as the province Manicongo, Byather the province in its more correct and modern form of Biafar, while above the province and town of Guber is printed in bold type *Nigritarum Regio*. Then comes the last stage of the journey :

[I] made haste to *Nubia*,
There hauing sackt *Borno* the Kingly seat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines
Vnto *Damasco*.

In the map, Borno, the chief town of Nubia, lies near the shore of *Borno lucus*, that 'Borno Lake' which Tamburlaine himself mentions later. So ends a passage in which one can almost follow Marlowe's finger travelling down the page as he plans the campaign; it is difficult to know whether his memory or the printer is responsible for the slight differences of spelling.

Almost beyond doubt, then, Marlowe knew Ortelius's map of Africa, for he could not have obtained all this detail from the representation of Africa in the much-reproduced map of the world, from which many of his chosen names are omitted, notably Zanzibar itself. It does not, however, follow that he knew the whole atlas, for separate maps were commonly reproduced in cosmographies. Tamburlaine is sown almost as thick with place-names as the sky with stars; can it be shown that any of these, outside Africa, are derived from Ortelius?

A close examination of the geographical names in *Tumbur-*

laine leads to an interesting conclusion. In Part I, Marlowe works on a large scale, without much detail; his armies move through continents and countries, and the provinces mentioned are such as were familiar to men of any education: Media, Armenia, Syria, Tartary. Not more than ten towns are named, and most of these were commonplaces to an Elizabethan: Constantinople, Argier, Damascus, Venice, Morocco. Many of the names and epithets, such as Græcia, Parthia, the Euxine, the ever-raging Caspian Lake, would be familiar to any student of the classics, and Persepolis plays the part later taken by Samarkand, Tamburlaine's own town, which is not so much as named here. The setting is almost completely bounded by medieval geography; only twice does the Elizabethan, with his knowledge of a new hemisphere, break away beyond 'Alcides' posts', as when, with a side-glance at Drake's exploit, and a lordly disregard of chronology, he makes Tamburlaine's ambition reach

'to th' Anta[r]tique Pole',
and again

'Euen from *Persepolis* to *Mexico*,
And thence vnto the straightes of *Iubalter*.'

In Part II, however, provinces of more recent interest are called by their contemporary names, such as Natolia, Amasia, Caramania. The Euxine becomes also the *Mare Magiore*, the Red Sea is also named *Mare Roso*. Some thirty towns are mentioned, many of which are written off a modern map, and some are so little known that commentators have either passed them over in silence, or else have arbitrarily identified them by mere resemblance of sound, with slight regard for the importance of their site in the action. Did Ortelius furnish Marlowe with any of these? A glance at the titles of his maps shows that many could well be useful: *Tartaria*, *Persix Regnum*, *Terra Sancta*, *Egyptia*, *Natolia*, *Turcicum Imperium*.¹ Within

¹ The early date, and the frequency of editions and translations of the *Theatrum* with its *Pareryon*, make it difficult to draw conclusions for the date of either Part of *Tamburlaine*. I have cited here a coloured copy of 1584 (British Museum, Maps, C. 2. d. 1) as being near in time to the assumed date of the play.

these bounds the characters of Part II have their being, as a brief survey of the action will recall.

Two lines of movement can be followed, that of the Turkish army and that of Tamburlaine's forces. The play opens with the Turks at their outposts on the Danube. Under fear of Tamburlaine's pressure on their eastern frontiers, they make a truce with the Christians, withdraw their troops into Asia Minor, are checked by news of treacherous pursuit, and, halting, give battle at a place not precisely named, but apparently in the neighbourhood of Mount Orminius. Meanwhile Tamburlaine, who at the close of Part I was in Egypt, 'at truce with all the world', is after many years again on the march, and we hear of him at Alexandria, Larissa, and Aleppo. The gradual approach of the two armies draws to a meeting, and a battle is fought, again unnamed, but seemingly near the confines of Natolia, not far from Aleppo. Then Tamburlaine, with his train of captive kings, turns to subdue Babylon, to conquer the rallying Turks, his last victory, and to oppose 'the wrath and tyranny of death', his only defeat.

Such is the main outline of the action; whether Marlowe shows reasonable exactitude in his plan and in the details, is a question that Ortelius may help to resolve. It would be well first to recall the rather different nomenclature of the sixteenth century. Natolia is much more than the modern Anatolia; it is the whole promontory of Asia Minor, with a boundary running approximately from the modern Bay of Iskenderûn eastward towards Aleppo, and then north to Batum on the Black Sea. Of this region Marlowe only twice uses the names Asia Minor or Asia the Less, while Asia and Asia Major denote either the whole continent, or the part of Asia beyond this boundary. Orcanes, king of Natolia, exactly describes its importance when he says:

My realme, the Center of our Empery,
Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne.

(Part II, 1. i.)

In Part I, however, there are signs that Marlowe follows medieval authority in using Africa to denote the Turkish empire,

and making Memphis its centre. Soria, the name regularly used by Italian writers and by Ortelius, represents Syria, or more narrowly Syria north of Palestine; it replaces in Part II the form Siria of Part I. Egyptia in Part I includes Siria, for Damascus is Egyptian; in Part II, Egypt is distinct from Soria, and its capital is Cairo, named for the first time.

Commentators, crediting Marlowe with neglectful vagueness, have themselves neglected the indications that he has been careful to give. There seem to be two chief causes of confusion. The belief that the Turco-Hungarian battle was fought in Europe has led to the search for Natolian towns in Bulgaria, and for Mount Orminius in Transylvania. Similarly, the apparent failure to identify Larissa, and more pardonably Balsera, has led to utter misunderstanding of Tamburlaine's movements.

The first of the two muddles is the easier to deal with. As I have elsewhere shown,¹ Marlowe boldly 'lifted' all the circumstances of this apparently imaginary campaign from the famous battle of Varna in 1444, a date actually some forty years later than Tamburlaine's death. From the chroniclers of Varna are drawn the truce and its terms, the Christians' treachery and the excuses for it, the Turkish wrath, disillusionment, and triumph. Marlowe does not, however, commit himself to the site of Varna for this anachronistic battle, but seems purposely to transport it into Asia Minor, and to prefer indication to precise location. The Turkish troops were in fact withdrawn into Asia Minor, and it was a lightning-move by the Sultan that hurled them back into Europe to meet the truce-breakers at Varna; Marlowe seems content to leave them in Natolia. When the treachery is hatched, Frederick reports that Orcanes has dismissed

the greatest part
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius* mount:
And sent them marching vp to *Belgasar*,
Acantha, *Antioch*, and *Cæsaria*,
To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Ierusalem*.

(Part II, II. i.)

¹ *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 16 June, 1921 (correspondence).

That, as Ortelius reveals, precisely describes the movement of the Turkish army through Asia Minor. Cutheia is the modern Kutayeh, the classical Cotyaeum, and appears in the map of Natolia as Chiutaie, both district and town. As the capital of Natolia, it was an important place; Leunclavius, in his notes to the *Annales Turcici* (1588), gives the many forms of its name current. Mount Horminius is shown only in the map of *Græcia* in the *Parergon*, situated in Bithynia east and slightly south of the modern Scutari. For the single use of these two names, however, Marlowe had probably yet another source. Belgasar and Acantha appear in the map of Asia as Beglasar and Acanta, in a line leading roughly south-east through Asia Minor, while the former is to be found again as Begbasar in *Natolia*, and as Begasar in *Turcicum Imperium*. When in the next scene, Orcanes with the rear-guard ('the [little] power I haue left behind') hears of the Hungarians' treacherous advance, he is on the point of marching 'from proud *Orminus* mount To faire *Natolia*'. Here Marlowe seems, in disaccord with Ortelius, to speak as if there were also a town Natolia, an invention that he repeats later, or else to consider the mountain as only on the outskirts of Natolia proper. The battle seems to take place near here, for after it Orcanes still has to haste and meet his army.

Meanwhile Tamburlaine is also on the move. In the first scene, the Turk Gazellus says of him that he

now in *Asia*,
 Neere *Guyrons* head doth set his conquering feet,
 And means to fire Turkey as he goes.

But he must be referring to Tamburlaine's outposts, for almost immediately he gives other news of him:

Tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
 Marching from *Cairon* northward with his camp,
 To *Alexandria*, and the frontier townes.

Guyron is not an invention of Marlowe's, but occurs twice in the *Theatrum*, as Giuron in the map of Asia, and as Guiron in *Turcicum Imperium*; it is a town near the upper Euphrates, north-east of Aleppo, in the latter map not far from the con-

finest of Natolia, and therefore a possible outpost. The report of Tamburlaine proves correct; having travelled from Cairo *via* Alexandria, he is encamping at Larissa, as his first speech in Act I, scene 4, tells us :

Now rest thee here on faire *Larissa* Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours.

Broughton was very 'hot' when he quoted Milton to illustrate this: 'The scene here seems to lie

"Twixt old Euphrates and the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground".'

It is in fact by the brook itself, but Marlowe's exact description of the site has been obscured by the frequent omission of the comma after *parts*, that in the Octavo of 1590 completes the needed isolation of the line. It gives the exact position in which we find Larissa in the map of the Turkish Empire, a sea-coast town, south of Gaza; in the map of Africa already cited, it lies a little to the north of the dotted boundary line. It is on the biblical Brook of Egypt, and is the Rhinocolura of the classical period, the 'most ancient city Larissa' of the Crusades, the El Arish of the modern map. By more perhaps than mere coincidence, Marlowe chooses for the scene of Zenocrate's death the town where the soldiers wept for the death of Baldwin of Jerusalem. It is fitting that the pillar placed in memory of her should be inscribed in 'Arabian, Hebrew, Greek', for, Greek being the speech of Egypt to an Elizabethan classical student, these are the languages of the three lands which almost meet in 'faire Larissa Plaines'.

As a boundary town, Larissa is suitable also for the meeting-place of Tamburlaine with his generals, and for the starting-point of their concerted operations against the Turks. Delayed there by his grief and vengeance, Tamburlaine sends on ahead a flying column; when the last scene at Larissa closes, he sets out

Towards *Techelles* and *Theridamas*,
That we haue sent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks. (III. ii.)

These words prepare us definitely for the next scene, of which equally definitely the opening lines tell us the situation, the speaker being Theridamas:

Thus have wee martcht Northwarde from *Tamburlaine*,
Vnto the frontier point of *Soria*:
And this is *Balsera* their chieftest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land. (III. iii.)

Here is a difficulty at first sight, for Balsera or Balsara (which Milton scans as Balsára) is undoubtedly the common Elizabethan form of the modern Basra; yet Basra is certainly not 'Northwarde from Tamburlaine', nor can it by any stretch of geographical imagination be called a 'frontier point of Soria'. It is significant that the name of this besieged fortress is given only this once, and with no unfamiliar name is a printer so likely to err as with one that ignorance immediately assumes to be well-known; 'security is mortals' chieftest enemy'. It is an obvious absurdity that Tamburlaine, advancing from Egypt against Asia Minor, should send a skirmishing party right off his line of march, across the dreaded Arabian Desert, to the very country that he is reserving for his next campaign. We have seen once already that Marlowe can be trusted in his points of the compass; if, before emending to southward, we take him on trust here, we must assume that the unknown town is on the northern or Natolian frontier of Soria, for the column has started from Larissa on the southern frontier. Ortelius can help us out with a suggestion. In the map of Natolia, especially noticeable in the coloured copies as a frontier point, is the town Passera, with the first 's' long. This may well be Marlowe's Balsera. The objection occurs that the arbitrary choice of an insignificant town is not probable, but, as will be shown, Marlowe often makes just such a choice. Moreover, this particular episode is a patchwork of borrowed scraps, and it seems to be his practice to situate his invented episodes in places unimpeachable by their very obscurity.

When the hold has been seized, Theridamas prepares to meet Tamburlaine,

Who by this time is at *Natolia*,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke.

Again the scenes are strictly linked; the next (III, v) brings us to the Turkish camp, where a messenger breaks in and is the first speaker:

Here at *Alepo* with an hoste of men
Lies *Tamburlaine*, this king of *Persea*: . . .
Who meanes to gyrt *Natolias* walles with siege,
Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

That 'Here' is a splendid southward gesture, telling whence the messenger has come hotfoot, for the enemy is at his heels, and enters upon this very scene. The Turks themselves are 'in *Natolia*', and on its eastern confines, for the snake-like trail of their army covers the land

from the bounds of *Phrigia* to the sea
Which washeth *Cyprus* with his brinish waues.

Now comes a difficulty. Again Marlowe uses caution and refrains from committing himself to a definite site for his invented battle. The only indication of place comes later, when Tamburlaine reminds his pampered jades of '*Asphaltis*, where I conquer'd you', and rewards with queens apiece his common soldiers that fought 'So Lion-like vpon *Asphaltis* plaines'. The name that springs unbidden to the mind is *Lacus Asphaltites*, but a moment's reflection shows its unsuitability. Tamburlaine is last heard of at Aleppo, the Turks are in *Natolia*, and the battle must take place in that direction. The only reference in the Marlovian canon to the Dead Sea is in *Edward II*, where the English name is used with a play upon its Latin equivalent. When Marlowe speaks later in *Tamburlaine* of *Limnasphaltis*, and of *Asphaltis lake*, he is referring to the bituminous waters of the Euphrates near Babylon. For the first time Ortelius affords no help; Marlowe seems, like a mischievous 'hare', to have succeeded in putting us off the scent. He has done two things to confuse: he speaks of *Natolia* as if it were a town; then he introduces for the site of his battle *Asphaltis*, a place apparently not known to classical or modern geography.

Yet there is a clue left. Twice, and with some emphasis,

does the Sultan Callapine refer boastfully to the coming conflict as 'the Perseans' sepulchre'. To any classical student poring over this cockpit of the world, remembrance would inevitably come of other campaigns, other conquerors, and of these the greatest is that 'Chiefe spectacle of the world's preheminance', Alexander the Great, the most familiar of all ancient worthies to the Elizabethan. Issus and Arbela, Alexander's two great defeats inflicted on the Persians, lie roughly to west and to east of that area north of Aleppo whither Marlowe has led his Tamburlaine. Each of these battlefields could suggest the phrase, 'the Perseans' sepulchre'. Again, Abraham Hartwell, the Elizabethan translator of the chronicler Minadoi, uses the very word when he describes the defeat, in Marlowe's lifetime, of the Persians by the Turks, as 'the perpetuall sepulcher of a couragious and war-like people'. But, even granted that Alexander's victories may be in Marlowe's mind, why Asphaltis? The bituminous nature of the Euphrates basin is a commonplace of cosmography and of the history of Alexander's campaign. Plutarch's life of the conqueror describes his naïve surprise and still more naïve experiment, when, after leaving Arbela, he first saw what Tennyson has called 'the Memmian naphtha-pits'. Marlowe, like Hakluyt, might have heard the contemporary testimony of the merchant, John Eldred, who journeyed from Babylon to Aleppo in 1583, and heard the many 'springs of tarre' blowing and puffing like a smith's forge.

After this break, which leaves us with the area between Aleppo and the Tigris on which to exercise conjecture, the thread can be picked up again with the help of Ortelius. Tamburlaine, on his expedition to Babylon, halts with his harnessed captives at Byron (IV, iii). It is the last stage of his journey, for in the maps of Asia and *Turcicum Imperium*, Biron is only a few miles up-stream from Babylon or Bagdet itself; it is the town of which Gazellus, who so strangely drops out of the play after Act II, is viceroy. Finally Tamburlaine reaches the eternized city of Babylon:

Where *Belus*, *Ninus*, and great *Alexander*
 Haue rode in triumph, triumphs *Tamburlaine*.

Hither to '*Asia Maior*, where the streames, Of *Euphrates* and *Tigris* swiftly runs', Callapine pursues with a fresh army, and halts so near that he can 'behold great Babylon, Circled about with *Limnasphaltis* Lake'; Ortelius portrays the lake, but does not name it. Callapine falls upon the Persians, trusting to their being 'faint and weary with the siege', but his army flees 'Like Summers vapours, vanisht by the Sun', and Callapine owes his escape only to his great and unseen ally who 'Giues battile gainst the heart of *Tamburlaine*'.

The conqueror's legacy to his sons is the extent of the world yet left for conquest. On the map he traces the five thousand leagues of his journeys, arrogating to himself the campaigns of his under-kings through Africa and beyond *Græcia*. Regretfully he sees worlds yet to conquer:

See what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of *Cancers* line, . . .
And from th' Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descried.

The gold mines, spices, and jewels of the New World, the glittering ice-wall of the Antarctic, lure him still: 'And shal I die, and this vnconquered?' It is the cry of Alexander, reversed in accordance with those new world-conditions that nothing brings home to the mind so forcibly as a map. The play ends on the note of the aspiring motto adopted by Charles V, *Plus ultra*, There is more beyond.

With the aid of Ortelius, we can thus make our own plan of the campaigns of Tamburlaine in Part II; only twice are we left in comparative uncertainty, and each time it is for an invented battle. Marlowe's caution in battle-sites had begun even in Part I, for where the defeat of Bajazeth was located by one at least of his authorities as Mount Stella near Ancyra, he is never more explicit than 'in Bithynia'.

Encouraged, we turn to Ortelius for help in identifying names that have no place on the lines of march, but are scattered lavishly through the play, and we find that, without a single exception, every non-classical name appears in the *Theatrum*. Marlowe must have turned the atlas to and fro,

and picked out a name here and there, attracted partly, but not entirely, by its sonority.

When Callapine plans his escape from Egypt (I, iii), a Turkish galley lies waiting for him in '*Darotes streames*' that run '*By Curio . . . to Alexandria Bay*'. In *Africa* and *Turcicum Imperium*, Darote or Derote is a town at the bend of the westernmost arm of the Nile delta, that is, on the river-way from Cairo to Alexandria.¹ Callapine has to buy over his jailer with the bribe of kingship, and later (III, v) he keeps his promise by investing him

king of *Ariadun*,
Bordering on *Mare Roso* neere to *Meca*.

This exactly describes the position in the map of Africa of this unimportant town that Marlowe arbitrarily selected; it appears again in *Turcicum Imperium*, but much less conspicuous, and the sea there is not called *Mar Rosso*. Again another example: Tamburlaine's son Amyras, reproaching his brother for cowardice, vows that he would not so incur his father's fury for

all the lofty mounts of *Zona Mundi*,
That fill the midst of farthest *Tartary*. (IV, i.)

In *Europe* and *Russia*, the range of *Zona mundi montes*, or *Orbis Zona montes*, runs southwards through northernmost Tartary from the coast near Waygatz and Petsora, in the coloured maps most obviously 'farthest Tartary'.

The journeys of Tamburlaine's three generals (I, vi) were evidently planned by Marlowe with the *Theatrum* before him. The southward march through Africa of Techelles has already been traced. In the same map Marlowe would find the towns conquered by Techelles and Usumcasane in the north of Africa: Azamor, Fes, Tesella (south of Oran), the province Gualata, and *Canarię Insule*. Just as he shortened Manicongo into Manico for his metre, so here he shortens Biledulgerid into Biledull, with the excuse that the name of

¹ In the half-page map, *Ægypti Recentior Descriptio*, Deruti is on an arm of the river branching eastwards to Rosetta.

this province is so divided here in two layers. *Estrecho de Gibraltar* here, and in *Europe* and *Spain*, gives him 'the narrow straight of *Gibraltar*', so that it is not necessary even for the metre to replace this new form by that of *Tamburlaine*, Part I, *Jubaltér*.

For the last series of exploits Marlowe seeks variety, and forsakes *Africa* for *Europe*; Theridamas tells how by the river *Tyros* he subdued

Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.

Then crost the sea and came to *Obbia*,

And *Nigra Silua*, where the Deuils dance, . . .

From thence I crost the Gulfe, call'd by the name
Mare maggiore, of th' inhabitantes.

With some variations of spelling that make one wonder whether Marlowe's o's and a's were almost indistinguishable, all these names cluster round the north-west shore of the Black Sea, the *Mare Magiore*. The River Tyros (the Dniester) acts as the southern border of the province Podolia; Stoko is on it, and Codemia lies to the north-east on another stream. Partly separating Codemia from Olbia, and thus perhaps suggesting an otherwise unnecessary sea-journey, is the thick, green, hollow square of Nigra Silva, but even in this picture atlas, there is never a devil dancing there. It is disconcerting to find the Black Forest cropping up thus near Odessa, but a quotation given by Mercator in his later atlas explains both the position and the ill repute: 'La Forest Hercynie va iusques . . . a ce qu'elle aye atteint les derniers Tartares, ou elle se nomme la Forest noire ou obscure, sans bornes, sans chemins, ny sentiers fraiez: et tant pour la cruauté des bestes farouches, que pour les monstrueuses terreurs des Faunes espouventables, du tout inaccessible aux humains.'¹

With the map of Europe still open, Marlowe plays the same game on a smaller scale with the petty kings of the Turkish army, gathering their levies from their subject-towns (III, i). The king of Jerusalem naturally raises his from '*Iudæa*,

¹ French text of 1619, p. 227. Cf. A. H. Gilbert, *A Geographical Dictionary of Milton*, s.v. Hercynian Wilderness.

Gaza, and *Scalonians* bounds'; that the town of Ascalon appears in the map as Scalona effectively disposes of the 1605 Quarto's absurd change to *Sclauonians*, apparently a confused reminiscence of the earlier enumeration of Sigismond's composite army of 'Slaunians, Almaines, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes'.

For the king of Trebizond, Marlowe's finger traces from west to east the northern seaboard of Asia Minor: Chia, Famastro, Amasia (here the province only), Trebisonda, Riso, Santina. For the king of Soria, he passes from Aleppo south-westward to the sea-coast near Cyprus, and chooses Soldino and Tripoli, and so inland again to Damasco; and in passing it may be said that this form Damasco, which is that of four out of five of the modern maps in the *Theatrum*, replaces in Part II, except for a single genitive use, the form Damascus regular in Part I. When the king of Soria is enumerating later his further reinforcements (III, v), he adds Halla; this might well be thought to be one of the many variants of Aleppo (Alepo, Halep, Aleb), but it appears in the map of the world as a separate town to the south-east of Aleppo.

With the same geographical justice does Marlowe treat his Christian leaders; Frederick complains of the cruel Turkish massacres done

Betwixt the citie *Zula* and *Danubius*,
[And] through the midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*
And almost to the very walles of *Rome*. (II, i.)

Zula, which has vanished from the average modern map, appears in the *Europe* of Ortelius to the north of the Danube, in the province of Rascia; the same map offers a possible explanation of that puzzling *Rome*, which cannot mean Rome though it may mean Constantinople: the word may have been suggested by ROMA in large type just north of Constantinople, violently and ludicrously separated from its NIA.

The last of all these scattered names carries us farther afield; the passage must be quoted in full, for a very pretty problem of punctuation is involved:

He brings a world of people to the field,
 From *Scythia* to the Oriental Plage
 Of *India*, wher raging *Lantchidol*
 Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,
 That neuer sea-man yet discovered:
 All *Asia* is in armes with *Tamburlaine*,
 Euen from the midst of fiery *Cancers* Tropick,
 To *Amazonia* vnder *Capricorne*.
 And thence as far as *Archipelago*:
 All *Affrike* is in Armes with *Tamburlaine*. (I, i.)

Broughton's note, 'Lantchidol was the name of the part of the Indian Ocean lying between Java and New Holland', was possibly due to the reproduction of the *Typus Orbis Terrarum* in Hakluyt, or to the mention of the sea in Willes's translation of Pigafetta's voyage in his *History of Travayle* (1577, f. 446 verso). Marlowe could read of it there or could, before Hakluyt, find it in the original map, where *Lantchidol Mare* borders a promontory of yet unexplored land, in outline suggesting the north-west of Australia, but here merely designated *Beach*. The name, apparently a native one, may have recalled to Marlowe's mind, through its English synonym, the phrase that he knew from other sources, 'Oriental Plage'. But with that map of the world before him, and with the map of Africa in his head, Marlowe did not make the mistake that almost every editor has made for him by altering the punctuation of the Octavo of 1592. He did not think that Asia, or even its farthest isles, extended 'under Capricorne'; yet that is how almost every editor punctuates the lines. No, the sense-division is at 'Tamburlaine'; from Scythia to the farthest East Indies, all Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine; from the Canaries (the juncture of Cancer and the Meridian) southward to *Amazonum Regio* and the land under Capricorne, and thence northward again to the islands of the Mediterranean, all Africa is in arms with Tamburlaine. The second part is a summary of the generals' campaigns in Africa, to be expanded and detailed later. The colons at *discovered* and at *Archipelago* are attractive examples of their use to denote the 'actor's pause', the rhetorical upward intonation and emphasis at the end of the line, before the drop to the end of the sense-

paragraph, such as is still heard at the *Comédie Française*. Here they do not imply a division of sense; that comes on the name that tolls four strokes throughout the speech like a knell of doom.

Emboldened by this evidence of knowledge and reasonableness on Marlowe's part, we can attack at last that apparently insuperable difficulty of the Danube flowing into the Mediterranean. Knowing as we do that Marlowe had studied the shores of the Black Sea, north, south, east, and west, we cannot believe that he made such a blunder. Yet there it is. Orcanes, when actually 'on Danubius banks', utters himself thus:

Our Turkey blades shal glide through al their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,
Danubius stream that runs to *Trebizon*,
Shal carie wrapt within his scarlet waues,
As martiall presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene main wherein *Danubius* fals,
Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.
The wandering Sailers of proud *Italy*,
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,
Beating in heaps against their Argoses. (I, i.)

As an act of faith, inspired by the trustworthiness of Marlowe on other points, we may assume that he intends some meaning. Here are two statements, mutually contradictory, and equally absurd: first the Danube flows to Trebizond, then it falls into the Mediterranean. Yet Shakespeare says almost the same thing, and no modern editor cries out on his ignorance:

Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love.
(*Othello*, III, iii.)

Annotators quote from Philemon Holland's version of Pliny, but an even clearer description of the violent flow of the Bosphorus from north to south is given by the sixteenth-

century traveller, Petrus Gyllius, who sums up quaintly thus: 'The Mæotis is the mother of the Pontus, and the Pontus the father of the Bosporus, the Propontis, and the Hellespont. . . . So great is the rapidity of the Bosporus that the current is visible as it is forced out into the Propontis.' This last is precisely Marlowe's idea. He sees the waters of the Danube sweeping from the river-mouths in two strong currents, the one racing across the Black Sea to Trebizond, the other swirling southwards to the Bosporus, and so onward to the Hellespont and the Ægean. Both currents bear the slaughtered bodies of Christian soldiers, the one to bring proof of victory to the great Turkish town, the other to strike terror to the Italian merchants cruising round the Isles of Greece. Nicholas Nicholay, one of Marlowe's recognized authorities, definitely connects the 'compulsive course' with the flow of rivers: 'But for so much as many great rivers . . . from Europe doe fall into the Blacke and Euxine Sea, it commeth to pass that beyng full, she gusheth out through the mouth of her wyth great vyolence intoo the Sea Pontique (i.e. Propontic) and from thence through the streit of Hellesponthus . . . into the Sea of Egee.' Perondinus, another source, in speaking of Bajazeth's defeat by Tamburlaine, uses an expression that may have given the idea to Marlowe: *Eufrates . . . maiore sanguinis et aquarum vi ad mare Rubrum volveretur*; here, like Marlowe, he considers the main sea into which the inland sea opens to be the outlet of the river, for *Mare Rubrum* can include the modern Arabian Sea, as it does in the *Turcicum Imperium* of Ortelius.

