

ADVENTURES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE



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KING JOHN SEALING THE MAGNA CARTA by Ernest Normand. A stirring theme in both the history and literature of England is the struggle for individual liberty. The signing of the Magna Carta by King John in 1215 marked the first great victory in that struggle. Ernest Normand (1857–1923) was a distinguished painter of historical subjects. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

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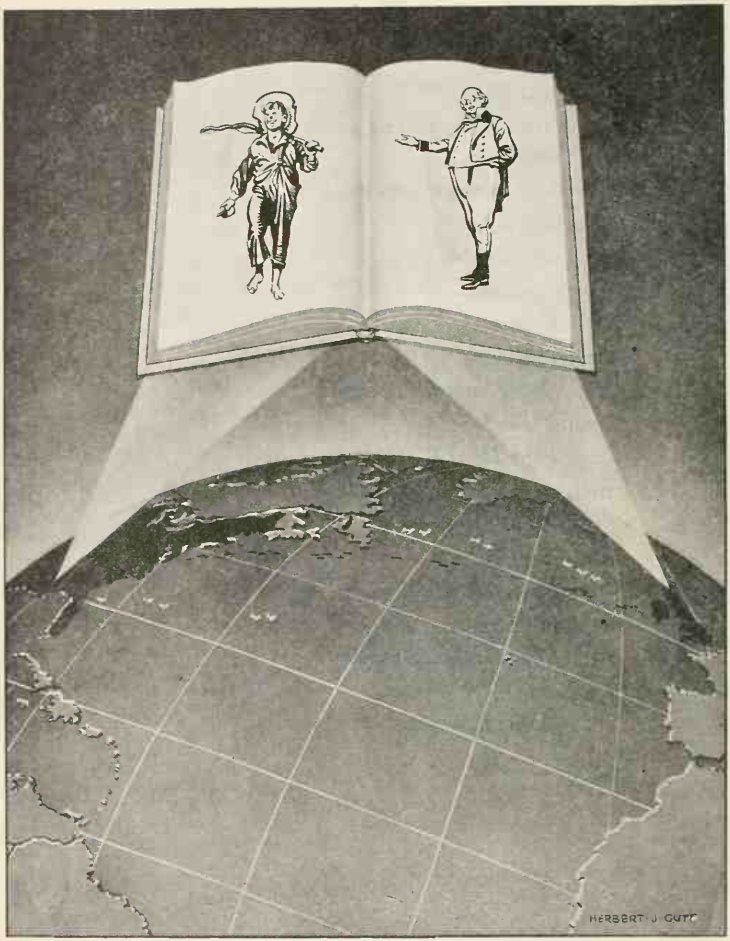
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BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC Although a vast ocean separates England and America, the two countries are bound together by their common literature. Tom Sawyer is as real to Englishmen as he is to Americans; and Americans enjoy Mr. Pickwick as fully as do the English themselves.



HERE IS ENGLAND. Britain's insular position has played a large role in preventing invasion from the continent and in maintaining the integrity of the British people. The varied terrain and great natural beauty of the islands have had a profound influence on many English writers, especially the poets, through the centuries.

Here is England

THE literature of a people who all speak the same language is simply the sum total of the best writings in that language. Poems, plays, novels, biography, essays, and history help to form this total. This book presents as examples of English literature many of the best writings of the English, and also of the Irish and the Scots. The writings of our own country are presented in a separate volume, *Adventures in American Literature;* but English literature is, of course, the parent of American literature.

In order to understand how and why the English language has grown and changed, and how its literature has developed, it is well to know something of the background of English history.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales) and Ireland are two islands close to the continent of Europe, northwest of France. From this center has developed the British Empire, now to a large extent a Commonwealth of free and independent nations. The most important of these are the Dominions of Canada and Newfoundland (half the continent of North America), Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa. The many colonies throughout the world are governed more directly by Britain. India forms a unique part of the Empire, neither as self-governing as a dominion nor as dependent as a colony. In 1922 South Ireland became the Irish Free State with the same status as a dominion in the Empire, but in 1938, with the new name of Eire, she became a separate republic. The six northern counties of Ireland have retained their original position as part of the nation of Great Britain.

HOW ENGLAND BEGAN

Thousands of years ago the island known as Britain was a part of the mainland, a peninsula jutting northward from France. No English Channel then separated it from the Continent. The first inhabitants of Britain had come from Iberia (Spain). Small in stature, they fought and hunted ferocious animals in the forests. Several thousand years before the birth of Christ they had trackways, rude mounds for the burial of their dead, and the crude beginnings of civilization. Their Stone Age was followed by the Bronze and the Iron ages, as the material used for weapons and implements changed and new metals were discovered.

ARRIVAL OF THE CELTS

Then a larger and more robust people, the Celts, entered Britain from the lands that are now France and Germany. Some of them painted themselves with crude color; so the Romans, on first seeing them, called them Picts, or Painted People (hence our word " picture "). From one group, the Brythons (" tattooed men "), the name Britain is derived.

The Celts, a barbarous people, were clannish. Together they fought their tribal enemies. They had no central government and no written language. Their priests, called Druids, taught them of a world after death. The huge stone pillars at Stonehenge (probably erected long before the coming of the Celts) were used as one of the re-



STONEHENGE, SOUTHERN ENGLAND. These huge pillars are the remains of what was probably a religious meeting place of the earliest inhabitants of the British Isles. (Culver Service)

ligious meeting places of these priests. Then, during the slowly passing centuries, the Britannic Isles were cut off from the European mainland by the body of water now called the English Channel.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND

The history of a country is influenced by its geographical position and the shape of its land. The southeast part of England sloped toward France. The chalk cliffs along the southern coast were broken by inviting harbors, and the east coast was low and marshy. It was fertile land, too, with a temperate climate. Wild winds, blowing against England's western hills, brought ample rainfall. These conditions invited many early invasions.

HOW ENGLAND LOOKS TODAY

England is roughly triangular in shape. The eastern part is agriculturally the richest. It has also the easier trade approach from the Continent. To the west lies the great Midland Plain — bordered by the coal district, called the " Black Country." This thickly populated plain is the heart of rural England. In its western part are great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and some of its towns manufacture woolen and leather goods. The major manufacturing districts lie to the west and north.

On the east coast of England, north of the fertile land, a large shallow bay called The Wash receives a number of rivers. The level land at the mouths of the rivers is known as the Fens. Originally very swampy, this land is now extensively drained.

From Scotland south to the center of England runs the Pennine Chain of hills. Its great deposits of coal and iron feed manufacturing, which supports one of the densest populations in the world. In the northwest lies the Lake District, noted for beautiful scenery and steep hills, celebrated by the Lake Poets.

The tip of England's southwest peninsula is Cornwall, steep and rugged, where King Arthur is supposed to have lived. From the southern coast of England, the Chalk Country runs northeast into the middle of England. Long ago a great sheet of chalk spread over the whole southeastern section. The chalk cliffs of Dover, which gave England the early name of *Albion* (meaning White Land), are still a notable landmark. (See Alice Duer Miller's poem " The White Cliffs of Dover," from which a recent moving picture was made.) The part of England nearest France is called The Weald; it comprises Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. Once it was one of the densest forests in Britain. Chalk forms the Downs to the north of the Weald, while the South Downs meet the sea

in historic promontories. Sheep, grass, and beech and oak trees are plentiful on the Downs. In the north of England are wide moors or peat fields overgrown with heather.

WALES

West of England is Wales, craggy and forested like the Scottish highlands. Separated from England by a mountain barrier, it was in ancient days the refuge of defeated primitive tribes. Today it is a rich country for coal mining and the smelting of metals. A musical race, the Welsh have always had their local poets and annual congresses of bards, minstrels, and writers.

SCOTLAND

North of England is Scotland, a land of varied beauty with rugged mountains and numerous lakes and streams. It is divided into two parts: the Highlands in the north and the Lowlands nearest to England. Until quite recently the Highland Celts spoke Gaelic. These hunters and herders of cattle have always stood aloof from the English. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, have long been close to England in language and customs. Some of the best writers of English literature are Lowland Scots.

IRELAND

To the west of England is Ireland, with rugged cliffs, lakes, and rich vegetation. Like Wales and northern Scotland, Ireland was in early days the remote fastness to which the Celtic tribes retreated. England later conquered Ireland, but a long history of Irish dissatisfaction with English rule resulted in the present Republic of Eire. The genius of the Celtic race has contributed excellent writing both in the ancient Gaelic tongue and in modern English.

With this preliminary view, we now turn to the first invasion of England in historic times and the beginnings of English literature.



A CORNWALL TOWN. Much of England's charm lies in her villages. This is Looe, one of the many picturesque fishing towns on England's coasts. (Ewing Galloway)



THE ANGLO-SAXON AGE. Turbulent sea and fog-bound land created a strong, bold race of men always ready to fight; but equally ready to enjoy food and drink and song and story in the great hall when the battle had ended.

The Anglo-Saxon Age

449-1066

JULIUS CAESAR, the great Roman proconsul who finally made himself master of the Roman Empire, twice invaded Britain, in 55 and 54 B.C. He is the central figure in Shakespeare's famous play and in Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

Caesar was the first Roman to bring the "eagles" (Roman emblems of authority and power) to British shores. But he soon had to withdraw. It was not until almost a century later (A.D. 43) that the Emperor Claudius I really conquered Britain for Rome. During the Roman occupation of the island for a little over three centuries and a half, the wilder Celtic tribes retreated, fighting, to the hills of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. But the Britons in southern England were brought under Roman rule. In Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* a supposed Roman centurion of the thirtieth legion tells of those ancient days of the Roman occupation. He speaks of the painted tribes of Picts, "little folk," against whom (in A.D. 150) the Roman Emperor Hadrian built a wall. From that time until the middle of the fourth century, this wall was the northern boundary of Britain.

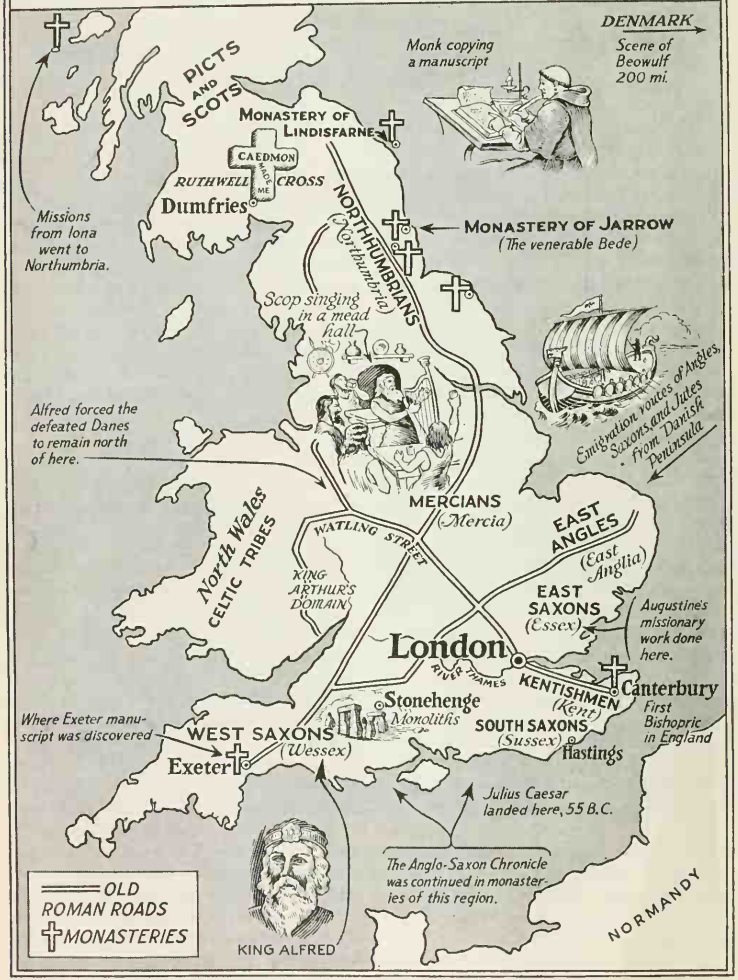
Having thus secured themselves against attack, the Romans built roads, drained swamps, and constructed villas and towns of stone. Their houses had sunken baths in the Roman fashion, even glass in the windows, and a kind of central heating. They saw to it that exports from British mines, farms, and looms increased.

But, in A.D. 367, the northern Celts and Picts successfully stormed Hadrian's wall and overran England. Roman power, by that time, had begun to crumble, much as the Nazi power in occupied France crumbled in World War II. The Romans in Britain were far from home, and the wild Germanic tribes — pressed southward by the hordes of Asia — were almost at the gates of Rome itself. Soon Rome was forced to give up its British province entirely, and the Roman colonists followed the legions home.

ENGLAND GETS ITS NAME

The story goes that Vortigern, a British ruler, in A.D. 449 invited the Jutes, from the peninsula of Jutland, to come to Britain and aid him against the wild northern Picts. Soon not only Jutes, but Saxons and Angles also, swarmed over the land. The present county names — Essex, Sussex, Wessex, and Middlesex — are contractions of East, South, West, and Middle Saxons. The Angles first settled in East Anglia, but soon spread so widely over the eastern half of the island that they gave their name to the entire country — England. Again the original Britons retired into Ireland, Wales, and the North and West of England. The Irish and Welsh retained their own Celtic languages, in which a rich store of legends developed. This folklore, however, was not translated into English until the late nineteenth century. In the sixth century the Christian Celts, still holding out in the North and West, are supposed to have rallied under the legendary King Arthur. At any rate, the

Foundations of a Literature, 55 B.C.-1000 A.D.



Britons stubbornly resisted invasion. But finally the invaders conquered England and began to settle down fairly peacefully.

ANGLO-SAXON TRAITS

The Angles and Saxons — in contrast to the Britons and Celts — were hard fighters, seafarers, scorners of danger. Likewise they loved great bouts of eating and drinking in the mead hall. In conflicts they were "tough customers," but at other times lazily good-natured. They had a thoroughly practical side that survives to this day in most Englishmen. They were stoical in the face of Fate, which they called Wyrd, and had also a poetic genius rising out of long acquaintance with harsh, forbidding landscape, stormy seas, the mystery of nature, and the workings of circumstance which they could not fathom.

Most important was the Anglo-Saxon's love of personal liberty. Although there were slaves among them, the Anglo-Saxon believed, as he does to this day, in maintaining his own personal rights. While the foundation of Roman civilization was largely the slave state, that of Anglo-Saxon civilization was largely the free man. The Anglo-Saxon believed firmly in his own superiority. Almost immediately he began to call the native Britons Welisc (meaning "foreigners"). From this term, of course, come the words Welsh and Wales.

GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION OF THE SAXONS

The Anglo-Saxon did not like towns or cities. Much of his land was shared in common, and his government began with the village moot — a meeting called to talk things over. Today we use the word *moot* as having to do with discussion or debate — as "moot point," meaning one that may be argued. A small group of families was represented by the town moot, a group of one hundred families by the hundred moot; the larger folk moot was really a gathering together of the tribe for purposes of war. The folk moot elected the war chief and, later on, the king.

The principal god of the Anglo-Saxons was Woden, the war god. The names of several of the days of the week come from the Anglo-Saxon divinities: Tuesday (day of the dark god Tiw), Wednesday (Woden's Day), Thursday (Thor's day or the Day of Thunder), and Friday (Frigg's Day). Easter also gets its name from their god of spring, Eostre.

In the four principal kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon England — Northumbria, Mercia, East Anglia, and that of the East and West Saxons — the people lived in small communities, each centered about the somewhat glorified hut of the atheling, or lord, who was often designated as the "dispenser of treasure." Their houses were of rough logs, windowless, roofed with thatch, and notable chiefly as firetraps, for the fire was built in the center of the floor with no smoke vent other than a hole in the roof.

SOCIAL LIFE CENTERED IN THE MEAD HALL

With the passage of years and the increase of wealth the Saxon nobles built numerous mead halls, similar to the one described in *Beowulf*, the English national epic. Mead, the favorite drink of the warriors, was a rich ale brewed from honey. After the hunt or fight the mighty thanes, or followers of the king, would gather in the central hall for rest, refreshment, and celebration. This hall was usually rectangular, its pointed roof being held up by two lengthwise rows of pillars. Down the center of the floor ran a shallow trench in which the fires were built. Flanking the fires were two long tables, mere boards on trestles, removable when the feast was over; the thanes went to sleep on the raised tiers behind the pillars.

At mealtimes the guests usually sat along the outer edge of the tables in order to face the fires. In the early days the mead was drunk from the horns of animals, but later from flagons of heavy wood or metal. Great joints of meat, eaten with the aid of only fingers and a hunting knife, formed the main dish at the feast. In spite of all the crudeness of manner, there was yet a touch of dignified ceremony, as when the queen herself passed the mead cup to the warriors.

After the feasting the chief entertainment was provided by the scop (literally "a shaper"), or gleeman, who sang to the accompaniment of his simple harp a stirring tale of some great hero.

EARLY LITERATURE

A favorite hero was Beowulf, the story of whose life forms the great epic of Anglo-Saxon literature. The old pagan poetry was passed from mouth to mouth by these scops, or gleemen, and was not put into writing until the establishment of Christian monasteries years afterward. Only a little of it survives. Some of the best is included in this book. There are two distinct periods of Anglo-Saxon literature: the pagan poetry of the fifth and sixth centuries and the Christian literature, both prose and poetry, from the seventh to the eleventh. The first has two qualities: sometimes a rather grim nature worship, and often the pervading gloom or melancholy of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS

Toward the end of the sixth century Pope Gregory at Rome decided to try the power of Christian missionaries against the might of Thor and Woden and the Anglo-Saxon nature gods. It is said that as a bishop he had encountered certain fair-haired slaves in the Roman market place and, on being told their nationality, had exclaimed, "Not Angles, but angels!" In 597 he sent to England a small band of monks headed by Augustine, who later became the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Augustine converted King Ethelbert of Kent and all his court, and about a thousand of Ethelbert's subjects were baptized. Augustine then built a church at Canterbury.

Over a century later the Venerable Bede, "the father of our English learning" and the great prose writer of that time, told how the early English felt toward conversion. Here are the words of a Northumbrian noble:

> So, O King, does the present life of man on earth seem to me, in comparison with the time which is unknown to us, as though a sparrow flew swiftly through the hall, coming in by one door and going out by the other, and you, the while, sat at meat with your captains and liegemen, in wintry weather, with a fire burning in your midst and heating the room, the storm raging out of doors and driving snow and rain before it. For the time for which he is within, the bird is sheltered from the storm, but after this short while of calm he flies out again into the cold and is seen no more. Thus the life of man is visible for a moment, but we know not what comes before it or follows after it. If, then, this new doctrine brings something more of certainty, it deserves to be followed.

Later certain Christian Irish missionaries journeyed to the Northumbrian coast (see map, page 28) and established a chain of monasteries which became the chief center of literature for some time. One of the most celebrated was Whitby, under the Abbess Hilda; in another, Jarrow, the Venerable Bede lived and wrote. He tells how Caedmon, an ignorant cowherd who lived at Whitby, fled once from a feast where he was required to sing. While he was crouching in a cowbyre, an angel appeared and commanded him to sing. Thus he composed his most famous hymn. You can imagine him, after that, striding the wild, wind-swept headland above the North Sea as he composed his Bible chants.

Although Bede wrote chiefly in Latin, he is considered our first writer of prose; and Caedmon is the first identified Anglo-Saxon poet. Both of them were Northumbrian.

ALFRED RESISTS THE DANES

Though an earlier king had claimed sovereignty over all England, it was not until 871 that the nation was really united under an able ruler, King Alfred of Wessex (849–901). His was undoubtedly the strongest personality of the Anglo-Saxon period. Known as Alfred the Great, he was a combination of bold warrior, wise ruler, astute lawmaker, foresighted educator, and versatile man of letters. In his youth a journey to Rome gave him ideas concerning a better civilization for his own country. Upon his accession to the throne the Danes were an

immediate and terrible menace. They had already invaded Wessex and were sweeping down on all England. These hated Northmen, the Vikings, were the most daring sailors of that day. They voyaged in small shield-walled black skiffs with lug sails, forty warriors to a ship, which was steered by a long steering-sweep. These dreaded black ships crept up peaceful rivers and left behind them the smoking ruins of homes. To combat this enemy, Alfred built large ships — the beginning of the English navy. He also developed a well-organized army.

The Danes hated Christianity and all its evidences. They plundered and razed the monasteries of Lindisfarne, Jarrow, Melrose, and Whitby, destroying many manuscripts. They crushed Anglo-Saxon literature in the North, where it had chiefly existed. Finally they came to rule England, until they were defeated by Alfred. In celebration of this victory over the Danes, a White Horse, the emblem of the English at that time, was carved in the chalky subsoil of a steep hillside in Berkshire. In his long poem "The Ballad of the White Horse," Gilbert K. Chesterton gives this stirring description of Alfred's heroic stand:



A VIKING. Fierce fighting men, like this one, often pillaged the eastern shore of Britain. (Culver Service)

The Northmen came about our land
  A Christless chivalry:
Who knew not of the arch or pen,
Great, beautiful, half-witted men
  From the sunrise and the sea.

Misshapen ships stood on the deep
  Full of strange gold and fire,
And hairy men as huge as sin,
With hornèd heads, came wading in
  Through the long, low sea-mire.

Then Alfred, King of England,
  Bade blow the horns of war,
And flung the Golden Dragon out,
With crackle and acclaim and shout,
  Scrolled and aflame and far.

"Brothers at arms," said Alfred,
  "On this side lies the foe.
Are slavery and starvation flowers
  That you should pluck them so?

"Or that before the red cock crow,
  All we, a thousand strong,
Go down the dark road to God's house,
  Singing a Wessex song?"

When Alfred's word was ended,
  Stood firm that feeble line,
Each in his place with club or spear,
And fury deeper than deep fear,
  And smiles as sour as brine.

Wild stared the Danes at the double ways
  Where they loitered, all at large,
As that dark line for the last time
  Doubled the knee to charge —

And caught their weapons clumsily,
  And marvelled how and why —
In such degree, by rule and rod,
The people of the peace of God
  Went roaring down to die.



A SAXON MONASTERY SCHOOL. King Alfred fostered learning by establishing and visiting schools. (From *Great Men and Famous Women*)

In 886 Alfred and the Danes came to an agreement whereby the Danes kept the section of England east of the old Roman road called Watling Street (see map, page 28). In this territory, known as the Danelaw, the former raiders settled down under their own laws.

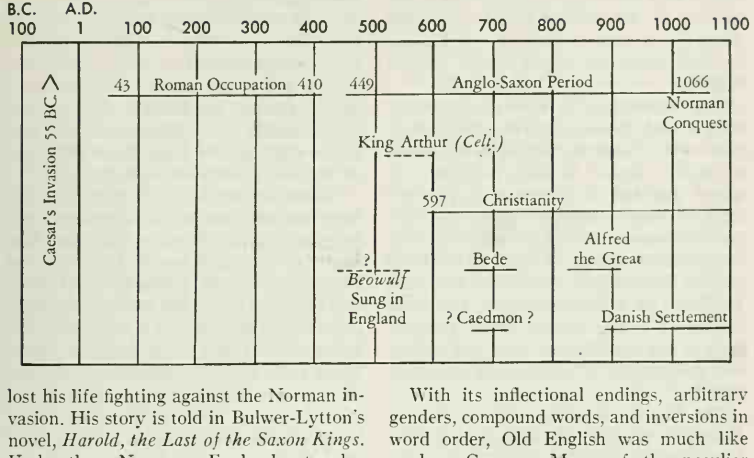
ALFRED ENCOURAGES EDUCATION

For his own people Alfred began to establish schools with the best foreign teachers he could get, because not only the children but the nobility were woefully ignorant. He himself at forty studied Latin, and translated important works of the day. Likewise, he made a code of laws and wrote proverbs. But, even more important, he started a unique historical record, *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which was compiled in various monasteries for centuries. The first part is largely legendary, but beginning with the days of Alfred it is fairly readable history. Fortunately, after his death it was continued for a century after the Norman Conquest.

THE RULE SHIFTS BETWEEN SAXONS AND DANES

Among the eight kings who succeeded Alfred, Ethelred (called the Unready) undid much of the good work of his predecessors. A shiftless and violent king, he let Alfred's navy disintegrate, mismanaged the army, bribed the Danes by a tax on the people known as Danegeld, and finally treated them so treacherously that he had to flee the country. In triumph the Danes seized the kingship and held it through three reigns. Finally, in 1045, it was regained by a Saxon, Edward the Confessor (so called because of his religious disposition). Since he had been brought up in Normany, Edward had in his court many Normans, to whom he gave large areas of land. Some even became abbots of English monasteries. Following Edward came King Harold, who

THE ANGLO-SAXON AGE



lost his life fighting against the Norman invasion. His story is told in Bulwer-Lytton's novel, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*. Under these Normans, England entered a new period of history, which will be discussed in the next chapter.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

The speech which the Anglo-Saxons brought to England was a form of Low German, allied to Dutch. The Anglo-Saxon liked short, strong words with plenty of strong consonants. That very word *strong* has five consonants to one vowel. Their language tended toward words of one syllable. Today the Englishman calls his automobile a *car* and his airplane a *plane*. In the same way the early Latin *clericus* became *clerk*, and many other words of Latin or Greek derivation were shortened. But in written form Anglo-Saxon began as a fully inflected language. In it different endings or forms of a word were used to indicate the cases of nouns and pronouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, and the comparison of adjectives and adverbs. Anglo-Saxon prefixes and suffixes persist in such modern words as *in-road* and *child-hood*. Frequently compound words were used, as *tree-wright* for *carpenter* — just as we still use *shipwright*.

With its inflectional endings, arbitrary genders, compound words, and inversions in word order, Old English was much like modern German. Many of the peculiar forms in our modern English, such as the plural *en* in *oxen* and *children*, are really survivals of Anglo-Saxon inflection. Our common participial endings *ing*, *ed*, and *en* come from Old English. To show the gradual simplification of our language, here is an example of inflectional changes:

OLD ENGLISH	MIDDLE ENGLISH	MODERN ENGLISH
Indicative	*Indicative*	
1. haefde	1. hadde	1. had
2. haefdes(t)	2. haddest	2. had
3. haefde	3. hadde	3. had
Plural 1, 2, 3 haefdon	*Plural* 1, 2, 3 hadde(n)	*Plural* 1, 2, 3 had

In studying the first writings in the oldest English, we are dealing with unfamiliar endings, with a vocabulary now greatly changed, and with different dialects.

MIDLAND DIALECT SURVIVES THE OTHER THREE

The various dialects brought by the invading tribes were soon reduced to four main branches, of which the Midland dia-

lect, used in Mercia, was the one that persisted. This is strange because it scarcely appears in the written literature of the Anglo-Saxon period. However, it became the real foundation of the present English language.

The explanation is that the scholarly King Alfred tried to preserve all the inflections of his Wessex dialect, while the Danes of Mercia tended to drop inflections in speech and had no literature to preserve them. During the long period after the Norman Conquest when there was comparatively little written Old English, the more difficult dialects gave way to the simplified Midland. As a decisive factor, the great writers of a later period, whom you will meet in the next chapter, used this dialect, and the printing of their works standardized it.

The Danish influence on this Midland dialect left many words which were handed down to modern English. Scholars estimate the total at about five hundred; some of the familiar ones are *earl, skin, skull, sky,* and *ransack.* The Danes also contributed to Anglo-Saxon the tendency to place the accent near the beginning of the word and to slur the syllables that followed.

SUMMARY

The invading Romans drove the wilder Celtic tribes into the remote districts of Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. The more yielding tribes were civilized and Christianized. When the Romans withdrew to protect Rome from the barbarians, the Jutes swarmed in from the East, followed by Angles and Saxons, who again drove back the Celts. The invaders formed various petty kingdoms. Then the Danes, in turn, invaded England and occupied most of the eastern half of the country. During the six centuries after the Romans left, gradual amalgamation, civilization, and Christianization went on, with King Alfred the greatest force in government and education.

Our written records of Anglo-Saxon come from two main sources, the northern monasteries and Alfred's southern kingdom. Pre-Christian literature was largely epic and lyric poetry, originally chanted by gleemen. The Christian period left considerable prose in historical records and translations from Latin works. *Beowulf* was the great Anglo-Saxon epic; and *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,* begun in Alfred's time, is the most important source book of English history before the Norman invasion. It shows also the changes in spelling of the language. Other changes had been going on in *spoken* Anglo-Saxon, transforming it from an inflected to a comparatively uninflected tongue. But so firmly was it established as the language of England that later conquests and influences only modified and never completely uprooted it. General qualities that we inherit from Anglo-Saxon literature and life are: short, direct words for elementary things, such as *man, sun, land, horse, cow, love, hate, fear*; love of nature, and especially of the sea; reverence toward women; respect for the truth; and deep-rooted love of personal freedom.

ANGLO-SAXON POETRY

The first literature of practically all modern languages was expressed in poetry rather than in prose. The rhythmic form of words — relating often to music and the dance, to religious rites and the praise of heroes — made the earliest appeal to primitive and semicivilized peoples. So it is with English literature. The Anglo-Saxon scop produced a noble and vigorous poetry. Today we have only a few fragments of what must have been a rich outpouring. Many word-of-mouth chants were doubtless lost or never put in writing. Frequently the Danes pillaged the monasteries, which were

the libraries of early days. Later, in the sixteenth century when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries throughout England, most of the manuscripts were lost or destroyed. Fortunately some writings escaped this fate. *The Exeter Book*, a collection of miscellaneous manuscripts, was kept in the cathedral of that name from the middle of the eleventh century to our own times. Now this cathedral is a mass of ruins from the bombing of World War II. *The Exeter Book*, however, like so many other priceless relics, has been preserved in a safe hiding place. As late as the nineteenth century another book of miscellaneous Old English writings was found in distant Vercelli, Italy. Will these precious documents be saved for civilization or will they eventually suffer the fate of other lost manuscripts?

OLD ENGLISH LYRICS

The Exeter Book contains many important short poems of the pagan period, some of which may have originated among the Angles and Saxons before they came to England. The oldest of all is "Widsith," an account of the wanderings of a scop who 'unlocks his word-hoard" in many a mead hall. Possibly this poem goes back as far as the fourth century, when "no other modern language can show proofs of having even a rudimentary existence."

Almost as old is the first genuine lyric poem of our literature, "Deor's Lament," the song of a gleeman who has been exiled from his overlord and succeeded by another scop. In his sorrow he finds consolation in recalling misfortunes met by certain notables. Each incident concludes with "That was got over; so may this be." This spirit of patient endurance has its modern counterpart in the sturdy resistance of the English to the bombing of their land in the recent war. This lyric is also important as the first to show well-marked stanzas and a refrain.

The most beautiful of the early lyrics is "The Seafarer" (page 20), which also strikes a persistent note in English literature — love of the sea. Both of these poems illustrate the typical Anglo-Saxon mood of seriousness, loneliness, and fortitude in distress, which is to be found again and again throughout the centuries.

OUR EARLIEST EPIC

Old English literature reaches its height in the epic *Beowulf*. An epic is a long narrative poem celebrating in elevated style the deeds of one or more heroes. All the European nations have had epics in their early literature, but *Beowulf* is thought to be far older than France's *Song of Roland*, Spain's *The Cid*, and Germany's *Song of the Nibelungs*. It features the Saxon conception of Wyrd, or Fate, controlling human destiny. Its hero is Beowulf, a prince of the Jutes. Its scene is Denmark and the southern coast of Sweden. Its action takes place before the tribes migrated from the Continent. There is nothing about England in it, but it was sung on English soil in the language that eventually, with many changes and additions, became our language. Stories about Beowulf were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation and were later put into writing — probably by monks, for Christian references are to be found here and there in this pagan poem. Today only one manuscript, of 3182 lines, is in existence; it is thought to have been copied in the tenth century from an earlier manuscript. Discovered in 1705, it is now carefully preserved in the British Museum. In its day the epic poem gave the same satisfaction that the novel does today. It told an extended story full of incident and adventure; nor was it lacking in character study, an important element in the modern novel.

FORM OF OLD ENGLISH POETRY

In form Old English poetry is quite different from modern verse. Each line has four accents, probably pointing the moment when the gleeman struck a chord on his lyre. Between the accents the unaccented syllables vary in number, so that the total effect resembles that of free verse more than that of the regular forms. There are, however, certain obvious rules. The first three of the four accented words usually begin with the

same letter, a device called alliteration, often producing the effect of rhyme. The rhythm is enhanced by a distinct pause between the second and third accents.

The following versions of the same passage give an interesting basis of comparison between the original and two translations.

OLD ENGLISH

(Printed in the modern alphabet.)

Hie dygel lond
Warigeath, wulf-hleothu, windige naessas,
Frecne fen-gelad, thaer fyrgen-stream
Under naessa genipu, nither gewiteth
Flod under foldam.

LITERAL TRANSLATION

(Language similarities become evident.)

They[a] darksome land
Ward, wolf-cliffs, windy nesses,
Frightful fen-paths where mountain-stream
Under nesses' mists nether wanders,
A flood under earth.

FREE POETIC TRANSLATION

(The lines take on meaning and present a vivid picture.)

Lonely and waste is the land they inhabit,
Wolf-cliffs wild and windy headlands,
Ledges of mist, where mountain torrents
Downward plunge to dark abysses,
And flow unseen.

In a translation it is not always possible to maintain the alliteration unless the old words remain practically the same today. The quoted lines show clearly that Old Engglish is indeed the direct ancestor of modern English Notice, too, the unusual word order, the abundance of picturesque compounds, and the vivid descriptive phrases — all of which give Anglo-Saxon poetry a distinct and beautiful style of its own.

BEOWULF

The poem opens with a short introduction treating of Scyld, king of the Spear-Danes, who had come to them as an infant on a mysterious ship. Upon his death, after a long and successful reign, his body, clothed in armor and surrounded by treasure, was placed in a ship and sent out upon the sea whence he had come.

The real story begins with the later years of the reign of Scyld's descendant, Hrothgar, who had won great fame and rich spoils in battle and was now preparing to settle down and enjoy himself.

The translation used here is by Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth.

THE BUILDING OF HEOROT

To Hrothgar was given such glory in battle,
Such fame he won, that his faithful band
Of youthful warriors waxed amain.
So great had grown his guard of kinsmen,
That it came in his mind to call on his people
To build a mead hall, mightier far
Than any e'er seen by the sons of men,
Wherein to bestow upon old and young,
Gifts and rewards, as God vouchsafed them,
Save folk-share lands and freemen's lives .

1. **Hrothgar** (hrōth'gär). 10. **folk-share:** corresponding roughly to government lands.

Far and wide the work was published;
Many a tribe, the mid-earth round,
Helped to fashion the folkstead fair.
With speed they built it, and soon 'twas finished,
Greatest of halls. Heorot he named it.

[There follows a vague passage that seems to indicate that ill luck was to pursue Hrothgar from now on. Prophecy is made of the future burning of the great hall, through the hostility of a son-in-law. Now appears the villain of the first part of the story, a superhuman monster named Grendel.]