The whole question of the Mediterranean was much debated in the sixteenth century, cosmographers being divided in opinion on the westerly or the north-easterly source of its waters. Gyllius, sent to Constantinople to collect information for the French king, thinks the subject worth some chapters. The matter was so much a commonplace of educated knowledge that Marlowe takes its familiarity for granted, and goes a step beyond. Shakespeare describes the process, and characteristically uses it as a metaphor for the feelings of an individual. Marlowe assumes the process, sees with poetic

clairvoyance what might actually be the grim result, and paints the picture, partly for its own sake, and partly for its effect. It is an example of what Mr. Lewis Einstein has said: 'Marlowe regarded eloquence as the instrument by which the imagination should be freed.'

As we follow these tracks through the *Theatrum*, the conviction grows that Marlowe used this source at least with the accuracy of a scholar and the common-sense of a merchant-venturer, as well as with the imagination of a poet. The assurance is all the more welcome as it supports the growing belief, expressed by such a critic as Swinburne, and by such an authority on Marlowe as Professor Tucker Brooke, that he was something more than a dramatist of swashbuckling violence and chaotic inconsequence—a *Miles Gloriosus* of English drama. Here we find order for chaos, something of the delicate precision of the draughtsman for the crude formlessness of the impressionist. Panoramic though his treatment still may be, there is method in his seven-league-booted strides. We wrong Marlowe if, in our eagerness to praise his high moments of poetic inspiration, we mistakenly depreciate his qualities of intellect, of mental curiosity, and logical construction. We do him wrong, being so majestic, to see in him only this show of violence. Here are a careful setting of the stage, and a linking of scene with scene by place-indications as capable, though not as beautiful, as those of Shakespeare.

This precise handling of a source need not be thought a sign of pedantry in Marlowe; scholarly he was, but not pedantic, not the type to

love a cell
And—like a badger—with attentive looks
In the dark hole sit rooting up of books.

The proof of this seems to lie in the fact that, after the Second Part of Tamburlaine, he did not thus use the *Theatrum* again, although the map of the Mediterranean was clear in his mind when he wrote *The Jew of Malta*. The book had served his purpose, and with the royal 'forward view' of genius, he passed on. De Quincey's words are illustrated:

‘All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction’: the completeness of Marlowe’s reaction is the measure of his growth. The impulse came rather, as has been suggested to me, from an interest in strategy. He was playing a great game of chess, with kings and conquerors for pieces, and for chess-board the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*: a *Kriegspiel*, such as many recently have played with the aid of flags on pins; but his game, being imaginary, without our bitter urgency, was excellent sport. It has been said that the Second Part is a mercenary afterthought, that the parade of geographical terms covers a weakening of poetic impulse. Yet at the least it was a final effervescence of boyishness, of satisfaction in youthful cleverness, in ‘pulling the thing off’, pardonable in a young graduate of twenty-four. At most, it was something more. Even in this his poetic power found outlet. Even here, from the bare outlines of maps, and perhaps from the dry statements of cosmographers, he ‘bodied forth the forms of things unknown’. He saw the Polar cliffs as ‘rocks of shining pearl’; he heard the boisterous waves of raging Lantchidol beat on an uncharted coast. He pored over this great atlas until the countries ‘came alive’, and the creatures of his brain went through such adventures as fell to the lot of many an Englishman of his time. His Techelles, halting on the western coast of Africa, ‘viewed the Ethiopian Sea’; the word is significant. It is the same experience of poetic apprehension as Keats more strongly felt, and more felicitously expressed, when he saw the rapt wonder of his Cortes, ‘Silent upon a peak in Darien’.

ETHEL SEATON.

SPELLINGS AND MISPRINTS IN THE SECOND QUARTO OF *HAMLET*

THE text of *Hamlet*, as is well known, contains a number of doubtful readings for which editors (and in recent years correspondents of the *Times Literary Supplement*) have been in the habit from time to time of offering explanations or emendations according to their fancy. The results differ from critic to critic, but the method seldom varies. The problems are tackled in isolation or one by one. There seems little appreciation of the fact that corruption in one passage may throw light upon corruption in another, or that the cruxes of to-day are simply an unsolved handful out of a large quantity of printers' errors which have been gradually cleared up in the course of three centuries. Still less has there been any study of the idiosyncrasies of the compositor responsible for the *editio princeps*, or of the influence which the handwriting and spelling of Shakespeare may have had upon his work. Towards the end of this paper I propose to offer guesses of my own in regard to some famous and some hitherto unsuspected cruxes in the *Hamlet* text; but my main purpose is to set forth, if only in outline and in provisional fashion, what I conceive to be certain preliminary stages through which a critic should pass before he is entitled to a hearing for emendations in this or any other Shakespearian text. Shakespearian emendation is a game, like cricket. But like cricket it must be played according to rule and under proper conditions. And the first essential is to select a true pitch.

The edition of *Hamlet* which appeared from the press of James Roberts at the end of 1604 or the beginning of 1605, and which is generally known as the Second Quarto, claims on its title page to have been printed 'according to the true and

perfect Coppie'. The tendency of modern criticism is to honour this claim, even to the extent of believing the 'Coppie' in question to have been Shakespeare's original autograph; and it is at least certain, I think, that the text stands closer to Shakespeare's manuscript than any other. What copy the printers used for the Folio text of *Hamlet* has never been determined. There seem to be at least three possibilities: (1) That it was a transcript of Shakespeare's original, made for the Globe theatre, before this original reached Roberts' hands; (2) that it was a copy of the Roberts Quarto, which had been used in the theatre as a prompt-book;¹ (3) that it was a copy of the Quarto which had been 'corrected', with some care though of course with no approximation to modern exactitude, by a scribe who had the theatre transcript under his eye as he worked. In what follows, I shall assume the truth of the first alternative; I have no space to prove it within the limits of this article; but considerations which will emerge later in the argument seems to rule out alternatives (2) and (3). In any event the Folio text clearly smacks of the theatre and of its 'robustious periwig-pated fellows' in ways of which the Quarto is quite innocent, the most notorious being the insertion of 'o, o, o, o' after Hamlet's dying words, 'The rest is silence'. The corruption of the Second Quarto, and it is pretty extensive as we shall see, is of the involuntary character which belongs to a compositor or a transcriber. The corruption of the Folio version, though at first sight less serious, is in reality far more dangerous and incalculable, depending as it does, to some extent at any rate, upon alterations and emendations deliberately made by Burbage and his fellows.

If this statement of the case be the true one, it follows that textual criticism of *Hamlet* should be based in part at least upon a study of the compositor responsible for setting up the Second Quarto in type, seeing that being a mechanic, who took no interest in the play except as so much copy to be reproduced in type, he presumably followed the manuscript to the best of his ability. To be permanently satisfactory, how-

¹ This has been recently advanced by De Groot (*Hamlet and its Textual History*, 1923).

ever, such a study will have to be a more exhaustive one than can be here undertaken. All I shall do, is to hazard a few tentative generalizations on the matter, in order that what follows may be intelligible.

One thing is clear at the outset, viz. the compositor was by no means a first-rate workman. Indeed, the text he produced is reminiscent in many ways of a volume entitled *A pleasant conceited comedie called Loues Labors Lost*, the copy for which William White handed over to a 'prentice compositor in his printing-house in the year 1598.¹ On the whole, however, Roberts's man was a better craftsman than White's. His type, for example, seems to have been carefully locked; he gives us few missing letters and fewer 'literals'; and above all, unlike his predecessor, he had the good sense to respect the punctuation of his copy, so that while *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, is one of the worst pointed of all Shakespearian texts, *Hamlet*, 1604, is probably the best. In fact had he not been, for some reason, in a considerable hurry, he might perhaps have left us a quite creditable if somewhat crude piece of work. His crudity is proved by the spellings, which show us a slow compositor, clinging close to his copy and unable to carry words in his head. In short, he was more or less of a beginner. Unhappily for him—and still more for us—he was being forced to work at a pace quite beyond his powers. His undue haste is proved by the extraordinary number of omissions in the text. Missing letters constitute the malady of *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598; missing words that of *Hamlet*, 1604. There are in fact over seventy omissions of single words, mostly little ones such as 'a', 'to', 'and', 'no', about twenty-five omissions of groups of two or three words (e.g. 'and more strange', 'let me see', 'a touch, a touch'), and over fifteen omissions of single lines or half-lines, to say nothing of longer passages, some of which at any rate were clearly compositor's and not playhouse 'cuts'. A feature of the omitted word-groups is that a large proportion of them come from the end of the line, while similarly many of the omitted lines or half-lines are interjectional remarks or brief speeches—in short,

¹ Cf. pp. 100–104, *Love's Labour's Lost* (The New Shakespeare).

just those portions of the text which the eye of a compositor in a hurry would be likely to skip. The omission of Hamlet's exclamation, 'What, frightened with false fire!' in 3. 2. 277 is a good example of the kind of thing I mean.

This type of misprint, which I do not think has been noticed as a characteristic of the Second Quarto text by any previous critic, has important bearings upon the general textual situation. It makes it impossible, for instance, to hold the second of the three alternative theories noted above as to the origin of the Folio version, since it is inconceivable that the players can have supplied all these missing words, phrases, and lines, to say nothing again of longer passages, unless they had an independent manuscript to go upon. Or consider a point of quite a different kind. Hamlet, as Dr. A. C. Bradley first noticed,¹ has a trick of repetition in speaking, e.g. 'Indeed, indeed, sirs', 'Very like, very like', 'Words, words, words', and so on. A recent critic, however, observing that several of these repetitions (though not all) are to be found in the Folio only, has concluded that the trick is not Hamlet's but Burbage's.² Had he realized that the Second Quarto contains over a hundred misprints by omission, he might have been less absolute in his deductions.

Another sign of the haste in Roberts's establishment when *Hamlet* was in hand is the large quantity of misprints in the 1604 text caused by the compositor misreading the words of his copy. Working, as his inexperience compelled him, from letter to letter rather than from word to word, and compelled, too, in his hurry to begin a fresh word before he had grasped the meaning of that which he had just finished, he probably seldom, if ever, appreciated the sense of the lines he was setting up in his stick. The results were often deplorable enough from the textual point of view, though highly interesting to any one with an assiduous curiosity concerning the way in which Shakespeare formed his letters. For assuming Q 2 was printed from an autograph, it is clear that for a fair number of these misreadings Shakespeare must have

¹ *Shakespearean Tragedy*, pp. 148-9.

² De Groot, *op. cit.*, pp. 35-6.

been almost as much to blame as the sweating compositor, and that for all of them he should be credited with at least some responsibility, though no doubt the context ought generally to have furnished the right clue had the printer not been too hurried to take it in. And slovenly penmanship on Shakespeare's part was not the only thing in the copy to lead the compositor astray; Shakespeare's spelling was an equally important factor in the situation. Indeed, the misreadings and peculiar spellings of the Second Quarto are part of the same textual malady, and cannot rightly be considered the one apart from the other. To take a simple example, the compositor seems to halt between the terminations *-ction* and *-xion*, while in 'complexion' (1. 4. 27)¹ we have what looks like a hybrid of the two forms. Hybrid and hesitation, however, are both explained by Shakespeare's preference for the old-fashioned termination *-ccion*, for which we have evidence both in *Love's Labour's Lost* and in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*,² the three *Hamlet* forms being presumably the compositor's inconsistent attempts to normalize Shakespeare's spelling. Similarly, in the forms 'abraod' (1. 1. 161), 'braod' (3. 3. 81; 3. 4. 2), we appear to have careless normalizations of 'abrode' and 'brode', which are regular Shakespearian spellings, the compositor in his haste having inserted the *a*, required by printing-house fashion, before instead of after the *o*. Carelessness of the same kind, as I have tried to show elsewhere,² explains the curious misprint 'seale slaughter' (1. 2. 132), which stands of course for 'self-slaughter', and almost certainly arose from a miscorrection of the Shakespearian spelling 'sealfe', the *f* being inadvertently abstracted from the printers' forme instead of the *a*. The transformation, again, of 'revel' into 'reueale' (1. 4. 17) would be easy enough at the beginning of the seventeenth century, for if Shakespeare wrote 'revele', as well he might, he presented the compositor with an ambiguous form. Had the

¹ All references to the Second Quarto text follow the numbering of the Griggs Facsimile.

² v. *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of 'Sir Thomas More'*, p. 127.

latter paused to consider the context he would have seen at once that

This heauy headed reueale east and west

was beside the mark : but he was in haste, took his shot, and passed on. In like fashion the spelling 'leve' (live), a not uncommon one in the sixteenth century, helps us to understand how the compositor came to set up 'live' as 'leauē' at 3. 4. 158, while the misprint 'greeued' for 'grained' at 1. 90 of the same scene amounts almost to proof that 'greined' was the form Shakespeare wrote, a spelling very easily mistaken for 'greiued' and so printed as 'greeued'. And there are many other instances of the kind, which will best be considered in connexion with the whole body of Second Quarto misreadings to which we must now turn.

MISREADINGS.

In the lists that follow I have adopted the same classification as that used in the textual Introduction to *The Tempest* (The New Shakespeare) and in ch. iv of *Shakespeare's Hand in the play of 'Sir Thomas More'*, and in order to avoid repeating a twice-told tale I shall assume that the reader is familiar with the explanation of the classification given in those two volumes.

(1) *minim* misprints. (a) *n : u*—2. 2. 320 Aunimales (animals), 1. 2. 83 deuote (denote), 1. 3. 76 loue (loan), 2. 2. 450 Fankners (falconers), 4. 7. 78 ribaud (riband). (b) *m, n, u, i*—1. 2. 137 thus (this); 3. 4. 179; 5. 1. 308 this (thus), 5. 2. 225 gamgiuing (gain-giving), 1. 4. 70; 3. 3. 18 somnet (summit), 3. 1. 166 time (tune), 3. 2. 147 munching (miching), 3. 4. 20 the most (the inmost), 3. 4. 160 assune (assume). (c) *c : minim*—2. 2. 217 sanctity (sanity), 2. 2. 339 black (blank), 3. 2. 1 pronoun'd (pronounc'd). (d) *r : minim*—3. 2. 179 Lord (love), 5. 1. 109 madde (rude), 4. 7. 135 ore (on), 3. 4. 87 pardons (pandars), 5. 1. 98 massene (mazzard), 2. 2. 280 euer (even), 2. 2. 585 her (Hecuba), 1. 1. 93 comart (covenant), 1. 1. 121 feare (fierce), 4. 5. 150 peare (pierce), 1. 5. 133 whinling (whirling), 2. 2. 468 when (where), 2. 1. 38 wit (warrant), 3. 4. 6 wait (warrant). (e) *w : minim*—4. 7. 22 arm'd (a wind), 5. 1. 92 went (meant), 3. 1. 196 vnmatcht (unwatched),

1. 3. 130 bonds (bawds), 3. 1. 46 lowlines (loneliness), 4. 5. 9 they yawne (they aim), 4. 7. 14 concliue (conjunctive).

From this group of misprints we may infer the following Shakespearian spellings: annimales, lone, faukners, sommet, one (on), masserd, fearce, pearce, wher (where), ment. Other errors may be readily explained if we bear in mind abbreviated or syncopated forms. Thus a hypothetical 'thinmost' (the inmost), with a minim or two short, will account for 'the most'; a contracted 'hec' for 'Hecuba'¹ gives us the origin of the curious 'her'; the form 'cou'nant' which the Folio prints for 'covenant' is only a minim longer than the ridiculous 'comart' of the Quarto; the occurrence at 1. 2. 243 of the syncopated 'warn't' for 'warrant' shows us how the word came to be misprinted first 'wit' and then 'wait'²; and we can even juggle 'conjunctive' out of 'concliue' by supposing that Shakespeare wrote some kind of contracted form in the manuscript. The strangest looking transformations are often simple enough once the minim business is understood; figure out, for example, the misprint 'arm'd' < 'a wind', minim-stroke for minim-stroke, and nothing could be more straightforward. Stranger still is the misreading of 'they aim' as 'they yawne'. How came the intrusive second *y*? Shakespeare's responsibility for it seems to be borne out by the parallel misprint 'they aym'd' for 'the aim' in *Oth.* 1. 3. 5. Is it possible that he spelt 'aim' as 'yaim' or 'yaym'? I hasten to add that there is no authority either in the *New English Dictionary* or elsewhere, as far as I am aware, for such a spelling; and I leave the problem therefore to Professor Wyld.³

¹ It should perhaps be noted that this name occurs three times in two consecutive lines, and it was when Shakespeare had to write it for the third time that he contracted it.

² Dr. Greg ingeniously suggests that 'warrant' may have been contracted as 'wrt' (2. 1. 38) and as 'wart' (3. 4. 6), which would give us 'wit' and 'wait' simply enough.

³ For initial *y* in words beginning normally with *e* v. Wyld, *Hist. Mod. Coll. English*, p. 308, 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 149, 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 218, and notes (New Shakespeare) on *Errors* 4. 4. 29, and *L.L.L.* 4. 2. 59.

Finally, we have a small group of instances comprising double or even treble misprints. Thus 'lord' < 'loue' and 'massene' < 'masserd' are *e:d* as well as *r:minim* misprints; 'pardons' < 'pandars' not only illustrates, both ways on, the *n:r* confusion but the *a:o* confusion likewise; and in 'madde' < 'rude' we have an example of the *a:u* class, which we must now examine.

(2) *a:minim* misprints—1. 1. 115 tennatlesse (tenantless), 1. 2. 1 *S.D.* Gertrad (Gertrude), 1. 2. 105 course (corse), 2. 1. 39 sallies (sullies), 2. 2. 587 that (the cue), 2. 2. 615 stallyon (scullion), 2. 2. 628 (2) deale (devil), 3. 1. 75 quietas (quietus), 3. 3. 22 raine (ruin), 3. 4. 59 heaue, a (heaven), 5. 1. 239 waters (winters).

It is clear from this interesting group that the compositor of the Second Quarto was peculiarly liable to confuse Shakespeare's *a*'s and *u*'s. Compositors in other quartos sometimes made the same mistake,¹ but none of them has provided us with specimens as beautiful as 'raine' < 'ruin' and 'heaue, a' < 'heauen'. The idiosyncrasy of *Hamlet*, 1604, in this particular is important, in so far as quite a number of the serious cruxes in the text really fall, as I shall hope to show, within the *a:u* class. For the rest, 'course' and 'deale' establish the Shakespearian spellings 'coarse' and 'deule', which, as a matter of fact, occur elsewhere in the Quarto, while 'stallyon' < 'scullion' and 'that' < 'the cue' will be quoted again as examples of *t:c* and *t:e* misprints respectively.

(3) *e:d* misprints—1. 1. 91 returne (return'd), 1. 1. 94 desseigne (design'd), 3. 2. 33 praysd (praise), 3. 3. 50 pardon (pardon'd), 3. 3. 75 reuendge (reveng'd), 4. 5. 38 ground (grave), 4. 6. 26 bord (bore), 4. 7. 6 proceede (proceeded), 4. 7. 22 loued (loud), 5. 2. 52 subscribe (subscrib'd), 5. 2. 274 better (better'd).

None of these misprints needs particular remark, though 'proceede' < 'proceded' is an amusing one to work out on paper. The words 'pardond', 'loude', and 'betterd' have of course been read as 'pardone', 'loued', and 'bettere'.

(4) *e:o* misprints—1. 1. 88 these (those), 1. 2. 1 *S.D.*

¹ *Shakespeare's Hand*, p. 118.

Counsaille:as (councillors), 1. 2. 174 Elsonoure (Elsinore), 1. 3. 75 boy (be), 2. 2. 232 euer (over), 5. 1. 9 so offended (se offendendo), 5. 2. 17 vnfold (unseal).

Here 'Elsonoure' and 'vnfold' reveal the copy-spellings 'Elsenoure' and 'vnsele', 'vnfold' being a triple misprint. The third specimen is remarkable and suggests that Shakespeare spelt the 'be' with two *e*'s, using at the end of the word an open *ε* which might easily be mistaken for *y*. But the most interesting of the group is 'Counsaille:as', which gives us the Shakespearian 'Counsailors' transmuted by a combined *e:o* and *a:minim* misprint into two words and a colon!

(5) *o:a* misprints—1. 1. 44 horrowes (harrows), 1. 1. 73 cost (cast), 1. 2. 34 Valtemand (Voltimand), 1. 2. 58 *Polo*. Hath (*Pol*. He hath), 1. 2. 96 or minde (a mind), 1. 3. 74 or (are), 1. 5. 56 sort (sate), 2. 2. 517 follies (fellies), 3. 4. 186 rouell (ravel) 5. 1. 12 or all (argall).

The 'follies' misprint is included here rather than in the *e:o* class, because the Folio gives us 'fallies' as the spelling of the word. How 'or all' emerged from 'argall' it would be difficult to say, unless a letter simply dropped out of the forme. The corruption '*Polo*. Hath' is interesting. What happened apparently was that Shakespeare wrote 'Pol a hath', using the colloquial form of 'he' as he frequently did, and that this 'a' was read as part of the speech-heading by the compositor. The fact that all Polonius' other speeches in the text are headed '*Pol*' bears out the supposition. In 'or mind', 'sort', and 'ore' we have examples of those remarkable *a:or* misprints to which the handwriting in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More* appears to furnish the clue.¹

The misreadings in the Second Quarto which do not fall under these five main heads are few in number and may be lumped together in one group. It will be noticed that Shakespeare's *t* was a frequent source of trouble, and a reference to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's plates illustrating the forms of Shakespeare's individual letters (now available to students in *Shakespeare's Hand in 'Sir Thomas More'*)

¹ *Shakespeare's Hand*, pp. 119-21.

will show how it came to be so, and how the other letters in the list might be mistaken one for another.

(6) *Miscellaneous.*

t:e—2. 2. 126 about (above), 3. 1. 166 stature (feature), 3. 2. 321 stare (start), 1. 2. 131 fixe (fixt), 2. 2. 587 that (the cue).

t:c—2. 2. 615 stallyon (scullion), 4. 7. 63 the King (checking).

t:k—3. 4. 97 kyth (tithe).

t:f—5. 2. 245 fane (ta'en).

t:s (final)—1. 5. 68 possesse (posset).

f:s (long)—3. 1. 166 stature (feature), 5. 2. 17 vnfold (unseal).

l:d—1. 2. 257 fonde (foul), 1. 3. 131 beguide (beguile).

h:y—5. 2. 199 histy (yesty), 2. 2. 450 friendly (French), 1. 1. 73 with (why).

h:th—4. 5. 89, 5. 2. 148 this (his).

e:y—4. 7. 90 me (my), 5. 2. 5 my (me), 4. 7. 168 horry (hoar), 2. 2. 457 cauiary (caviare).

The copy-spellings 'tane', 'posset' (misread 'posses'), 'yisty', and 'horre' may be inferred from four of these misprints, while in the curious 'friendly' < 'French' the compositor was perhaps led astray by a malformed *h*, which looked like a *y* and so presented him with a combination of letters which his eye took to be 'frenly'. The *e:y* confusion, not uncommon in the Qq, is apparently due to the use of the *ε* form, which, though unusual finally, occurs once at least in the 'Shakespearian' Addition (l. 62 'peace'). Misprints like 'kyth' < 'tythe', 'fane' < 'tane', 'beguide' < 'beguile', 'histy' < 'yesty', and plenty more of a like kind from the earlier groups show how little the time-honoured critical canon which bids us always prefer the more difficult of two alternative readings is to be relied upon when we are dealing with a stupid compositor. Indeed, the moral of our collection of misreadings, which runs to close upon a hundred examples, is twofold. It is: study (i) the habits of your compositor, and (ii) the spellings of your author. An examination of the misprints has already taught us something about Shakespeare's orthography; we shall learn more by turning to a list of all the remarkable spellings which appear in the Second Quarto, many of which we can feel pretty certain were conveyed by

the eye and hand of the inexperienced compositor direct from the copy to his stick.¹ This does not mean, of course, that they are all Shakespeare's or that the compositor never normalized as he worked. We have seen him doing so in 'abraod', 'braod', and in forms like 'complexion' and 'complection'. Furthermore, except for five instances of 'off' (of), the text contains no words ending in abnormal double consonants, although spellings such as 'madd', 'begg', 'fann', 'dirtt' occur in other Shakespearian texts and certainly occurred in Shakespeare's manuscripts. The compositor was therefore, we may be sure, doing his best to produce a book in good printing-house spelling; but he had not yet learnt to carry words in his head, his eye kept catching the letters in the copy before him, and in consequence he succeeded in preserving for us quite a considerable body of evidence on the subject of Shakespearian orthography.

SPELLINGS.

absence of final e mute: safty; wholsome; com, coms, somthing; forgon, non; thar (they're), farwell, forhead, thers (there's); els, promiscram'd; associat, confiderat (confederate), desperat, desprat, hast, hippocrit, importunat, infinit, mandat, minuts, opposits, pyrat, prenominat, smot, statuts, temperatly; tru-penny; ax.

medial consonants: (a) *double*: coupple, hiddious, maddam, merrit, Parris, perrilous, plannet, pollitician, punnisht, Rennish, tennant, tirranus. (b) *single*: adicted, colection, comerse, imminent, imediate, iugled, litlest, ods, oprest, pudling, peny, puft, settled, swadling.

final -s for -sse: mistris; reckles, choples (chapless); busines, happines, highnes, lightnes, likenes, madnes, prettines, sadnes, savagenes, sicknes, tediousnes, wantonnes, weakenes, witnes, wildnes; grasgreene, grosly.

b after m: lymmes, solembe.

ck for k after n: bancke, blanck, blancket, franckly, linckt, mountibanck, pranck, ranck, sprinckle, wrinckled (cf. ancle, carbunkles, barek).

¹ Cf. *Shakespeare's Hand*, pp. 114-15, 122-41, and W. W. Greg, *An Elizabethan Printer and his Copy* (*The Library*, Sept. 1923).

c, t, and s interchangeable before -ion, -ient, -ial: apparision, innouasion, parcial, auspitious, gracious.

c, s, and z interchangeable: blase, sellerige, choise (choice), comerse, cressant, dasie, deuise, faste (faced), incenced, orizons, pancies, pace (pass), president (precedent), pronounst, sencibly, centinels, chapes (shapes), eiz'd, cised (sized), squeesing, tradust.

-ction and -xion: *complection, *complextion, *dixion, *fixion.¹

d before g: dirdge, harbindger, hindges, leedge, pidgion, reuendge, romadge, siedge, sindging, spridgce.

d and th: fadome, tider (tether); hundreth (hundred).

g and i (j): iem, ierman, gelly.

s and se: sent (scent).

vowels levelled in unaccented syllables: colatural; liquer, pestur, satire (satyr), miter (metre), fingard (fingered), hazerd, perticuler, peculier, suruiuer, scholler, cullour, familier; humorus, meruiles (marvellous), sulphrus, tirranus; angle (angel), counsaile (counsel, council), fennill, fertill, maruaile, metteld, modill, puzzels, scandele, scandell, sterill, traualaile, trauiler, vn-kennill, wassel; skyesh; sommet; barraine, beckins, brazon, for-raine, reckon, sexten, suddaine, sodaine; occurrants; horrible; spleenatiue; rapsedy; emphesis; windlesses; duckets; mor-teist; paddack; loggits; cosund; battalians; arithmeticke.

a and ai: clame, proclames.

a for e: a leauen (eleven), elament, marmaide, randeuous.

au for a before l: gauled, hault.

au for al: faukners, stauke.