GRENDEL

In the darkness dwelt a demon-sprite,
Whose heart was filled with fury and hate,
When he heard each night the noise of revel
Loud in the hall, laughter and song.
To the sound of the harp the singer chanted
Lays he had learned, of long ago;
How the Almighty had made the earth,
Wonder-bright lands, washed by the ocean;
How he set, triumphant, sun and moon
To lighten all men that live on the earth.
He brightened the land with leaves and branches;
Life he created for every being,
Each in its kind, that moves upon earth.
So, happy in hall, the heroes lived,
Wanting naught, till one began
To work them woe, a wicked fiend.
The demon grim was Grendel called,
March stalker huge, the moors he roamed.
The joyless creature had kept long time
The lonely fen, the lairs of monsters,
Cast out from men, an exile accurst.
The killing of Abel, an offspring of Cain
Was justly avenged by the Judge Eternal.
Naught gained by the feud the faithless murderer;
He was banished unblest from abode of men.
And hence arose the host of miscreants,
Monsters and elves and eldritch sprites,
Warlocks and giants, that warred against God;
Jotuns and goblins; He gave them their due.
When night had fallen, the fiend crept near
To the lofty hall, to learn how the Danes
In Heorot fared, when the feasting was done.
The athelings all within he saw

12. **mid-earth:** the whole earth, a common expression in *Beowulf*. 15. **Heorot** (hā′ō-rŏt): literally, Stag Hall, because the horns of a stag or hart adorned its gables. The site of Heorot has been identified with Leire in Seeland, Denmark. 32. **Grendel** (grĕn′dĕl). 37. **Cain:** This is one of a number of passages which indicate that the scribe who collected the old legends and stories tried to give a religious atmosphere to *Beowulf*. 42. **eldritch:** weird. 43. **Warlocks:** wizards. 44. **Jotuns** (yō′tōonz): giants. 48. **athelings** (ăth′ĕl-ĭngz): lords, nobles.

Asleep after revel, not recking of danger,
And free from care. The fiend accurst,
Grim and greedy, his grip made ready;
Snatched in their sleep, with savage fury,
Thirty warriors; away he sprang
Proud of his prey, to repair to his home,
His blood-dripping booty to bring to his lair.
At early dawn, when daybreak came,
The vengeance of Grendel was revealed to all;
Their wails after wassail were widely heard,
Their morning woe. The mighty ruler,
The atheling brave, sat bowed with grief.
The fate of his followers filled him with sorrow,
When they traced the tracks of the treacherous foe,
Fiend accurst. Too fierce was that onset,
Too loathsome and long, nor left them respite.
The very next night, anew he began
To maim and to murder, nor was minded to slacken
His fury of hate, too hardened in crime.
'Twas easy to find then earls who preferred
A room elsewhere, for rest at night,
A bed in the bowers, when they brought this news
Of the hall-foe's hate; and henceforth all
Who escaped the demon, kept distance safe.

So Grendel wrongfully ruled the hall,
One against all till empty stood
That lordly mansion, and long remained so.
For the space of twelve winters the Scyldings' Friend
Bore in his breast the brunt of this sorrow,
Measureless woe. In mournful lays
The tale became known; 'twas told abroad
In gleemen's songs, how Grendel had warred
Long against Hrothgar, and wreaked his hate
With murderous fury through many a year,
Refusing to end the feud perpetual,
Or decently deal with the Danes in parley,
Take their tribute for treaty of peace;
Nor could their leaders look to receive
Pay from his hands for the harm that he wrought.
The fell destroyer kept feeding his rage
On young and old. So all night long
He prowled o'er the fen and surprised his victims,
Death-shadow dark.

[The wise men take counsel together, erect altars to their heathen gods, and pray for relief from the pest, all to no avail. At last, from an unexpected source, Hrothgar and his people are given new hope.]

70. **bowers:** homes adjoining Heorot. 87 **Pay:** For killing a person a fine was exacted. Grendel, being superhuman, could not be forced to pay.

THE COMING OF BEOWULF

Thus boiled with care the breast of Hrothgar;
Ceaselessly sorrowed the son of Healfdene,
None of his chieftains might change his lot.
Too fell was the foe that afflicted the people
With wrongs unnumbered, and nightly horrors.
Then heard in his home King Hygelaç's thane,
The dauntless Jute, of the doings of Grendel.
In strength he outstripped the strongest of men
That dwell in the earth in the days of this life.
Gallant and bold, he gave command
To get him a boat, a good wave-skimmer.
O'er the swan-road, he said, he would seek the king
Noble and famous, who needed men.
Though dear to his kin, they discouraged him not;
The prudent in counsel praised the adventure,
Whetted his valor, awaiting good omens.

So Beowulf chose from the band of the Jutes
Heroes brave, the best he could find;
He with fourteen followers hardy
Went to embark; he was wise in seamanship,
Showed them the landmarks, leading the way.
Soon they descried their craft in the water,
At the foot of the cliff. Then climbed aboard
The chosen troop; the tide was churning
Sea against sand; they stowed away
In the hold of the ship their shining armor,
War gear and weapons; the warriors launched
Their well-braced boat on her welcome voyage.
Swift o'er the waves with a wind that favored,
Foam on her breast, like a bird she flew;
A day and a night they drove to seaward,
Cut the waves with the curving prow,
Till the seamen that sailed her sighted the land,
Shining cliffs and coastwise hills,
Headlands bold. The harbor opened,
Their cruise was ended. Then quickly the sailors,
The crew of Weder folk, clambered ashore,
Moored their craft with clank of chain mail,
And goodly war gear. God they thanked
That their way was smooth o'er the surging waves.

[Beowulf and his men are met by the coast guard, who, after being convinced of their good intentions, conducts them toward the palace until the party is met by Wulfgar, an influential courtier, who goes to Hrothgar to plead for the strangers. The king replies:]

93. **Healfdene** (hä'älf-dĕn-ná): half-Dane; that is, his mother was a foreigner. 97. **Hygelac's thane:** Beowulf. Hygelac (hĭg'ē-lăc) is a historical character — king of the Jutes, a people who lived in southern Sweden, according to most authorities, or in northern Denmark. 128. **Weder folk** (wā'dĕr): another name for the Jutes.

"Beowulf I knew in his boyhood days;
His aged father was Ecgtheow named.
To him, to take home, did Hrethel give
His only daughter. Their dauntless son
Now comes to my court in quest of a friend.
My seafaring men whom I sent afar
To the land of the Jutes, with generous gifts,
In token of friendship, have told me this,
That the power of his grip was so great it equaled
The strength of thirty stout-armed thanes.
Him bold in battle, the blessèd God
Hath sent in his mercy, to save our people
— So I hope in my heart — from the horror of Grendel.
I shall offer him gold for his gallant spirit.
Go now in haste, and greet the strangers;
Bid to the hall the whole of the company;
Welcome with words the warrior band,
To the home of the Danes."

[Beowulf and his men enter the hall, and Beowulf introduces himself. The closing part of his speech is a characteristic bit of Germanic philosophy.]

"Hail, King Hrothgar: Hygelac's thane
And kinsman am I. Known is the record
Of deeds of renown I have done in my youth.
Far in my home, I heard of this Grendel;
Seafarers tell the tale of the hall:
How bare of warriors, this best of buildings
Deserted stands, when the sun goes down
And twilight deepens to dark in the sky.
By comrades encouraged, I come on this journey.
The best of them bade me, the bravest and wisest,
To go to thy succor, O good King Hrothgar;
For well they approved my prowess in battle,
They saw me themselves come safe from the conflict
When five of my foes I defeated and bound,
Beating in battle the brood of the monsters.
At night on the sea with nickers I wrestled,
Avenging the Weders, survived the sea peril,
And crushed in my grip the grim sea monsters
That harried my neighbors. Now I am come
To cope with Grendel in combat single,
And match my might against the monster alone.
I pray thee therefore, prince of the Scyldings,
Not to refuse the favor I ask,
Having come so far, O friend of the Shield-Danes,
That I alone with my loyal comrades,
My hardy companions, may Heorot purge.

133. **Ecgtheow** (ĕdge'thĕ-ō). 134. **Hrethel** (hrĕth'ĕl): Beowulf's grandfather. 165. **nickers:** sea demons, probably walruses or whales.

Moreover they say that the slaughterous fiend
In wanton mood all weapons despises.
Hence — as I hope that Hygelac may,
My lord and king, be kind to me —
Sword and buckler I scorn to bear,
Gold-adorned shield, as I go to the conflict.
With my grip will I grapple the gruesome fiend,
Foe against foe, to fight for our life.
And he that shall fall his faith must put
In the judgment of God. If Grendel wins,
He is minded to make his meal in the hall
Untroubled by fear, on the folk of the Jutes,
As often before he fed on the Danes.
No need for thee then to think of my burial.
If I lose my life, the lonely prowler
My blood-stained body will bear to his den,
Swallow me greedily, and splash with my gore
His lair in the marsh; no longer wilt then
Have need to find me food and sustenance.
To Hygelac send, if I sink in the battle,
This best of corselets that covers my breast,
Heirloom of Hrethel, rarest of byrnies,
The work of Weland. So Wyrd will be done."

[Hrothgar replies with complimentary reference to Beowulf's father, and then once more recounts the horrors of Grendel's visits to Heorot. A banquet is prepared, with the usual eating and drinking and minstrel's song. A jealous Danish courtier belittles Beowulf by sarcastic comment on his strength. The episode has no direct bearing on the main narrative, but it is too good to be missed.]

UNFERTH'S TAUNT

Then up spoke Unferth, Ecglaf's son,
Who sat at the feet of the Scylding ruler;
He vented his jealousy. The journey of Beowulf,
His sea adventure, sorely displeased him.
It filled him with envy that any other
Should win among men more warlike glory,
More fame under heaven than he himself:
"Art thou the Beowulf that battled with Breca,
Far out at sea, when ye swam together,
What time you two made trial of the billows,
Risking your lives in reckless folly,
On the open sea? None might dissuade you,
Friend nor foe, from the foolhardy venture,
When straight from the shore you struck for the open,
Breasted the waves and beat with your arms

198. **Weland** (wā'lănd): the celestial blacksmith of the Northmen, corresponding to Vulcan of classical mythology. 198. **Wyrd** (wĭrd): Fate or Destiny. Cf. the Weird Sisters of *Macbeth*. 199. **Ecglaf** (ĕdge'lăf). 206. **Breca** (brĕk'ä): a prince of the Brondings, another tribe.

The mounting billows, measured the sea paths
With lusty strokes. Stirred was the ocean
By wintry storms. Seven days and nights
Your sea strife lasted; at length he beat you,
His strength was the better; at break of day
He made the beach where the Battle-Reamas
Dwell by the shore; and straightway returned
To his people beloved in the land of the Brondings,
Where liegemen and towns and treasure were his.
In sooth I say, the son of Beanstan
His boast against thee made good to the full.
But now I ween a worse fate awaits thee,
Though thy mettle be proved in many a battle
And grim encounter, if the coming of Grendel
Thou darest abide, in the dead of the night."
Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:
"What a deal of stuff thou hast talked about Breca,
Garrulous with drink, my good friend Unferth.
Thou has lauded his deeds. Now listen to me!
More sea-strength had I, more ocean-endurance,
Than any man else, the wide earth round.
'Tis true we planned in the pride of our youth
This ocean adventure, and vowed we would risk
Our lives in the deep, each daring the other.
We were both of us boys, but our boast we fulfilled.
Our naked swords as we swam from the land,
We held in our grasp, to guard against whales
Not a stroke could he gain on me, strive as he would,
Make swifter speed through the swelling waves,
Nor could I in swimming o'ercome him at sea.
Side by side in the surge we labored
Five nights long. At last we were parted
By furious seas and a freezing gale.
Night fell black; the norther wild
Rushed on us ruthless and roughened the sea.
Now was aroused the wrath of the monsters,
But my warproof ring-mail, woven and hand-locked,
Served me well 'gainst the sea-beasts' fury;
The close-linked battle-net covered my breast.
I was dragged to the bottom by a bloodthirsty monster,
Firm in his clutch the furious sea beast
Helpless held me. But my hand came free,
And my foe I pierced with point of my sword.
With my battle-blade good 'twas given to kill
The dragon of the deep, by dint of my blow.
Thus sore beset me sea beasts thronging,
Murderous man-eaters. I met their charges,
Gave them their due with my goodly blade.

219. **Battle-Reamas** (rā'ā-māz): a people of southern Norway. 223. **son of Beanstan** (bā'ăn stăn): Breca.

They failed of their fill, the feast they expected
In circle sitting on the sea-floor together
With me for their meal. I marred their pleasure.
When morning came, they were cast ashore
By the wash of the waves; their wounds proved fatal,
Bloated and dead on the beach they lay.
No more would they cross the course of the ships,
In the chop of the channel charge the sailors.
Day broke in the east, bright beacon of God;
The sea fell smooth. I saw bold headlands,
Windy walls; for Wyrd oft saveth
A man not doomed, if he dauntless prove.
My luck did not fail me, my long sword finished
Nine of the nickers. Ne'er have I heard
Of fiercer battle fought in the night,
Of hero more harried by horrors at sea.
Yet I saved my life from the sea-beasts' clutch.
Worn with the struggle, I was washed ashore
In the realm of the Finns by the run of the tide,
The heave of the flood. I have failed to hear
Of like adventure laid to thee,
Battle so bitter. Breca did never —
Neither of you was known to achieve
Deed so valiant, adventure so daring,
Sword-play so nimble; not that I boast of it,
But mark me, Unferth, you murdered your brothers,
Your closest of kin. The curse of hell
For this you will suffer, though sharp be your wit.
In sooth I say to you, son of Ecglaf,
Never had Grendel such grim deeds wrought,
Such havoc in Heorot, so harried your king
With bestial fury, if your boasted courage
In deeds as well as in words you had proved.
But now he has found that he need not fear
Vengeance fierce from the Victory-Scyldings,
Ruthless attack in return for his raids.
He takes his toll of your tribe as he pleases,
Sparing none of your spearmen proud.
He ravens and rages and recks not the Dane folk,
Safe from their sword-play. But soon I will teach him
How the Jute folk fight. Then freely may go
To the mead hall who likes, when the light of morning,
The next day's dawn, the dark dispel,
And the heaven-bright sun from the south shall shine."

[After this tilt the banquet proceeds. Wealhtheow,[1] the queen, passes the ale cup. The noisy revel continues until at last Hrothgar and his followers leave Heorot to Beowulf and his men. After once more asserting that he would meet Grendell unarmed, Beowulf lies down.]

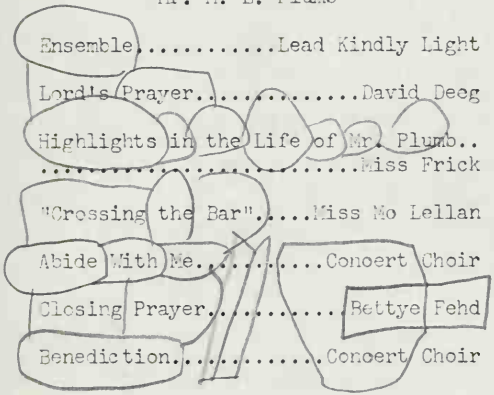
280. **realm of the Finns:** modern Lapland. 287. **murdered your brothers:** Murder of kin was regarded as the most loathsome of all crimes. in sarcasm. 296. **Victory-Scyldings** (shĭld'ĭngz): probably said

[1] **Wealhtheow** (wā'al-thē-ō).

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH GRENDEL

Now Grendel came, from his craigs of mist
Across the moor; he was curst of God.
The murderous prowler meant to surprise
In the high-built hall his human prey.
He stalked 'neath the clouds, till steep before him
The house of revelry rose in his path,
The gold-hall of heroes, the gaily adorned.
Hrothgar's home he had haunted full often,
But never before had he found to receive him
So hardy a hero, such hall guards there.
Close to the building crept the slayer,
Doomed to misery. The door gave way,
Though fastened with bolts, when his fist fell on it.
Maddened he broke through the breach he had made;
Swoln with anger and eager to slay,
The ravening fiend o'er the bright-paved floor
Furious ran, while flashed from his eyes
An ugly glare like embers aglow.
He saw in the hall, all huddled together,
The heroes asleep. Then laughed in his heart
The hideous fiend; he hoped ere dawn
To sunder body from soul of each;
He looked to appease his lust of blood,
Glut his maw with the men he would slay.
But Wyrd had otherwise willed his doom;
Never again should he get a victim
After that night. Narrowly watched
Hygelac's thane how the horrible slayer
Forward should charge in fierce attack.
Nor was the monster minded to wait:
Sudden he sprang on a sleeping thane.
Ere he could stir, he slit him open;
Bit through the bone-joints, gulped the blood,
Greedily bolted the body piecemeal.
Soon he had swallowed the slain man wholly,
Hands and feet. Then forward he hastened,
Sprang at the hero, and seized him at rest;
Fiercely clutched him with fiendish claw.
But quickly Beowulf caught his forearm,
And threw himself on it with all his weight.
Straight discovered that crafty plotter,
That never in all mid-earth had he met
In any man a mightier grip.
Gone was his courage, and craven fear
Sat in his heart, yet helped him no sooner.
Fain would he hide in his hole in the fenland,
His devil's den. A different welcome

From former days he found that night!
Now Hygelac's thane, the hardy, remembered
His evening's boast, and bounding up,
Grendel he clenched, and cracked his fingers;
The monster tried flight, but the man pursued;
The ravager hoped to wrench himself free,
And gain the fen, for he felt his fingers



The life of their peerless lord to defend.
Little they deemed, those dauntless warriors,
As they leaped to the fray, those lusty fighters,
Laying on boldly to left and to right,
Eager to slay, that no sword upon earth,
No keenest weapon, could wound that monster:
Point would not pierce, he was proof against iron;
'Gainst victory blades the devourer was charmed.
But a woeful end awaited the wretch,

That very day he was doomed to depart,
And fare afar to the fiends' domain.