-ay, -ey, and -ai, -ei(gh): conuay, obay, pray (prey), waigh, wey, way (weigh); cf. nabored.

e for a: dreg'd, meruiles (marvellous), sendall.

e for ai: quently.

i for ai: dintier.

e, ee, ei, ie, eu interchangeable: compleat, cheare, deceaued, heare (here), leaprous, leasure, least (lest), preceeding, reake (reck), reccaue, *reueale (revel), seaz'd, seauen, shepheard, stearne, teamed, tearme, theame; beere (bier), cleere, heere (hear), neere, yeere; brest, frending, ielously, nerer, peuish, tere, trecherous, wezell; cf. desseigne.

e and i: bedred, accedent, indeuidible, indifferant, tell (till); confiderat (confederate), penitrable.

ee for i: spleet, week (wick), cleefe (cliff).

e and ee: step (steep), beweept, enginer, pioner.

¹ Spellings marked with an asterisk are either misprints or normalized forms and have already been dealt with.

i for ie: liue (lief).

-ire and -ier: empier, fier, frontire.

in- and en-: imploy, incountred, ingaged, inough, intreate; enoculate, entent.

o for oa: aboard, bord (*also* boord), croking, grone, lome, lothsome, rore, soke (cf. *abraod, *braod).

o for oo: hodman, god (good), to (too).

oo for o: doos, doost, doo't, fordoos, foorth, moodes (modes), prooud (proved), strooke, strooken, vphoorded, too (to).

ow for o(a): blowt, how (ho!); cf. shone (shown).

ou for u: boudge, hough (huge), ougly.

ur for ir: durt, durtie, sturre.

u and w: boule, crauling, fauning, hauke, impaunde; lowd, newtral, perswade, rowse.

u for ui and eau: butie, brute (bruit), sute.

ew for ue, ieu, or u: adew, adiew, blew, hiew, indewed, reuenew.

superfluous e mute: goblins, perhapes, snufe.

miscellaneous: arture (artery) close (clothes), *course (corse), cride (cried), deule, *deale (devil), shone (shown), smilling (smiling), spight (spite), stockins (stockings), studient (student), strikt (strict), soopstake (swopstake), twelfe (twelve), viage (voyage), yeman (yeoman), wast (vast).

syncopated forms: desprat, exlent (misprinted 'extent'), medcin, nunry, poysner, poysning, sulphrus, vttrance, warn't (warrant).

abbreviations and colloquialisms: a (he), a (have), doo't, enso, ento't, hate (ha't), oremastret (o'ermaster it), outadoores, thar (they're), thers (there's), tho'wt, toth (to th'), toot (to't), woldst, woot.

The spellings in this list, a large number of which I believe to be Shakespeare's own, strange as many of them may seem to modern eyes unaccustomed to sixteenth-century manuscripts, speak for themselves and need little comment. Taken in conjunction with the hundred compositor's misreadings they form the groundwork of any proper study of the *Hamlet* text and of other Shakespearian texts less rich in such evidence. In cases of corruption or of doubtful reading they are of peculiar value, since they enable the student to place himself more or less in the position of the original compositor by writing out the disputed word or passage in what is approximately Shakespeare's handwriting and Shakespeare's

spelling, and thus in many instances to make a pretty shrewd guess as to the seat of the trouble. All emendation involves guessing, and the guessing can never be eliminated from the process. But with these new tools in hand it is possible at once to facilitate the process and to narrow down very considerably the legitimate field of speculation. A consideration of a few of the textual problems in *Hamlet* will illustrate the methods involved. It is the methods I wish to stress rather than the solutions I shall offer in the course of my argument.

In approaching the subject of textual emendation, it is well to remind ourselves of the existence of the Folio version, which though of inferior authority to the Second Quarto gives invaluable assistance in correcting the misreadings and omissions of the latter text. One of the things which makes me tolerably certain that the copy used in 1623 was a transcript of that used in 1604 is the fact that Q. spellings often explain F. misprints,¹ and vice versa. Amusing examples of this are: 5. 1. 176 Q. Sexten, F. sixe-teene; 1. 4. 70 Q. somnet (summit), F. sonnet; 2. 2. 479 Q. totall Gules, F. to take Geules; 3. 2. 35 Q. Christian, Pagan, nor man, F. Christian, Pagan, or Norman. Others of a straightforward kind are: 2. 2. 524 Q. mobled, F. inobled; 3. 2. 67 Q. fauning, F. faining; 4. 7. 85 Q. can, F. ran; 3. 1. 87 Q. awry, F. away; 4. 4. 8 Q. softly, F. safely. Sometimes, indeed, the F. misprint helps us to a Shakespearian spelling which the Q. compositor has obliterated. Thus F. 'made' for Q. 'mad' (3. 4. 188), F. 'warm'd' for Q. 'wand' (2. 2. 580), F. 'commings' for Q. 'cunnings' (4. 7. 156), and F. 'their corporall' for Q. 'th' incorporall' (3. 4. 118) suggest that Shakespeare wrote 'madd', 'wannd', 'connings', and 'then-corporall' respectively.²

We pass from these simple specimens to variants where it

¹ What I call F. 'misprints' may have originated with the playhouse scribe.

² It is of course possible (the late Mr. Bayfield would have said 'probable') that Shakespeare wrote 'the incorporall' and the Q. compositor contracted.

begins to be questionable which is the better reading of the two, so that some editors follow the Quarto and others the Folio. I take four illustrations:¹ (i) At 2. 2. 12 Claudius describes Hamlet's two schoolfellows as 'nabored to his youth and hauior' (Q.), or 'Neighbour'd to his youth and humour' (F.). It is an *a : u* variant, and though all the editors seem to have followed Q., is there not a good deal that might be said in favour of 'humour'? Claudius is of course speaking of the mad Hamlet. (ii) 3. 1. 86 Should it be 'enterprises of great *pitch* and moment' (Q.), or 'enterprizes of great *pith* and moment' (F.)? The Globe edition reads 'pitch' and the Oxford edition 'pith'. (iii) 4. 7. 167 According to Q. Ophelia's willow grows 'ascaunt' the brook; but F. reads 'aslant'. The meaning is the same and the matter is of no great moment; editors differ, the older ones mostly reading 'ascant', the modern 'aslant'. (iv) 4. 7. 178 Ophelia chants 'snatches of old laudes' (Q.) which in F. become 'snatches of old tunes'. Here the variant is a pretty example of a combined *t : l, u : a, e : d* confusion. All modern editors, I believe, print 'tunes'. Yet I am persuaded that Q. gives us incomparably the finer reading. Ophelia, lover of the student of Wittenberg, and inhabitant of a Protestant Denmark, would not be entirely ignorant of the 'old religion'; she would have no doubt a nurse who had seen the Reformation and who had chanted pieces of the old church music to her in her cradle. These 'snatches of old lauds'² are as much part of Elizabethan England as the 'bare ruined choirs' to which Shakespeare likens the trees of winter.

From this last illustration it is an easy step to another group of variants—we will take four examples once again—in which neither text gives a true reading, though Q. in three cases at least furnishes the decisive clue. Let us take first Polonius'

¹ I ought, perhaps, to make it clear that I personally should unhesitatingly follow Q. in all four instances.

² The 'lauds' were, strictly speaking, Pss. cxlviii-cl, the Psalms of Praise which were sung at Lauds, the service of sunrise. Ophelia dies crowned with flowers and praising God for the wonders of creation.

‘not to crack the wind of the poor phrase
Running it thus’ (1. 3. 109),

in which the word ‘running’, now generally accepted, was originally suggested by Collier as an emendation of ‘roaming’ (F.) or ‘wrong’ (Q.). If Collier be right, and we do not doubt it, how came the strange forms in F. and Q.? The answer is: by misreading and normalization. The *o* in both misprints gives us a strong hint that Shakespeare intended to write ‘roning’, a common spelling of the time.¹ This the F. compositor (or transcriber) took for ‘roming’, and his Q. predecessor for ‘rong’, which he normalized into ‘wrong’.² There should have been five minim-strokes in ‘roning’; F. prints six and Q. two; puzzle—how many did Shakespeare write?³ My next specimen (3. 2. 374) is I think a pretty, though a perfectly straightforward, one. Hamlet is giving Guildenstern his music lesson: ‘Gouverne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe’ are his orders according to the Folio, which in the Quarto appear thus strangely: ‘gouverne these ventages with your fingers, & the vmber’. Here is *durior lectio* with a vengeance; and yet ‘the vmber’ is nothing but a misdivision-misprint of ‘thumbs’⁴, the final *s* being taken for an *r*, as it might well be in English script and as the 1604 compositor takes it again at 5. 2. 43 where he prints ‘as sir’ for ‘assis’ (F). Editors, realizing that a recorder cannot be played with one finger, have adopted the Q. ‘fingers’; they have forgotten, however, that the instrument requires two

¹ V.A. 1. 781 gives us ‘ronne’, although elsewhere it reads ‘runne’ or ‘run’.

² In the same way, at 3. 2. 253, he seems to have normalized the Shakespearian ‘vnrong’, which F. prints as ‘vnrung’, into ‘vnwrong’.

³ The solution, we suspect, is that ‘roning’ was contracted as ‘ronīg’ in the original, that the contraction-curl got mixed up with the horizontal stroke which in Elizabethan script closes the top of the *g*, that the Q 2 compositor therefore read ‘rong’ which he set up as ‘wrong’, and that the playhouse scribe read ‘romīg’ which he transcribed as ‘roaming’.

⁴ The *v* in ‘vmber’ is, of course, the compositor’s, who, unlike a scribe, would be forbidden by custom to use *u* initially.

thumbs as well. Thus in all modern texts we find the absurd 'govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb'!

The other two examples in this group introduce us to a new and important factor. All the F. misprints considered up to now have been explicable as misreadings by compositor or scribe of words written by Shakespeare in the manuscript used for the printing of the Second Quarto. But the F. version had been a prompt-book at the Globe; and when what Shakespeare wrote seemed unintelligible, or, at any rate, illegible, the players were obliged to emend in order to make sense. In other words, the Folio gives us an *edited* text, and we must not, therefore, be surprised at times to find in it readings which have no possible graphical connexion with the corresponding passages in the Quarto. A good instance occurs at 3. 3. 7, where Claudius, complaining to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of Hamlet's behaviour in the play-scene, declares, in the words of the Quarto, that

The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourelly grow
Out of his browes.

For the meaningless 'browes' the F. reads 'Lunacies', a word which all modern editors accept, though it cannot possibly have sprung from the same manuscript root as the Q. reading. 'Lunacies' is clearly a makeshift of the players baffled by Shakespeare's penmanship, and it is as clearly an editor's duty to set it aside, like any other emendation, and go back to 'browes', which, though nonsense, at least gives us what the Q. compositor, far too much engrossed in the *letters* of his copy to be bothering about the sense of what he read, thought he saw before him as he set up his type. Having got so far, we arrive at the guessing-point. My own guess, for what it is worth, is 'brawls', which would make 'browes' a combined *a: o* and *l: e* error, that is to say, nothing at all out of the way.¹ No doubt Hamlet's conduct in the play-scene was scarcely 'brawling'; but it suited the King's book to speak of it in

¹ 'rule' l. 100 and 'gospell' l. 88 in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More* show how *l* might be misread as *e* or *d*.

these terms, just as at 3.1.4 he talks of his 'turbulent and dangerous lunacy'. Less dramatic interest attaches itself to a little crux at 3.4.49, though as an illustration of the kind of problem Shakespearian textual criticism has to deal with it is serviceable enough. The Quarto reads

heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

and the Folio makes sense of the whole and gives us the modern text by reading a comma after 'glow' instead of 'visage' and by altering 'Ore' to 'Yea'. 'Yea' does well enough, but it was not what Shakespeare wrote. What he wrote was something which the Q. compositor could mistake for 'ore', and that something, I believe, was 'aie'¹ (= ay). For as we have seen on p.44, *ai* in Shakespeare's handwriting might quite easily be misread as *or*.

In the last paragraph, it will be observed, we have advanced from a general consideration of misprints and spellings into the realm of textual emendation. By way of bringing this paper to a conclusion I propose to continue this course and to attack some of the capital cruxes in the text of *Hamlet* with the weapons already tested in overcoming more trifling difficulties. Inasmuch as our first two classes of misreadings, involving minim-errors, comprise over half the number of the whole collection, the reader will not be surprised to learn that malformation of minim-letters, especially in combination, and including the *a*, is, in my view, one of the principal causes of the corruptions still remaining uncorrected in *Hamlet*. Indeed, all the half-dozen or so doubtful or impossible readings we are now to consider are, I think, cases of minim-misprint, though one or two of them contain other misread letters also.

To start with a simple example, and one wherein the meaning is hardly in dispute, I take the famous 'pajock' (3.2.294), to which Hamlet likens his uncle, and which he substituted

¹ 'I' was, of course, the usual compositor's spelling for 'ay' at this period; but 'aye' is found in *Son.* 41. 9, and 'ai' is a seventeenth-century form.

for the 'ass' which would have rhymed. The actual form in Q. is 'paiock', which F. prints as 'Paiocke'. Pope read 'peacock', Johnson and Malone followed suit, and no one, I fancy, doubts now that this was the sense that Shakespeare intended, seeing that 'peacock', which in Elizabethan times symbolized lechery as well as vanity, would be an apt term of abuse for Claudius in Hamlet's mouth. Theobald, however, introduced an element of doubt by proposing 'paddock' (i. e. toad) for 'paiock', justifying the emendation 'as nearest to the traces of the corrupted reading'. Modern editors have, therefore, cautiously clung to the 'pajock' form, and have universally quoted Dyce's assertion that he had often heard 'the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock the "peajock"'. When, however, the *New English Dictionary* issued its O-Pf volume in 1905 it sounded a note of warning under 'Paiocke' in these terms: 'The spelling "peacock" or "peacocke" is found in the First Folio in the 5 other places where the word occurs, and there seems no reason why Hamlet should here use a stray dialect word'. None whatever, we may add; for if Shakespeare spelt 'peacock' without an *e*, a well-attested though old-fashioned way of spelling it,¹ the harassed compositor of the Second Quarto might very easily have set up the word as 'paiock', misreading the *c* (a straight stroke in English script) as *i*. On the other hand, reputable compositors would certainly normalize such a spelling if they came across it in their copy, which accounts for the modern form in 'the 5 other places where the word occurs'. Moreover 'pacock' is very much nearer 'to the traces of the corrupted reading' than Theobald's 'paddock', which indeed is so remote as to be almost a no-ball according to the rules of the game.

My next example is an even simpler case graphically, though from the literary point of view revolutionary enough. One of the most familiar lines in Shakespeare is that with which Hamlet begins his first soliloquy (1. 2. 129), and which in its Folio form, adopted by all modern editors, appears thus :

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,

¹ v. *N. E. D.* 'peacock' 1 γ.

but which runs in Q 2 as :

O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,

while Q 1 gives this interesting variant :

O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing.

Of course 'sallied' will not do ; but fortunately there cannot be any reasonable doubt as to the word which Shakespeare intended to write, seeing that the misprint occurs in another passage of *Hamlet* Q 2, where the meaning is not open to question. At 2. 1. 39 F. and Q. give us these variants :

Q 2. You laying these slight sallies on my sonne,
F 1. You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,

and the Folio obviously furnishes the true reading. This being so, Shakespeare undoubtedly meant Hamlet to speak of his 'sullied' and not his 'solid' flesh, a change which is not without dramatic consequences of some moment.¹

It is curious that an important variant like this, which moreover yields so readily to emendation, should have been almost entirely overlooked, while more than six whole pages in Furness's *Variorum* are devoted to guesses about 'the dram of eale', a crux of scarcely any dramatic interest.² Yet, whether interesting or not, 'the dram of eale' crux has become one of the most famous in Shakespeare, and I can hardly conclude a paper on textual emendation in *Hamlet* without attempting to say something about it. Before doing so, however, I propose to examine a no less stubborn though less notorious corruption, which, I believe, furnishes the key to the other. I refer to 1. 3. 73-4, which runs as follows in the three texts :

¹ For a full discussion of this and some other *Hamlet* emendations v. the correspondence columns of the *Times Literary Supplement* from 16th May, 1918, to 2nd Jan., 1919.

² 'Sullied' was actually proposed by George Macdonald the novelist in 1885.

Q 1. And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that :

Q 2 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or ¹ of a most select and generous, chiefe in that :

F 1. And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.

The fact that all three texts contain the corruption is a clear indication that Shakespeare himself must have been responsible. Most editors cut the knot by simply omitting the words 'of a'; thus at once making sense and seemingly restoring the metre. Yet, though the uncorrected line forms an alexandrine, that is no justification for throwing two syllables overboard, seeing that Polonius talks a rough kind of blank verse, which readily enough runs to alexandrines elsewhere (e.g. 1. 3. 93, 107 ; 2. 1. 31, 57, &c.). We are, therefore, obliged to treat 'of a' as a misprint and make what we can of it. At 3. 4. 59, it will be remembered, we found the word 'heaven' set up as 'heauē a' by the stupid compositor ; and I take 'of a' here to be an *a* : *minim* error of the same kind for 'often', allowing as always for Shakespeare's spelling. No less a person than Queen Elizabeth herself was in the habit of spelling the word 'often',² and there is nothing impossible in the idea that Shakespeare spelt it 'ofen'. At any rate this spelling gives us an easy half-way house between 'often' and 'of a', seeing that 'of', with its final *f* which generally ended in a flourish not unlike an open *ε*,³ might be written in such a way as to bear a close resemblance to 'ofe'. And when we turn back from *minim*-strokes and final *f*'s to Polonius, we find that all is well ; for

And they in France of the best rank and station
Are often most select and generous, chief in that

is unexceptionable enough.

Dr. W. W. Greg, to whose kind criticism I submitted this

¹ An *a* : *o* misreading of 'ar' (= are). Cf. p. 44.

² Wyld, *Hist. Mod. Colloquial English*, p. 302.

³ Specimens of this *ε*-like flourish may be seen in the word 'of' at ll. 124, 126, and 131 of the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*.

paper in first draft, agrees that the foregoing emendation 'would be quite satisfactory in a single text', but insists that the occurrence of the misprint in all three texts creates a difficulty, and urges upon me the necessity of framing a theory of the connexion between the *Hamlet* texts which would explain, or at least allow for, these common misprints. The matter is too large to deal with satisfactorily at the end of a paper. It involves, moreover, an attempt to define the copy for the F. version, an attempt which if properly carried through would involve in its turn a far more minute investigation of the whole textual problem than has ever yet been undertaken. Pending such an exhaustive inquiry, all I can do here is to state what seem to me the *a priori* possibilities of the situation. And if in the upshot the statement prove to have been beside the mark, it will at least have served to show that coincidences like 'paiock' (peacock), 'sallied' (sullied), and 'of a' (often) create a textual situation which must be faced. At the start then, it appears to me indisputable, and I think Dr. Greg would here agree, that corruptions which are common to the three texts or to two out of the three must go back to a manuscript source which lies behind them all. Misprints common to F and Q 2 might be explained on the supposition that the F compositors used Q 2 ('corrected' no doubt) as copy; but this does not help us with misprints common to Q 1 and Q 2, still less with those found in all three editions. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that a badly written word in an author's manuscript might give rise to the same misprint in two different texts, the one derived immediately and the other through a transcript from the original. There is, for instance, a word in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More* which a scribe or compositor could only read as 'momtanish' though there can be little doubt that the meaning in the mind of the author was 'mountanish'. Or to take another example from the same three pages, l. 82 gives us a word which fifty different compositors might set up as 'orderd' for one who would perceive that 'ordere' (= order) was what the author intended. In the same way 'paiock' and 'sallied'

may have been twice transmitted because the words in the original could not have been read in any other fashion. And if this be so, is there really any difficulty in supposing that the hypothetical 'ofen' was three times independently read as 'of a', assuming that is to say that the word looked exactly like 'of a' in the parent manuscript. It is true, that if, as I believe, the Q 1 text was made up of an abridged play-house transcript eked out by an actor-pirate's memory of passages heard during rehearsal or performance, the corruptions 'sallied' and 'of a' must actually have been uttered on the stage itself. Staggering as this may appear at first glance, it will not, I think, be so regarded by those acquainted with the haphazard methods of the Elizabethan playhouse. Moreover, the F 'solid' shows that 'sallied' was eventually dealt with at the Globe, while the line

Are of a most select and generous, chief in that

is one that might pass muster for many years with players, prompters, and audience. In short, I see nothing in these common misprints which runs counter to the provisional theory of the relation between the F and Q texts set forth at the beginning of this article.

In any event, if the emendation 'Are often most select', &c. prove acceptable, the solution I am now to propound for the 'dram of eale' puzzle will hardly be refused a hearing. The well-known passage, which is found of course in Q 2 alone, runs thus:

the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandle.

The key to the mystery, which has baffled so many minds, is once more I believe the *a:u, n* confusion. A double turn, however, of the key is necessary, for the sentence contains two misprints. The first is 'eale', which, as many have suspected, should rightly be 'evil'. It is in fact, I suggest, a misreading of 'eule', the Shakespearian spelling of the word. It is true that this form does not actually occur elsewhere in the text, but the spelling 'deule' for 'devil' (3. 2.

136), which be it noted is twice misprinted 'deale' at 2. 2. 628, lends it strong support, while the two spellings, the one actual and the other hypothetical, together offer a neat explanation of yet another *Hamlet* crux, which we may briefly consider by way of parenthesis. The relevant lines (3. 4. 161-2), which likewise only occur in Q 2, and form part of Hamlet's exhortation to his mother in the closet-scene, are :

That monster custome, who all sense doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this . . . ,

where it seems fairly obvious that, aided perhaps by a supposed contrast with 'angel', to say nothing of the *e:d* confusion, the compositor has misread 'eule' as 'dule'. Certainly 'who all sense doth eat of habits evil' (i.e. of evil habits) gives an intelligible reading. Theobald indeed printed it so, without of course perceiving the 'deule-eule' connexion, but Dr. Johnson diverted criticism from the right path by insisting upon opposition between 'angel' and 'devil', whereas the real contrast is surely between 'monster' and 'angel'. Curiously enough the forms 'eule' and 'dule' are found in close conjunction in a piece of 'broad Northerne speech' quoted in Deloney's *Thomas of Reading*, 1623.¹ It is not necessary, however, to suppose that Shakespeare pronounced 'deule' and 'eule' in any but the modern southern fashion, since *u* and *v* were interchangeable and *le* as often as not stood for *il* or *el*. All things considered, I do not think there need be any hesitation in interpreting 'the dram of eale' as 'the dram of evil'.

The second misprint belonging to the passage is 'of a doubt', to which Polonius' 'of a most select' is a close parallel. Using the *u:n* key once again, I interpret 'of a' as 'often', while I take 'doubt' as a spelling of 'dout' (= extinguish, put out), which reappears as a matter of fact in this form at 4. 7. 192 of the Folio version, where we read :

I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

All three emendations—'evil' for 'eale', 'often' for 'of a', and 'dout' for 'doubt'—have already been suggested by

¹ v. *Deloney's Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, p. 227.

different critics on different occasions. But no one, I think, has had the courage to propound them all together before, while the individual guesses have been just chance shots with little or no reference to the *ductus litterarum*. The 'dram of eale' crux, as I have said, is of small dramatic consequence, belonging as it does to a gnomic passage lying off the main tract of the play. Its solution, therefore, tells us nothing new about Hamlet, as 'sullied flesh' does for example. Nevertheless, a consideration of Hamlet's observations upon the 'corruption' which a noble character may take from 'the stamp of one defect' forms a not inappropriate conclusion to an article devoted to textual corruption in *Hamlet*. A large part of this corruption, we have seen, is to be attributed to 'the stamp of one defect', namely Shakespeare's inveterate carelessness in the formation of minim-letters, among which, because he neglected to close its top, we have constantly to reckon the letter *a*. In themselves these little penslips may seem mere trifles; in the hands of an incompetent compositor they are found to have such lamentable textual results that

the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal.

J. DOVER WILSON.

A LIFE OF BISHOP CORBETT

1582-1635

RICHARD CORBETT—for thus he spelt his name¹—was the only son of the ‘Vincent Corbet’, or Poynter, whose epitaph appears in Ben Jonson’s *Underwoods*. Why he was known by two names, and whether his son had any right to that *raven passant* (the crest of the Shropshire Corbetts) with which he afterwards sealed his letters and embellished his tomb, are matters still in doubt. The crest may have been borrowed. Buckingham himself, the poet’s friend and patron, boldly appropriated the arms of Weylond ‘without any ground, right, or authority’ that the scrupulous D’Ewes could see; and Corbett may well have thought that if *five escalops* could brave the scrutiny, one *raven* might pass. It seems clear at all events that beyond exacting the title of ‘Mr.’ from those with whom he did business, and of ‘generosus’ from the Registrar’s clerk when he entered his son at Oxford, Vincent Corbett made no social pretensions for himself, but was content to be known simply as an expert in the art of grafting. ‘Two parts of three in a goose-quill taken away in breadth,’ he told Sir Hugh Platt, ‘is an apt tool to take off a bud withal, without hurting the bud’; ‘a tool of ebony or box is better to open the bark than a tool of iron, for Mars tainteth the sap presently’, and he kept coneyes in his orchard ‘only to keep the grass low, because otherwise it would be very chargeable’.²

A practical man, one would guess, and if his epitaphs are true, a silent; influencing those about him rather by his

¹ Harleian MS. 1221; Rawlinson MS. 853; Clark’s *Register*.

² *The Garden of Eden* (4th edition, 1654).

presence than by his words, and at his death, after nearly eighty years of careful dealing with God and man, surprising even those who did not know him well with a sense of loss. His wife Benet, or Benedicta, seems to have been a companion piece. She outlived her husband fifteen years, and witnessed her son's triumphant rise to eminence in the Church. But if we may believe Strode she took little notice of her growing honours, learned no new fashions either of dress or devotion, and remained to the end contented with her domestic duties: 'nil ultra sapiens.'¹

In 1582, the date of Richard's birth, they were living at Ewell in Surrey;² but they subsequently moved to Twickenham, and the boy was sent to Westminster School. 'Old Parson Bussey, of Alscott in Warwickshire, went to school with him', and told Aubrey 'that he was a very handsome man, but something apt to abuse, and a coward'. A surprising statement if we take it as a description of Corbett in his maturity, for cowardice is perhaps the last defect with which a candid biographer would be likely to credit him. Truculence would be nearer the mark. But if it means that as a boy he showed a disposition to shrink from the disciplinary rigours and rough horse-play of his famous school, it becomes intelligible, and may even receive some corroboration from the significant fact that instead of waiting to enter the University until he was duly elected a student of Christ Church in 1599, he went up to Oxford in 1598, and was entered on the 7th April at Broadgates Hall.

Such a proceeding argues impatience, and it is probable that on the April evening when he reined in his nag on the summit of Boar's Hill, and gazed for the first time at the University city, Corbett was conscious of nothing but a sense of relief. Here was the symbol of eternity; the charmed circle of grey walls and towers where men loitered out their lives among echoes and shadows; listening for the 'song the Syrens sang', or seeking to raise from the bed of Cleopatra 'the ghost of a Rose'. Not that the city had yet learned that

¹ Epitaph by William Strode (?) in Corpus Christi MS. 325.

² Fuller's *Worthies*.

grave charm with which she has enthralled later generations. The solemn domes and pinnacles which enabled Turner to invest her with a certain Venetian grandeur were still for the most part to be built. Instead, as he descended the hill, and gained a nearer view of the ancient wall, with its discreet posterns opening upon the meadow-paths, its 'turrels' where scholars were still sometimes lodged like jolly necromancers,¹ and behind it the huddled vance-roofs and winking dormer windows, a sense of something far more festive must have been mingled with his impressions. Gentlemen of the old school like Harrison, and foreigners or exiles like Hentzner or Fitzherbert, might talk of the monastic austerity of the place; but the young Westminster scholar, tittuping along the causeway towards Grandpont, must have heard another story and might sing, 'I know what I know'. He must have heard tell of those 'fresh nights and carollings in public halls' which Wood remembered wistfully in 1660; of the ancient custom of college to college feasting when men took their degrees; of the Shrovetide 'Shewes' and May-day junketings; of Brazenose cellar, 'that topick place'; of the election of the Christmas 'Princes', with the joyous Saturnalia that attended their rule; or of the State occasions, like that of eight years earlier: Carfax ablaze with the silks and tissue of a royal retinue passing to its lodgings in Christ Church; the mingling of round cap and square cap, budge and sword-knot, loyal shouts and Greek speeches; and in the evening the spectacle in Christ Church Hall of Gager's *Ulysses*, triumphing amid the roar of drums over a mound of slaughtered suitors—'ora manusque sanguine respersis, eversa ac cruentata mensa, gladiisque sanguine stillantibus'.²

This was the aspect of Oxford most likely to colour the anticipations of a boy of fifteen, particularly one who had found his school days irksome. The future? A free school, perhaps, or a chaplaincy to my lord. But that dismal prospect lay far off in the darkness beyond the magic circle. 'Time was' and 'Time is', said the echoes, as his nag paced by Roger

¹ Wood's *City of Oxford* (ed. Clark), i. 261.

² Boas, *University Drama in the Tudor Age*.

Bacon's Tower, leaving 'Time shall be' to the moor-fowl under the bridge.

Indeed, the place seemed to have been designed to confound a sense of time, for with all the changes that had been wrought in it during the previous century, the city was still largely medieval in habit and appearance. The reek of the shambles in the Baily, which had been a nuisance in the fourteenth century, was still a favourite nuisance when Corbett went up; and the same loyalty to 'a monumental savour' might be discerned in the intellectual atmosphere as well. Astronomy still slumbered in the lap of Astrology; mathematics were still perplexed by the number of the Beast.¹ Here in their lonely turret rooms men still pored over 'thrice great Hermes'; the reek of suffumigations still escaped at midnight from under studious doors (though they said it was 'smoke of juniper to sweeten our chambers'),² and at New College the spirits might be heard buzzing up Dr. Allen's staircase as thick as bees—at least, so his servant used to tell the freshmen, and he must have known.³

Nor was the prescribed course of study calculated to break the spell of unreality and awaken the mind to a sense of practical issues. The Trivium and Quadrivium still offered their well-beaten track to the student's tender feet, and virtually the only test of scholarly proficiency was by public disputation in the Schools. There, as Corbett's younger contemporary, Wither, was amazed to note, you might see some 'little Dandiprat', some lad who had 'broken loose from a Yorkshire belfry', and come up to Oxford 'with a satchel on his shoulders', quibble and quarter-quibble his way to the eminence of an hour; or you might witness at the 'Act' the triumph of some more seasoned hero, 'hem'd at every sentence' by his peers, 'carried out upon their shoulders' and 'sent home with 6 trumpets, &c.'⁴ The quotation refers to Cambridge, but it

¹ Francis Potter, *An Interpretation of the number 666*.

² Burton's *Anatomy*.

³ Aubrey's *Short Lives*.

⁴ *Abuses Stript and Whipt*; T. Randolph's *Aristippus*; *Papers of Thomas Woodcock* (Camd. Soc.).

describes what was equally characteristic of Oxford. And so perhaps does the sequel. In the height of his triumph his Tutor met him. 'Now thou thinks thyself a Witt and a brave fellow,' he remarked sourly, 'thou 'lt be courted to their drunken company and undone.' 'No,' says he, 'I think myself a great deal worse than in the morning, having only showed that I can play the fool to please Boys.'

Such a scene, such a misgiving, and such a reassurance could only have occurred at a moment when Logic and Rhetoric were something more than prescribed studies. They were in fact, for a large number of scholars, the staple amusement. Even the farce of initiation inflicted on the freshmen at Merton took the form of speechifying or chop-logic;¹ and the typical scholar, as he appears in the character-writings of the period, exhibits the same over-specialization both of mind and body that we associate with that later sporting type, the professional 'bruiser'. 'His whole life is spent in pro and contra,' says Overbury. 'His fist is cluncht with the habite of disputing,' says Earle. He would lie in wait in the College grove for 'some Codshead or other', and jump out upon him like a Mohawk.² He was in fact the professor of a 'noble art', a sort of intellectual bravo; and although actual 'fighting in the Schools and other times in the streets' may not have been as widely prevalent in Corbett's day as it was in Wood's, it was no uncommon thing, when Christ Church were 'coursing' with Exeter, to see a mass of struggling and vociferous young men pouring down the steps of the Schools into the road, and carrying before them disputants, proctors, beadles, and even sometimes the Vice-Chancellor himself. The excitement was tremendous. 'Hold my gown there, somebody,' cries Marprelate, 'that I may go roundly to work'; and one feels the heave of the 'tall raw-boned gentlemen' preparing to break the ring.³

Between the spirits buzzing up his Tutor's staircase and the syllogisms buzzing round the Hall fire, a lad fresh from

¹ Wood's *Life and Times*. Cf. *The Shaftesbury Papers* (1859).

² Aubrey's *Short Lives* (Chillingworth).

³ *Shaftesbury Papers*; *Hay any Worke for a Cooper?*

school must have found Oxford a good deal less cheerful at first than he had anticipated; and Peacham gives a pathetic glimpse of 'these young things of twelve, thirteene, or fourteene, that have no more care than to expect the next carrier, and where to sup on Fridayes and Fasting-nights: no further thought of study than to trimme up their studies with Pictures, and place the fairest Bookes in openest view, which, poor Lads, they scarce ever opened, or understand not'.¹

Logic and Rhetoric were dry meat for such babes; and it is not surprising if, after having been compelled to drink a glass of salt and water in Aristotle's honour, and to have his chin well flayed by the thumb-nail of one of his too hearty disciples,² the freshman should have felt disposed to seek the refreshment of some suaver philosophy, more compatible with manicure.

This was easy enough to find. Although the scholar-disputant was still perhaps the predominant type of undergraduate, he was no longer the leader of undergraduate fashion. The sixty years that had elapsed since Wolsey's chancellorship had seen the rise of the 'gentleman commoner', the gay young man of family, who went in 'boots and spurs', wore his hair 'undecently long', called himself 'a man of his sword', and who, when he had occasion to visit the proctor for keeping late hours, was met with a kind smile and inquiries after his father.³ To him the clamour of the Schools was ridiculous, and 'scholar' a term of abuse. He might, perhaps, like the young Achitophel of Exeter, descend into the arena with a bodyguard and direct operations,—

Pleas'd with the danger when the waves ran high.

But it was in the spirit of condescension with which he might patronize a local cocking match. His attitude was contemptuous; his pose that of 'the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, among the Goths'; and he already cherished

¹ *The Compleat Gentleman*, ch. iv.

² *Wood's Life; Shaftesbury Papers*.

³ *Laud's Injunctions in 1631; Rawlinson MS. 859; Verney Memoirs*, i. 100.

the opinion, which by Aubrey's time had become general, that disputing was an 'epidemic evil' of the age, 'unmanly and boyish'.¹ In a place abandoned to the Humanities he felt himself to be, and perhaps really was, a humanizing influence. He dabbled a little in poetry or heraldry or mathematics, kept a horse and greyhounds, attended the fencing and dancing schools, ran up exorbitant bills at Mrs. Gabriel's, and for philosophical exercise contented himself with maintaining in the tavern of an evening that 'the many errors that have crept into Philosophy are sprung from no other causes than small Beere and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack-drinking better studded, we should have fewer Gownes and more Schollars'.²

Such jovial philosophers were sure of a following of some kind, for by making poor scholars free of the buttery-book they could surround themselves with what was practically a body of retainers.³ Many a time had poor Simon Forman been sent running out to Shotover to borrow the keeper's hound for Sir John Thornborough, or plodding with 'bottle and bag' to Cowley when his master was courting Bess Lawrence.

But it was not only by their wealth that these gay triflers exerted an influence. At the moment when the leading English wit had chosen a tavern-chair for his throne their convivial abandon infected even the most intelligent. 'The vice of Oxford Scholars,' says Corbett's contemporary, Christopher Guise, 'is their frequenting tipling houses; and commonly that liberty is taken by the most ingeniose. I was inclined to poetry and all ingeniose studies, the scrapps of which dropt in at our comutations. There we censur'd and extoll'd whom we pleased; and the title of ingeniose was a sugred sop that gave a good relish to all concomitant qualities, and made us swallow licentiousnesse and, by consequence, idlenesse.'⁴

The expense of these amenities was met by a familiar computation :

¹ Aubrey on Chillingworth.

² T. Randolph's *Aristippus*.

³ *Shaftesbury Papers; Diary of Simon Forman*.

⁴ *Autobiography* (Camd. Soc.).

Imprimis for an Aristotle
 Which we compounded for a bottle;
 An Euclid which away did packe
 Into the element of sacke.
 Item a Vossius Rhetorique
 Bought just for such another trick;
 For wanting coyne for drinke, we gave him
 Where all his rhetorique could not save him.¹

The loss of time was more serious. But many of the ablest scholars were in desperate straits; and there was probably always some one like 'that noted sophister and remarkable courser', William George, who was ready for a consideration 'to make the exercize of dull or lazie scholars'. 'He looked elderly,' says Wood, 'and was cynical and hirsute in his behaviour.'²

Whether Corbett had his William George does not appear,³ but there is no doubt that it was among these gilded 'ingeniose' that he found the company he liked and the pose that suited him. It is shown not only by the tendency of the manuscripts to credit him with such verses as Jonson's 'In praise of Sack' or 'Come with your voices let us war', but also by direct allusion. 'His rhymes,' says a detractor in 1623,

endeared his former times
 To tapsters, ostlers, and that mouthy crew
 Of sovereign Bacchus' witty mates. 'Tis true
 His wanton youth and verse hath made them merry
 And serv'd to draw down white Canary Sherry,
 And by some was then deemed borne for nought
 But to employ some Ballad-singer's throat.⁴

A regrettable phase in the evolution of a bishop, and all that a biographer can do is to point out that there is no

¹ *How Oxford Scholars spent their time* (Roxb. Ballads, VIII. ii. 93).

² *Life and Times*, i. 243.

³ The Latin verses fathered by Corbett, *In natalitium Caroli expressa*, 1630, are ascribed in the well-informed Corpus MS. 325 to W. S. (i. e. William Strode), and an English version is ascribed to R. Ox. Apparently Corbett wrote what he had got to say in English and made his chaplain translate it.

⁴ *An Apologetick ryme* (MS. Addit. 21433).

mention here of ale. Corbett was only once charged with being an ale-drinker, and then he very properly resented it.¹ For ale was a vile and heretical liquor sold in those low kitchens and cook-shops where down-at-heel sizars and precise godly youths in old stuffed breeches of the Queen's days went to sup off a penny pudding and their commons of bread which they brought with them. Ale smacked not merely of low company but of that more fatal thing, smug company; and to be known as a frequenter of ale-houses in the evening was to forfeit all claim to undergraduate elegance.²

Corbett clearly never laid himself open to criticism on that score. He went with wits and gentlemen to one of the taverns where they could get their Canary, talk 'fine and far off', and imagine themselves at the 'Mermaid' or the 'Devil'. As for the taste for low company which his critic seems to lay to his charge, it was an affection perfectly compatible with the Jacobean conception of wit, and at Oxford it was particularly easy to acquire, even within the college gates.

The college servants, upon whose goodwill, not to say companionship, the poor scholar was dependent to a degree now not easy to conceive, were on the whole, no doubt, the excellent body of men that they are still. But in the seventeenth century they were sometimes appointed for what would now be considered frivolous reasons; and when one contemplates that extraordinary portrait of the noted ballad-singer employed as a scullion at Christ Church somewhat later in the century—a sinister, loose-lipped scoundrel, with a platter tucked thievishly under his arm—one feels that Oxford afforded wider educational facilities for the young than appeared in the statutes. What visions of Picaresque adventure must his vagabond songs have called up, and what a map of England must have been unfolded in his talk! Fascinating enough to the poor student who, when funds ran low and the exhibition promised by his friends was in arrears, was still sometimes compelled to take to the road himself, and, with nothing in

¹ See *Dr. Price's Answer* and *A Reply* among Corbett's poems.

² Peacham's *The Worth of a Penny* (English Garner, pp. 391, 399); Beaumont's *Poems*; Butler's *Hudibras*, i. 661.

his pocket but the Vice-Chancellor's license to beg, become for a month or more the associate of Autolycus and Edgeworth. The ludicrous plight of Arthur Sackfeld, brought before the justices at Warwick in 1580 for being found in shady company, and the lamentable history of the groat which he had borrowed from one of the women to pay for the mending of his breeches, may perhaps be the fruit of such scullionly associations.¹ But the lure of the high road and of its motley pageant needed no interpreter for a generation that had read Harman or Greene, and the roving habits of the Oxford scholar (part of his traditional character as a disputant) were as the solace of boredom even when they were not excused by poverty.

When the first flush of novelty had faded and the freshman, as Wither says, had taken the usual

month's vacation

In noting of the place's situation,

he began to find time hang heavy on his hands. Events which seen from a distance had seemed to crowd the year were found to be separated by undeniable spaces of time. There were the assizes, of course, when he might drink up the free beer provided for the witnesses;² and there were the subsequent executions in Castle Yard which he attended to keep up the good old custom of stoning the hangman.³ There was also St. Scholastica's day, when he might stand and boo the Mayor and Aldermen going in procession to St. Mary's to hear sermon. But these after all were childish amusements, and a sophister grew tired of showing his nascent manhood by chucking dairy-maids under the chin at Peniless Bench⁴ (the recognized place for that pursuit), or by making sheep's eyes through the bottom of his glass at that more practised sisterhood employed in the taverns.⁵ Not that hearts were

¹ *The Book of John Fisher, 1580-1588* (ed. Kemp), pp. 3-5.

² Verses 'Upon Sheriff Sandbourn' in *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

³ Letter of Marie Baskerville in Rawlinson MS. 859.

⁴ Wood's *City of Oxford* (ed. Clark), i. 477, ii. 86.

⁵ 'Soe that the youth of Oxford are like to leopards, to whome Bachus shewes the face of Venus in a glass, and thereby insnares them' (Guise's *Autobiography*).

always hard or beauty unapproachable, if Wither is to be trusted :

In summer time to Medley
My Love and I would go—

Medley, the old farm on the way to Godstow, where you might have cream and cakes and prunes and a boatman to row you about. Certainly an afternoon might be spent worse; and in the company of 'a waist exceeding small' it was wonderful how quickly the time passed.

As we walked home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather
O'er her I'd cast my gown.
No cold my Love should feel
Whate'er the heavens could do—

and besides, the proctors must have been in bed long ago.

But these things end in 'falero lero loo'. Not all the lilies and languors of Medley could compensate for the lack of organized sport or pastime. There was archery, of course, for the docile, and wrestling for the violent. It was also possible to run behind some young gentleman's beagles. But of organized sport for the ordinary man there seems to have been little. True, Wither has left it on record that he achieved 'some cunning with the tennis ball'; football, even the inter-collegiate aggravation of that 'bloody and murdering practise',¹ was played on frosty mornings by those who knew no better; and we hear of a kind of hockey, 'baculis salignis'. But this is only mentioned as one of the diversions of a picnic at Bullingdon Green (near Cowley), which included swimming, fishing, tumbling in the hay, snaring grass-hoppers, and weaving trim-trams of rushes or coronals of flowers.² A tedious innocence broods over the scene, betraying the presence of some Arcadian Tutor, and we may be sure that men like Corbett were not there. For them wandering of some kind, often the kind that includes a little poaching, was the chief resource. They wandered out to Wolvercot in the

¹ Overbury, *A Meer Scholer*; Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*.

² *Oxonium: Poema*, by F. Vernon, 1667.

hopes of bagging a goose. They crept out at night by Our Lady of the Wall and Milham causeway to flutter the doves-cots of Cowley.¹ Blake, the admiral to be, went snaring His Majesty's swans on the backwaters;² Guise 'made a disguised journey or masquerade, as the French call it, about England in a playne freeze suit'; Wood and his companions dressed up as strolling fiddlers, and wandered into north Oxfordshire playing for the dancers on village greens; and the famous 'youth of Glanvil's page' wandered into another epoch and became immortal.

That Corbett had contracted the prevailing habit seems clear from Aubrey's anecdote:

'After he was D. of Divinity he sang ballads at the cross at Abingdon on a market-day. He and some of his camerades were at the tavern by the crosse (which by the way was then the finest of England; I remember it when I was a freshman . . .). The ballad singer complained he had no custome, he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Doctor puts off his gowne, and putts on the ballad singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and had a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.'

He tells us himself that he 'had sung John Dory in his youth'. 'Chivie and Arthur and the Siege of Gaunt' had also been included in his repertory;³ so it was perhaps not the first time that he had donned a ballad-singer's coat and called fools into a circle. But the reader of his verse needs no anecdote to convince him of the vagabond streak in Corbett's character. All his considerable copies of verses are concerned with a jaunt of some kind, and the England that he describes in the *Iter Boreale* is the wandering ballad-singer's England, in which Gog and Magog are veritable antiquities, Bevis and Sir Guy something better than mythical heroes, and the fairies something much more than moonshine. True, the scholar in him mocks at these things, but his fancy is not abashed. He chose Divinity as his bride, but his Muse remained a sun-tanned doxy of the high road, and as Sir Roger observed, 'the jades have very white teeth'.

¹ Wood's *Life and Times* (Clark), i. 457; *City of Oxford*, i. 414.

² Aubrey's *Short Lives*.

³ See his verses *To Lord Mordaunt*.

How soon Corbett acquired his reputation for wit is uncertain. He took his B.A. in 1603 and his M.A. in 1605, 'being then', says Wood, 'esteemed one of the most celebrated wits in the University, as his poems, jests, romantic fancies, and exploits, which he made and performed extempore, showed'. But this is not the suggestion of the MSS. Nothing attributed to him there, except some wretched lines on Cuffe's execution,¹ can be dated earlier than 1609, and nothing of which I have found more than two transcripts earlier than 1612. Moreover the only one of Aubrey's anecdotes that can belong to a period as early as 1605 presents him in a distinctly unfavourable light.

'One time he and some of his acquaintance being merry at Fryer Bacon's study (where was good liquor sold) they were drinking on the leads of the house, and one of the scholars was asleepe, and had a paire of good silke stockings on. Dr Corbet (then MA if not BD) gott a paire of cizers and cut them full of little holes, but when the other awaked, and perceived how and by whom he was abused, he did chastise him and made him pay for them.'

It seems charitable to hope, and indeed reasonable to suppose that Corbett's 'celebrity' came later, at a time when he had given proof of some more serious purpose in life than cutting holes in stockings.

From the verses addressed to Sir Thomas Aylesbury it would appear that his personal friends during the earlier part of his Oxford career were mathematicians; and though Aubrey infers too much when he says that he had 'knowledge of analytical learning' himself, it is likely enough that he was for a time attracted by mathematical studies. Apart from their fascination for the earnest student they were, as Peacham shows, very fashionable among the 'young gentlemen' for their bearing upon the art of war. Even an idle

¹ In Rawlinson MS. 1350. The verses seem to have been written by some one on the spot; and as the execution took place during term it is doubtful if Corbett can have been present. But Cuffe had been Professor of Greek; and it is possible that special facilities were granted to students who wished to attend.

fellow like Christopher Guise, who came of a distinguished fighting stock, would dabble in mathematics when he would do nothing else; and nowhere were the polite associations of this engaging science more splendidly exemplified than among Corbett's contemporaries at Christ Church. Among the freshmen entered there in 1603 was the fifteen-year-old Francis Stuart, kinsman to His Majesty and brother-in-law of the great Lord Howard. He arrived with all the pomp of a grant from the Privy Purse and a special travelling allowance, and the statutes bowed before him. He was granted a dispensation from his 'circuitus' in 1605 on the ground that being 'valetudinarius' he was prevented 'per frigoris inclementiam' from paying the formal round of visits. Term was actually prolonged by four days in 1607 in order that the same 'nobilissimus juvenis, brevi ab Academia discessurus' might complete his course by disputing 'in Austins'. He was destined for a public career, became a sea-captain, took his prizes, had his affairs of honour, and fades from view in 1623 on the deck of his flag-ship, the *St. George*, conveying to Spain the 'ambling nags' and 'tilting furniture' intended for the use of Prince Charles.

But his life was not all 'like a romanzo'. In private he was noted as 'a learned gentleman', who read at Bodley's library, knew the great Hariot personally, and (perhaps already) had the *entré* at Sion House and the Devil Tavern.¹ Small wonder if Corbett dallied for a time with notions of a pursuit that promised such gallant company, or if he cast upon this serious and speculative young man a somewhat serious and speculative eye. But the gleam faded. It was his friend Aylesbury who became secretary to the youth's brother-in-law, the Earl of Nottingham, and Corbett gave up any mathematical project that may have amused his fancy.

After all there were good reasons why a man of his position and attainments should seek a career in the Church. The scholar who devoted himself to research ended as the pensioner of a noble lord, like Hariot at Sion House; and the scholar

¹ Clark's *Register*; Calendar State Papers Dom., 1603-1623; Aubrey's *Short Lives*.

who meddled in the affairs of the great might end on the scaffold, like Cuffe; an awful example of

Those two mysterious things, Greek and Pretence.¹

Corbett had pondered the case of Cuffe, and it must have helped to convince him that it was only in the service of the Church that a scholar of ordinary ability like himself could secure a status and hope for a competence. There were shocking tales, it was true, of clergymen who had been driven to post up their names on the door of Paul's among those of grooms and porters.² But even that was better than blood and sawdust. Besides, times were changing. The King, who visited Christ Church in the very year when Corbett was trying to decide upon his future, had strong views on the subject of a scholar's career, as he showed not long afterwards in the case of Donne, and Corbett must soon have known in which quarter the wind of preferment sat. But he seems to have been in no hurry to take the plunge. It was not until some four years had passed, and not until a new note of excitement had become audible in the theological disputations of the place, that this 'mad lad' and 'good fellow' turned to the serious study of Divinity.

In 1610 the Anglican sentiment, which for some time past had been straining at the fetters imposed upon it by established Protestant doctrine, scored a notable point in the election of Laud as President of St. John's; and in the next year the move was countered by the appointment to the Divinity chair of Robert Abbot, brother of the archbishop and an uncompromising Calvinist. In Jacobean Oxford the effect of these appointments was as though some warning voice had cried 'Seconds out of the ring!'. The two conflicting principles not only of theological doctrine but, as a few years were to show, of civil and political life now stood confronted, and even the student who had no taste for academic disputation must have found a certain sporting interest in the University sermons at that date. To listen

¹ Cartwright's *Poems* (to Killigrew); cf. Osborn's *Advice to a Son*.

² Whitgift, *Defence of the Answer to the Admonition*.

awe-struck while Laud expounded the doctrine of the Real Presence, skating, as every freshman knew, on the thinnest of thin ice; and then, on the following Sunday, to quail beneath Abbot's thunderous denunciations of Papistical error—these were thrills which Paris Garden itself could not supply. Feeling ran high, argument became vociferous, and the excitement raised in the University Church was soon carried into the Divinity School, where it found expression in a certain bravado on the part of the candidates. The dramatic moment described in *The Life of Heylyn*¹ when the candidate sends out for a book in order to convict the Regius Professor of having derived his knowledge of the Articles from a contaminated source, may serve to show the electrical condition of the atmosphere in which Corbett pursued his studies. And it was not long before he declared himself; for 'preaching the Passion sermon at Christ Church (1613) he insisted on the article of Christ's descending into Hell, and therein grated upon Calvin's manifest perverting of the true sense and meaning of it; for which he was so rattled up by the Repetitioner (Dr. Robert Abbot) that if he had not been a man of very great courage, it might have made him afraid of staying in the University. This, it was generally conceived, was not done without the Archbishop's setting on; but the best was that none sunk under the burthen of these oppressions, if (like the camomile) they did not rise the higher by it.'²

To play the camomile was not perhaps difficult for one who had played other parts, but to give Corbett his due, the incident represents something real in the man. With all his foppery and child's play he had, as his writings show, an instinctive sentiment for the past which owed nothing to doctrinal opinion. Perhaps it had been awakened by that note of wild regret which becomes audible at times even in the most cock-sure of the Protestant ballads,³ or perhaps he had by this time rambled about the Oxford by-ways with the

¹ By George Vernon, 1682, p. 58.

² Heylyn's *Cyprianus Anglicus*, 1668, p. 68.

³ e. g. Deloney, *Pleasant Dialogue* (*Works*, ed. Mann, p. 351).

antiquary, Dr. Leonard Hutten, and had allowed his gentle eager gossip about St. Eldad or St. Ebba to 'enter unawares into his mind'. But, however evoked, the sentiment was real, and combining with a certain native fastidiousness constituted his 'humour'. He was a little like the Reverend Doctor Folliott in Peacock's novel, and had all that more learned gentleman's contempt for 'the march of mind', if it meant the obliteration of ancient decorum. The spectacle of a dilapidated church, or of coffins used as horse-troughs,¹ raised in him an emotion which was not merely the grief of a convinced churchman, but had in it the wrath of a conscientious sergeant-major. It was impossible not to be disgusted by a cause which seemed to make slovenliness the badge of godliness, and in Corbett's deliberations disgust was probably the decisive factor. In the ideal of Beauty and Holiness held up by Laud he found the satisfaction of a profound instinct, and he began (like that juggler who performed before the altar) to see that in the situation of the Church at the moment even his rough-and-tumble accomplishments might serve a purpose. He never took himself very seriously as a scholar, never pretended to 'learning' in the contemporary sense,² never published a sermon or wrote a marginal reference; but from 1615 onwards the intermittent gibing of his scrannel pipe might be heard above the growing rumble of controversy like the voice of a starling mocking thunder.

Meanwhile he had begun to take a more prominent part in University affairs. In 1612 he was elected Junior Proctor, and delivered the official oration upon the death of Prince Henry, when as Wood says, 'he very oratorically speeched it in St. Maries Church before a numerous auditory'. In March of the next year he performed a similar ceremony in the Divinity School upon the death of Sir Thomas Bodley. In 1615 he was one of the Oxford men who witnessed the King's entertainment at Cambridge, and scored a notable success

¹ *Iter Boreale*, l. 491, &c.

² See his epitaph *On Dr. Donne*. In a letter to Buckingham (Rawlinson MS.) he describes himself as one 'whose industry hath bin ever better then his Learninge'.

with his ballad on the subject.¹ In the next year we find him recommended for election to the Chelsea College for the training of polemical Divines. Hence by the time he took his B.D. on the 8th May 1617, there is no doubt that Corbett was a man of mark in the University.