Now Grendel found, who in former days
So many a warrior had wantonly slain,
In brutish lust, abandoned of God,
That the frame of his body was breaking at last.
Keen of courage, the kinsman of Hygelac
Held him grimly gripped in his hands.
Loath was each to the other alive.
The grisly monster got his death wound:
A huge split opened under his shoulder;
Crunched the socket, cracked the sinews,
Glory great was given to Beowulf.
But Grendel escaped with his gaping wound,
O'er the dreary moor his dark den sought,
Crawled to his lair. 'Twas clear to him then,
The count of his hours to end had come,
Done were his days. The Danes were glad,
The hard fight was over, they had their desire.
Cleared was the hall, 'twas cleansed by the hero
With keen heart and courage, who came from afar.

The lord of the Jutes rejoiced in his work,
The deed of renown he had done that night.
His boast to the Danes he bravely fulfilled;
From lingering woe delivered them all;
From heavy sorrow they suffered in heart;
From dire distress they endured so long;
From toil and from trouble. This token they saw:
The hero had laid the hand of Grendel
Both arm and claws, the whole forequarter
With clutches huge, 'neath the high-peaked roof.

SUMMARY OF THE LAST TWO ADVENTURES OF BEOWULF

The Slaying of Grendel's Mother

The victory over Grendel is celebrated with feasting, drinking, long speeches, and the giving of gifts to Beowulf. That night the hall of Heorot is once more occupied by Hrothgar's followers, although the King and Beowulf sleep elsewhere. But security is short-lived. While the thanes are sleeping, Grendel's mother seeks the hall to avenge her son. On the awakening of the warriors she seizes and drags away the nearest one, who happens to be Aeschere.[1] Hrothgar's dearest friend. She also recovers her son's bloody talon hanging beneath the roof. Hrothgar in despair appeals to Beowulf, describing the home of the monsters as a dreadful "mere" surrounded by windy cliffs, where a marvelous light is seen beneath the water, into which not even a hunted stag dare plunge.

On arriving at this fearsome place, Beowulf and his companions see the head of Aeschere at the foot of the cliff, and the bloody foam on the waters gives evidence that his body has been carried below to the monster's den. Hideous sea serpents or "nickers" are playing about the surface. Beowulf scatters them with a blast of his horn and a bolt from his bow, which kills one of them. Having shown the monsters what to expect if they molest him, Beowulf prepares to pursue Grendel's mother into the whirlpool

[1] **Aeschere** (ĕ'shĕr-ĕ).

He is in full armor and carries Hrunting,[1] a famous sword lent him by Unferth. It takes him an hour to touch bottom, but finally he encounters the sea hag, reputed to be a hundred years old. She attacks him with her claws, but his chain mail protects him, and she is able by her close grip only to prevent his using his sword. Soon, however, he frees his arm and gives her a swinging blow on the head. Strange to say, the mighty sword apparently has no power against this witch. Hurling the hilt to the ground, he seizes the creature by the hair; he stumbles; they roll on the sea floor together; she attacks him with a knife; again his corselet saves him. At last he overcomes her, and spying a magic sword, he clutches it and with one violent stroke is able to cleave her neck bone. Thus ends Grendel's mother.

The Fight with the Fire Drake

In the course of time Beowulf becomes king and rules his country for many years. When an old man, he learns of the ravages in his own land by a fire-dragon who is guardian over a huge treasure, buried three hundred years before by an earl. Beowulf insists that it is his duty to free his country of a pest by his own hand, just as he had done for Hrothgar. He carries an iron shield to ward off the flames breathed out by the dragon. Before leaving his followers, he once more makes a "battle-boast" that he will win fame in the defense of his people as he did in the days of his youth. He tells his followers that he is in the hands of Wyrd (Fate) and that he will meet the monster alone.

Not daunted by the fiery stream issuing from the cave, the hero sends his battle cry into its rocky depths and is answered by the poisonous breath of the fire-drake, who appears at the entrance coiled and ready to spring. Beowulf raises his great sword and smites "the scaly worm," but the edge is turned by the creature's natural armor, and the blow serves only to enrage the dragon, who now pours on the old king the full blast of his flaming breath. Even the athelings, witnessing the combat from a distance, retreat in terror, all save Wiglaf,[2] beloved kinsman and attendant, who hastens forward to assist his lord.

But armor and weapons are of little avail. For the third time the dragon charges and fixes his fangs in the throat of Beowulf. Then Wiglaf shows his mettle by thrusting at the fire-drake from below, though his hand is badly scorched. Beowulf recovers himself and plunges his knife into the creature's coils, cutting him in two. Together the two men put an end to the monster.

But the wound in Beowulf's neck begins to throb and swell. Wiglaf unfastens the King's helmet and bathes the wound, but Beowulf realizes that his end is near. He regrets that he has no son to inherit his weapons, and then he sums up his life in these words:

This land I have ruled
Fifty winters. No folk-king dared,
None of the chiefs of the neighboring tribes,
To touch me with sword, or assail me with terror
Of battle-threats. I bided at home,
Held my peace and my heritage kept,
Seeking no feuds nor swearing false oaths.
This gives me comfort and gladdens me now,
Though wounded sore and sick unto death.

He bids Wiglaf bring the hoard of treasure that he has rescued for his people from the fire-dragon. Upon seeing it, the King says that he can now die content. He requests that, after the burning of his body on the seashore, a great beacon be erected on the spot to serve as a guide to sailors in future years. He gives Wiglaf the gold chain about his neck and reminds him that he is the last of the Waegmunding[3] line. Then Beowulf's spirit departs "to find the reward of the faithful and true."

When the King's death is announced to the people, they prepare the funeral pyre in accordance with his last wishes, and cover it with helmets, breastplates, and shields. The body is burned amid great lamentations. Then the great beacon is built with ten days' toil, and rather than touch the treasure which the King has rescued, the people bury it in the base of the beacon. Twelve noble athelings ride solemnly around the beacon and chant a song in honor of their dead lord. The poem concludes:

His hearth-companions
Called him the best among kings of the earth
Mildest of men, and most beloved,
Kindest to kinsmen, and keenest for fame.

[1] **Hrunting** (hr͡ŭn′tĭng). [2] **Wiglaf** (wĭg′läf). [3] **Waegmunding** (wäg′mŭn-ding).

Suggestions for Study of Beowulf

1. Where did the story take place? Why can it be regarded as part of English literature?

2. Be able to tell each of the three episodes in your own words. Which combat do you find the most interesting? Why?

3. What are the outstanding traits of character shown by Beowulf, Unferth, Grendel, Wiglaf? Which of these characteristics were evidently admired by the Anglo-Saxons?

4. Practice reading the poetry aloud to get the swing of its four-accent lines. Point out eight or ten examples of lines where the translator has been able to preserve the alliteration of the first three accents as in the original.

5. Read one of the episodes, such as the killing of Grendel, in a prose and in a rhymed translation (see Reading List on this page). How do they compare in effectiveness with the version in this book?

6. Study the unusual use of words in the poem. See how many words or phrases you can find that mean *sea, ship, armor, weapons.* Find at least ten different terms used for Grendel.

7. Make a list of striking compound words. Are any of these in use today? Mark those which especially show poetic imagination.

8. Write up some athletic event of your school in the style of *Beowulf,* with strong accents and alliterations. Have you observed how much word-compounding is done in newspaper accounts of athletics? Find some good examples and compare with Saxon compounds.

9. From the brief account of the mead hall in the introduction, draw a sketch, make a small model, or write a full description, supplying details from your imagination.

Suggestions for Study of the Anglo-Saxon Age

1. Study the different invasions of England with the help of the time chart, page 34, and the map, page 28, until you are sure of the time and location of the various settlements of this period.

2. If the literature of this section were your only source of information about the Anglo-Saxons, what knowledge of them would you obtain from it? What additional points have you learned from pages 27 to 34?

3. What relationship is there between Old English and modern English? An interesting side project would be to make a list of common words in English today which have come to us from the languages of the other nations on your list of invaders.

4. What are the outstanding characteristics of the subject matter and style of Anglo-Saxon poetry? What part did poetry play in the life of those days? How was its meter in keeping with its purpose and use?

5. A helpful way to line up information in a notebook for review and permanent record is to make an outline for each chapter under the following headings: (1) Main historical events of the age, (2) Social and political characteristics of the age, (3) Outstanding literary characteristics of the age, (4) Authors, with the works of each listed under his name and characterized by a phrase or sentence.

Reading List for the Anglo-Saxon Age

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

* *Beowulf,* in poetry, by J. Duncan Spaeth or W. E. Leonard; in prose, by C. B. Tinker or S. Riggs

* "Deor's Lament"

* "The Battle of Brunanburh," translated by Alfred Tennyson

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Austin, Alfred: *England's Darling* (play)

Chesterton, G. K.: "The Ballad of the White Horse" (poem)

* Longfellow, Henry W.: "The Discoverer of the North Cape" (poem)

* Millay, Edna: *The King's Henchman* (opera)

* Shakespeare, William: *King Lear; Cymbeline* (tragedies based on legends of the Celts)

Tennyson, Alfred: *Harold* (tragedy)

* Twain, Mark: *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (novel)

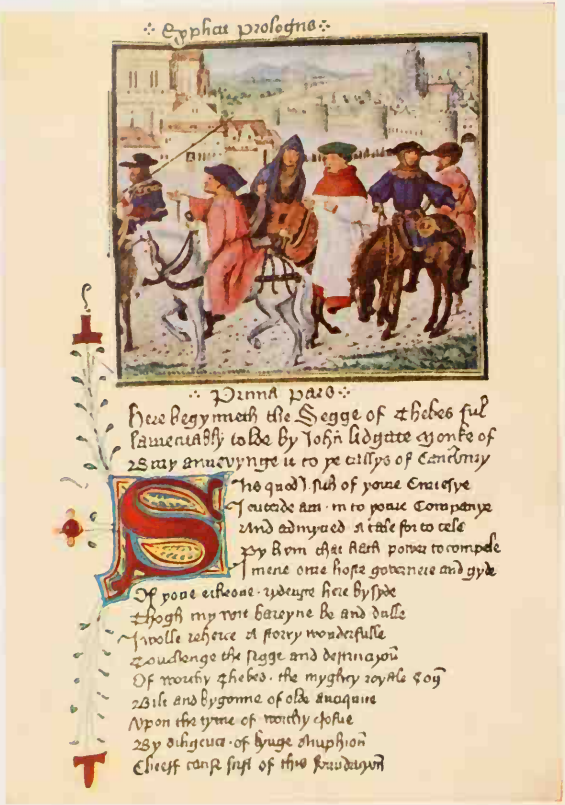
Hodgkin, R. H.: *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (illus.)

* Lenanton, C. M.: *Alfred, King of the English* (illus.)

* Tappan, E. M.: *In the Days of Alfred the Great*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

See also the General Reference Lists at the end of this volume.



THE CANTERBURY TALES. An illuminated page from a royal manuscript in the British Museum. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Period of Middle English

1066-1485

THE DANES — Norsemen, Northmen, or Vikings — invaded France about the time that King Alfred was fighting them in England. In 876 they sailed up the Seine, and were persuaded by the Archbishop of Rouen to settle peaceably. They married women of the Franks, and within a century they had adopted from the more civilized Franks a new faith, a new speech, and a new social system. The name Norseman was changed to Norman. They also became Christians. Much of the English stock was the same as theirs, and there was, through royal intermarriage, an additional bond between the two countries.

The rulers of the Normans had become dukes under the French king. One of them, Duke William, was destined to lead the last great invasion of England. Distinguished in battle and master of his duchy as a boy, he became a peerless knight, huge of frame, and fiercely gay and defiant. In 1051 he visited his first cousin, Edward the Confessor, King of England, and afterward claimed that Edward promised him he should be England's next king. This Edward had no right to do, as the King of England was elected by the Witan, the national council. When Harold, Earl of Wessex, was driven by a storm into a Norman harbor, Duke William forced him, in order to regain his freedom, to take oath that the Duke of Normandy should be the next king of England. But when Edward the Confessor died, early in 1066, the bishops and nobles elected Harold, who was then crowned in Westminster Abbey.

THE CONQUEST

William of Normandy was furious. He induced Pope Alexander II to excommunicate Harold and all his retainers for breach of oath. That autumn he crossed the English Channel, while Harold was defeating invaders in the North. Harold hastened south and met him at Senlac, near Hastings. In an all-day battle the skilled Norman knights defeated the poorly armed Saxons, mostly men of the soil. Harold was slain. William was crowned King of England.

NORMAN CONTRASTED WITH SAXON

Symbolic of the romance and chivalry that the Normans brought to England is the figure of Taillefer, a minstrel, singing the deeds of heroes as he led their battle array. He was first to strike and the first to fall. The Normans loved color and splendor and pageantry. The English have loved it ever since. The Normans were quick-witted, ingenious, with a gift for governmental organization which made them regard the honest, slow-moving, serious-minded Saxons as dull.

These early English folk were chiefly peasants of Saxon and Danish stock "living in village communities, cut off from each other by woods and heaths, and grouped around the wooden church and their lord's hall." Yet it took William the Conqueror five years to spread his rule over England. Prolonged resistance, especially that led by Hereward the Wake (see Charles Kingsley's novel with that title) in the marshy

fen country around Ely, was partly broken down by a great famine, and then wholly overcome. The race was stagnant, shaken by the latest Danish outbreaks. It had little discipline, education, or contact with the rest of the world. Such was the England which William I set out to govern.

WILLIAM RULES WITH A STRONG HAND

William was sharp-witted enough to limit the power of his possible rivals, the barons, by dealing out the land in small scattered sections, called manors. Thus no great lord could easily assemble all his fighting men to defy the king. Since England is not much larger than the state of Pennsylvania, ownership of land has always been highly esteemed. The whole English social system is based on it. The records of landholding today go back to William the Conqueror's *Domesday Book*, a great rent roll, or tally, of all the population, completed in 1086 after six years of work. A *dome* meant a judgment or estimate; but since this book legalized the large confiscation of Saxon lands, it proved the day of doom for many a landowner.

Another clever idea of William's was to compel all landowners, however small their holdings, to take an oath of allegiance to him. Henceforth if a vassal supported his lord against the king, he was technically guilty of treason.

Meetings of discontented Saxons were prevented by the curfew law (from French *couvre feu*, or cover fire), which required all lights to be put out at an early hour. Through harsh forest laws the king set aside vast tracts of land or forest preserves for his own hunting. Consequently bands of outlaws, like those of Robin Hood, preyed upon their Norman oppressors and often relieved the poverty of the Saxon peasants.

With the Saxon nobles impoverished and weakened, the soldiers, courtiers, knights, and nobles were now practically all Normans, and under them the English villeins and serfs lived in comparative misery. Only about a sixth of the more than two hundred and thirty thousand peasants were free. There were more serfs than the combined number of people in all the other classes. Everyone had to pay a *tithe*, a tenth of his income, to the Church.

While William taxed his people heavily, he gave England a strong central government. He maintained local military service, and made the shire, or county, the unit of government, under the shire-reeve, or sheriff, who collected all rents and dues. (You will remember Robin Hood's long feud later on with the Sheriff of Nottingham!) Law and custom began to operate so as to give greater security even to peasants.

A UNIFIED NATION AND LANGUAGE SLOWLY EVOLVES

Though William's immediate successors were inferior rulers, the new regime persisted, and England entered upon the long period of history called the Middle Ages. During these centuries a gradual fusion of Norman and Saxon was taking place, to result eventually in a unified English nation. At the beginning of the Norman period, French was the language spoken in every castle and abbey. Anglo-Saxon, though still the daily speech of the conquered, became practically extinct as a written language. The famous conversation between Gurth and Wamba in the first chapter of *Ivanhoe* shows the relative positions of the two tongues. As the two nations were welded, so inevitably were the two languages. When Anglo-Saxon was no longer written, it lost its complicated inflections, and new writers of the thirteenth century wrote it as it was spoken, each in his own dialect and spelling. Thus the new Middle English is a halfway step between the old inflected language and modern English.

Today, when we use words like *breakfast, house-hold, horse-back*, and other words for simple homely things, we are going back to the Anglo-Saxon. When we use a word that has to do with rank or power, fashion or government or architecture, it is likely to be a word of French derivation. Since Norman-French was a Romance language — that is, based upon

Latin — a large proportion of our present language is built upon Latin roots, prefixes, and suffixes. Through the Church a great many terms entered the language directly from Latin, but this was principally in the sixteenth century. Today English is a wonderful composite of words from almost every spoken language; hence its richness in synonyms.

THE MIDDLE AGES UNIFIED BY GREAT INSTITUTIONS

A few dominating major institutions gave the long period called the Middle Ages a certain unity of style, not only in England, but throughout western Europe. Some of these institutions and concepts, closely bound up with one another though called by distinct names, were feudalism, chivalry, the medieval Church, the Crusades, Gothic architecture, and the guilds. By the Elizabethan Age (sixteenth century) all of these typical medieval institutions had either been greatly modified or become obsolete.

WHAT FEUDALISM WAS

It is not altogether true that the Normans introduced the feudal system into England. The small man in England, even before the Normans, was a tenant of the great man, in return for his protection. But William the Conqueror introduced the idea that all the land was the king's to be apportioned as he saw fit, on condition of fealty, homage, and military service from the recipient. *Feudalism* is derived from *feud*, or *fief*, the name of the land a person held under the king. Six hundred acres, a knight's fief, required in return the service of one knight for forty days a year. The king lent the land to his nobles, and the nobles, in their turn, lent portions of it to lesser nobles in return for military service. These second-class nobles were called "mesne[1] lords." They parceled out their land to their followers, who became their tenants, owing them certain services for its use. Thus, almost overnight, Norman men-at-arms became landholders, and hence gentlemen; while the original Anglo-Saxons, dispossessed of their land, fell into the position of serfs and villeins, working the fields for the feudal lords, and turning over most of the profits for the privilege. The land became organized under a kind of spoils system. The serf was bound to the piece of land where he lived and was sold with the land; the villein, at first a free peasant, later suffered many restrictions. The principal classes of people were the lords; the clergy; and the peasantry, free or bound.