During the same period he had begun the serious pursuit of a patron. His old schoolfellow, Aylesbury, now the Earl of Nottingham's secretary, had no doubt done what he could to hold the door ajar for his friend, and Corbett had begun to make the most of his opportunity. An elegy on the Earl's son, William Howard, an address to his son-in-law, Lord Mordaunt, and lavish expressions of regard for his brother-in-law, Sir Francis Stuart,² indicate clearly enough the direction of his hopes. That he regarded Nottingham as his patron in an official sense is evident from the letter to Buckingham in 1624,³ and we may therefore surmise that he owed to the Earl's good offices his appointment in 1617, or a little earlier, as one of His Majesty's chaplains. But it is probable that any other benefits accruing to Corbett from his suit in that quarter were due less to the Earl than to his brother-in-law.

Sir Francis who, after taking his B.A., had left Oxford to become a privateersman and a patron of Ben Jonson, made a brilliant reappearance in Oxford in July 1616 to receive his M.A., and no doubt to spend some of the bounty-money due to him by feasting his old acquaintance in the manner usual on such occasions.⁴ No record of the affair seems to have survived; the twenty-third of Jonson's *Leges conviviales* must have been duly observed. But with a gallant young sea-dog and K.B. in the chair, the reunion can hardly have failed to be a roaring success. And two subsequent events may perhaps have some connexion with that festive episode: one, the appointment of Corbett's young

¹ *Liber Novus*.

² *A Letter to Sir Thomas Aylesbury*, l. 3. Marginal note in Ashmole MS. 313, 'Stuart'.

³ Gilchrist's edition, p. xx.

⁴ He took his M.A. on 9th July. The money was paid him on 20th July (Cal. State Papers).

friend, Barten Holyday, as the young knight's chaplain,¹ and the other, Corbett's meeting with Ben Jonson.

It seems to have been generally inferred from Jonson's epitaph on Corbett's father that in 1619 the two poets were old friends. But the epitaph, when examined, suggests a very different conclusion. It contains no hint of any lengthy acquaintance with the son, and it describes the father as an old man whose infirmities had already so seriously affected his speech that Jonson 'understood him scant'. This may have been a chronic ailment, but it is more characteristic of an old man's last illness, and it affords at least a presumption that Jonson did not make the acquaintance of Corbett's father until shortly before his death in 1619. If this is accepted the case for a long acquaintance with the son, which seems to depend entirely upon the assumption that Jonson was an old friend of the family, falls to the ground; and we are the freer to believe the tradition which represents their first meeting as having taken place when Corbett was already a Doctor.

'Ben: Johnson was at a taverne and in comes Bishope Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome; Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, gives it the tapster: "Sirrha," says he, "carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him." The fellow did so, and in those words. "Friend," says Dr. Corbett, "I thank him for his love, but pr'ythee tell him from me hee's mistaken, for sacrifices are allwayes *burnt*.'" ²

The anecdote is worth little, but in default of other evidence it seems reasonable to admit its suggestion and to suppose that the meeting took place in 1617 or 1618, when as we know from the letter to Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Corbett was on very cordial terms with a prominent member of Jonson's 'sodalitie'.

It cannot, however, have occurred later than June 1618, for when Jonson started for Scotland in that month, he had already accepted the invitation of 'Dr. Corbett and other poets of the University' to visit Oxford on his return and

¹ Wood's *Athenae* (Bliss), iii. 521.

² L'Estrange's *Anecdotes*, No. 222.

receive a degree.¹ The meeting therefore, which seems to have followed so closely upon Sir Francis Stuart's visit to Oxford, was apparently followed almost at once by activities on Jonson's behalf, and one cannot but suspect a concatenation of events with Corbett as the connecting link. The degree was duly given. Jonson returned in May 1619, visited Oxford, and 'continuing some time in Christ Church . . . was as a member thereof actually created M of A' on the 19th July. It was probably while resident in Christ Church that as an expression of good will to his host he wrote the epitaph on Corbett's father, whose death had taken place on the 29th May, and whom he had probably met just before his northern journey.

Meanwhile a most important change had taken place in Corbett's prospects. In 1618 Nottingham had been succeeded at the Admiralty by 'great Phœbus' Darling' himself, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Aylesbury had been retained at his post. The door to preferment swung open 'on harmonious hinges moving'.

Hitherto he had been able to make little headway in that direction, for Nottingham was an old man who had seen better days and better wits. But this amiable youth of twenty-two, elated, intoxicated, even a little frightened by his sudden rise to power, and apt to betray his sense of being in a difficult position by 'a most flowing courtesy to any that made any address to him',² what chance could he have against the jovial humour, the ready wit, and the discreetly avuncular manner which Corbett's age and cassock entitled him to use? Details have not survived, but so well did Corbett exploit his opportunities that, when the deanery of Christ Church fell vacant at the end of 1620, he had already been able to stake a claim. 'I have forgot the story,' says Aubrey, 'but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it, Dr. Corbett putt a pretty trick on him to let him take a journey on purpose to London for it, when he had already the grant of it.'

¹ Wood's *Athenae*, ii. 613. Cf. Drummond's *Conversations*.

² Clarendon.

That there was material for a story of some kind is only too probable, for the race for patronage under King James seems to have produced some of the manners and morals of a 'gold rush'. Whether Corbett was guilty of sharp practice or merely of a hoax, and whether his repayment to Buckingham was in 'excellent wit', as Aubrey says, or, as his enemies hinted, in something more ponderable must remain an open question;¹ but there can be no doubt that he owed his success to Buckingham's influence with the King. The complacency of his 'New Year's Gift' will bear no other interpretation.²

Indeed Corbett had reason to be pleased with himself, and as he passed through the cheering crowd at the ceremony of his installation on the 24th June he must have heaved a deep sigh of relief. It had not all been plain sailing. For one thing he looked too young for such an appointment to eyes familiar with the venerable aspect of Dean Goodwin. 'The very school-boys', says an eyewitness, 'stopped bowling their hoops in amazement at seeing a Dean so like themselves.'³ And then, as if this were not enough, there had been the episode of Mistress Mallett.

This inopportune lady was apparently the relict of the worthy Robert Mallett who, starting in life as the Vice-Chancellor's man-servant, had, partly by the judicious exercise of an ale-license, attained at his death in 1612 a very respectable position in All Saints parish. His widow, after devoting some eight years to his memory, had at last definitely decided that it was time to blossom out anew; and as ill luck would have it, she seems to have chosen the very moment when the grant of the deanery was in suspense to set her cap at Corbett. 'You cannot imagine', says Sir Roger, 'what it is to have to do with a widow.' Such was her determination, and such her contempt for the rules governing this kind of civilized warfare, that she had more than once

¹ *An Apologetick ryme* (MS. Addit. 21433).

² Harleian MS. 1221 (a holograph) is subscribed 'Christ Church this present new yeares day 1621'.

³ *In Admissione Decani Corbet Oratio* (Corpus MS. 325).

made a descent upon Christ Church in full battle order, and actually beleaguered Corbett in his rooms.¹ This sudden irruption of broad farce at the most ticklish moment of a negotiation which already, perhaps, showed a certain list towards comedy, might easily have wrecked Corbett's hopes; and he had some excuse for violent language. But the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows. On the day when he entered Christ Church in state this unhappy but unlamented lady had been dead just a fortnight, and the sight of her formidable periwig on sentry-go in the cloisters would confine him to his rooms no more. Dean he was in spite of everything; and it was in a spirit of triumphant good humour that, after a month spent in settling himself in the Deanery, he set out in August, with Dr. Leonard Hutten and two younger friends, upon his celebrated jaunt to Newark.

The verses that he wrote on this occasion (the *Iter Boreale* and the more famous ballad on Hutten's old servant, William Churn),² seem to have set the seal upon his poetical reputation, which now stood absurdly high. 'Dr. Donne is to be Dean of St. Paul's,' says a letter-writer of 1621, 'so that if Ben Jonson should be Dean of Westminster, St. Paul's, Westminster, and Christ Church would each have a poetical Dean.'³ To be ranked with Donne, even in jest, was a serious matter, and Corbett seems to have made some efforts to live down his too festive reputation.

'Tis blame to think him what he was, his coat's
A cassock, Worth hath killed his wilder oats.
His former times, believe't, he now disdains
As much as Calvin or the Puritanes.⁴

So writes a satirist a little later; and obviously the man from whom Buckingham was demanding secret advice on

¹ Clark's *Register*, and verses on Mrs. Mallet by Brian Duppa in Sloane MS. 1446.

² Wood MS. 19 of the *Iter Boreale*, l. 117, marginal note: 'Old William, Dr. Hutten's man.' Cf. Clark's *Register*, i. 399, where the 'famulus Dris Hutten' is 'William Charme'. See *N.E.D.* churn, chirme, charme.

³ Cal. State Papers Dom.

⁴ *An Apologetick ryme.*

points of religion was bound to be as grave as he could.¹ But it was uphill work. He had cronies, companions of the past, who were the very stuff that jokes are made of; indeed he might almost have said with Prince Hal that he was haunted by a devil 'in the likeness of a fat old man'. 'Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies', says Aubrey, 'He was a jolly fat doctor and a very good housekeeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinary deepe dirty lane), the coach fell, and Corbet said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.'

Even when he was trying his best to be dignified something ridiculous was sure to happen. There was the affair at Woodstock in 1622. All the absurdities of that unfortunate day were charged to his account. 'Here be certain verses of Dr. Corbet,' writes the garrulous John Chamberlain, 'who preaching before the King at Woodstocke last sommer was so gravelled that he was faine to give over; neither had he better luck in his play then in his preaching, for thinckinge to mend the matter with a comedie of the mariage of the Arts, it proved so tedious, as well for the matter as the action, that the King indured it with great impatience, whereupon the very boyes and children flouted it with a rime.'² Now except, possibly, for some foolish comic business with an ape made of clouts, of which no trace appears in Holyday's printed text, Corbett was entirely innocent in the matter of the comedy.³ It was only the sermon that could fairly be laid to his charge, and his misadventure there was simply the result of trying to rise to the occasion.

It seems to have been his first appearance before King James in the capacity of dean, and as a final touch to a careful toilette he had tied to the strings of his band a ring, no doubt

¹ *An answer to certaine propositions controverted atwixt us and the Papists by Dr. Corbett* (Rawlinson MS. 853), with a covering letter dated 'Christ Church this 2 of Jan.' (? 1622).

² Statham, *A Jacobean Letter Writer*, p. 91.

³ *On Christ Church Play acted at Woodstocke*, by Heylyn (MS. Addit. 21433).

that signet, bearing the *raven passant* of the Shropshire Corbetts, with which about this time he sealed his letter to Buckingham.¹ Unfortunately his consciousness of this adornment resulted in a gesture which was regarded as typical of an absent mind.² In the course of his sermon he was observed to be 'twirling' his band-strings. Somebody, no doubt, tittered. And then, through the infernal powers of suggestion (or the malice, perhaps, of some vexed Salopian ghost), the gesture induced the very thing that it typified, and Corbett was 'gravelled'. It was not long before the song mentioned by Chamberlain was going the round of the Oxford taverns:

A reverend Deane
 With his band starch'd cleane
 Preach'd lately before the King.
 A ring there was spied
 At his band-strings tied,
 Was not y^t a pretty thing?

 The ring without doubt
 Was the thing put him out
 That he forgot what was next;
 And all that were there
 Will say (I dare swear)
 He handled it more than his text.

But Corbett could afford to let them laugh. The Duke was his friend, and he had found at least one other person in the world to take him seriously. This was Alice Hutten, the only daughter of his antiquarian friend the archdeacon, a pale and fragile girl whose quiet ways seemed to have charmed her husband's friends, and whose remarkable beauty was still remembered in Aubrey's day. Corbett married her probably in 1625, though the exact date is not known, and presumably took her to the 'pretty house' which Aubrey says he built for himself on the causeway beyond Grandpont or Folly Bridge. But she was not destined to accompany him far upon his way, and after bearing him a daughter, Alice, and a son, Vincent,³

¹ Rawlinson MS. 853.

² See Selden's *Table Talk* ('Poetry'), and Drummond's *Conversations* ('Burleigh').

³ Born on the 10th November 1627 (Rawlinson MS. 398).

died of the small-pox¹ and was buried at Westminster on the 12th April 1628.²

Four months later, in order to make room at Christ Church for Brian Duppa, who had gained the ear of the Earl of Dorset and was beginning to emulate the camomile in his turn,³ Corbett was promoted to the See of Oxford. It was the last occasion upon which Buckingham can have served his interest. The Royal letter is dated the 13th August. Ten days later Felton struck his blow, and Corbett found himself in a very unsatisfactory position.

Oxford was one of the poorer bishoprics and the bishops, says Heylyn, had 'at that time had no house belonging to their Episcopal See, either in the city or in the country. . . . For though at the foundation of the Bishoprick of Oxford in the Abbey of Oseney the King appointed Gloucester Hall for the Bishop's Palace; yet when that foundation was dissolved, and the Bishop's See removed to Christ Church, the grant of Gloucester Hall was dissolved also.'⁴ It was, in fact, an uncomfortable See; and in accepting it Corbett had probably made it pretty clear that he was of his predecessor. Bishop Parker's opinion, who had replied to congratulations with 'Prithee, I did not take this for a saddle, I only meant it as a stirrup'.⁵

But by the sudden death of Buckingham he was caught with his foot in this stirrup, and Heaven only knew who would give him a leg up now. To make matters worse the King issued instructions in 1629 by which all bishops were ordered to reside in their several Sees and to 'keep up such a port and maintain such open hospitality', says Heylyn, as in some cases 'their Revenues could not bear'. It is clear from letters among the State Papers that Corbett was almost at his wit's end to satisfy the demands made upon him by the King's instructions. He meditates a forcible entry into

¹ *In Dominam Aliciam Corbet, Epitaphia* (Corpus MS. 325).

² Westminster Abbey Registers, 1871.

³ Wood's *Athenae*, iii. 541.

⁴ *Cyprianus Anglicus*, p. 188.

⁵ *Table Talk of Bishop Hough* (Oxford Hist. Soc., *Collect.*, ii. 393).

Gloucester Hall, and writes to sound Secretary Dorchester on the subject, hinting that 'if it were in his possession, as it is injuriously kept from him, there were no question but he might challenge his immunity by Act of Parliament'. At the same time he is pressing for the remission of his first-fruits, 'that he might not complain, as the old Roman did—"Duas res diversissimas conjunxi, invidiam et egestatem"—the envy of a Bishop and the wants of a poor curate'. But the Court seems to have been curiously deaf to his demands in 1629, and it is not without a trace of anxiety that he writes in June to ask 'in what grace he stands with his Majesty, and whether his friends say true or not that he has rather lost a Deanery than got a Bishopric'.

Wood's opinion that he was 'in some respects unworthy of such an office' was probably held by many of his contemporaries, and the world was getting a little tired of his 'boys' play'. 'Dr. Corbet has not forgotten his old trade,' says a letter of this year, 'I have heard he was a ballad-singer when he was a mad lad at Oxford, and now he is the grave Bishop of Oxford he is turned a ballad-maker.'¹ Some echo of these verses, whatever they were, may have reached the Court and retarded the success of his applications in 1629. I surmise that the business of the first-fruits was at length settled to his satisfaction, for in August of the next year Dorchester is asking a favour of Corbett—nothing less than the arrangement of a pew in Brightwell church for his wife. 'The place where a woman's pew already stands were the fittest for a divided pew, one for herself and the other for her women; and it would be more convenient if the pulpit were removed to the other side of the church, with the pew made for Mrs. Howson, whereby all would be well accommodated.'

Without some claim upon his gratitude Dorchester would hardly have made a request so unpalatable to a man of Corbett's principles. For he was now an outspoken Reformer—the typical 'mitred Lord' of Puritan night-mare—laying

¹ Cal. State Papers Dom.

about him right and left,¹ and wagging a comminatory finger at all symptoms of laxity or schism. The tirade that he delivered from the pulpit at the consecration of Lincoln College chapel 'is a sufficient example', says the editor, 'of how the bitterness of party strife thrust itself into what ought to have been most dignified and altogether reverent. . . . He mimics the phraseology of the extremists, the altar is "a dresser", the ceremonies of the communion service are "apish cringing", the storied windows "a little brittle superfluity".'² In short, the mask of the 'jolly Doctor' has fallen, disclosing the grim frontlets of the law.

To what extent this access of Apostolic severity was the reflection of private grief and perplexities is uncertain, but candour must not conceal the fact that it was a very sound piece of tactics. If he were to wait until his reputation as a scholar or his merits as a saint procured him a translation—lifted him from the stirrup to the saddle—he might probably wait a lifetime, as he very well knew. He had Laud to deal with now, not Buckingham. His one chance of promotion lay in the role of the faithful centurion, the mere fighting-man who can carry out his orders without fear or question, and exact the same obedience from the men at his command. For this he had some natural qualifications, and so well did he play the part that, when in 1632 the death of White left Norwich without a bishop, the militant reputation that he had won gave him a special claim to be considered for the succession.

Partly owing to the tolerant character of previous bishops, but chiefly to its geographical position, the diocese of Norwich had been for a generation at least a place of retreat for the hunted Puritan conscience. Huguenot refugees, Brownists, even Familists had been able within living memory to form congregations there, and the spirits of the sectarian element were continually refreshed, if indeed their numbers were not actually recruited, by seasonal visitations from overseas.

¹ 'One time as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, "Beare off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staffe"' (Aubrey).

² Oxford Hist. Soc., *Collect.*, iv. 147.

Every few months Yarmouth was thrown into activity by the arrival of the herring-busses of the Hollanders, sixty or seventy sail, and the crowded jetties rang with chaffering in all the tongues of the Reformation.¹ Nor was the traffic wholly material. For by means of these same busses, or the less conspicuous pinks and hoys, it was easy for some exiled Tribulation Wholesome to appear in the midst of his disconsolate flock, and after words of comfortable exhortation, to return by the next tide to his temporary occultation. Verily herrings were the least of the comforts enjoyed by the faithful in those parts. Letters passed from hand to hand, the lights of the New Jerusalem glimmered in the offing, and to a godly nose the very sea-breeze carried a savour of zeal and Amsterdam. The result had been a certain laxity in the ecclesiastical tone of the diocese as a whole. The heaven had worked, or, as Laud would have put it, the rot had spread. Catechizing had been neglected; sermons had encroached upon the prayer-book service; seats encumbered the chancels, and massive curtained pews disfigured the aisles. All the familiar symptoms of the distemper were there, while in Norwich itself the bishop's chapel was actually occupied by a congregation of Walloons, and the very precinct hummed with the sound of enthusiastical fervours.²

Laud was already meditating his campaign of petitions and remonstrances to the States General against the harbouring of evicted ministers, and the unconscionable liberty allowed them in matters of Church discipline. But meanwhile, he must have felt, there was a work to be done in Norfolk and Suffolk. What the diocese needed was a spiritual dragonnade, and as he passed in mental review the possible instruments for such a task, Corbett's militant gesture must have caught and held his eye. Certainly there were men more conspicuous for severity of life and weight of learning; but there was hardly a man in England with a better sense of discipline, a quicker

¹ *England's Way to Win Wealth*, by Tobias Gentleman, 1614 (English Garner, ed. A. Lang).

² See Corbett's letter (Gilchrist, p. xxxvii), and Moens, *The Walloons and their Church in Norwich* (Huguenot Society's Publications).

wit, or where his interests were involved, a tougher hide. True, the lineaments of the 'jolly Doctor' were still, perhaps, a trifle too prominent, and might indeed give some colour to that old objection:¹ 'They were first brought uppe in the Universities, then became Deanes and such jollie fellowes, and now are made Mitred Lordes, so that they cannot tell what it is to traine up a people to the gospel, and reclaime them from ignorance and sinne, for they never stooped so low as to labour therein.'

But then, a habit of pleasantry and a taste for good cheer might not be wholly out of place in a man who was to combat the gloom of Separatist doctrine, and if they savoured too much of a love of ease, geography furnished a safeguard against that distemper. The new bishop might reflect that Norwich was within dancing distance,² at least, of Westminster, and that the labourer in that vineyard would not lack for ghostly counsel.

If these were Laud's deliberations, their favourable tendency can hardly have been weakened when, on the 19th March, Doctor William Jewell made out a receipt for £300, 'received of Bishop Corbett of Oxford for the use of Bishop Laud' about the building of St. John's.³ Certainly they might do worse than appoint Corbett. There would be the archbishop to placate, of course, but since his sequestration he had been a broken man, and if Corbett made him a suitable compliment he could be relied upon to give no trouble.

And thus it seems to have been arranged. The translation took place in April, and in May Corbett 'concedit Georgio Abbott, archiepiscopo Cantuariensi, proximam advocacionem, praesentationem, liberam dispositionem et jus patronatus Archidiaconatus Norfolciae, dat. 15 Maii an. 8 R. Caroli I'.⁴ The last trace of his episcopal activities at Oxford is, characteristically enough, a claim to the glebe sown prior to his vacating the vicarage. In this dispute the Attorney-General, a master of phrasing, gave a decision in his favour,

¹ J. Udal's *Diotrephes*, 1588.

² See Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder*.

³ Cal. State Papers Dom.

⁴ Harl. MS. 464.

‘inasmuch as the translation was not of his own act merely’.¹

Corbett took up his residence at Ludham and with a feeling, perhaps, that his advancement was not so much the reward of merit as the payment of services still to be rendered, threw himself vigorously into the task of reform. At the end of two years Laud, who had become archbishop, could feel that the appointment had been fully justified by the results, and could write warmly on his behalf in a memorandum for the King.²

‘He hath this summer, but by your Majesty’s leave, lived from both his episcopal houses in Ipswich, partly because he was informed that that side of his diocese did not need his presence, and he found it so, and partly because his Chapel at his house at Norwich was possessed by the French congregation, and so the Bishop left destitute; but he hath given them warning to provide themselves against Easter next.’ He has found ‘a general defect in catechizing’, too many lecturers ‘set up by private gentlemen’, and some stiff-necked congregations. ‘At Ipswich it was not unknown unto them that now Mr. Ward stands censured in the High Commission and obeys not, yet the Bishop was ready to have allowed them another, if they would have sought him, but they resolved to have Mr. Ward or none, and that (as is conceived) in despite of the censure of the Court.’ Another recalcitrant minister is Mr. Bridge of Norwich who, rather than conform, ‘hath left his lecture and two cures’ and fled to Holland. The bishop had been compelled to excommunicate or to suspend some thirty ministers for contumacy, or for ‘obstinate denial to publish your Majesty’s Declaration’. ‘For recusants, whereas formerly there were wont to be two or three presented, his Lordship hath caused above forty to be indicted at Norwich at the last Sessions. . . . But the Grand Jury slighted it, pretending the Bishop’s certificate to be no evidence; but the true reason is conceived to be because he had also inserted such as had been presented to him for Recusant Separatists as well as Recusant Romanists.’

¹ Harl. MS. 464.

² Rymer’s *Foedera*, xx. 110.

Laud was afterwards accused by Burton of having instigated a 'Persecution in Norfolk and Suffolk greater than any that happened to the Church in Queen Mary's days', and although the charge is a gross exaggeration, and refers chiefly to the proceedings of Corbett's successor, Bishop Wren, still it is clear from this memorandum that drastic reforms had been inaugurated even under Corbett. The memorandum concludes :

'If this account given by my Lord Bishop of Norwich be true, as I believe it is . . . he hath deserved very well of the Church of England and hath been very ill rewarded for it; his humble suit to Your Majesty is that you will be graciously pleased in your own good time to hear the complaints that have been made against him, that he may not be overcome by an outcry for doing service.'

Corbett had made himself thoroughly unpopular, and the ill-feeling with which he was regarded even by persons of some social standing is illustrated by the diary of Sir Simon D'Ewes.¹ Sir Simon wished, for some reason unknown, to get rid of a certain Mr. Danford, the incumbent of Stowlangtoft, and had been advised by his puritanical friends 'to have him before the High Commission Court'. But, as he says, 'having small hopes of finding remedy that way, and knowing revenge to be costly and forgiveness cheap, a while after I rode to Ludham to Dr. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, and remonstrated to him, who seemed very sensible of my wrongs and promised me redress, but like an arch-hypocrite failed me wholly in the issue. What means Mr. Danford made to him, or what money he gave him or his, I know not, but this experience I learned, never to have recourse to his wicked injustice again.'

The grievance may have been real, but there could never have been much sympathy between Corbett and this Cambridge precisian, whose favourite reading was in the works of Mr. Samuel Ward of Ipswich, and whose only idea of relaxation, as an undergraduate, seems to have been to get up early and ring the college bell. It was one of the difficulties of the bishop's position that he must deal tactfully with men of this stamp. By the Declaration of 1629 he was obliged to inquire

¹ Vol. ii, p. 103.

into the opinions not only of ministers and lecturers but also of such 'scholars (some in holy orders and some not) as Knights and Gentlemen keep in their houses under pretence to teach their children', a very delicate business requiring guarded speech and guarded thinking. 'Puritan' was still a term of abuse, and although it might be used to describe the doctrines taught by a chaplain, it was a dangerous word to apply to the more refined and gentlemanly opinions held by a Knight of the Shire. Corbett, it seems, had let the unlucky epithet slip in speaking of old Hamon L'Estrange, and had received an uncommonly stiff letter on the subject. '*Puritanismo renunciasi*', he replies soothingly, '*doctus enim es et pius*',¹ and we gather that the cloud passed; but the incident must have reminded the bishop that the wisdom of the serpent was no less important a part of his commission than the harmlessness of the dove.

In every way Norwich was a difficult berth for a man of Corbett's temperament.

His jokes were sermons and his sermons jokes;
But both were thrown away among the fens,
For wit hath little charm for aguish folks.

It had been easy enough to combat the Puritan spirit by writing lampoons on Cambridge men, or by 'grating' upon Calvin's doctrines in a University sermon. There had been a fit audience in those days and, besides, nobody had been a penny the worse. But here on the desolate flats of Norfolk, far from the 'festal light in Christ Church hall', this Puritan-baiting turned out to be a sorry business. It meant driving poor men from their means of livelihood, good and earnest men, too, bating some doctrinal whimsies bred like exhalations of the crass air in which they lived. If only they would have learned to rule their tongues in the pulpit, Corbett would probably have been only too glad to let well alone. But when Mr. Ward declared 'that a parrot might be instructed to repeat set forms, and that an ape might be taught to bow and gesticulate', or when Mr. Bridges publicly denounced 'bending of the knee and bowing of the body' as a 'hypocritical

¹ Letters in Harleian MS. 464.

service', what could the bishop do? What remedy for such men? Verily they are like to horse and mule, whose mouths must be held with a bit and bridle lest they fall upon thee. With the best will in the world Corbett was bound to proceed against them, for he knew that at Canterbury a certain 'little red-faced man of mean origin', as D'Ewes calls him, sat watching with a weasel's eye.

Under the spell of that relentless gaze he found himself stooping to practices which must have been quite alien to his nature. Among the State Papers is a letter from the notorious Hugh Peters, then in exile at Rotterdam, to a Mr. Phillips, the minister of Wrentham. The letter itself throws some light on the general position of things in the diocese. Peters thanks his correspondent for news of Mr. Ward, who 'has not done well, making many suffer through his melancholy fits', invites Phillips to come away to Holland where they had 'a place or two for good men whom the country cannot supply', and concludes with a request to be kept informed how things 'go with him at the next visitation'. But the endorsement, which is in Corbett's hand and is countersigned by Laud, is a revelation:

'This is a copy of a letter which I intercepted at Yarmouth. The prototype was sent to Phillips (after my reading) by a sailor's boy. I had hoped to receive his answer, but the right reverend Phillips was too crafty.'

He passes it off with a laugh, and perhaps Laud, whose sense of humour was a fatter weed, may have 'shot out the lips and said Ha, Ha'. But it must, one fancies, have surprised even the archbishop to find the Lord's work leading him into such devious paths. To Corbett, at all events, we have reason to think that the whole business soon became tedious and absurd. A dragon he could have fought. The troops of Midian he could have waved back with a pontifical gesture. But to be put to laying traps for wretched little country parsons was more than he had ever bargained for. The time had gone by when he could regard all such men from a comfortable distance as sanctimonious hypocrites. A nearer view had taught him to respect them.

'What Bishop Corbett's vertues or errors were I know not,' writes the Bishop of Exeter in 1647, 'yet I have heard that he learnt the way of that Diocess of Norwich and founde that though it were skittish and would not alwayes come to the payle, yet the Puritan cow gave the best milke.'¹ The phrase bears Corbett's witty hall-mark; he must have made it in confidence to some incautious friend, and it does something to soften the outline of his portrait. He was not, after all, one of the 'blind Mouths', and although he sometimes brandished his sheep-hook as though it were a shillelagh, he was not impervious to facts or afraid of new ideas. To be a successful persecutor of conscience a man must be either very stupid or exceedingly devout, and Corbett was neither. He was merely a capable and ambitious man who had set hand to the plough that he found in his path; and now, at the age of fifty, he found himself behind a team that showed him nothing but Sphinx-like posteriors, driving an aimless furrow through somebody's standing corn. Where would the mad adventure end? Whither had ambition led him? What after all had he gained by his anxious solicitations of the Buckinghams and Mordaunts of this world?

Always something of a cynic, he must have felt now a chill of real disillusion, and a premonition of that dismal change by which the chrysalis of the jolly egoist turns into the greyspectre of a lonely man. It was melancholy company he kept at Norwich with an aged mother, gone in senile decay, and his two motherless infants. A man like Donne might, under such circumstances, have found his account in the labours of scholarship and the subtleties of self-analysis. But that was not Corbett's way; indeed, it was just what he must have wished to avoid. For him the only relief was in society, the company of chosen friends to whom, in the intervals of his exacting and none too congenial duties, he might disburthen his mind, and in whose company he might on occasions give the world the go-by. And for this he seems to have been dependent upon his chaplains.

Corbett was fortunate in both the chaplains whom he had

¹ Rawlinson MS. 1104.

brought with him from Oxford, for William Strode, the less conspicuous of the two, was a really graceful poet and obviously a man of charming character. But it is the elder man, Dr. Thomas Lushington of Broadgates Hall, whom tradition has made the bishop's familiar. 'His chaplaine Dr. Lushington was a very learned man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes down his episcopal hood: "There layes the Bishop"; then he puts off his gowne: "There layes the Doctor"; then 'twas, "Here's to thee, Corbet", and "Here's to thee, Lushington".'

This was the anecdote that Aubrey culled from Josiah Howe, and it was probably that witty divine's way of saying that Corbett, like many another bishop before and since, took an affectionate interest in his cellar. For the joke itself belongs to the days of Sir Christopher Hatton who, when about to 'lead the brawls' at his nephew's wedding, threw his gown on to a seat with the words, 'Lay thou there, Chancellor'.

Another old jest ascribed to Corbett by Aubrey ('There was a man with a long beard. Said the bishop, "You behind the beard".') was a favourite with Ben Jonson. But a third must be charged to his own account.

'Being about to lay his hand (at a Confirmation) on the head of a man entirely bald, he turns to his chaplain, "Some dust, Lushington", to keep his hand from slipping.'

This seems not only irreverent but positively stupid, until one reflects that the phrase was probably borrowed from the bowling green, and that he had suddenly been afflicted by the absurd notion that he was about to impart to this candidate's bowl-like intellectuals a moral bias (or, to be more exact, a 'finger-spin') which would ultimately bring him to rest beside the heavenly 'Jack'.¹ Such wayward thoughts will occur at times even to the gravest minds, and if the incident convicts him of unseemly levity, it also reveals something more attractive, for he was obviously in the habit of playing bowls with his chaplain.

¹ Cf. Quarles's *Emblems*, i. 10.

Old wine, old jests, old friends, and an old man's game; these seem to have filled his rare intervals of leisure. To the end he was a busy man. In the last year of his life he threw himself ardently into the project for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and as almoner to the King contributed the large sum of £400 out of his own pocket.¹ The address² that he delivered in aid of the fund to the clergy of Norwich is perhaps the best thing he ever wrote, revealing as it does the humorous kindliness which was the true basis of his character. 'He was of a courteous carriage', says Fuller, 'and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaid with a jest upon him.' 'He loved boy's play to the last very well',³ and when his end came on the 28th July 1635, 'he died like a Roman, bravely. As they prayed about him he joined with them; prayers ended he bid them all good night, and died.'⁴ 'The last words he spoke were "Good night, Lushington"'.⁵

He was buried in the cathedral at Norwich, and on his tombstone, says Wood, 'are the ancient arms of the Corbets of Shropshire, viz. *or, a raven passant sab.*' But that raven still preserved its character as a bird of passage, and when Aubrey inquired for it he was told that it had been 'stolen'.

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¹ Strype's edition of Stowe's *Survey*, iii, p. 151.

² See Gilchrist's edition, p. xli.

³ Wood.

⁴ Cal. State Papers Dom.

⁵ Aubrey.

SOME NOTES ON MILTON'S USE OF WORDS

THE aim of these notes is to bring out the interplay of distinct but related shades of meaning in some of Milton's characteristic words. Nearly all the words discussed here are directly or indirectly of Latin origin, and the majority of them are concrete in force; but these full concrete meanings are the more easily overlooked because in most cases the secondary, abstract (and now usual) sense is present in a lesser degree. In other instances the strangeness of Milton's usage cannot escape notice; but here as well, a knowledge of the history of the word in English (and here and there in Latin) illuminates his purpose and his methods. From a study of the facts we learn where he is reviving a dead, or keeping alive a dying, sense; and where he is introducing a new meaning into English, whether destined to survive or not; as well as where he is giving an individual turn to a sense current in his day. In some instances we find him returning to the original Latin for a sense of which previous or contemporary parallels are not quoted (e.g. *explore*), or are very rare (e.g. *implicit*): or following a Latin literary use: or occasionally going back beyond the Latin word from which the English is derived to the origin of that and the first etymology.

The words elude classification; and it was found best to place them in alphabetical order, only reserving a slight disarrangement of this at the beginning so as to show to advantage a group of powerful concrete words describing the overthrow and discomfiture of the rebel angels. The authority for the etymological facts is the *New English Dictionary*,

from which also are quoted a number of parallel examples from other authors, while others are adduced by the present writer. In some cases only a few leading senses out of a large number are quoted, and generally some selection has been made. And in instances of words which Milton uses now in a strange and now in a usual sense (e.g. *error*) it seemed necessary to give examples of the former only. The text is from the Oxford edition of Milton's poetry, with the original spelling.

1. *Abject* (L.).

(a) So thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these. *P. L.* i. 311-12.

(b) Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? *P. L.* i. 322-3.

Historical Senses. (1) Cast off, cast out (ptep.), c. 1430-1614; (2) brought low in position, or estate, c. 1520- ; (3) down in spirit, degraded, c. 1548- .

On its first introduction the English word had the full concrete sense of L. *abjectus*, and was accented as a participle, 'abjéct'; but on the introduction of a transitive verb 'abjéct' (c. 1475) a regular form 'abjected' superseded the older use. But an adjective 'ábject' remained, as well as a noun with primary sense of 'outcast', as in Psalm xxxv. 15 (A.V.): 'Yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against me.'

An occasional survival is found of the older accentuation, as in Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*, Eclogue i. 251-2:

Well worthy were it me to been abjéct
 From all good company,

where the metre demands 'abjéct', as well perhaps as the distinctly participial use. But 'ábject' came to be used in both the predicative and attributive positions. Compare Milton's own use in *P. L.* xi. 520, where the word is probably 'ábject'. And generally in Milton it carries the later accentuation, as in the second passage (b) quoted here. But in (a) 'abjéct' may be intended, for the sense is predominantly concrete, suggesting 'cast out' (1) as well as 'low in position'

(2), while (3) is present in a lesser degree; and it seems probable that while he recaptures the vanishing primary sense, Milton is also going back to the early accentuation and the original Latin. Inversion generally marks a stronger rhythm, but here an inverted first foot 'ábject' would be less remarkable than the continual rising rhythm with emphatic beats of 'So thíc k bestroón Abjeé t and loé st'. To have several verbal adjectives in close connexion is characteristic of Milton, and has numerous analogies in his poetry. In Satan's challenge (*b*) the physical sense (2) is intended, while (3) is also very strongly suggested.

2. *Afflict* (L.).

(*a*) And reassembling our afflicted Powers. *P. L.* i. 186.

(*b*) What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder . . . ?
P. L. ii. 165-6.

(*c*) Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n. *P. L.* vi. 852.

Historical Senses. (1) To dash down, cast down (generally figurative), *c.* 1393-1667; (2) to distress, torment, *c.* 1535- .

In all these passages from Milton, sense (1), the full concrete sense of *L. affligere* is foremost, and has a stronger literal force than appears in previous writers quoted. This sense was apparently obsolete when Milton wrote; (2) the common sense in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans is also present, but only in a secondary way.

3. *Amaze, Amazement.* (Prob. E.)

(*a*) Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
P. L. i. 312-13.

(*b*) Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host.
P. L. vi. 646-7.

(*c*) As when a wandring Fire . . .
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way.
P. L. ix. 634-40.

- (d) Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
 Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.

S. A. 1284-6.

Historical Senses. Verb. (1) To stun or stupefy, to infatuate, c. 1230-1642; (2) to overcome with sudden fear or panic, c. 1530-1706; (3) to bewilder, perplex, c. 1563-1642; (4) to astonish greatly, c. 1592-. *Noun:* (1 a) Loss of one's wits, stupefaction. In old form *amaze*, c. 1430-1586 = amazement, c. 1606-1746; (2 a) bewilderment, c. 1595-1754; (3 a) panic fear, c. 1596-1766; (4 a) extreme astonishment, c. 1602-.

In (a) and (b), examples of the noun, the predominant sense of the former is probably (1 a) the emphatic early sense; that of (b) a fusion of (2 a) and (3 a). In (c) it is 'perplex', (3) as in Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, II. viii. 6: 'How can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end? how can it choose but vex and amaze them?'; but it also seems to indicate something more forcible and literal, and may mean 'put into a maze' actually. Compare *King John*, iv. iii. 140-1:

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

The sense in (d) is chiefly (2); as in Drayton's *Ballad of Agincourt*:

Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazèd.

4. *Astonish* (OF.-L.).

5. *Astound*.

- (a) But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool . . . ?
 P. L. i. 264-6.

- (b) As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.
 P. L. i. 281-2.

Historical Senses; Astonish. (1) To stun physically, stupefy, c. 1530-1635 (*astound* corresponds c. 1600-1727); (2) to stun

mentally, bewilder, c.1530-1600; (3) to dismay, terrify, c.1535-1601; (4) to surprise greatly, c.1600- (*astound* corresponds c.1634). As a past participle, meaning 'stunned', 'astound' appears much earlier than 'astonish' (c.1315). 'Astone', meaning 'to stun', to which both the others are allied, is also 14th-century.

The sense of 'astonish' in (a) seems a fusion of (1) and (2), both obsolete. A reference in one of Donne's Sermons—'Do not wound them, doe not grind them, do not astonish them with the bitterness . . . of my judgments'—has the sense probably of (2) or (3), and is later than the latest dates given in the *N.E.D.* In (b) the sense of 'astounded' is mainly physical, and means 'stunned' (with the great fall).

6. *Apparent* (OF.—L.).

- (a) Hesperus that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light.
P. L. iv. 605-8.
- (b) Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt.
P. L. x. 111-12.
- (c) If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need . . .
P. R. ii. 394-7.

Historical Senses. (1) Showing itself, plainly visible, c.1393–1637 (one or two later references appear as survivals); (2) clear, obvious, undoubted (generally to the mind), c.1400–1806; (3) seeming (as contrasted with ‘real’), c.1645– .

In (a) the context points to sense (2), but the concrete (1) is plainly and beautifully suggested as well in the image of the moon coming in sight, clear of the clouds (L. *apparere*). In (b) the sense is (2), the common meaning of 'apparent' in 16th and 17th century literature; in (c) it is either (2) or possibly (3).

7. *Assessor* (L.).

Whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
P. L. vi. 678-9.

Historical Senses. (1) An assistant or adviser to a judge, *c.* 1380- ; (2) one who assesses taxes, *c.* 1611- .

Milton in his usage has gone back to the original verb *assidere*, and 'assessor' here means 'one who sits beside' (*P. L.* v. 605-6), but the idea of 'judge' is present as well; perhaps, considering Milton's theology, of 'assistant but inferior judge'.

8. *Cadence* (F. - It. - L.).

(a) . . . as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men orewatcht. *P. L.* ii. 285-8.

(b) Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon. *P. L.* x. 92-3.

Historical Senses. (1) Rhythm of verse, 1384- ; (2) measure or beat of music, *c.* 1605- ; (3) fall of voice (at the end of a period), *c.* 1589-1824 ; (4) a falling or sinking down, *c.* 1613-67.

In (a) both senses (2) and (3) are suggested, the reference to music as well as the 'falling' of the wind. For a usage not unlike this, but with a distincter 'play' implied, compare some lines from Crashaw:

Eyes are vocall, Tears have Tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious showers, ô let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetoricall.

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

In (b) the sense is the primary Latin one (4), and I know of no contemporary use of 'cadence' which has such full concrete beauty. Shakespeare had used '*cadent*' to mean 'falling' literally in *Lear*, I. iv. 306-7:

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks.

And this word was in astrological use at the end of the 16th century, to mean 'going down' (of a planet). It is not improbable that Milton was acquainted with this use.

9. *Defend* (ME.—OF.—L.).

(a) His approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch.
P. L. xii. 206-7.

(b) These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure.
P. R. ii. 369-70.

Historical Senses. (1) To protect, *c.* 1250- ; (2) to prohibit, forbid, *c.* 1300-1698 ; (3) to ward off, repel, *c.* 1314-1808 (in Scottish use) ; (4) to hinder, *c.* 1320-1660.

The primary sense in Latin was (1) to ward off (attack, &c.) from a person or thing. Hence, by exchange of objects, came (2), to guard (the person or thing) from the attack or evil. By a Romanic extension of Latin (1), the sense 'ward off' passed into 'prohibit', 'forbid'. (*N. E. D.*)

The sense in (a) is probably (3) ; in (b) it is (2), which is the chief sense in Shakespeare's usage. Compare *Richard III*, III. vii. 81, 'God defend his grace should say us nay !' In Milton's use here we notice the emphasis of a repetition of the sense through three words, one native, one of direct, and one of indirect Latin origin.

10. *Distinct* (L.)

(a) Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes.
P. L. vi. 844-7.

(b) No place
Is yet distinct by name. *P. L.* vii. 535-6.

Historical Senses. (1) Separate, not identical, *c.* 1382- ; also (2) clearly discernible, *c.* 1382- ; (3) distinguished, differentiated, *c.* 1386-1667.

Milton's sense in (b) is (2), and is participial in force ; and

I have found no later usage than his. The sense in (a) is a Latinism and also participial, meaning 'marked in a manner so as to be distinguished, adorned.' (Compare Cicero, *De Deorum Natura*, ii. 95: *cælum . . . astris distinctum et ornatum*.) Spenser had already used the word in this way (*F. Q.* vi. iii. 23).

And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight.

But Milton was probably borrowing direct from Latin; as probably, on the other hand, in the case of some words of native origin, such as 'buxom' and 'griding', the debt is to Spenser.

11. *Divine* (F.—L.).

Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Migave him. *P. L.* ix. 845–6.

Milton's use here is distinct from the ordinary uses of the English adjective, which are taken from L. *divinus* in its sense of 'pertaining to a deity'. But *divinus* has a transferred sense, meaning 'prophetic', from which the verb *divinare* is formed, and this, in its turn, is the origin of the English verb 'divine' as it appears in Shakespeare's use (*Sonnet CVI*):

And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.

But Milton's use is a conscious Latinism, and apparently without parallel in English; it follows the Latin adjective directly, even to the circumstance of the genitive, by which *divinus* is sometimes succeeded. The sense of the word is, as in the Latin, 'prophetic' or 'prescient'.

12. *Elegant* (F.—L.).

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part.
P. L. ix. 1017–18.

Historical Senses. (1) Tastefully ornate in attire, c. 1485 (sometimes in unfavourable sense: as in early Latin *elegans* was a term of reproach, meaning 'finicking' or 'foppish'); (2) characterized by grace and refinement (first used of

literary style, words, phrases, &c. (c. 1528); later used more generally.)

But Milton in this passage is going back to the original *eligere*, to select; and the sense is 'capable of choosing', though 'correctly' and 'fastidiously' (in a good sense) are also implied.

13. *Error, Erroneous* (O.F. — L.).

(a) Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.

P. L. vii. 20.

(b) But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With Serpent errorr wandring, found thir way.

P. L. vii. 301-2.

Historical Senses of Error. (1) The holding of mistaken notions or beliefs, c. 1300-; (2) a transgression, c. 1330-; (3) a mistake, c. 1340-; (4) the action of winding or wandering, c. 1594-1673 (later references poetical, and apparently borrowed from Milton).

'Err' and 'error' in this last, the primary Latin sense, are very common in writing of the early seventeenth century. In Chapman's *Odyssey*, where these words are very frequent, they are concrete in practically every instance: e. g. 'I am one That many a grave extreme have undergone, Much error felt by sea'. (iv.) In such a use as Shakespeare's (*Othello*, v. ii. 109): 'It is the very error of the moon', besides the dominant physical sense, there is a deep tragic suggestion of 'mistake' as well. Milton marks and beautifies his usage by linking the Latin-derived word with the native in a way that is frequent with him (see *defend* above), emphasizing by the repetition, yet sometimes, as in (a), introducing a faintly-heard variation by which the words escape the rigid definition of synonym. In (b) the idea of slow winding movement (4) is developed through three different words; for 'serpent' (L. *serpere*) is really a present participle, meaning 'crawling'.

14. *Explore* (F. — L.).

(a) Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight. *P. L.* ii. 630-2.

(b) Abdiel . . .

thus his own undaunted heart explores.

P. L. vi. 111-13.

Historical Senses. (1) To seek to ascertain, *c.* 1585- ; (2) to look into closely, scrutinize, *c.* 1592- ; (3) to search for, *c.* 1615-1822 ; (4) to search into (a country or place), *c.* 1616- .

But Milton's sense in (*a*) is none of these, though (4) is suggested, the object being transferred from the medium (air) to the process (flight); it is an introduction into English of a secondary sense of *L. explorare*, to test, put to the proof, of which I know no other instance. In (*b*) the sense is a delicate balancing of this Latin one (compare the 'explorare animos' of Tacitus, Ovid, Livy) with (2). See Abdiel's soliloquy itself.

15. *Implicit* (F. or L.).

And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit.

P. L. vii. 323.

Historical Senses. (1) Implied, though not plainly expressed, *c.* 1599- ; (2) entangled, entwined *literally* (*implicare*), 1608-67 (an instance in Beattie probably borrowed from Milton).

Instances of this literal use are extremely rare, and Milton's is almost certainly borrowed direct from Latin. 'Imply', however, meaning 'to enfold, entangle' either literally or figuratively, was current from *c.* 1374-1611 ; and 'implicate', meaning 'entangled', is found in sixteenth-century writing.

16. *Instinct* (L.).

(a) The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud

Instinct with Fire and Nitre.

P. L. ii. 936-7.

(b) The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,

Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,

It self instinct with Spirit.

P. L. vi. 750-2.

Historical Senses. (1) Implanted naturally, innate, *c.* 1538-1628 ; (2) impelled, excited, animated, 1667-1720 (in Milton, Swift, and Pope) ; (3) imbued or charged with something, *c.* 1797- .

L. instinguere was 'to impel' or 'instigate' ; Milton's use in (*a*) is rather more concrete than the general Latin use ; in

(b) it is semi-concrete, recalling Quintilian's *instinctus divino spiritu* (xii. x. 24). Apparently it is without precedent in English (but with some eighteenth-century followings); and an anticipation of the more figurative modern use (3).

17. *Intend* (NE. — F. — L.).

- (a) Go therefore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery. *P.L.* ii. 456-9.
- (b) unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest. *P.L.* ix. 44-6.
- (c) At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd
His course intended. *P.L.* x. 687-9.
- (d) To God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance. *P.L.* xii. 73-4.

Some Historical Senses. 'Intend' has had a large variety of shades of meaning, some direct from Latin, some through OF. (1) To direct one's course, go upon a journey, 1425-1832. (2) To turn one's thoughts to, look after, c. 1429-1694 (a reference in Cowper's poetry, 1784, probably borrowed). (3) To stretch, extend in position, 1594. The *N.E.D.* gives no further reference for this rare sense; but an instance occurs in Burton, *Democritus to the Reader*. 'A famous aqueduct in France, intended in Henry the Fourth's time, from the Loire to the Seine, and from (the) Rhone to (the) Loire.' (4) To stretch forth, extend, c. 1601-1633. (5) To extend, direct, level (generally something against some one). *N.E.D.* gives dates 1615-1734, but this is possibly the sense in Hooker, *E.P.* v. 4, 3: 'The crime now intended against us is, that our laws have not ordered those inferior things as behoveth.'

The sense in (a) is (2), one frequent in previous writing. Compare Burton, *Democritus to the Reader*; '*Amare simul et sapere, ipsi Jovi non datur*, Jupiter himself cannot intend both at once.' In (b) it is (4), the primary sense of L. *intendere*, to stretch out or spread out; and 'deprest' (L. *depre-*

mere, to sink down, press down) introduces a direct contrast. So in *P. L.* viii. 387, 'The one intense, the other still remiss', 'intense' means 'stretched' *figuratively*, 'increased', and 'remiss' (*L. remittere*) means 'relaxed' or 'slackened'. The *N. E. D.* gives a further variation of the primary Latin sense of 'intend' (4) as 'to increase the intensity of', *c.* 1603-1705; it occurs several times in Burton in connexion with 'remit'. Compare Part I, I. i. iv and v: 'as the humour is intended or remitted', &c. The sense of Milton's (*c*) is (1) rather than the abstract modern sense; as probably also in Shakespeare's Sonnet XXVII,

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,

it is (1) in company perhaps with (2). In (*d*) the usual sense of 'intend' appears less emphatic than (3), meaning 'to extend' in the sense of 'hold out'. Compare *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 333-5 'if thou dost intend Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt aby it.'

18. *Lapse* (*L.*).

And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams.

P. L. viii. 263.

Historical Senses. (1) A slip (of memory, tongue, pen), a slight error, *c.* 1526- ; (2) a falling from rectitude, *c.* 1582- ; (3) a falling into heresy, *c.* 1660- ; (4) a falling into ruin. A rare sense. Bacon in 1604 (*Advancement of Learning*, I. vii. 6) 'His (Adrian's) whole time was a very restauration of all the lapses and decays of former times.' After this, the *N. E. D.* gives no reference till 1694.

Milton's sense in the text is the simple concrete one of 'a falling or gliding' (here of water), and I have found no precedent in English. Bacon's use is mainly concrete; the 'lapses' are those of cities, forts, bridges, as well as of ordinances; but Milton's use is closer to Latin, and to the beautiful use in Latin writers (Lucretius, Virgil, Horace—*rapidus morantem Fluminum lapsus* (Odes, I. xii. 10). His usage has had a not infrequent following. Compare Cowper,

Task, iv, 325-7. 'The downy flakes . . . with never-ceasing lapse Softly alighting upon all below.'

19. *Lax* (L.).

Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n.

P. L. vii. 162.

A very rare usage, distinct from the ordinary use of English 'lax', and direct from L. *laxe*, at wide intervals, spaciouly. The *N. E. D.* suggests that Milton had in mind Cicero's *habitare laxe et magnifice voluit* (*De Domo Sua*, xliv. 15). There is apparently no exact parallel for this use of 'lax', though Burton (1621) had used the adjective to mean 'loose' in the sense of 'ample': 'Some in lax clothes, an hundred yards I think in a gown, a sleeve' (Part III, II. II. iii); and Fuller in 1650 had used 'laxity' in the original Latin sense (*laxus*, spacious, roomy).

20. *Obtain* (ME.—F.—L.).

(a) As when a Scout . . .

Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,

P. L. iii. 543-6.

(b) His Mother then is Mortal, but his Sire,

He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n

P. R. i. 86-87.

Historical Senses. (1) To acquire, *c.* 1425- ; (2) to reach, attain, *c.* 1477-1830 ; (3) to hold, possess, occupy. The original Latin sense, found occasionally in English between *c.* 1482 and 1710.

The sense in (a) is (2), which seems not to occur in Latin ; in (b) it is the Latin one, (3), and probably borrowed direct by Milton.

21. *Opacous* (L.).

(a) Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe

Of this round World . . .

Satan alighted walks.

P. L. iii. 418-22.

(b) . . . meerly to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot.

P. L. viii. 22-23.

Historical Senses. (The word itself is now practically obsolete). (1) Lying in shadow, darkened, *c.* 1621–1709. This was also an obsolete sense of *opaque*, current from *c.* 1420–1775. Compare Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, II. i. ii. ‘Some persons think that every star’s a world, And call this earth of ours an opaque star’ (translation of L. *sidus opacum*). ‘Opacous’ itself was introduced as an alternative form which should approach closer to the Latin. (2) Impermeable to light, solid, *c.* 1625–1868; the usual sense of ‘opaque’, not found in the Latin word.

In (*a*) the sense is (1), but perhaps (2) as well; for this ‘globe’, which is Milton’s World, enclosing the Earth and the other planets, is ‘starless exposed’ to Chaos, and it is also solid, ‘firm’. In (*b*) it is certainly (1), for the force of the word in Adam’s speech is the wonder felt that all the firmament of the stars should be created merely to shed light on the small and shadowed earth, itself lightless. Compare Sir Thomas Browne’s figurative use: ‘Embrace not the opacous and blind side of Opinions, but that which looks most Luciferously or influentially unto Goodness’ (*Christian Morals*, iii. 3).

We notice that where Milton intends the Latin sense he has the Latin form; where he intends the other and usual sense of ‘opaque’ he uses the form which has passed through French. Compare *P. L.* iii. 618–19.

No way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall.

22. *Pernicious* (L.).

Part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.

P. L. vi. 519–20.

A very rare usage; not the ordinary ‘pernicious’ which is from *perniciosus* (*per* and *nex*), but from *pernix* (*per* and *niti*), with meaning of ‘swift’. The *N. E. D.* quotes a parallel from Ussher (1656); but Milton is certainly borrowing direct from Latin.

23. *Ponder* (ME.—OF.—L.).

Th' Eternal . . .
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, . . .
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms. *P. L.* iv. 996–1002.

Historical Senses. (1) To estimate the worth of, value, *c.* 1330–1566; (2) to weigh mentally, meditate upon, *c.* 1380–; (3) to weigh literally (*tr.*), *c.* 1470–1645 (occasionally *intr.* in 16th century).

The sense in Milton's passage is predominantly the obsolete concrete one (3), the primary sense of L. *ponderare*; although (1) and (2) are also inevitably present. A good example of (2), to weigh *mentally*, is found in the lines quoted under *prevention*.

 24. *Pontifice. Pontifical.*

(a) Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
 Pontifical, . . .
 Over the vext Abyss, . . . *P. L.* x. 312–14.

(b) Neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
P. L. x. 347–51.