[1] **mesne** (mēn): middle.

CHIVALRY, THE FLOWER OF FEUDALISM

Chivalry, practiced only by the nobility, may be described as the flower that blossomed from the plant of feudalism. The word is derived from the French *cheval*, a horse, and is concerned with the ideal and practice of knighthood, for a knight was originally an armed warrior on horseback. Chivalry trained a man in reverence toward women, service to the Church, and allegiance to the king. It emphasized the gentler, more spiritual side of life, though it also involved fighting for one's ideals. In so bloody a period it mitigated some of the horrors of existence. The training of a boy in the practice of chivalry consisted of the following stages:

(1) At seven he became a page in the castle of a baron. For seven years he was trained by the ladies of the baron's house, and one particular lady was delegated to teach him music and polite manners.

(2) At fourteen the boy became a squire, and learned to endure all sorts of hardship. He was clad in mail and trained in feats of arms. He also accompanied his lord to tournaments or war and served him in every way.

(3) At twenty-one the boy might become a knight, but must first have accomplished some special feat of arms to deserve the honor. He was supposed by then to have chosen some particular lady of the land to whom to render "homage" (word originally used of declaring yourself a complete vassal to your lord). This lady might be married or come from a class of society far above that of the knight. She was simply the knight's lady and all his exploits were dedicated to her. His devotion brought a blessing upon his acts.



A MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENT. Valiant knights strive in the lists. (Culver Service)

There were, of course, knights-errant, or wandering knights, who rode through the countryside in quest of adventure. They would rather fight than eat, and would hang their shield up on some tree in the forest and wait to challenge the first mounted man who came by. Sometimes they rescued fair ladies from wicked knights and enchanters, for the age carried the worship of women to an extravagant extreme. But these exploits are chiefly fictions of the time. Another idea of a knight's small mental powers and his life of stupid battle after battle will be found in Mark Twain's fantastic and amusing story, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* of which two motion pictures have been made.

LIFE IN THE CASTLE

Knights and barons and castles sound very grand. But the life of those days would be extraordinarily uncomfortable to us. The castles were drafty and inadequately heated. The windows were crude, either without glass or with window sashes so badly fitted that the storms blew right inside. The rush-covered floors hid layers of filth, including old bones thrown from the table to the shaggy, snarling dogs. People ate with their fingers and wiped their hands on their clothes. To be sure, the castle walls were hung with beautiful tapestry and arras, and the knights and ladies dressed in fine, brightly colored stuffs; but their table manners would have shamed the humblest today. What furniture they had was unwieldy and certainly not built for comfort. The ladies were usually sewing clothes, embroidering on large frames, or making tapestries.

MEDIEVAL COSTUME PICTURESQUE AND COLORFUL

Although the style of dress varied considerably over a period of centuries, the medieval costume was rich in fabric and picturesque in cut. The Norman love of color showed itself in contrast to the more sedate clothes of the Saxons, especially toward the latter part of the period when weaving and dyeing developed into a major industry. Aside from their armor the Norman nobles wore long-sleeved tunics that reached to their feet, pointed shoes, and hoods for bad weather. Or they wore shorter tunics and a loose sort of trouser sometimes bound round with thongs. Their shoes were of soft skin or leather and their socks of wool. The court jester wore a parti-colored costume hung with bells; the yeoman, a suit of Lincoln green with scalloped edges.

The Norman ladies wore long-sleeved robes and cloaks. At first their hair was plaited and worn long. Later the woman's tunic became a close-fitting gown covered by a voluminous mantle; her hair was done up in a net with a veil, and a wimple of linen went under her chin — covering her neck up to the veil, something like a nun's today. Outdoors she wore a hood, or sometimes a large flat hat above a wimple. In

the fourteenth century the headdress developed to ridiculous proportions. Whether conical or spreading, it was usually topped by a long flowing veil which hung to the waist or to the ground. On the clothing of the wealthy nobles fur and jewels were freely used. In contrast the peasants wore the simplest, most primitive clothes and often went barefoot. Serfs wore collars of iron or other metal marked with the master's name and their own for identification.

TOURNAMENTS THE FAVORITE SPORT

The most popular amusement of this age was the tournament, comparable in many ways to an intercollegiate football game of today. The tournament was held on a large piece of level ground, called " the lists," with a sort of grandstand on either side. At either end was a large tent or pavilion for the opposing knights. The ground was divided by a low barrier into two courses, or runways, down which the knights could charge against each other, lances in rest. This type of contest was known as a joust. The second type, the tourney, had several knights on each side; when they came to blows, it was known as the melee or mellay. In the tourney there was no barrier.

The knights wore full armor with their helmet visors closed. In the earlier Norman days the armor for the body was largely of chain mail; but the fourteenth century marked the gradual transition to plate armor, until in the fifteenth century the man was completely incased in iron plates skillfully fitted together to permit active fighting. Even the horses were protected by similar plates. The suits of armor were often covered with elaborate designs of engraving or embossing. The opponents tilted at each other with long lances, each trying to knock the other off his horse. Once on foot, they fought with swords. These combats could be either with harmless blunted weapons or with sharp weapons. Usually wounds and scars were coveted. A struggle *à l'outrance* " to the utterance " was fought like a real battle and frequently ended in death.

Heralds with trumpets announced challenges, marshaled the combatants, and sounded the charge. The watching galleries and boxes, decorated with flaunting pennons, were filled with beautiful ladies and gaily dressed nobles, making a spectacle rich in color. A knight frequently wore upon his helmet the favor of his particular lady. This might be a ribbon or even an embroidered sleeve. There was, of course, a dark side to these spectacles. Many of the knights were crippled for life, and poisonous hatreds and enmities were bred in the heart. Tournaments were not really sport at all, but physical bravery was worshiped in those days.

HOW A COUNTRY ESTATE WAS MANAGED

Only the great barons and their retainers lived in pretentious castles. A lesser knight occupied a manor house, the focal point of a manor, or estate, given him by the king or some powerful noble. Wealthy nobles often held many estates. Let us examine a medieval manor. In England today all the country is cultivated and the fields divided by neat hedges. In past ages these stretches were forests in which ranged wild boar and wolves. The plowed land was divided by earth ridges into three fields. Two were sown to crops every year, and the other was left fallow. The villagers possessed strips of land in each of the different fields. There was also the " common " or pastureland for livestock, which everyone could use.

The villeins lived in squalid thatched huts of wood or earth, usually of one room only with a mere hole for a chimney, wooden shutters on the glassless windows, a dirt floor, and little furniture. The bailiff supervised the tenant laborers, who had to work on the lord's strips of land several days each week and give extra help at harvest time. On their own strips of land they had to raise enough to support their families. Under this system the lord really owned the villeins and also, through his steward, acted as local judge over their actions. Each manor supported itself. There was little communication between villages, as the roads were very bad. The lord who owned several man-

ors traveled from one to another with his knights, a retinue of servants, pack horses for his baggage, and litters for the women and children of his household. The quickest traveling was done on horseback. Each village had a blacksmith, a carpenter, a wheelwright, a swineherd, a mistress of the dairy, a miller, and so on. The villagers had to take their corn to the lord's mill to be ground.

In the first towns which began to grow up the townspeople owed service to their lord just as did the villagers. He was their patron. The towns were fortified with strong walls and gates. But gradually, as time went on, the towns got charters, and the citizens won their freedom.

LIFE IN A MANOR

Of course the manors needed many servants, as did the castles. We still have the phrase "lady of the manor," which meant the wife of the knight or lord. It was her duty to oversee the servants. The manor had kitchens, dairies, stables, and other buildings. In the great hall, meals were served by stewards — on rough trestle tables. Everyone cut with his knife what he wished from a joint of meat and ate it from a trencher, which was simply a flat board — later a metal dish. Today the boys of the famous Winchester school still eat their breakfast on old wooden trenchers. Rich people drank wine; the poor, mead or ale when they could get it. In the hall was a minstrel's gallery, where musicians played during the meal. But the villeins in their huts had no such entertainment. They had, however, popular ballads, as shown in the literature of this section.

THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH

While the king was head of the feudal system, one source of authority was higher than the king. The Church had a feudal system of its own. The Pope at Rome was sovereign of Christendom, and answerable only to God. Under the Pope were various degrees of ecclesiastics, each with his spiritual province. Since the Church possessed lands granted it by the king, it grew very powerful in England through its holdings. The Church never let the ordinary man or woman forget its teaching — that this life is empty and vain, and merely a preparation for a future life, determined by the good or evil deeds of each person. Everyone believed literally what the Church taught. It also held the power of excommunication. This was the excluding of anybody from the Church, from spiritual things, and from the love of God. A pope had power to excommunicate even a king. He could also place a kingdom under interdict, and then no services could be held in the churches, no sacraments administered, and no one could be buried in consecrated ground. This punishment was very serious.

THE CRUSADES SEND ENGLISHMEN ABROAD

The power of the Church is illustrated by the Crusades, which aroused all Europe to "take the cross" (as the word means) against the crescent of the "Infidel."

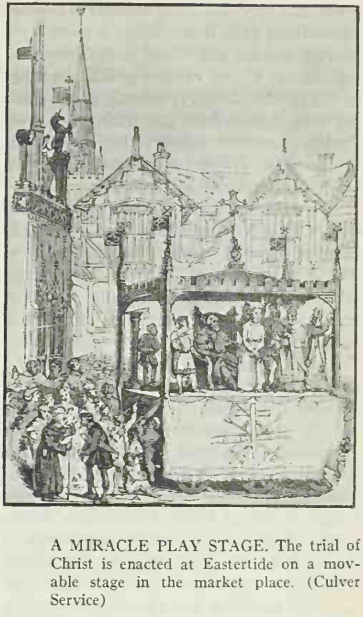
The First Crusade started when the powerful Moslems prevented European pilgrims and merchants from visiting the sepulcher of Christ in Jerusalem. In 1095 the Pope offered a pardon for all debts and sins to anyone who went in an army to recapture the Holy Tomb. Some Crusaders enlisted through religious zeal; others, to prevent the stoppage of Eastern trade through which they made money. A rabble went to escape the law or harsh masters. Motives were mixed, but the crowd that shouted "Deus vult!" ("God wills it!") was seized with religious fanaticism. These First Crusaders did capture Jerusalem in 1099.

The ineffective Second Crusade came fifty years later, after the Moslems had recaptured Jerusalem. In the Third Crusade rode the famous King of England, Richard I, called Cœur de Lion (Lionhearted). In the novels of Scott and others he figures as a great military hero; but, in reality, he taxed his people heavily for his expeditions, left them exposed to political corruption for almost ten years, and failed to recover Jerusalem from the Moslems.

Four later Crusades were sent out from western Europe, until finally in 1272 the attempt to recapture Jerusalem was abandoned. Though failing in their immediate aim, the Crusades had beneficial results in stimulating commerce and developing many European cities. They also added greatly to man's knowledge, through contact with the Orient. New words came into the language. The advanced arts of their Moslem enemies educated the Crusaders.

CATHEDRALS OUR HERITAGE FROM THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH

From the religious enthusiasm of the medieval world came England's greatest architectural glory — her magnificent cathedrals. Through centuries of careful building, the seat of every bishop came to have one of these great piles of stone, alike in their form of a Latin cross and their lofty roofs supported by massive pillars, but each highly individual in the details of its design. The earliest were built in the Norman style with rounded arches and simple round pillars. Later the Gothic style developed the pointed arch and a slender, more elaborate column. Through various later modifications the designs of carved stone came to have the most intricate and delicate tracery, and stained-glass windows were made with a skill which has been the despair of modern workers. Since most of these cathedrals were long decades in the making, they often show interesting changes of style within a single building. Among the most famous are those across the South of England — Canterbury, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, and Wells — and another group toward the North and East — Ely, Lincoln, York, and Durham. The cathedrals are in active use as churches today, save where ravages have been wrought by the terrible bombings of World War II. Even so, services have been held in the gutted shell of Coventry Cathedral! Among the cherished abbeys, in ruins since the sixteenth century, are Tintern Abbey (celebrated by Wordsworth) and Melrose Abbey, once the finest structure in Scotland (described by Sir Walter Scott).



A MIRACLE PLAY STAGE. The trial of Christ is enacted at Eastertide on a movable stage in the market place. (Culver Service)

Innumerable small churches dating back to medieval centuries are — or were — also to be found throughout the British Isles.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE DRAMA

The original roots of the English drama, in the fifth century, had been simple human tableaux. By the tenth century, dialogue and action were added. Then in order to teach the people Bible stories, long before the days of Bibles in English, the early Church started giving plays, acted in the chancel at Christmas, Easter, and other festivals. Thus the drama of the Middle Ages was born in the Church. The early plays were simply incidents taken from the life of Christ. Priests were the actors, and the dialogue was in Latin. When holy days became holidays — and the noise and wantonness attending these scenes increased — the scandalized priests banished the plays to

the churchyard, and later refused to countenance them even there. So they moved out into the market place, and passed over into the control of the various guilds. As early as the twelfth century, miracle plays, dealing with stories from the Bible, appeared. By the fourteenth century they were given in cycles in certain towns. One such cycle was given annually at Coventry.

In presenting the cycles each scene, from Creation to Judgment Day, had a movable stage of its own, a great two-story wagon like a modern float, with an open stage above and an inclosed dressing room below. Stations were designated in various parts of the town and these stages, called "pageants," stopped at each in turn long enough to present a scene. The series often spanned the whole Bible. Responsibilities for the production were appropriately divided among the trade guilds. For instance, the boatbuilders' guild presented the shipbuilding of Noah, while the fishmongers took care of the Flood. In the New Testament stories, the goldsmiths took charge of the visit of the Wise Men to the Christ Child; the bakers presented the Last Supper; the butchers, the Crucifixion. Certain Bible characters, such as Noah's wife and Herod, became stock comedy figures, and at the height of their buffoonery even descended to rant among the audience.

The morality plays were a later development of the drama. They were intended to teach the audience the beauty of goodness and the punishment of sin. These plays were allegorical; that is, the characters were personifications of virtues and vices, such as Charity, Pride, Truth, Falsehood. More originality of plot was possible than with stories based entirely on the Bible, but the manner of presentation on movable stages was much the same. The Hell Mouth which had originated in the miracle play of the Day of Judgment became an important part of the morality play and afforded much merriment when it gobbled up the vices, often represented as comic characters. The morality play remained popular well into the sixteenth century.

GUILDS CONTROL TRADES AND CRAFTS

People lived in different quarters of the town according to their trades — armorers, butchers, glovers, coopers, smiths, carpenters, or tailors. Today London has many street names denoting trades, such as Bread Street, the Poultry, Ironmongers Lane, Old Fish Street. Many common English surnames of today have also come from early occupations.

Gradually the merchants engaged in similar trades banded together in guilds to insure protection and equable trading conditions. Later the craftsmen began to organize, and there was often great rivalry between the merchant and the craft guilds. The main purpose of a craft guild was to train and furnish skilled workmen and assure an honest product. An apprentice to any craft had to serve seven years as servant to his master. He was not paid, but received his food and lodging and was taught his trade, until he became either a journeyman or a master himself. The master had to be a highly skilled craftsman and, of course, was the proprietor of his business, for whom the less skilled journeymen worked for wages.

The warden of each guild supervised all articles made by that group and settled arguments about prices and wages. Often guilds had patron saints, whom they honored by feast days. The organization's funds helped the sick and old. Later it became hard to get into a guild. The members were jealous of their rights and did not encourage new blood from outside. They tried to keep the work of that guild in their own families. "Foreigners" — even from other towns — were discouraged. But the guilds did see that careful, good work was done, and so protected the customer. There were humiliating punishments for bad work.

In the Middle Ages men did not believe in competition or the open market, but certain towns held fairs. Stourbridge Fair was the most famous —

> The Lombard moneychangers were there with their balances; Venetian merchants spread out their silks and velvets, their glass and

jewelry. Flemings from Bruges brought their lace and linen. Greeks and Cretans displayed their raisins and almonds. . . . The Hamburg or Lübeck merchant paid with Eastern spices for the bales of wool clipped on English grazings. Noblemen bought their horses and furred gowns. Exchequer clerks moved about, collecting the import duties.

THE TOWNS BRING FREEDOM — AND PLAGUE

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries people still lived, according to our modern ideas, in a most primitive way. In winter they subsisted on badly cured meat — as they could not get it fresh — on dried fish and dried peas and beans. Poor people ate black bread. Cooking was done over an open fire. Women spun thread with a distaff. The houses of the poor had changed little from Anglo-Saxon times. Windows had sacking or horn in them. The drafty " great hall " of the manor house was heated by huge fireplaces. Often my lady's " bower " had none. How chilly it must have been! No wonder people did not undress at night. Roads were still very bad, and the pack horse was the usual means of conveyance.

Towns had been increasing, built frequently near bridges and fords and harbors — hence some of the present names, like Oxford and Portsmouth. Although at first these towns were subject to the king, a baron, or an abbot, yet the tradesmen began to free themselves from feudal dues of work and service by paying money. So did the merchants. Finally the town agreed to collect all the dues from its townspeople, and pay the lord a lump sum annually. Thus the people of the town began to be independent, and many serfs and villeins, by becoming townspeople, became free. London was now a large important town, surrounded by pasture and forest. Its churches had schools attached to them. Ships had improved in construction and, aided by better maps and charts, and crude compasses, commerce was growing.

In spite of war's destruction, still in some towns of England the old parts within the encircling walls retain their ancient narrow streets, half-timbered houses, overleaning second stories, and cobblestone pavements. One improvement in modern towns has been enormous and fundamental. They are much cleaner! The medieval town was not only small but crowded and filthy. There was no street cleaning, no garbage collection. What wonder that epidemics ravaged even London! Worst of these was the Black Death.