Milton (*N. E. D.*) coined 'pontifice', as in (b), from L. *pons*, on the pattern of 'edifice' from *aedis*, to mean the edifice of a bridge—here the bridge built by Sin and Death over Chaos. *Pontifex*, 'a high priest' (whence our 'pontiff'), is generally derived from *pons* and *facere*, but no literal example of 'bridge-maker' is quoted; so that Milton invents a shadowy Latin usage to authorize his English one. So also 'pontifical', as in (a), is used by Milton in a new way, as if formed from his own 'pontifice' to mean 'bridge-making'.

 25. *Prevention* (L.).

(a) So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met

His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't. *P. L.* vi. 127-30.

(b) Nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention. *P. L.* vi. 319-20.

Historical Senses. (1) A coming-before, the occurrence of one event before another, *c.* 1544-1705; (2) anticipation, *c.* 1571-1711; (3) the action of forestalling or securing an advantage over another person by previous action, *c.* 1582-1667; (4) the action of hindering, *c.* 1661. (1), (2), and (3) are all included in *L. praevenire*.

The sense in both passages is (3), although in (a) the primary sense of 'a coming-before' is obvious also. Milton's usage is the survival of a short-lived sense that was already dying, and apparently he was the last to use the word in this way. 'Prevent' meaning 'to forestall' appeared earlier, and survived longer. Compare the 'Prevent us, O Lord, in al our doinges, with thy most gracious favoure' of the Prayer Book (1549), in the sense of 'anticipate with help'.

26. *Punctual* (L.).

'This opacous Earth, this punctual spot.'
P. L. viii. 23.

Historical Senses. (1) Of the nature of a point or puncture (with surgical reference), *c.* 1400-1597; (2) of the nature of a point, minute, 1605-67. Compare Bacon (*Advancement of Learning*, I. iii. 8): 'Many may be well seene in the passages of governement and policie, which are to seeke in little and punctuall occasions'; (3) bearing directly on the point, apposite, *c.* 1612-42; (4) exact in every point, accurate, *c.* 1620-1852. Compare Sir Thomas Browne (*Christian Morals*, i. 21) 'Conscience, the punctual Memorist within us'; (5) exact in time, *c.* 1675- .

Milton's sense is the literal (2) (*L. punctum*), suggesting not only the idea of the small earth, but the earth fixed on a point (see l. 32). His usage is apparently singular; other examples quoted for this rare sense have a figurative application. Burton, however, in a long discussion (Part II, II. iii)

which bears some analogy with the discussion of *P. L.* viii, calls the earth *punctum indivisibile*, quoting perhaps some contemporary or previous thinker.

27. *Purpose* (OF. after *L. propositum*).

- (a) . . . They
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance. *P. L.* iv. 335-8.
- (b) So on his cleer aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
P. L. viii. 336-7.

Historical Senses. (1) The object in view, *c.* 1290- . (2) A proposition, question, or argument, *c.* 1325-1621. The *N. E. D.* gives no reference after 1611, but a reference appears in Burton, Part II, II. iv, 'Jests, riddles, catches, purposes, questions', &c. (3) Discourse, conversation (*F. propos*), *c.* 1572-99. Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. i. 2-3; 11-12.

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio.

There will she hide her
To listen our purpose.

This sense (3) is frequent in Spenser, as well as a verb 'to purpose' meaning 'to discourse', apparently even shorter-lived than the noun, for references given only extend from 1590-8. Milton's sense in (a) is this dead or dying one (3); in (b) it is either (3), or perhaps (2), not so much in the sense quoted above as in a sense of 'proposal' which is found several times in Shakespeare. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vi. 3-4, 'Therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent.'

28. *Reduce* (L.).

- (a) The great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whose Conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His Armie. *P. L.* vi. 775-8.
- (b) So these the late
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis. *P. L.* x. 436-9.

Some of many Historical Senses. (1) To bring back (a thing or person) to mind, *c.* 1375–1624; to bring back (the mind) to or from a subject, *c.* 1430–1706; (3) to lead or bring back (a person) to, into, or from a place or way (either literally or figuratively), *c.* 1400–1727; or (4) simply, to bring back again, *c.* 1479–1684. Compare *Richard III*, II. ii. 68, 'All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes'; (5) to make subject to, place under, *c.* 1569–1737.

Milton's sense in (a) is (5); for which compare also *P. L.* iii. 320; *P. R.* iii. 158. In (b) it is (4) but with more definite memory of the *military* sense of *L. reducere*, to draw back or draw off troops, than appears in other references given for 'reduce'. Compare his own metaphoric use of this sense in the pamphlet *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*: 'Doing my utmost endeavour . . . to reduce them to their firm stations under the standard of the Gospel.'

29. *Reluctant*, (L.); *Reluctance*.

(a) Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't. *P. L.* vi. 56–9.

(b) Supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him. *P. L.* x. 513–16.

(c) What peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance . . . ? *P. L.* ii. 335–7.

(d) Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. *P. L.* x. 1045–6.

Historical Senses of Reluctant. (1) Repugnant, distasteful to, 1662 (the *N. E. D.* gives no further reference); (2) unwilling, *c.* 1706–.

The word thus seems to have been quite a new one when Milton used it. But he went back to the Latin *reluctari*, and gave to his 'reluctant' as in (a) and (b) the full concrete sense of 'struggling against' or 'writhing'. For (b) probably he

had in mind the '*reluctantes dracones*' of Horace, *Odes*, iv. iv. 11. This sense never became current in English, though the *N. E. D.* quotes an isolated instance in 1820.

Other forms from *reluctari* had appeared a little earlier; *reluctancy* occurs in Burton (1621), *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, I. II. xi; 'Lust counsels one thing, reason another, there is a new reluctancy in men.' It is a *mental* struggle that is implied, though in Sir Thomas Browne's usage (*Letter to a Friend*), '... drawn like Cacus's Oxen, backward, with great Struggling and Reluctancy into the Grave', the physical sense is suggested in the metaphor. *Reluctance* appeared about 1641, with sense of 'struggling against, resistance', but references given infer a mental or moral resistance, as in Milton's (*d*). But in (*c*) probably an actual 'struggling against' is meant as well.

30. *Ruin* (OF. — L.).

- (a) Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n. *P. L.* vi. 867–8.
- (b) Him the Almighty Power
Hurld headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition. *P. L.* i. 44–7.
- (c) Nor could his Shield
Such ruin intercept. *P. L.* vi. 192–3.
- (d) So under fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. *P. L.* vi. 215–17.
- (e) Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruine reconcil'd. *P. R.* iv. 412–13.
- (f) Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.
Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.
S. A. 1513–15.

Historical Senses. Noun. (1) The downfall of a person or society, *c.* 1374– ; (2) the act of falling down (of a fabric or structure), *c.* 1375–1793; (3) the condition of being fallen, *c.* 1390– ; (4) the remains of a fallen building, *c.* 1454– ;

(5) the act of (a person) falling to the ground or from a height, *c.* 1483–1700; (6) destruction, devastation (used generally), *c.* 1586–.

Verb. (1 *a*) To destroy, extirpate, *c.* 1581–1725; (2 *a*) to reduce to ruins, *c.* 1585–1850, literal or figurative; (3 *a*) *intr.* to fall into ruins, to fall headlong, *c.* 1604. This is the revival of the sense of an old verb ‘to rue’,¹ meaning ‘to fall, decline’, closer to the original *ruere* than ‘ruin’ and current only from *c.* 1557–1591.

Milton's Verb. The sense of Milton's (*a*) is this last one quoted for the verb, a sense which recaptures the vivid sense of *L. ruere*, to rush or fall, kept alive since Milton's day by other poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson. Compare *Lucretius*, ‘I saw the flaring atom-streams . . . Ruining along the illimitable inane’. The idea of moral and spiritual destruction also is in shadow, but the immediate overwhelming sense is the physical one of ‘headlong themselves they threw Down from the verge of Heav'n’ (864–5), but in this later passage there is *sound* as well, the ‘unsufferable noise’ of a tremendous falling, as well as a play of meaning between ‘Heaven’ and ‘Heaven’.

Milton's Noun. (*b*) is a companion passage, where the sense is mainly (5) and (6), and where ‘perdition’ (*L. perdere*, to destroy, ruin) repeats, enlarges, and fixes the vivid continuous action of ‘ruin’. In (*c*) an actual, (5), and also a metaphoric ‘falling’, (1), are suggested; the context is where Abdiel encounters Satan and smites him with his sword, and the falling of Satan is likened to the dislodging and overthrow of a mountain by earthquake. In (*d*) there is little else but the sense of a tremendous impact, for ‘ruinous’, as well as meaning ‘destructive’, has here the sense of *ruere*, to rush. ‘Ruin’ is purely physical in (*e*); in (*f*) it is a much more vivid word than that which means merely ‘destruction or catastrophe’ (6). These are included, but there is as well the thought of a building in the continuous swift act of falling and the noise of its crashing-in.

¹ For this information I am indebted to an article on ‘Ruin’ in the *London Mercury* for December, 1922.

In most instances in Milton two kinds of 'ruin' are suggested: in *P. L.* v. 567: 'The ruin of so many glorious once', it is the figurative sense (1) that rules, but the other is behind it, as it is in 'Less than Arch Angel ruind' (*P. L.* i. 593), where the sense of 'fallen'—'a fallen angel'—though accepted metaphorically, remains in Milton still partly actual.

31. *Secular* (OF.—L.).

And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives. *S. A.* 1706-7.

Historical Senses. (1) Belonging to the world, as opposed to religious or sacred (from the Christian Latin sense of *saeculum*), *c.* 1290-; (2) occurring once in an age, *c.* 1599-; (3) living or lasting for ages, 1629, Donne, *Sermons*: 'If I had a Secular Glass, a Glass that would run an age . . . it would not be enough to tell the godly man what his Treasure and the Object of his Heart is.'

Milton's sense is the same as Donne's, but this sense had not become current, and it is almost certain that he was borrowing direct from the original *saeculum*.

32. *Specular* (L.).

Look once more e're we leave this specular Mount
Westward. *P. R.* iv. 236-7.

Historical Senses. (1) In connexion with 'specular stone' (L. *speculum*, a mirror), *c.* 1577; (2) obtained by reflection only, *c.* 1619-1704; based on the Vulgate of 1 *Cor.* xiii. 12, '*Videmus nunc per speculum in enigmate*', and generally with religious reference; (3) pertaining to sight or vision (L. *speculari*). In occasional poetic use from *c.* 1656-1810.

Milton varied this sense still further to mean 'affording a wide vision'—suggesting the original Latin *specula*, a watch-tower, or perhaps the Latin poetic use of *specula*, a height or eminence, as in Virgil, *Aeneid* xi. 526, '*in speculis summoque in vertice montis*'.

33. *Speculation* (L.).

Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation. *P. L.* xii. 588-9.

Historical Senses. (1) Study of a subject, *c.* 1374–1788 ; (2) profound contemplation, abstract reasoning, *c.* 1450– ; (3) faculty of seeing, sight ; especially intelligent sight, *c.* 1471–1861. Compare *Macbeth*, III, iv. 95–6 : ‘Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with’. Apparently dead in ordinary use after the 17th century, but continued in literature ; (4) the act of seeing ; examination or observation (late *L. speculatio*), *c.* 1509–1774.

Milton's sense is more than either (3) or (4). It is ‘vision’ meaning not only far-reaching actual sight, but prophetic vision, and suggesting again, literally and figuratively, the sense of *specula*, as well, perhaps, as that of *speculator*, a scout or explorer ; compare *P. L.* iii. 543.

34. *Sublime* (L.).

- (a) Satan . . .
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet.
P. L. iii. 70–3.
- (b) While thir hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine . . .
S. A. 1669–70.

Historical Senses. (1) Lofty (of language, style, &c.), *c.* 1586– ; (2) of lofty bearing, *c.* 1596– . At first, in a bad sense. Compare Spenser (*F. Q.* v. viii. 30), ‘The proud Soldan with presumptuous cheare And countenance sublime and insolent’ ; (3) lofty (of ideas), 1634 (*Comus*, 785) ; (4) set or raised aloft *literally*, the original sense of *sublimis*, *c.* 1604–1697. References appear in poets—Pope, Cowper, Tennyson—since.

In (a) the sense is this literal one (4), and probably taken direct from Latin use. In (b) it is ‘lifted up’ *figuratively*, ‘exalted’, a sense which appears (with either good or, as here, bad significance) in a few other writers. Compare Fulke Greville, *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, Chapter X ; ‘The state of Tyrants is so sublime’, &c.

35. *Supplant* (OF.—L. or L.).

- (a) His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent. *P. L.* x. 512–14.

- (b) Now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam. *P. R.* iv. 606-7.

Historical Senses. (1) To dispossess or take the place of another, *c.* 1300- ; (2) to trip up, cause to fall, *c.* 1340, 1604, 1667 ; (3) to cause to fall, *figuratively*, *c.* 1340-1780 ; (4) to take up by the roots, *c.* 1570-1644 ; (5) 'to underplant and set up a thing bending to the ground' (given in 17th century glossary).

The sense in (a) is predominantly (2), the primary Latin sense (*supplantare*—*sub* and *planta*, heel, sole of the foot) ; and probably a direct borrowing on Milton's part, for references including this sense are very rare. The usual sense (1)—the thought of the angelic shape gradually 'dispossessed' by that of the serpent—is not excluded. It is more difficult to determine the sense of (b). (1) is not quite accurate ; it is either (3), or else (4), which was not uncommon between the dates quoted, but obsolete at the date of *Paradise Regained*.

36. *Suspense. Verbal Adjective* (OF. or L.).

- (a) Expectation held
His look suspense. *P. L.* ii. 417-18.

- (b) We suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd.
P. L. vi. 580-1.

- (c) The great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay. *P. L.* vii. 98-101.

Historical Senses. (1) Hung up, suspended, *c.* 1440-1647 ; (2) doubtful, undecided, *c.* 1440-1851 ; (3) held in contemplation, attentive, *c.* 1450-1582.

Milton's sense in (a) and (b) is probably (2). Compare Hooker (*E. P.* Preface, II. 2) ' . . . established in more wary and suspense manner, as being to stand in force till God should give the opportunity of some general conference '. In (c) there is a fusion of senses—the dying concrete sense (1) ; possibly (3) ; and a further concrete sense of ' held back, restrained ' (in his

course), for which Milton goes back to the original *L. suspendere*, to stop, break off, &c.

37. *Tempt* (OF. – L.).

Who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss . . . ?

P. L. ii. 404–5.

Historical Senses. (1) To try to attract, to entice (to evil), *c.* 1225– ; (2) to test, make trial of, *c.* 1300– (the scriptural sense, generally obsolete now).

The *N.E.D.* gives the sense of Milton's 'tempt' here as a poetic variation of (2), 'to adventure oneself upon, risk the perils of'. Yet it seems likely that it includes as well the primary sense of *L. tentare*, to touch or feel, evoking a vague image of feet let down tentatively and gropingly to touch an intangible nothingness.

38. *Volubil. Voluble* (L.).

(a) whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there.

P. L. iv. 592–5.

(b) His message will be short and voluble.

S. A. 1307.

Senses (Johnson). (1) Formed so as to roll easily ; (2) rolling, having quick motion ; (3) active (as applied to the tongue) ; (4) fluent of words. Sense (4) is found in Shakespeare's early work, but such a use as that of *Othello* II, i. 241–7 : 'A knave very voluble . . . a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions', seems to have a more general reference, and to be a closer *figurative* rendering of *L. volubilis*, with sense, perhaps, of 'rolling' = 'swiftly-changing' or 'nimble' (compare a reference in one of Traherne's poems : 'Tis more voluble than light, Which can put on ten thousand forms'). Yet possibly an instance of 'volubility' in Hooker is among the earliest in English, where the word has the primary Latin sense ; 'If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by

irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen . . . ' (*E.P.* I, iii. 2). Bacon uses 'voluble' in the Latin sense (*Advancement of Learning*, II, xxiii. 33)—'Nothing is more politic than to make the wheels of our mind concentric and voluble with the wheels of fortune'. But Milton's use is more purely physical than this; it seems probable that he took it direct from *volubilis*, for the spelling and accenting appear indicative of a conscious return to Latin. In (*b*) the sense is the usual one (4), and the spelling corresponds.

ELIZABETH HOLMES.

REASON AND ENTHUSIASM IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY¹

No one could feel the honour of lecturing on this foundation more keenly than a former colleague and friend of Robert Adamson. *Sunt aliquid Manes*. Some of us can still hear and see him, it may be nearly thirty years ago, speaking in this Theatre on Giordano Bruno, and opening amid a puzzled silence. Sternly he recited, in his strong voice, the text of the martyr's condemnation by the Holy Office. Adamson's modest mastery of his theme, his ardour for the exact truth, and the masonry of his squared and chiselled sentences, were all characteristic. We know that he was a born historian of thought, and that through the history of thought he moved towards that original and constructive effort which we have, despite his early death, in something more than outline. No one could have spoken so well on the subject that I choose to-night—one of the many revulsions, in the so-called age of prose, against the dominant genius of that age. There is one excuse for a person of letters, who is but a reader of philosophy, embarking on those waters; namely, that Adamson himself was deeply concerned and conversant with letters. He knew, indeed, and loved well the works of pure art; but he moved with special ease in the borderland between the works of art and the productions of abstract thought. He was for ever watching how ideas translate themselves into human terms and passions, and so into form, and how they mould, by repulsion indeed as often as by attraction, the minds of the unphilosophical. How he might have judged the conflict that I am to sketch, between the spirit of reason

¹ The Adamson Memorial Lecture, given at the University of Manchester, 31st May, 1923 (revised).

and what was then called 'enthusiasm', it would be improper to guess; but we may be sure that reason, in his hands, would have lost none of her rights, and that he would also have been awake to the enduring vitality of something in human nature which eighteenth-century reason was ready to repudiate. I remember him one day pointing to the people coming out of a chapel, and saying in his dispassionate way, '*That* will last a very long time'. He meant, I think, that '*that*' was, after all, a manifestation of the spirit, or reason, which constituted all things. Such an idea, at any rate, is in accord with Adamson's earlier line of thought.

I do not pretend to go into the abstruser senses of the term *reason*. We all have an idea, sufficient for the contrast now to be drawn, of what it meant in the time of the 'Enlightenment'. To Locke, reason is the master-faculty which apprehends the disagreement or agreement of ideas; to Hume, those 'ideas' are themselves but feebler copies of the sensations (in his parlance 'impressions') which recur in memory. To Kant, afterwards, Reason meant a faculty of an order superior to the mere logical understanding. But to this understanding we allude—deductive or inductive, and ending in an abstract universal proposition—when we say that reason dominates an age. Reason, so understood, tends to be regarded as the supreme guide to truth in all departments; as checking, and approving, if not always as exclusively furnishing, the data of truth, and more especially of truth philosophical and theological. It is in this latter field that the clash between reason and *enthusiasm* comes out sharply.

A better name for the spirit of reason is the *critical* spirit, whose working forms the stuff of intellectual history at all times, but above all at the time which we are considering: which is, roughly, the century between the English Revolution and the French. It is the spirit whose absence or presence makes the gulf between 1640 and 1740, between *Religio Medici* and the essays of Hume; or, taking later dates, between Bosuet's *Histoire Universelle* and the work of Gibbon. The critical spirit, through creeks and inlets making, and also with many a temporary ebb, comes gradually to apply itself to

every order of facts: in the regions of physical science, scholarship, exegesis, history, and theology. At first it is negative and destructive. In the hands of its pious founder, or earliest great champion, Pierre Bayle, it seeks to destroy historical and biographical legend, classical and Hebrew mythology. The sceptical movement in religion is thus only one element, though a very big one, in this ubiquitous process, which is still sometimes called the Enlightenment, or *Aufklärung*—a name originally given by sympathizers. But the critical spirit only demolished in order to build. The great constructions of Gibbon and Adam Smith are amongst its fruits in Britain. But I am not treating here of history or learning. Reason, or the critical spirit, in the form of plain daylight sense, appears not only in the philosophical reaction of Reid and other realists, but in the more worldly writers. It binds together works as different as the essays of Johnson, the letters of Chesterfield, the novels of Fielding, and the memoirs of Horace Walpole. The cult of reason is commended by Chesterfield with unusual fervour:

‘Use and assert your own reason; reflect, examine, and analyse everything, in order to form a sound and mature judgement; let no *οὐτος ἔφα* impose upon your understanding, mislead your judgement, or dictate your conversation. Be early what, if you are not, you will, when too late, wish you had been. Consult your reason betimes; I do not say that it will always prove an unerring guide; for human reason is not infallible; but it will prove the least erring guide that you can follow. Books and conversation may assist it; but adopt neither, blindly and implicitly; try both by that best rule, which God has given to direct us, Reason. Of all the troubles do not decline, as many people do, that of thinking’. (Feb. 7, 1749.)

What reason, in this context, exactly signifies, it is easier to feel than to define; but we can get nearer to the meaning by noting to what temper of mind it is alien or hostile. One such opposite, with which we are not now concerned, is the quickening spirit of the new poetry, from Collins to Blake; and in Blake’s aphorisms the protest against reason attains its

height. But another opposite is *enthusiasm*, in the peculiar sense of the term then current.

The rational spirit, as we know, thinks rather than dreams or feels; feeling, at least, has to pass its scrutiny, and has to be sensible. Reason sees the world in line rather than in colour; there is no rainbow fringe to its lens. It is, or was (to add a commonplace), hostile to the undefined and transcendental, and to the sense of mystery. Poets like Pope or Crabbe or Canning never seem to be surprised at anything, except at what they think unreason. The well-known label, the 'renascence of wonder', covers a fragment of this phenomenon. And there are moods in which it is a comfort, allied perhaps to the advance of years, to get back from that 'renascence' and from the romantic writers to the cool daylight of their predecessors, and to what Mr. Saintsbury calls the 'peace of the Augustans'—a peace, we must remember, which was often furiously troubled. But this is only a personal view. What we need never forget is the profound streak of the mystical and transcendental at the very heart of the rational age, outside as well as inside poetry and art. We have but to think of Berkeley's last work, *Siris*, with its dive into the neo-Platonists; or of the later works of William Law, when he looked into the abysses of Boehme; or of his companions, who are so well described by Miss Spurgeon in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. Both Law and Berkeley, deeply pious men, had begun as votaries of reason and dialectic, with a strong dash of satire, and both of them afterwards plunged into mysticism. In Burke we have a kind of middle position; he does not court such adventures, and he believes that all which *we* cannot understand nevertheless lies in clear light to the divine reason. Yet he is full of the feeling of awe for the unexplained power which lies behind the presence of man upon the earth and behind the social fabric that ties the generations together. All these forces, qualifying the reign of pure logic and good sense, are only now named to show that *enthusiasm*, presently to be defined, is no isolated thing, but is simply one manifestation of an impulse of revolt, surging up independently in many minds, against the ruling temper.

All these *protesters*, who dealt in romantic verse or philosophic mysticism, though fairly abundant, were very much on their defence throughout the hundred years we are regarding. The future was with them, but no one could clearly see that. If the world had come to an end in 1780, Britain, on the whole, would have gone to her account in her old age with a record for the poetry of satire, argument, and manners, for the novel of manners, for rationalistic philosophy and utilitarian theology. There would have been great exceptions, but exceptions they would have been. Enthusiasm was perhaps the greatest of all; and it was ever on its defence, and knew it well. To-day, I believe, it is reason and logic that are thought to be in the dock; and before closing I shall suggest a modest unprofessional defence of them.

It will not, I hope, be tedious to resort for a few moments to the dictionaries, and harp on the usage of the word enthusiasm and of its derivatives. Light may be thrown on the history of opinion by hunting down a word which begins as a term of praise, becomes for a century a term of contempt and distrust, and then regains some, though not all, of its original brightness. My treatment will now be unblushingly academic. A few of the examples come from that source of wisdom, the *New English Dictionary*.

The term, then, has undergone two critical changes of meaning. The original sense, 'god-inspired', was already but faintly recalled at the end of the seventeenth century. Plato and the Greeks had used *entheos* of the divinely-frenzied poet or prophet, the passive channel of some message not his own which came down from heaven to the world. (The epithet 'god-intoxicated', applied to Spinoza, has a slightly different sense.) Again, our present usage was hardly current till late in the eighteenth century, though we find Joseph Warton's poem *The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature*, as early as 1740. The *New English Dictionary* defines the modern sense as 'rapturous intensity of feeling in favour of a person, principle, cause, &c.'; and tells us justly that the personal noun, *enthusiast*, has kept more visible traces of disparagement than has the abstract term or the epithet; as when we say, 'He

is an enthusiast for the Baconian theory, or for casting horoscopes'. 'Enthusiasm for one's country' carries no such suggestion. But if we are told, 'He is an enthusiast for his country', we answer, 'Well, why not?' However this may be, there is no doubt as to the intervening usage of the word. It was a slighting or damnatory one, and flourished long. Between the two Revolutions, it would startle us to find any one, not in irony or defiance, applying it to himself. It and its cognates are hostile terms. They are used by A, who does *not* think that B is divinely inspired or possessed at all, to express the fact that B falsely imagines himself to be so. Johnson, devout as he is, plainly approves the current use by his definition: 'a vain confidence of divine favour or communication'. Now who were A and B?

I will not go too far back. We find Hobbes, in his *Leviathan* (i. xii, 1651), glancing with contempt at the antique meaning, when amongst the 'superstitious ways of divination' he includes 'the insignificant speeches of madmen supposed to be possessed with a divine spirit, which possession they called enthusiasm'. A more surprising text is found (*N. E. D.*) in that scholarly loyalist Henry More the poet, a votary of the Christian Platonism which has been resuscitated by Dean Inge. More, in 1660, observes that 'if ever Christianity be exterminated, it will be by enthusiasm'. We know what a Cavalier and churchman meant by that. Dryden, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, some twenty years later, recites the rebel followers of Monmouth, who include the Puritan citizens of London:

A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;—

namely, of the ultra-Protestants, the parliamentarian fanatics, members of any strange nonconforming sect that might fancy itself to be guided by the inner light. To Dryden such a net would be wide enough, and would catch any one from Cromwell to Bunyan. The reference, too, is often to the diction of the 'saints'—the diction of Cromwell's letters, or of *Grace Abounding*, and of numberless devotees then and since. We have the suggestive remark of Swift, in his *Letter on the*

English Language, that 'during the usurpation ... an infusion of enthusiastic jargon prevailed'. But quotations from pure men of letters need not be multiplied, as I shall come presently to professed philosophers. The bad sense is the regular one throughout our period. Gibbon, describing how the early Christians recovered from their first aversion to war and business, observes that

'the human character, however it may be exalted or depressed by a temporary enthusiasm, will return, by degrees, to its proper and natural level'. (*D. and F.*, ch. xv.)

The general tenor of the word is now clearer; and as to its lease of life, we may note that the bad sense survives, in corners, at least as late as 1829. It is found in that odd, bombastic, and forgotten book, Isaac Taylor's *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. Taylor understands by the term a disease of human nature, an affair of 'nosology', and a perversion of sober faith; a thing outlawed by both 'common sense and scriptural authority'. He quaintly cherishes the hope that it is 'not now justly chargeable upon any body of Christians'. He appears to mean all sorts of pietism and mysticism, and all assurance of personal contact with the divine. Taylor's language is emphatic but vague, and his whole point of view was already out of date. I return to the more formal treatment of the philosophers, taking texts from Locke, Hume, and Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury dates between Locke and Hume, but as he represents a compromise I will offer first the pure milk of the rationalistic word. I shall also quote John Wesley by the way.