In the fourteenth century this plague spread from Asia, killing nearly a third of the people in Europe. Soon it attacked England. The mortality was frightful. So many workers on the land perished that the remainder profited, being more in demand. Since many landlords sold their land for the best possible price, new landowners rose from the soil.

Some barons turned to sheep breeding. This change was the far-off beginning of the British Empire through the growth of English sea power, because a flourishing wool trade meant the building of English ships, and ships meant control of the seas. So it is no empty symbol of Britain's place in the world today that the Lord Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords is known as the Woolsack!

MERCHANT PRINCES

Through lessons learned from exiled Flemish burghers, England later developed a flourishing cloth-weaving industry. There were many steps in the evolution of the completed fabric from the original wool, and the old medieval way of having a separate group of people handle each process became unwieldy. Hence we see the ancestor of the modern capitalist in the first employer who built his own building in which, by assembling all the different processes under one roof, he completed the whole job. Merchant princes and bankers kept people's money in safe deposit, for there were no institutions for that purpose until the Bank of England was established in 1694. The principles of trade, however, began to change. The medieval idea had been to fix prices and take only modest profits. Now began an alliance between trade, wealth, and politics. The great merchants



THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET. In this interesting old print the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury is shown as taking place before the very altar of the famous Canterbury Cathedral.

gained power over the king himself, by lending him money when he needed it.

THE POWERFUL PLANTAGENETS COME TO THE THRONE

Only a few significant events of the Middle Ages can here be included to round out this brief picture of four centuries.

After the death of William the Conqueror, England went through a period of readjustment under his sons. In 1154 the Plantagenet family came to the throne and held it for about two hundred and fifty years. This famous family took its name from the sprig of *planta genesta,* or broom flower, which the founder of the family, a French duke, wore in his helmet. Henry II, the first English king of this line, brought order out of chaos, reduced the power of the barons, and exacted a money payment from them in place of military service. He also levied the first personal property tax, the far forerunner of our income tax today.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET

The most famous single event of Henry's reign was the murder of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. In order to gain ascendancy over the powerful landowners in the Church, who claimed independence from the king's laws, Henry made his friend Thomas à Becket, the son of a London citizen, the most powerful archbishop in England. But Becket became an ardent supporter of ecclesiastical rights, and for a number of years the two differed over affairs of Church and State, especially the "benefit of Clergy." This meant that anyone in Holy Orders, or even anyone who could read one verse in Latin prose from his Bible, could be tried in an ecclesiastical rather than a civil court. Becket was banished for six years, but even after Henry recalled him and tried to adjust matters, the dispute continued. Then four knights took too seriously an exasperated exclamation of Henry — "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" — and murdered Becket at the very altar of Canterbury Cathedral (1170). For this crime Henry had to do penance imposed by the Pope. The murder was all the more horrible because a church had always been "sanctuary" — where no man could be slain, least of all a priest. The cathedral became the shrine of the martyred saint, to which pilgrims went to be cured of various ailments. This tragedy has figured prominently in English literature, from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* of this period to T. S. Eliot's poetic drama *Murder in the Cathedral,* of the twentieth century.

IMPORTANT STEPS TOWARD LAW AND JUSTICE

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries several important steps mark the gradual growth of justice and liberty. First was the birth of the English Common Law,

rooted in the customs which had been upheld in the local moots. Henry II divided his realm into six districts, and made permanent the circuit riding of three judges to each district. Thus the same justice, administered in each part of his realm, produced a common law.

The second great advance came during the reign of the worst of the Plantagenets, King John. Cruel and craven, he not only lost the French possessions and antagonized the nobles, but also offended the Pope to such an extent that England was placed under interdict. Finally an assembly of barons, country knights, and representatives of towns drew up a new charter, or treaty with the king. It laid the foundation for the security of English political and personal liberty, though it granted no better conditions to serfs and villeins. In 1215 John was forced to sign this Magna Carta, or Great Charter, which has remained throughout the ages as a check on irresponsible kings.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Under John's successor, Henry III, another great step in English liberty was taken. Simon de Montfort, the strongest of the barons, tried to control the unpopular king. De Montfort had on his side the rising middle class — the country knights and the town burgesses (from *burgh*, a fortified town). When he finally took the king prisoner, he summoned a parliament (from the French *parler, to talk*), to which came, in addition to the lords, two knights from each county and two citizens from each town. From these new representatives of 1265, there later developed the separate House of Commons.

THE STIRRING OF INTELLECTUAL LIFE

During Henry's long reign, seats of learning were founded which began to challenge the monastery. Halls for students at Oxford were first established in the thirteenth century. By 1233 Cambridge University was organized and given a chancellor. Man's curiosity concerning the natural world was awakening, and he was turning slowly from the confinements of monastic thought. However, "science" in the modern sense did not exist. Though Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar, advocated experiment to arrive at truth, his practical attempts were largely confused with magic. Thus "the prince of medieval thought" experimented in alchemy — in the hope of transmuting baser metals into gold — though he also knew how to make gunpowder. Then, too, he believed in astrology — foretelling events by the position of the stars. It did not seem impossible to him that there could be an elixir of life, an imaginary liquid that would enable mankind to live forever. Consequently he was thought by his contemporaries to deal in evil, or "black" magic.

DISCONTENT WITH THE CHURCH

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was much murmuring against the Church. Though its parish priests were poor, its bishops and monks were rich. The ignorant peasants were poverty-stricken, while the wandering friars lived off the fat of the land. "Pardoners" from Rome remitted sins for a fixed price (see page 84 for the "sale of indulgences"). In the earlier ballads of Robin Hood the rich bishops are denounced. The literary men of this period (discussed on pages 62–63) were deeply concerned over the conditions of the Church and often wrote about them.

WARS WITH SCOTLAND

Edward I (1272–1307) was an ambitious and determined king. After conquering Wales he made his son the Prince of Wales, a title ever since given to the king's eldest son. Calling himself "The Hammer of the Scots," Edward struggled against Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce to subdue Scotland. He brought from the conquered North the famous Stone of Scone — fabled to be the one on which Jacob slept, as recorded in the Bible. All Scottish kings had been crowned seated on this stone, and since



Middle-English Literature

Edward placed it in Westminster Abbey all British sovereigns to this day have been crowned on it. His son, Edward II (1307–1327), abandoned the conquest of Scotland after he was badly defeated by Bruce at Bannockburn in 1314. (You can look up in this book the lines of Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet, which he imagined Bruce as speaking to his army before the battle.) This second Edward, about whom Christopher Marlowe of the sixteenth century wrote a famous tragedy, was effeminate and weak. Forced to abdicate in favor of his son, he was murdered.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR BEGINS

Edward III (1327–1377), a fighter like his grandfather, began a war with France which continued intermittently under later kings, and so is known as the Hundred Years' War. Despite other apparent causes, commercial interests really determined this long and bitter conflict. Even before the Norman Conquest the clothmakers of Flanders had come to depend on English wool. Thus wool became England's most valuable export. When the French king tried to get control of Flanders, the English merchants were at once up in arms. Then, too, French pirates aggravated the situation by holding up English ships.

During the first half of this war the English pillaged France thoroughly; won two decisive victories with their longbows; and gained Calais, which they kept for two centuries. But the French strongholds were too much for them and the baffled English withdrew in 1360. Thus ended the first part of the Hundred Years' War.

THE PEASANTS' REVOLT

In 1381, under Richard II, the Peasants' Revolt was precipitated by a poll tax levied on every man, woman, and child in England, because of the national debt incurred by the war. Most of the English people were still serfs, and now a law was passed to keep wages down. Many of the serfs ran away and became outlaws, as Robin Hood had been. Finally, aroused by the preaching of Wyclif and others, the peasants under Wat Tyler formed a union called the Great Society. When they marched to London, the king and his ministers hid in the Tower; but later the king met the peasants and agreed to abolish serfdom. After Wat Tyler was killed in an altercation, the boy king, promising the peasants to be their leader, led them out into the country — right into the hands of his soldiers, who made them surrender. Richard had betrayed them; and later he renounced his promises to them, saying, "Serfs you are, and serfs you shall remain." Yet this social upheaval, also known as Tyler's Rebellion, led to the final abolition of villeinage. It is the first among many movements of English tillers of the soil to demand their rights.

ENGLAND DEFEATS FRANCE

After Henry IV (1399–1413) came Henry V (1413–1422), a great warrior, who reopened the Hundred Years' War with France. At Agincourt he won a marked victory over the feudal chivalry of France, stirringly described in Michael Drayton's poem "Agincourt." Shakespeare's plays *King Henry IV* and *King Henry V* with their famous Falstaff and Prince Hal scenes, vivify this period. These plays have been ably enacted in our time by Laurence Olivier, who has also contributed the masterly screen version of *Henry V*.

JOAN OF ARC SAVES FRANCE — AND ENGLAND

Henry V died master of northern France, and the English regent who ruled for Henry's young son appeared to have Dauphin Charles of France at his mercy. Then a miracle happened. Joan of Arc rescued her beloved country. The story of her hearing angel voices is familiar. In her short and astonishing career she freed Orleans and had the Dauphin crowned at Rheims. Finally, after her martyrdom at the stake, and the death of the King of France in 1461, the English held only the town of Calais, which they retained for another century. But had a victorious English king actually become master of France, he would

have lived in Paris and ruled England despotically from abroad. So Joan of Arc really saved not only France but England also!

The best modern books to read on the great French heroine are Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* and Bernard Shaw's play *Saint Joan.*

THE WARS OF THE ROSES

After the foreign wars were over, England was torn internally by the Wars of the Roses. These were intermittent battles between the two noble families of York and Lancaster. The quarrel was brought on by petty jealousies, and ended in a death struggle over which should wear the English crown. Since the emblem of the House of York was a white rose, the House of Lancaster adopted the red rose in contrast. The English people soon grew thoroughly sick of this senseless War of the Roses. After Richard III, usurper and murderer, whom Shakespeare's play portrays as a "cruel, brave, brilliant hunchback," the nation was glad to welcome Henry VII, a Lancastrian. When he married a Princess of York, the two roses were at last united, and the new Tudor family was established.

This period marked the close of the Middle Ages. So many nobles were killed that feudalism came to an end. Under the Tudor kings a new society emerged. Because this awakening of life led directly into the great literary period known as the Elizabethan Age, it is presented in the next chapter.

The Literature of the Middle Ages

The four hundred years of the Middle Ages did not produce as much literature of interest to the general reader of today as any later single century has. One author, however, stands out among the scattered names of those barren years. Geoffrey Chaucer holds a high place in any roll call of England's greatest writers. Moreover, he is largely responsible for the survival of the Midland dialect over the many others spoken in England during the Middle Ages. Wyclif's translation of the Bible in the same dialect was also instrumental; for when printing finally standardized the language, the works of these two men were the earliest published and most widely circulated.

We may divide the literature of the Middle Ages into two main groups:

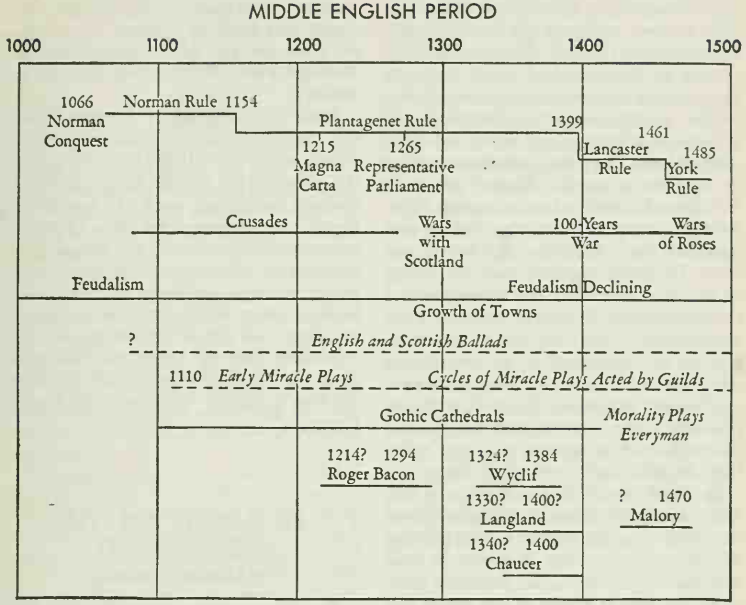
(1) A great body of anonymous material, including the metrical romances of chivalry; the ballads of the common people; a few lyrics; the miracle plays based on Bible stories, of which four chief series, called "cycles," are extant; the morality plays, of which *Everyman* is notable for several modern revivals; and many legends, tales, chronicles, and religious writings. In the following pages examples of the metrical romance and the ballad will be found.

(2) The writings of individual authors, the first of whom appear in the fourteenth century. Among these Chaucer and Malory are represented through their writings included in this section. The important work of Wyclif and Langland deserves further discussion.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

John Wyclif (1320?–1384), a native of Yorkshire, established an order of "poor priests" who became known as "Lollards." The name, meaning "idle babbler," was applied in sarcasm by the orthodox Church, whose corruption Wyclif and his followers assailed. Later, after the suppression of the Peasants' Revolt, they were thought to be spreading a kind of socialism, a great bogey in those days. They were, in reality, a band of earnest and honest men who followed one of the great spirits of the century. Wyclif was the boldest and most tireless of reformers, the first who dared, when deserted and alone, to break through the tradition of the past and, with his last breath, to assert the freedom of religious thought against the dogmas of the papacy. He gave England its first impulse toward Protestantism.

To enforce his point that the Bible was the final guide to a righteous life, Wyclif



needed to get it into the hands of the mass of the people who could not read Latin. He enlisted the help of two of his followers to complete the translation from the Latin Vulgate, itself a translation from Hebrew and Greek. The completed version, however, is known as the Wyclif Bible and is notable as the first translation of the Scriptures into English. The widespread use of the book did much to enrich and establish the language. Had Abraham Lincoln read Wyclif's Bible in his youth? Its preface announces: "The Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Wyclif was later charged with heresy and the Pope ordered his arrest. Finally a mob rescued him from a halfhearted trial. This was his great and popular year, but later he estranged his public by more radical doctrines. He was reluctantly condemned by his university, Oxford, and retired to his rectory, where he died two years later.

POETRY TELLS WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE TIMES

The fourteenth century was a period of corruption and attempted reform in other fields besides religion. Epidemics, unemployment, poverty, graft, injustice, and revolt all kept society in a state of unrest. In fiery denunciation of the times rose the voice of William Langland (1330?–1400?) in a long poem known as *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*. The writer represents himself as having had a series of visions, in the Malvern Hills (see map, page 60), showing forth the evils of his day. The poem is an allegory, a form commonly appearing in medieval literature. In this type

of writing the characters are abstract qualities. Through Langland's power of description, however, many of his figures — such as Lady Meed (Greed), Glutton, and Sloth — take on the reality of actual men and women. Piers the Powman finds the solution for the ills that beset the common people in personal integrity, hard work, and other solid virtues. The poem, written somewhat in the form of the Old English poems, is not so much a work of art as a great document showing plainly how the thinking man regarded the corruption of Church and State. Langland attacked both the luxury of the churchman and the shiftlessness of the workingman. Though he believed in the feudal system of his time, and not in democracy as we understand it, he nevertheless struck one of the earliest blows for democracy in our literature. He dealt with the problems of the common man, and he held the welfare of the people of higher value than the pride and power of the State.

Langland himself is described as "a tall, gaunt man with shaven crown, who passed haughtily along the streets, neither greeting the serjeants nor doing reverence to lords and ladies, and whom many took for a madman." Nothing is known of him except this picture given in the manuscript. In fact, he is such a shadowy figure that scholars differ as to whether the poem was really written by a man named William Langland or by five different writers.

SUMMARY

The Norman Conquest was the last great invasion of England. A slow and often painful fusion of the Normans and Saxons took place over several centuries. During the medieval period the feudal system was prevalent, and chivalry determined the ideals and cultural aspects of society. Under the single rule of the Roman Catholic Church, religious fervor led to the building of great cathedrals and monasteries and to participation in the Crusades; but in contrast there was also corruption, which eventually called for reform. The rise of the towns, the increase in commerce, and the development of guilds all contributed to the growing importance of the middle class. Great wars held the front of the stage — the Crusades, the wars with Scotland, the Hundred Years' War, and the Wars of the Roses.

From the mingling of Norman-French and Saxon, numerous dialects arose — among which the Midland dialect became the parent of the English language, largely through the literary work of Chaucer and Wyclif's translation of the Bible. Literature was varied and colorful, but meager compared with that of later centuries. The earlier writings, consisting of metrical romances, lyrics, ballads, miracle and morality plays, are almost all anonymous. The fourteenth century brings the individua' names of Wyclif, Langland, and above all, Geoffrey Chaucer, " the Father of English literature."

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

A Metrical Romance

The term *romance* originally came from *Roman.* After the fall of the Roman Empire in the fifth century, the Latin language gradually changed in different parts of Europe, no longer held together by the strong central government. So we have the rise of the Romance languages — French, Italian, Spanish — based on Latin. During the Middle Ages, when knighthood flourished and feudalism became the established social order, there developed a long, rambling form of storytelling about the exploits of medieval knights and heroes of the ancient world. These tales were called *romans,* or *romances,* and were popular with the nobility throughout southern Europe.

The Normans, of course, brought French stories with them to England. During the long period of fusion of Saxons and Normans, romances were told and retold in the changing and merging dialects until they became more and more English in form, and therefore part of our literary heritage. King Arthur and his court were favorite subjects of these stories and largely supplanted the Continental heroes.

Because the code of chivalry emphasized brave deeds and devotion to a lady, the words *romance* and *romantic* have become associated in modern usage with love and adventure. In a literary sense the terms have added meanings, especially as used in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These you will study later.

A metrical romance is one written in poetry. Among the extant metrical romances of the fourteenth century dealing with King Arthur's court, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, of unknown authorship, is the best in construction of plot and vividness of detail. Its original elaborate stanza combined alliteration and a rhyme scheme. This prose translation is by Jessie L. Weston.

If you are familiar with Tennyson's portrayal of Sir Gawain in the *Idylls of the King*, note as you read how this earlier picture represents him as a more admirable character. Note also the color, the humor, the love element, and the delight in mere adventure aside from any ultimate benefit, which mark this tale as differing from *Beowulf*.

The story, opening with a description of the Christmas revels of King Arthur's Court at Camelot, tells how the King himself would never partake of food on such a festive occasion until he had been advised of some knightly deed or marvelous tale of arms, or until some stranger knight should seek permission to joust with a knight of the Round Table.

As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marveled much at his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work; 'twere too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon — birds and insects in gay gauds of green and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddle-bow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gaily dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves was fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time; and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauberk, neither gorget nor breastplate, neither shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in his other an ax, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all adown the handle

it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

[This strange knight rides to the king's throne and asks a boon.]

And Arthur answered, "Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here thou shalt not fail for lack of a foe."

And the knight answered, "Nay, I ask no fight; in faith here on the benches are but beardless children; were I clad in armor on my steed there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is yuletide and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If anyone in this hall holds himself so hardy, so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this ax, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words, let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon; I quit claim to it, he may keep it as his own, and I will abide his stroke, firm on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him another, the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught."

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the hall; red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery, "What, is this Arthur's hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one man's speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!"

[Filled with indignation at the taunt, King Arthur seizes his battle ax and is about to deal a blow when Sir Gawain intervenes and asks to take the challenge. The King grants him the privilege, and after some parley with the Green Knight about the terms of the agreement, Gawain grips his ax to deliver the blow.]

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready; he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain gripped his ax and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with outstretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bridle, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the grim corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face toward them that sat on the high dais, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. "Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek loyally till thou find me, even as thou has sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel; such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the Knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it behooves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant."

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none

knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the king and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater marvel than any they had known aforetime.

[A year later Sir Gawain starts out to seek the Green Chapel and fulfill his promise to the Green Knight. After many fruitless wanderings he comes upon a noble castle where he is entertained by the aged lord and his beautiful young wife. Gawain learns that the Green Chapel is so close to this castle that he can prolong his agreeable visit and still be on time for his appointment. His host, starting out for a day's hunting, makes the curious agreement with Gawain, who stays behind in the castle, that at nightfall they shall exchange what each has won during the day. During the lord's absence his young wife attempts unsuccessfully to induce Gawain to make love to her, but before leaving she kisses him. In the evening the lord presents Gawain with his game and Gawain frankly gives the lord a kiss in return. The same thing is repeated the second day, the lady making more pronounced advances with the same lack of success. As before, Gawain returns to the lord the kiss he has received. On the third day the lady tries to present Sir Gawain with a gold ring, but he refuses it. Then she offers her green and gold girdle, saying that its magic charm protects whoever wears it from injury. Gawain, thinking of his future meeting with the Green Knight, is tempted to accept it and promises not to reveal the gift to her lord. That night he returns to the lord the third kiss, but says nothing of the green girdle.

[The next day Sir Gawain starts out early to seek the Green Chapel; he is accompanied by a guide who tries to dissuade him from the adventure because of the grim character of the Green Knight. Sir Gawain, however, persists, and the guide leaves him at the entrance of a dark valley between two great rugged crags.]

Then he drew in his horse and looked round to see the chapel, but he saw none and thought it strange. Then he saw as it were a mound on a level space of land by a bank beside the stream where it ran swiftly; the water bubbled within as if boiling. The knight turned his steed to the mound, and lighted down and tied the rein to the branch of a linden; and he turned to the mound and walked round it, questioning with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and at either side, and was overgrown with clumps of grass, and it was hollow within as an old cave or the crevice of a crag; he knew not what it might be.

"Ah," quoth Gawain, "can this be the Green Chapel? Here might the devil say his matins at midnight! Now I wis there is wizardry here. 'Tis an ugly oratory, all overgrown with grass, and 'twould well beseem that fellow in green to say his devotions on devil's wise. Now feel I in five wits, 'tis the foul fiend himself who hath set me this tryst, to destroy me here! This is a chapel of mischance: ill luck betide it, 'tis the cursedest kirk that ever I came in! "

Helmet on head and lance in hand, he came up to the rough dwelling, when he heard over the high hill beyond the brook, as it were in a bank, a wondrous fierce noise, that rang in the cliff as if it would cleave asunder. 'Twas as if one ground a scythe on a grindstone, it whirred and whetted like water on a mill wheel and rushed and rang, terrible to hear.

"By God," quoth Gawain, "I trow that gear is preparing for the knight who will meet me here. Alas! naught may help me, yet should my life be forfeit, I fear not a jot! " With that he called aloud. "Who waiteth in this place to give me tryst? Now is Gawain come hither; if any man will aught of him let him hasten hither now or never."

"Stay," quoth one on the bank above his head, "and ye shall speedily have that which I promised ye." Yet for a while the noise of whetting went on ere he appeared, and then he came forth from a cave in the crag with a fell weapon, a Danish ax newly dight,[1] wherewith to deal the blow. An evil head it had, four feet large, no less, sharply ground, and bound to the handle by the lace that gleamed brightly. And the knight himself was all green as before, face and foot, locks and beard, but now he was afoot. When he came to the water he would not wade it, but sprang over with the pole of

[1] **dight:** cleaned.

his ax, and strode boldly over the bent [1] that was white with snow.

Sir Gawain went to meet him, but he made no low bow. The other said, "Now, fair sir, one may trust thee to keep tryst. Thou art welcome, Gawain, to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months agone thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow."

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought adread.

Then the Green Knight made him ready and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him; had it fallen as straight as he aimed he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the ax came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

"Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did *I* flinch from thy blow, or make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

Quoth Gawain, "I shrank once, but so will I no more; though an [2] my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me thy destiny, and do it out of hand, for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine ax have hit me — my troth on it."

"Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the ax with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or a stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"For sooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 'twas no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the ax lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was born was he half so blithe), "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows, I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore."

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his ax, setting the shaft

[1] **bent**: reed-like grass. [2] **an**: if.

on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly — at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight, " Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur's court. I promised thee a blow and thou hast it — hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims. If I had been so minded I might perchance have given thee a rougher buffet. First I menaced thee with a feigned one, and hurt thee not for the covenant that we made in the first night, and which thou didst hold truly. All the gain didst thou give me as a true man should. The other feint I proffered thee for the morrow: my fair wife kissed thee, and thou didst give me her kisses — for both those days I gave thee two blows without scathe — true man, true return. But the third time thou didst fail, and therefore hadst thou that blow. For 'tis *my* weed thou wearest, that same woven girdle, my own wife wrought it, that do I wot for sooth.[1] Now know I well thy kisses, and thy conversation, and the wooing of my wife, for 'twas mine own doing. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth I think thou art the most faultless knight that ever trod earth. As a pearl among white peas is of more worth than they, so is Gawain, i' faith, by other knights. But thou didst lack a little, Sir Knight, and wast wanting in loyalty, yet that was for no evil work, nor for wooing neither, but because thou lovedst thy life — therefore I blame thee the less."

Then the other stood a great while, still sorely angered and vexed within himself; all the blood flew to his face, and he shrank for shame as the Green Knight spake; and the first words he said were, " Cursed be ye, cowardice and covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue." Then he loosed the girdle, and gave it to the knight. " Lo, take there the falsity, may foul befall it! For fear of thy blow cowardice bade me make friends with covetousness and forsake the customs of largess and loyalty, which befit all knights. Now am I faulty and false and have been afeared: from treachery and untruth come sorrow and care. I avow to thee, Sir Knight, that I have ill done; do then thy will. I shall be more wary hereafter."

Then the other laughed and said gaily, " I wot I am whole of the hurt I had, and thou hast made such free confession of thy misdeeds, and hast so borne the penance of mine ax edge, that I hold thee absolved from that sin, and purged as clean as if thou hadst never sinned since thou wast born. And this girdle that is wrought with gold and green, like my raiment, do I give thee Sir Gawain, that thou mayest think upon this chance when thou goest forth among princes of renown, and keep this for a token of the adventure of the Green Chapel, as it chanced between chivalrous knights. And thou shalt come again with me to my dwelling and pass the rest of this feast in gladness."

[In conclusion the Green Knight explained to Sir Gawain that the entire exploit was brought about through the witchcraft of a sorceress who sought to deride the valor of King Arthur's knights and frighten Queen Guinevere by the headless giant.

[Upon returning to King Arthur's court, Gawain was joyously welcomed, and his story was heard with eagerness and laughter. When the embarrassed knight said that he must wear the green girdle as a badge of his " cowardice and covetousness," the lords and ladies of the Round Table agreed to wear thereafter a bright green baldric[2] as a badge of honor " for the sake of Sir Gawain."]

Suggestions for Study of Sir Gawain

1. Be able to give a clear account of the story, showing how the events in the Green Chapel were affected by the preceding events in the castle.

2. Compare this story with *Beowulf* and show how each illustrates the characteristics of the race which produced it.

[1] **wot for sooth:** know truly.

[2] **baldric:** a belt, usually richly ornamented and worn over the shoulder.

3. Find good examples in the story to illustrate the use of a color scheme, the knightly code of honor, a sense of humor, the love of magic.

4. Find examples in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* to prove that he represented Sir Gawain as a quite different character from the one in this story.

5. Find in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* some good examples of Mark Twain's satire on magic in medieval stories.

Early English and Scottish Ballads

The ballads of the common people contrast sharply with the metrical romances of the aristocracy.

The word *ballad* comes from an old French verb meaning "to dance." This origin has given rise to the theory that the ballads were originally chanted with dances. Whether or not that is true, they were at least sung; for the singing qualities of the simple stanza, the repetitions, refrains, and occasional nonsense syllables, are evident. "Ballad measure" means a four-line stanza with four accents in the first and third lines, three accents in the second and fourth. The second and fourth lines always rhyme, while the first and third may or may not. Of course variations in this meter occur.

The narrative itself is simple and direct, frequently being only the incident which marks the climax of a story. Sometimes the cause of the tragedy is simply suggested and must be pieced out by the reader's imagination. Dialogue appears in almost all the old ballads. The similarities in the incidents of many ballads seem to prove that old stories already well known were often adapted to local happenings. The domestic tragedy, the love story, and the outlaw ballad were three of the most widely used types.

Although these ballads began to circulate in the early Norman days, the existing versions date back no farther than the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, as indicated by their language. When interested scholars began to collect these old stories, the harvest proved rich indeed. The first collection, made by Bishop Percy in the late eighteenth century, was known as *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Sir Walter Scott also was an ardent student of ballads. The standard edition of old English ballads was made by an American scholar, Dr. Francis J. Child. In his eight-volume work he presents all the known ballads, only three hundred and five different stories, but appearing in more than twelve hundred versions. It is not likely that any more English and Scottish folk ballads will come to light, although in recent years a number of new versions of the old ones have been found in different parts of the United States.

Of course, new folk poetry has developed in America and other parts of the world where conditions engendered it, and also there are many modern "literary" ballads written by individual authors in the form of the original folk ballads.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

This is one of the simplest and most touching of the border ballads. Bearing in mind clan feuds and border raids, one can easily guess the fate of bonnie George. In some of the numerous versions of this ballad, the name is given as James.

High upon Highlands,
and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
and gallant rade he:
Hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

Out cam his auld mither
greeting fu' sair.
And out cam his bonnie bride
riving her hair.

2. **Tay**: the largest river in Scotland. 4. **rade**: rode. 10. **greeting fu' sair**: weeping full sore. 12. **riving**: tearing.

Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he.

"My meadow lies green,
and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build,
and my babe is unborn."

Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he.

15. **Toom:** empty.

LORD RANDAL

"Lord Randal" is deservedly one of the favorites among readers of old ballads because of the tragic love story it unfolds. The question and answer and "the will" are recurring ballad devices. For clues in the poem as to the reasons for the tragedy, consult the concluding lines.

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"And what met you there, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met wi my true love; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

"And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what became of them, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?"
"Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

4. **fain wad:** would like to.

"What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"
"My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"
"My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your true love, my handsome young man?"
"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

KATHRINE JAFFRAY

This ballad was a great favorite with Scott, whose "Lochinvar" is based directly on it, as you will readily see. In some of the old versions the name Lochinvar occurs.

There lived a lass in yonder dale,
And doun in yonder glen, O,
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,
Well known by many men, O.

Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,
Out frae the South Countrie,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He has teld her father and mither baith,
And a' the rest o her kin,
And he has teld the lass hersell,
And her consent has win.

Then came the Laird of Lochinton,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Well mounted in good order.

He's teld her father and mither baith,
As I hear sindry say,
But he has nae teld the lass hersell,
Till on her wedding day.

5 **Laird** (lârd): a lord. **Lauderdale** (lô'dĕr-dale). 9. He has told both her father and mother. 13. **Lochinton** (lok'ĭn-ton): The Scottish *ch* has a breathier sound than our *k* but is best represented by that letter.

When day was set, and friends were met,
And married for to be,
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,
The bridal for to see.

"O are you come for sport, young man?
Or are you come for play?
Or are you come for a sight o our bride,
Just on her wedding day?"

"I'm nouther come for sport," he says,
"Nor am I come for play;
But if I had one sight o your bride,
I'll mount and ride away."

There was a glass of the red wine
Filld up them atween,
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

Then he took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And he mounted her high behind him there,
At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.

Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,
And down by Cowden Braes,
And ay she gard the trumpet sound,
"O this is foul, foul play!"

Now a' ye that in England are,
Or are in England born,
Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,
Or else ye'l get the scorn.

42. **Cowden Braes** (kou'dĕn-brāz): a brae is a hillside. 43. **gard:** caused. 47. **nere** (nâr): never.

They haik ye up and settle ye by,
Till on your wedding day,
And gie ye frogs instead o fish,
And play ye foul, foul play.

49. **haik . . . up** (hāk): haul up. 49. **settle ye by:** deceive you. 51. **frogs:** In "Lord Randal" the hero was poisoned by eels.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

This ballad is one of the most interesting of the love tragedies because of its many versions in America, as well as in England and Scotland. A scholar has discovered ninety-two different forms of the poem in Virginia alone. The variations show what happens to a story when passed on by word of mouth. The hero's name takes on such forms as Sir James of the Grave, Jemmy Grove, and John Green. Allan becomes Ellen. Sometimes the maiden is repentant, sometimes so scornful that she laughs at the body of her dead lover. Most amusing of all is the way several entirely different ballads become blended. Some versions end this story with stanzas taken from other ballads telling how the two lovers were buried near each other, and how the roses planted on their graves grew so tall they became entwined in a "true-love knot."

The following version is probably the nearest to the original form of the Middle Ages.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his men down through the town
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

1. **Martinmas:** November 11. 8. **Gin:** if. 9. **hooly:** slowly.

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan";
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And, sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

17. **dinna ye mind:** don't you remember. 31. **jow:** stroke.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

This old sea ballad has always been popular. It is one of the few ballads that show traces of possible historical background. In the thirteenth century the daughter of King Alexander III of Scotland married the King of Norway, and many of the nobles who escorted her were drowned on the return voyage. Some versions of the story seem to refer directly to that event, with more or less detail of quarrels between the Scottish and Norwegian lords; but this simpler form shows no specific reference to Norway. The name of Sir Patrick Spens does not appear in any historical records. Probably shipwrecks off the coast of Scotland were so frequent that various stories shaded into one another as different narrators retold them.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand;
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

1. **Dumferling** (dŭm-fĕr'lĭng): a town near Edinburgh, now Dunfermline. 5. **knicht:** knight. 9. **braid letter:** either a letter on a broad sheet or a long letter. 29. **richt laith:** right loath. 30. To wet their cork-heeled shoes. 31. **owre:** ere. 32. Their hats floated above them.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

38. **kems:** combs. 41. **owre:** over. 41. **Aber dour:** Aberdeen.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

Though the tragic note prevails in most medieval ballads, the humorous incident appears often enough to show that life had its lighter moments then as now. An argument or quarrel between husband and wife was a favorite theme for laughter in both the ballads and the plays of the Middle Ages. Usually the man won his point, but in the following amusing bit of stubbornness the wife comes out ahead.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boild them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,
It's no be barrd for me."

They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candlelight.

1. **Martinmas time:** November 11. 9. **hussyfskap:** household duties. 11. "The door will not be barred in a hundred years if I have to bar it." 13. **paction:** agreement. 15. **whaeer:** whoever.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But neer a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet neer a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word;
Get up and bar the door."

21. The strangers ask the question. 23. **them:** the man and his wife. 25. **they:** the strangers. 27. **muckle:** much. 33. **water:** probably to scald the beard in order to scrape it off. 35. "What's the matter with using the pudding water?" 36. **into:** in. 40. **scad:** scald.

Suggestions for Study of the Ballads

1. Practice reading the ballads aloud effectively. Several can be read as dialogues before the class. "Get Up and Bar the Door" can be amusingly dramatized by four persons.

2. Ballads are particularly adapted to memorizing because of their singing qualities. Memorize parts or all of your favorites.

3. Point out which of these poems follow regular ballad measure and which show variations. Point out good examples of dialogue, refrain, repetition with slight variations of wording, and archaic language.

4. Ballad measure is one of the easiest forms for the amateur poet. Try writing a short ballad about an athletic contest, a dialogue between teacher and student, or some other situation with which you are familiar.

5. Compare these old ballads in subject matter and style with American folk ballads. For examples and reading lists see *Adventures in American Literature*.