Locke, in 1690, analyses this distressing malady, which has raged so long. He is a physician; and the physician is in a threefold relation to the disease. First, he must not have it himself; next, he must try not to be, or not to show that he is, annoyed with it; and, lastly, he must study it, and throw out hints for cure or prevention. Locke fulfils all these conditions fairly well. 'Enthusiasm' occupies a chapter (xix, bk. iv), significantly placed, in his *Essay*. The preceding chapter is on 'Faith and Reason', and its drift is that reason, though it

cannot provide, must nevertheless approve, and that it will approve, the data of Faith; though Revelation is to be 'hearkened to' in matters where 'reason cannot judge, or but probably'. The succeeding chapter is on 'Wrong Assent, or Error'. Reason to Locke means the discovery and demonstration of real causes, in the world of nature and man, by valid methods. Wrong assent is given when the proofs do not suffice, or when there is a want of power or of will to deal with the evidence, or when probabilities or possibilities are taken as certainties. We may only assent to a proposition in proportion to the strength of the argument in its favour. This, no doubt, is the motto of all philosophers, but it is loudly emphasized by the British school. One form of wrong assent, or of belief founded on invalid evidence, is enthusiasm. To Locke, a convinced theist, the enthusiast seems to have taken an illegitimate short cut to the truth; which, if truth it be, can be rationally proved. Then he diagnoses the malady; he names no names, and may never have read his Bunyan; but the symptoms are for all the world like those of the 'chief of sinners'. Men, says Locke, persuade themselves that they are

'under the peculiar guidance of heaven in their actions and opinions, especially in those of them which they cannot account for by the ordinary methods of knowledge, and principles of reason. Hence we see that in all ages men, in whom melancholy has mixed with devotion, or whose conceit of themselves has raised them into an opinion of a greater familiarity with God, and a nearer admittance to his favour, than is afforded to others, have often flattered themselves with the persuasion of an immediate intercourse with the Deity, and frequent communications from the Divine Spirit. . . . This I take to be properly enthusiasm, which, though founded neither on reason nor divine revelation, but rising from the conceits of a warmed or overweening brain, yet, where it once gets footing, &c. . . .'

Then Locke, in his honest way, tries to fancy himself in the shoes of these deluded persons. His language might apply to George Fox, or to St. Teresa, or to Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. To them the light 'is clear and visible like the light of bright sunshine', and is its own proof. 'We may as naturally', they say, 'take a glow-worm to assist us to discover the sun, as to examine the celestial ray by our

dim candle, reason'. Then he turns and 'soberly' asks the enthusiast how he is sure that his revelation is a revelation, and proceeds:

'The knowledge of any proposition coming into my mind, I know not how, is not a perception that it is from God. . . . Here it is that enthusiasm fails of the evidence it pretends to. . . . Light, true light in the mind, is or can be nothing else but the evidence of the truth of any proposition. . . . To talk of any other light in the understanding, is to put ourselves in the dark, or in the power of the Prince of Darkness, and by our own consent to give ourselves up to delusion, to believe a lie.'

Plainly there is no common ground between the parties. We need not follow Locke's argument further. He says in effect what most of the thinkers of the Enlightenment were to say. But he differs from the anti-clerical assailants that were to come. A firm believer both in natural and revealed religion, he rules out in advance the whole Wesleyan revival, as well as its antecedents. Thus his piety separates him from Hume, that true sceptic and unperturbed observer, whose essay on *Superstition and Enthusiasm* appeared about half a century after Locke's treatise. And Hume differs, we shall see, in another important way from Locke.

In reading Hume we feel we are in contact with one of the strongest minds then at work in the world. He dominates English thought in the mid-eighteenth century; most of its currents meet in Hume. He is also one of its best writers; too much, I think, has been made of his Gallic, and of his Scotch, idioms; he is deceptively clear and easy to read; he is a classical writer, in the good French meaning of the term. But we must admit that when he comes to 'enthusiasm' his urbanity fails him, and Hume begins fairly to snarl:

'When this frenzy once takes place, which is the summit of enthusiasm, every whimsy is consecrated, human reason, and even morality, are rejected as fallacious guides; and the fanatic madman delivers himself over blindly, and without reserve, to the supposed illapses of the spirit, and to inspiration from above. Hope, pride, presumption, a warm imagination, together with ignorance, are therefore the true sources of enthusiasm.'

Such is Hume's judgement of the distinctive Protestant 'experience'. His repugnance is deep and full of alarm. All the more noteworthy is the reserve that he at once makes. One thing he hates worse than 'this frenzy', and that is 'superstition', by which he means Rome. And he adds, in order to be fair, that 'all enthusiasts have been free from the yoke of ecclesiastics'; that their fits, if violent, are soon spent; and they end, not by persecuting, but by falling into formalism and 'remissness and coolness in sacred matters'. In fact, 'superstition is an enemy to civil liberty, and enthusiasm a friend to it'. He points out how the 'Independents and Deists, though the most opposite in their religious principles, yet were united in their political ones, and were alike passionate for a commonwealth'; and how in France the Jansenists, as against the Jesuits, now, in 1741, 'preserve alive the small sparks of the love of liberty which are to be found in the French nation'. Part of this sketch we know to be just. Hume sees the historic alliance of the Protestant with the popular party; and this, under other names, was long to survive him. Hume's Toryism was not yet fully blown when he wrote the passage. He notes in his own way, as Locke fails to do, that deep cleavage in the English people, partly social, partly cultural, partly political, and partly religious, which still persists.

We must not, however, simplify too much. There are all manner of cross-sections. It is reason, not in the philosophical meaning, but in the guise of positive common sense, that sunders the typical high churchman of the time like Samuel Johnson from dissenter or evangelical and from their 'variety of religious experience'. Church and chapel, and also sections within the church, faced each other over a mental gulf. One cause of this was the different upbringing of the parties. It often was, and is, the inner belief of the gentleman and scholar that 'enthusiasm' was something uneducated; ill-bred, morbid, slightly mad, and in no case essential to salvation. It was something that seethed and raved outside the great caste; not a thing for gentry, nor for persons of quality. The enthusiast thus had a formidable team against him: the rationalizing philosopher, the plain educated man,

the scholar and orthodox churchman, and the man of the world or pagan fine gentleman. This last personage might, like Lord Chesterfield, be a nominal conformer, seeing that free-thinking was equally ill-bred and absurd. Perhaps the polar extremes of the English temper in that age are seen in Wesley and in Horace Walpole. Walpole went to hear and see Wesley, and was too clever not to admit his effectiveness. But the eternal word crops up once more; towards the end of his discourse, we learn, the preacher 'exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm'. Detachment could hardly go beyond this.

John Wesley was fully alive to the effects of such a prejudice. He was Oxford bred, scholarly, a master of terse pure English unadorned as well as of his peculiar professional eloquence. He was always eager to avert, to 'head off' as we say, the imputation of enthusiasm, and he used it himself, tactically, as a term of opprobrium. He applied it to mad and wild persons whose antics brought discredit on his message by their displays of false emotion and self-conceit. Such persons, he says,

'think to attain the end [salvation] without the means . . . think themselves inspired by God, and are not. But false, imaginary inspiration is enthusiasm' (1739). Such was a man whom he found 'riding through the town, hallooing and shouting and driving the people before him; telling them, God had told him he should be a King . . . I sent him home immediately to his work, and advised him to cry night and day to God, that he might be lowly in heart; lest Satan should again get an advantage over him'¹:

—a phrase, we note, oddly resembling Locke's own; and he adds that he 'was both surprised and grieved' at this 'genuine instance of enthusiasm' (1742). On another occasion Wesley turns round on those who label *him* with the obnoxious word, and asks: What, pray, might they mean by it? Do they mean a believer in revelation?

¹ He goes yet further in a phrase quoted in *N.E.D.*: 'It is the believing those to be miracles which are not, that constitutes an enthusiast' (*Princ. of Methodism*, p. 54, 1746).

'Do you mean who maintains the antiquated doctrine of the new birth, and of justification by faith? Then I am an enthusiast. But if you mean anything else, either prove or retract the charge' (1761).

The person thus challenged by this admirable politician might not care to deny the doctrine and lose credit for orthodoxy.

Let me return for a moment to the age of Anne to show how the matter is regarded by another philosopher. Shaftesbury, the third earl, is a patrician of a different type to Walpole or Chesterfield. The pupil of Locke, in his *Characteristics*¹ (1711) Shaftesbury shows himself in part Locke's supporter; but his point of view is much wider. Shaftesbury writes with a tedious elegance, rhetorically, and is soon overshadowed by stronger thinkers. None the less, though in a strange way of his own, he begins to announce the reaction against pure logic and reason. The religious enthusiast, to begin with, is not to be persecuted, but is to be cured by a mixture of toleration and ridicule. The wise Greeks and Romans smiled on every mania, and there was no sectarian bloodshed then. Kill the ailment, then, by 'good humour'; this is 'not only the best Security against *Enthusiasm*, but the best Foundation of *Piety* and true *Religion*'. Those who are thus treated will be fitted—so Shaftesbury puts it in his surprising style—for 'thinking with Freedom and Pleasantness on such a subject as GOD'; from our conception of whom we must expel all ideas of '*Stateliness* and *Moroseness*', while retaining those of '*Majesty* and *Greatness*'. As to the cure by ridicule, he has heard of a 'choice Droll or Puppet-Show at *Bart'lemy-Fair*', where the 'strange Voices and involuntary Agitations are admirably well acted, by the Motion of Wires, and Inspiration of Pipes'. This may be a legacy from Ben Jonson's old mockery, in *Bartholomew Fair*, of Zeal-of-the-Land Busy; who was probably, if we knew the heraldry of the case, a lineal ancestor of Mr. Pecksniff. Polite and benevolent

¹ The *Letter concerning Enthusiasm* (1708), *The Moralists, a Rhapsody* (1709), and the *Miscell. Reflections* (1711), together furnish the material. I keep the old printing, which is part of the author's manner, from my edition (the 'second, corrected', 1714).

patronage here goes to its extreme. In the same tone Shaftesbury pleads for the toleration of the Jews, and suggests that their real deficiency is in the sense of humour; they were 'naturally a very cloudy People, and wou'd endure little Raillery in anything . . . [their] sovereign Argument was, *Crucify, Crucify*'.

Shaftesbury afterwards expands these remarks. He adds that the modern, bastard variety of enthusiasm must be distinguished from the nobler Platonic application of the word; 'for Inspiration is a *real* Feeling of the Divine Presence, and Enthusiasm a *false one*'. And in *The Moralists* he breaks out in defence of the real thing. He now means by the term all kinds of lofty emotion, inspired by oratory, music, patriotism, war, or learning; and even, it appears, by mathematics, which do not furnish, as he truly says, the pleasures of sense;—by everything, in fact, *except* evangelical religion. In a later work he says that there is 'a kind of *Enchantment* or *Magick*' in the thing, and that it is 'a very natural *honest* Passion', having 'properly nothing for its Object but what is *Good* and *Honest*'. But it is apt to go astray, and he again deplors the excitement of the zealots, who

'curse, bless, sing, mourn, exult, tremble, caress, assassinate, *inflict* and *suffer* MARTYRDOM, with a thousand other the most vehement Efforts of variable and contrary Affection'.

The atheist, too, is tarred with the same brush; for have not Vanini and other fanatics faced the stake for *their* notions? Then Shaftesbury joins in the usual chorus; he condemns the intolerance with which superstition and enthusiasm have burdened the earth; now on Papistical, now on Protestant lips.

Shaftesbury, it is plain, has not got so far as Hume in his analysis. He speaks of the ailment much as a typical Whig noble of the last age or an old-fashioned Oxford don might speak of the Salvation Army, as a painful aberration, or at best as a perversion of something that might have been good. At the same time, outside this region, Shaftesbury said what no one else of his time said so distinctly. He partly rescued the word from its ill associations, though he was little thanked for doing so. He spoke out, in his affected way, for the

artistic feelings, and for more than the tempered and sensible enjoyment of music and letters. His rhapsodies did something in the age of Swift and Defoe to keep alive the spirit of Plato; and herein he is an ally of Berkeley. He sketched out a loose optimistic creed, which the shrewd coarse assaults of Bernard de Mandeville could not wholly demolish; and he set his face against the barer rationalism of his age, being himself, in his own sense of the term, a true enthusiast.

Only two remarks can be added. (1) The conflict here described is not merely dead history; the combatants live on under other names; they can perhaps never be reconciled, and neither can ever extinguish the other. Those who are favoured with the kind of experience which is in dispute, seldom think that it needs or admits of proof. They may build a logical stairway of doctrine, or of discipline, up to a certain point; but this, like some fabric of Piranesi's, breaks off suddenly, and the next stride is into a precipice of air. Sometimes, be it noted, those who have enjoyed the experience, on mature reflection repudiate it as a dream when one awaketh in the morning; but this is not usual. On the other hand, the men who analyse and verify to the bitter end are seldom, in the nature of the case, the favoured ones. History at any rate seems to show a great gulf fixed between two permanent types of mind—between Locke and Bunyan, or Wesley and Gibbon. Only, since those days the attitude of the analyst has changed. The enthusiast is now studied, with some sort of dramatic sympathy, in all his varieties, in order to see what fact in human nature may lie behind his distinctive experience. This change of temper is due not much to the renewal of poetry and romance as to the scientific and historical spirit, which has brought all things under the category of Becoming and has tended, by that process, to swamp the question of truth or falsehood. In the theological world material causes have also been at work. Once outlawed, the Methodist and kindred movements came to be respectable and prosperous, founding thousands of chapels with millions of worshippers, and reacting powerfully on the established church. Their findings could no longer be dismissed or

patronized, and the contributions of the 'free churches' to exegesis and theological scholarship have been immense.

(2) I have tried to state this issue with equity, though of course only in outline; but had better say, though it may be needless, where my own sympathies lie, so that the reader, if he cares, can correct the personal equation. Art and poetry (which 'nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth') are not here in question, but intellectual conviction. I am, then, all for reason, and against 'enthusiasm'; but for reason in the following sense. The logical reason, of course, cannot furnish the full matter of experience; the affections, the moral emotions, and the mystical or religious vision, all contribute and put in their claim. Reason, as I see it, must at last decide the validity of that claim. At the worst, it must keep the position of a co-partner whose signature is requisite if the cheque is to be honoured. There are systems that seem to reason in favour of the cult of non-reason or unreason—a process that is like trying to blunt the knife with its own blade. It is said truly that reason itself is only a knife, or implement, evolved like the rest of the mind, and, in its explicit form, evolved later than the rest. But then it is evolved, after all, for self-defence; to check and judge, to approve or disapprove whatever seems to be asserted by the affective and visionary part of us. Science and reason, then, are trying to sift the question whether the 'enthusiast', in the widest sense of the term, is *right*. Whatever science says on such matters will always be disregarded by the body of mankind. But science itself goes on its way, disregarding the body of mankind. If I am asked what science *does* say on the point at issue, I reply that no one has discovered any test by which the point can be decided; and that the burden of a proof which shows no signs of being forthcoming, or of being put in intelligible or communicable terms, still rests on the shoulders of those who assert that the enthusiast reads his own experience aright. In this sense, then, if an amateur may make such a profession, I follow Locke and Gibbon, believing that their shades, like that of Julius Caesar, are mighty yet.

OLIVER ELTON.

ALLAN RAMSAY AND THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

LET me begin with a reminiscence.

Sixty years ago, Edinburgh was still a city of enchantment. The expansion into a vast overgrowth of suburbs, with the consequent loss in vividness of life and concentration of impression, had then only begun. The romance of the Scottish capital was still massed within well-marked limits; and among its lesser romantic features which, together with the greater, kindled the active imagination of childhood, was Allan Ramsay's house on the Castle Hill.

It had no beauty beyond that of its superb situation. 'My Bower on the Castle Bank', Ramsay's own fond description, was a title belonging to the dawning era of 'sensibility'. The name of the Goose Pie, by which it had been familiarly, and in some measure affectionately, known for more than a century, suited it better. 'Now I see you in it, Allan, I think the name very proper', is said to have been the comment made on it in early days by Lord Elibank. Yet it did not misbecome its surroundings, splendid as these were; for they dominated it and gave it character. It had insensibly become a national monument, a note in national history.

West Princes Street Gardens were then the jealously guarded preserve of a few favoured householders. The thin railway line sunk in the valley was hardly noticeable. The steep, sparsely-grassed hillside flung from the towering basalt cliffs, and the shrubbed slopes below it, might still be fancied a primitive solitude. The grey house keeping vigil on the hill-brow, in sunlight and starlight or swathed in the sea fog, seemed a symbol that carried the mind back, not only to the times of the Porteous Riots and the Forty-five, but beyond them into medieval Scotland.

Steel's statue of Ramsay, down in the Gardens, has nothing romantic about it. It is the presentment of the sleek little tradesman of the Luckenbooths, burgess and *bon vivant*, and the presentment is true to life. But it is incomplete. Here, as often elsewhere, a man stands in the history of his country and of his art not merely for what he obviously was and consciously did, but also for what he in effect, and perhaps unconsciously, originated; for the turn he gave, recognizable only in the backward perspective of distance, to the movement of a whole age. Portrait and biography have to be supplemented by a larger and more searching interpretation.

Thus with Allan Ramsay; his importance in letters is less in respect of his own poetry, vital and even excellent as some of it is, than as having given the first clearly assignable impulse to the romantic movement of the eighteenth century. That movement is generally thought of as having begun much later. Its effective development is dated from the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian* in 1762, and of Percy's *Reliques* in 1765. But these, important and decisive as their influence was, appeared when the soil was already prepared and the new growth was well started. Quite twenty years earlier, the re-emergence of romanticism is clearly marked in the two Wartons. No less remarkably, though more confusedly, does it appear at about the same date in the *Castle of Indolence*. That was the work of a Scotsman, though one denized in England and hardly counting as a Scottish poet. But for its first beginnings we have to go earlier still, and to go to the northern kingdom. We shall find them (so surprising and unexpected are the ways of the Muses) in the little Edinburgh wig-maker; and not so much in his idylls and lyrics, or in the pastoral drama by which his name is chiefly known, as in *The Evergreen*, that collection of older Scottish poetry which holds in germ, forty years before the *Reliques*, the rediscovery of romance and the recapture for poetry of the submerged or dormant lyrical instinct.

Ramsay's original poetry is not negligible. It had a wide fame even beyond his native country; and it retained for a full century a hold not merely on the partial judgement of

Scottish critics but on the heart of the Scottish people. It is true that much of it is not original, and a good deal of it is not poetry. *The Gentle Shepherd* itself is an amorphous structure. The absurdities which are so easy to find in it are perhaps no greater, though they are more patent, than those of the *Aminta*. The point to be emphasized is that they arise in the course of a real attempt to rescue the pastoral convention from classicism and re-connect it with life. This was what had been the unique triumph of Theocritus; but with the instinctive Greek tact, Theocritus kept within the manageable field of the detached idyll. The idyllic drama of Guarini and Tasso was only made possible by narrowing the convention. *The Gentle Shepherd*—and the courage, even the daring, of the attempt is remarkable—aimed at widening it. Success was not attained, and was not attainable; the return to nature had to be made through other channels.

Praise may be given, with little or no qualification, to several of the distinct and still separable idylls which were pieced together as scenes in one idyllic drama. This holds good for the originating idyll of *Patie and Roger*, with its beautiful opening lyric of *My Peggy is a Young Thing*, which now stands as Act I, scene i, of *The Gentle Shepherd*; it had in fact been printed as a separate piece years before. It holds good even more fully of the two idylls of *Peggy and Jenny* (now Act I, scene ii), and of *Roger and Jenny* (now Act III, scene iii). It is in the former of these that the beautiful lines come,

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How
Where a' that's sweet in spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks out ower a little lin
The water fa's and makes a singan din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' lazy whirls the borderin grass:

which give perfect expression to the native quality of the North, the 'delicate spare soil', the 'slender and austere landscape' where 'through the thin trees the skies appear'. Nor would it be easy to overpraise several of the interposed songs, of which there are more than twenty in the whole piece. The one, for instance, beginning:

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do
 Lest a harder luck betide you:

or the other beginning:

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleating flocks:

or one which may be given in full:

Jock said to Jenny, 'Jenny wilt thou do't?'
 'Ne'er a fit', quoth Jenny, 'for my tocher-good;
 For my tocher-good I winna marry thee.'
 'E'ens ye like,' quoth Jocky; 'ye may let it be.

'I hae gowd and gear; I hae land enugh;
 I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh and linkan o'er the lea;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

'I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
 A peatstack fore the door, will mak a rantin fire.
 I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.'

Jenny said to Jocky, 'Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.'

But the group of idyllic sketches lose a good deal of their effectiveness by embodiment in the cumbrous framework of a regular drama constructed according to rule, 'the time of action within twenty-four hours', and with a conventional plot. The historical or quasi-historical setting for the action in this queer stageland Arcadia is preposterous. To a generation for whom the Killing Time was well within living memory, the representing of the Restoration as inaugurating an era of peace and happiness could only, one would think, be an unconvincing and repellent fiction. Sir William Worthy is a figure whose only possible place is in the naked and shameless innocence of melodrama. But even in that atmosphere

he is not much of a success. It is curious that the name 'Sir William' is, throughout the fiction of the eighteenth century, whether in prose or verse, a danger-signal to the reader. Sir William Thornhill in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Sir William Honeywood in *The Good-Natured Man*, are no less than Ramsay's Sir William, in the apt phrase of Sir Robert Ayton's, 'fond impossibilities'. But more largely, it was the weakness of Ramsay's 'return to nature' that it sought expression here in the vehicle of the *favola boschereccia* which had gone hopelessly out of date. Just so, in his production on the wedding of the Duke of Hamilton, he had attempted with even scantier success to revive the Elizabethan Masque which had expired in a blaze of splendour with Milton's *Comus*.

But the artistic defects of *The Gentle Shepherd*, no less than its real excellences, just hit popular taste. It made him a popular poet in the most genuine sense of the term. The assertion made in 1800, that 'there is not a milkmaid, a plough-boy, or a shepherd of the lowlands of Scotland, who has not by heart its favourite passages and can [*sic*] rehearse its entire scenes', was no doubt a flight of rhetoric; but it was the exaggeration of a substantial truth. Sir Archibald Geikie, when making a geological survey of the Pentland range in 1856, 'was much interested to find that the custom still prevailed among the peasant population of acting Allan Ramsay's pastoral play of *The Gentle Shepherd* in the midst of the very scenery which had inspired the poet. The Scottish language of the dialogue was given by the rustic actors with full Doric breadth, and even sometimes with creditable dramatic power. That the poem which was published in 1725 should survive in the affections of the peasantry is strong evidence of the force and fidelity of its picture of Scottish rural life. Its survival in this form has probably kept much of the old Scots tongue still in use throughout the district.'¹ But when a later editor wrote, as recently as 1877, that 'to this day it is as much read and as often quoted by many of the peasantry as any of the poems of Burns', the exaggeration is excessive. For the Lothians it may have had a grain of truth; *The*

¹ Sir A. Geikie, *A Long Life's Work*, p. 55.

Gentle Shepherd no doubt remained alive longest among its native Pentlands, though the occasional performances of recent years have only been artificial antiquarian revivals. But as regards Ayrshire, which that editor specifically mentions, it cannot be accepted. Allan Ramsay's name was a lingering household word there, but that was about all.

It is, however, with full truth that the same editor claims for Ramsay that he 'was the pioneer of a new era, and gave an impulse to the study and cultivation of the poetic art'. He was a germinal force. His own lyrical gift, though genuine, was slender. His dramatic sense, notwithstanding that devotion to the theatre which got him into so much trouble with the Edinburgh Town Council and very nearly ruined him financially, was weak. When he 'gets to his English', he is only a minor and provincial Augustan. Only in his admirable *Fables and Tales* can he take rank beside those Southern contemporaries of whom he writes, that

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay
Are still my heart's delight.

With Swift he had little or nothing in common. With Gay, that thin but sweet voice of poetry (himself too connected with Scotland through the fostering friendship of the Queensberrys), he had much. There is a certain kinship between *The Gentle Shepherd* and *The Beggar's Opera*; and Gay and Ramsay are the two best British fabulists. Their debt to la Fontaine and la Motte is of course, in both, patent and confessed, but their own skill of handling was much alike and was very great. Gay's own *Shepherd's Week* (1714), though primarily a burlesque, touches here and there, in virtue of his delicate and never fully disengaged poetical instinct, the authentic Theocritean note. 'Though only half intending it,' Mr. E. K. Chambers says in words which, though with some hesitation, may be accepted, 'he produced a genuine work of pastoral art, the nearest approach to a realistic pastoral which our literature had yet seen.'¹ But he lacked the intention; his touch on those strings was light and transitory.

¹ Chambers, *English Pastorals*, p. xlvii.

It was presumably through Gay, whose acquaintance he made in Edinburgh, that Ramsay came to the knowledge of the other members of the group. It should be borne in mind that it was the Young of the *Satires*, not the later and more famous Young of the *Night Thoughts*, in whom he delighted. And Sandy likewise—one cannot help wondering how Pope liked being called Sandy—is the Pope of the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, not the Pope of the *Essay on Man* and *The Dunciad*. It brings the whole eighteenth century into closer perspective to remember that the Countess of Eglinton, to whom, then in the prime of her age and beauty, *The Gentle Shepherd* was dedicated, lived on to receive the homage of Dr. Johnson during his tour in Scotland half a century later.

But Pope's known and recorded admiration of *The Gentle Shepherd* shows how 'the return to nature' was a real motive, a sincere aim, even at the time and among the circle in which poetry was most artificial, and most heavily fettered by a classicist tradition. And to many readers Ramsay's *Evergreen* must have come, when it appeared in 1724, as something like a new revelation. His texts are deplorable; the liberties he took with his originals are monstrous; and he had little flair for distinguishing genuine antiquity from recent or contemporary forgery. Yet, in the words of his Preface, 'the groves rise in our own valleys, the rivers flow from our own fountains, and the winds blow upon our own hills'. With all its defects, a collection which begins with *Christ's Kirk on the Green* and ends with *Hardyknute*, and thus traverses the whole field of Scottish poetry for nearly three centuries, is memorable as having reopened the springs of poetry. Though the released stream ran turbid, it had not lost its quickening and refreshing power. And as it ran on, it cleared itself, as streams do, in the open air.

It was in the generation after Ramsay's that Edinburgh first put forward the boast of being the modern Athens, and that Scottish writers took a leading place in British letters. But the most famous of these were writers of prose; historians, essayists, or philosophers. Among Edinburgh poets, Allan Ramsay may still claim the foremost place but one; and

indeed, if we set Scott apart as belonging less to Edinburgh than to Scotland, and less to Scotland than to the world, he might claim the foremost; for Ferguson's fame rests more on the generous and over-generous praise of Burns than on his own substantive merits. Ramsay when still a young man was made poet-laureate of the Easy Club. He became in effect for the rest of his life poet-laureate of the city. He received no public honours; in the eyes of authority he was only one of 'the playhouse comedians who debauch all the faculties of our rising generation'; but he had a secure place in popular affection, and his wreath still remains green. His house has for many years been merged in a students' hostel; a better use, one may judge, than to be preserved like Abbotsford as a show-place filled with ghostly memories. Something of his gay spirit, of his love for nature and for books, of his devotion to the national poetry of his country, may still linger there to inspire new generations of students.

J. W. MACKAIL.