6. Compare the old English ballads with the old ballads of other European nations, especially Spain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. See *Adventures in World Literature*.

7. Illustrate the ballads in this book or those you have read outside. Several students may co-operate on a set of illustrations. For costume plates see reading list, page 100.

8. Put on a program of medieval folk ballads and dances. The ballads may be recited, dramatized, sung, or used as the basis of a dance. For music and dances see reading list, page 100.

Geoffrey Chaucer 1340?–1400

As we look back upon the fourteenth century and recall that printing was not yet invented and America not yet discovered, we may be tempted to regard it as a narrow and stupid age; or if we read just the medieval romances, we may form the impression that men in those days were strange, stagy creatures with nothing to do but slay dragons and hold tournaments. But to the people of that time their world seemed fully as alive and businesslike, as teeming with great events and problems, as ours does to us. Moreover, men and women were not all cut to one pattern but had the same marked individualities and widely differing interests as we find today. We are brought into close intimacy with these folk through Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great realist, and indeed "the Father of English literature."

Chaucer was in a position to know his world thoroughly. Born in London, the son of a well-to-do wine merchant, he had a varied experience, from feudal page to member of Parliament. The earliest record of his life is that in 1357 he was a page in the household of Prince Lionel, brother of the famous Black Prince. Two years later he was fighting in Edward III's



GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Incomparable observer of human nature and teller of tales. (Culver Service)

unsuccessful French campaign, was taken prisoner at Rheims, and was considered important enough to be ransomed from the king's treasury. Chaucer's earliest writings were in the French style, one of the best being *The Book of the Duchess*, a memorial to the first wife of John of Gaunt. This powerful noble later married a sister of Chaucer's wife, and the poet's fortunes were largely determined by those of his patron. In 1372 Chaucer was sent to Italy on a diplomatic mission, which gave him an opportunity to study the Renaissance at firsthand. He may possibly have met the great poets Petrarch and Boccaccio. Certainly the influence of the latter can be seen in *The Canterbury Tales* and in the poem *Troilus and Cressida*, a story later used by Shakespeare for a tragedy.

Other poems showing foreign influence are: *The Complaint unto Pity*, in which Chaucer first used his favorite French seven-line stanza called rime royal; *The Parliament of Fowls*, in which birds philosophize on love and other human affairs; and *The Legend of Good Women*, concerning nine classical characters such as Cleopatra, Thisbe, Dido, Ariadne, and so on. In a charming prologue the poet represents the faithful women of antiquity, led by the god of love, appearing before him in a vision. In answer to their upbraiding for his representation of the fickleness of women in his poetry, he promises to write a legend of good women. Alcestis, who pleads for him, is supposed to represent Queen Anne, who commissioned the poem.

Chaucer also wrote several pieces of prose and translated the *Consolation* of Boethius, which King Alfred also had translated long before.

The last part of Chaucer's life was occupied with politics and the composition of his masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*. For many years he was Comptroller of Customs at the port of London and later a member of Parliament. But with the downfall of Gaunt, Chaucer found himself in financial straits. His poem "The Complaint to His Empty Purse" brought him a pension from the king, but the poet lived to enjoy it only one year. He was the first of a long line of writers to be buried in the famous Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer's personality is revealed to us through his writings — a polished gentleman, easy and friendly in his social contacts; a keen observer of human nature, ready with sympathetic humor and shrewd in his recognition of frauds; a great lover of the outdoors, especially the birds and flowers of springtime; a tireless reader who goes home after his day's work, and as he says:

> Also domb as any stoon,
> Thou sittest at another boke
> Till fully daswed is thy loke,
> And livest thus as an hermyte.

To his own generation Chaucer's great contribution was the introduction into English of the unknown treasures of Italian and classic literature. In our day we value him more for his service in fixing the Midland dialect as a standard written language, for the pleasure he gives us, and most of all for his unrivaled picture of the ordinary daily life of the fourteenth century. For fullness of characterization he might be called our first novelist. He is neither prophet nor preacher; he is a mellow observer of life about him. Human nature is his main interest. His lyrics, though excellent, are few; his fame rests on his narrative verse. He knows how to tell a good story; but even in his most romantic tales, or in those which deal wholly with legend, you discover real persons, not stock figures. The range of his characterization and his gallery of

memorable human beings seem second only to Shakespeare's among the English poets. Chaucer founded no school of writers; his followers were hopelessly inferior. In the one hundred and fifty years following his death, literature came to a sorry standstill.

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES

Chaucer's masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*, is our first real collection of short stories in English literature, though they are in poetry rather than in prose like the modern short story. But the author is not content with simply writing a series of independent stories. Instead he assembles at an inn a group of characters of all classes and all types, who are ready to make the popular pilgrimage from London to Canterbury, a distance of about sixty-five miles. Horseback travel is slow, and there is plenty of time for storytelling to lighten the tedium. The jolly innkeeper suggests that each person tell two stories on the way down and two on the return, the best narrator to be given a dinner at the expense of all the others. Had Chaucer completed his original scheme, there would have been one hundred and twenty-four stories; but unfortunately only twenty-four were finished, and the modern reader has to determine for himself which one should be the prize winner. Today we are likely to be more interested in the Prologue and the conversations interspersed between the tales than in the stories themselves; for here we have a moving picture of actual people, not a puppet show of fanciful beings. The Canterbury pilgrims still live and breathe and speak convincingly in their particular manner.

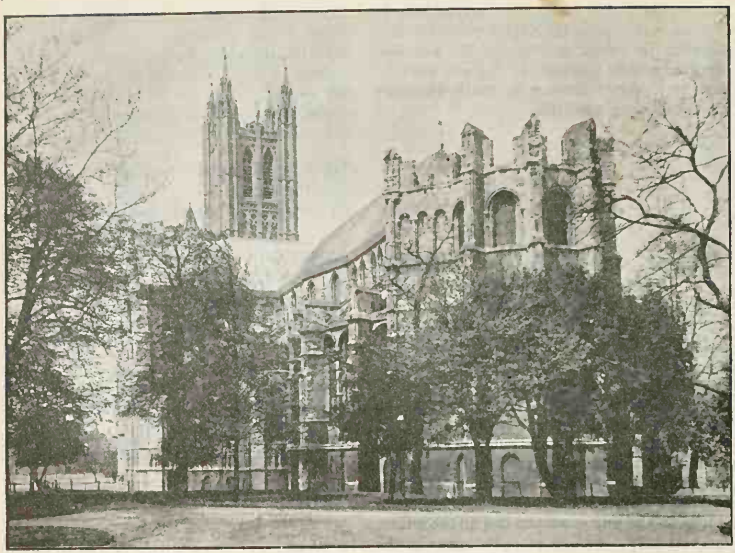
It is supposed that Chaucer obtained his idea for linking his stories together from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. In the Italian book the persons telling the stories have fled from Florence to a country estate in order to avoid the plague. All being of the aristocratic class, they do not possess the interesting diversity of Chaucer's characters. Two American writers have made use of the same device for storytelling — Longfellow in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and Whittier in *The Tent on the Beach*. The nearest modern parallel to the Prologue, however, is the first part of John Masefield's *Reynard the Fox*, in which a large assemblage of strikingly differentiated individuals come together, not for storytelling, but for fox hunting.

Because of the difficulties of Chaucerian English we give first a modernized version of the Prologue by Ruth M. Stauffer, followed by a few passages from the original.

When April showers with sweetness pierce the root
Of droughts of March, and make the buds upshoot,
And bathe the veins in sap, wherefrom the flowers
Are born to blossom in these vernal showers;
When soft west winds have breathed upon the trees,
And tender sprouts appear on all the leas,
And when the youthful sun has run his course
Half through the Ram — the sign of springtime's force —
When little birds — so stirred by nature's might
They seem with open eyes to sleep all night —
Make melody at dawn; then folk also
On pleasant pilgrimages long to go,
And palmers want to seek some far-off strands
And distant shrines, well known in many lands;
Especially from every county's end
Of England down to Canterbury they wend;
The holy blessed martyr there they seek,
That help will give if they are sick or weak.

Befell that in that season, on a day
In Southwark at the Tabard, as I lay
Ready upon my pilgrimage to start
To Canterbury with a pious heart,

8. **Ram:** the first of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The time indicated by the passage is about April 11. The year is 1387. 16. **Canterbury:** a city in southeastern England; the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of the Church of England. 17. **martyr:** Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury murdered in 1170; canonized in 1172 (see page 58). 20. **Southwark:** a town on the south bank of the Thames, now part of London. The Tabard Inn took its name from the tabard or short cloak painted on its signboard.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. Chaucer's pilgrims journeyed about sixty-five miles to visit the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in this historic cathedral. (Ewing Galloway)

At night there came into that hostelry
Full nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by chance together there
In fellowship; and pilgrims, too, they were
That on to Canterbury meant to ride.
The rooms were spacious, and the stables wide,
And comfortable indeed we all were made.
And shortly, ere the sun his head had laid
To rest, I spoke with all the fellowship,
And so they let me join them on their trip;
And we made compact then to rise betimes,
And take our way there, as I've told in rimes.

But now, while still I have the time and space,
Ere that I farther in this story pace,
I think it only reasonable and fair
To tell you what each one was like: his air,
His rank, his bearing, what he traveled in,
And at a knight then will I first begin.

The Knight

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the very time he first began
To ride abroad, had loved high chivalry,
Truth, and all honor, freedom, and courtesy;
And thus he rode out in his liege lord's war
In Christian lands and heathen — none so far.
In fifteen mortal battles had he been —
Crusades against the Turk and Saracen;
And fought in tournaments, and won the prize;
And yet, although most worthy, he was wise,
And in his bearing meek as is a maid.
He never had in all his lifetime said

An ill-bred word to serf or man of might:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

His Squire

With him there was his son, a youthful *Squire;*
To be a knight was now his heart's desire.
He tried to train his hair to curliness!
Of twenty years of age, he was, I guess,
And singularly quick, and very strong.
In France and Flanders he had served full long,
And valiant been, considering his years:
He hoped his fame would reach his lady's ears.
He wore the latest clothes: the gown, indeed,
Quite short, and all embroidered like a mead
Of springtime flowers; the sleeves hung down his side,
Extremely long and very, very wide.
He played the flute or sang the livelong day.
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
A well-trained squire, one skilled in horsemanship,
He sat a horse with just the expert's grip,
Could ride in jousts, and make his charger prance,
Compose love songs, and draw, and write, and dance.
This lad had fallen in love; by moonlight pale
He slept no more than does the nightingale!
Courteous he was, willing and meek; and able
To carve before his father at the table.

The Yeoman

One servant had the knight — no retinue;
For straight from war he went to pay his due
Of thanks for safe return. This servingman
Had close-cropped hair, and face of swarthy tan;
And he was clad in coat and hood of green;
A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
Under his belt he carried thriftily;
And in his hand a mighty bow had he;
A sword and buckler by his side were hung,
A hunting horn across his shoulder slung;
The baldric was of green; and on his breast
Saint Christopher in silver kept him blest.
A *Yeoman* was he, and a forester,
And knew the ways of woodcraft, I aver.

The Nun

There was a Nun, a pleasant *Prioress.*
This lady's smile was coy, I must confess.
And she was known as Madame Eglantine.
She liked to chant the services divine;
But then, in truth, she sang straight through her nose!
And as a court-bred dame she liked to pose:
She spoke fair French, but with an accent queer,
For Paris she had never come anear.
Her mien was stately, and her courtesy
So overnice it strained gentility.
Her table manners were indeed a treat:
With dainty grace she reached to take her meat;
Her upper lip she wiped so very clean
That never was the slightest fraction seen
Of grease within the rim upon her cup;
She never let a morsel she took up
Drop down upon her breast; nor did she wet
Her fingers in her sauce too deep. And yet,
In spite of all her social poise and art,
She had a very, very tender heart.
Upon my word, this Prioress would cry
To see a mouse caught in a trap and die!
Pet dogs she had, which she herself saw fed
Upon roast beef and milk and sweetened bread:
But if one died, she wept till she was sick;
Or if you struck them smartly with a stick,
When they got underfoot as pets will do.
Well built and tall she was, and handsome, too:
Her eyes as gray as glass; a noble head;
Her mouth was winsome — small and soft and red.
Her cloak was modish, and her wimple, note,
Was pleated carefully about her throat.
Her rosary was coral; it was strung

88. **Saint Christopher:** patron saint of travelers, whose figure on a brooch or medal was supposed to shield the wearer from danger.

With green; a golden locket from it hung,
Engraved in Latin: first, the letter *A;*
Then followed, *Amor vincit omnia.*
She was an amiable and gentle dame.
Another Nun and three priests with her came.

The Monk

A *Monk* rode with us on a palfrey brown.
He wore fine boots and fur bands on his gown;
A bowknot held his hood, a curious jewel.
He loved to hunt. What matter if the rule
Said monks must stay at home and labor? Faugh!
He didn't give a plucked hen for that law.
He thought that text was not worth even an oyster
Which says that monks must not stray out of cloister!
For all such strict old forms he just passed by!
And right he was! The world needs men, say I.
Why should a man do nought but pore o'er books,
And study all the time until he looks
Just like a ghost? Or in a monastery
Stay all day long, and never find life merry?
A stable full of thoroughbreds, he owned;
And coursing greyhounds, swift and silver-toned.
And when he rode, men might his bridle hear
Jingling in a whistling wind as clear
And just as loud as do the chapel bells
In the far abbey where this fat monk dwells.

The Friar

One Hubert came along, a jolly *Friar.*
He knew the taverns well in every shire:
The barmaids and the landlords were his friends.
He said one never seemed to gain his ends
By helping sick and poor — such vulgar scum!
They never made it worth his while to come.
To have to deal with those who beg their bread
Would never get you anywhere, he said.
And so he kept in touch with richer folk
And prosperous country squires. His yoke
Of penance was not harsh to men of thrift:
The sign of *true* repentance was a gift
Of alms and dole to humble friars, you know!
So pleasant was his "*In principio*"
That even a poor widow with no shoe
Would give a farthing without more ado.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
Handsome enough for abbot or for pope.
No threadbare cope of poverty for him!
He played the fiddle well and sang with vim.
His eyes, like stars upon a frosty night,
Would twinkle as he trilled with all his might.
He lisped a little when he talked or sung,
To make his English sweet upon his tongue.

The Merchant

There was a *Merchant,* rich, as you'd suppose,
With well-trimmed beard, and fine imported clothes.
He watched the market and a profit made
When he exchanged his gold in foreign trade.
And it was his opinion, spoken free,
That England ought to guard the Northern Sea
'Twixt Harwich and The Netherlands, and rout
The pirates, when he sent his ventures out.
He was a self-made man, and talked you blue
With all the business deals that he'd put through.
So pompous was he, and so shrewd, I bet
That no one guessed he really was in debt.

126. ***Amor vincit omnia***: Love conquers all things. 128. **three priests:** It is supposed that "and three priests" was added by some scribe to fill out a line left incomplete by Chaucer. Only one priest is mentioned again, and the count of "nine and twenty" allows for only one.

162. ***In principio:*** "In the beginning," the opening of the Gospel of John, a favorite passage used by begging friars. 164. **farthing:** half a cent. 170. **Harwich** (Hăr'ĭj): an important seaport on the North Sea.

The Oxford Scholar

A *Clerk* — that is, an Oxford scholar — who
Looked hollow to his bones, and threadbare, too,
Rode with us on a nag lean as a rake.
The youth was poor, and starved for learning's sake.
He'd rather spend his gold on books than food,
Or on gay clothes or fun, as others would.
Of ethics and philosophy he read,
Kept Aristotle right beside his bed.
He seldom spoke; but what he said was clear,
And full of sense, so that you wished to hear;
Of high ideals and virtue was his speech;
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The Lawyer

A famous *Lawyer* on the trip did go —
A learned man, at least he sounded so;
In jurisprudence wise; knew all the laws;
And in the best-made wills could pick out flaws.
He knew by heart decisions and decrees
From William down. Codes, statutes — these
Were play to him; in litigation, skilled;
With presents and with fees his chests were filled.
A busier man than he you'd find nowhere,
Yet he seemed busier than he was, I'd swear.

The Franklin

He brought with him a hearty *Country Squire,*
Whose jovial face shone red as any fire
Through beard as white as is a daisy. He
Enjoyed good food, loved hospitality;
Kept open house back home — in fact, you'd say
It snowed both meat and drink there every day!
His greatest joy was eating all the while:
Good meats, good wines, and all in hearty style;
For Epicurus' son he seemed to be,
So sure good meals meant true felicity!
He kept his table standing always set
Ready to entertain whome'er he met.
He bragged of having dishes out of season.
His cook was scolded far beyond a reason
If anything was wrong, or dinner late!
In his own shire he was a man of weight:
Had sat in Parliament, been judge at court;
Had held all county offices, in short.

The Guildsmen

There were five members of a city guild,
Who rolled in wealth because they were so skilled.
They all were dressed alike, for their attire
Must match their guild: *Upholsterer* and *Dyer,*
A *Carpenter,* a *Hatter, Weaver* — these
Had silver-mounted daggers, if you please!
To be an alderman, each one seemed fit,
And how their wives would have rejoiced at it!
To have a mantle carried like a queen,
Be called "*ma dame!*" and frequently be seen
At vigils leading all the company,
Would flatter any woman's vanity.

The Cook

They had a *Cook* along, whose skill was known
In boiling chicken with the marrow bone;
The king he was of culinary art:
He knew the use of flavorings, keen and tart;
Could roast and bake and broil and boil and fry;
Could make good soup, and triumphed at a pie!

192. **Aristotle:** Greek philosopher (384–322 B.C.), regarded by medieval scholars as the highest authority on all matters of learning. 202. **William:** William the Conqueror (see page 49). 215. **Epicurus** (ĕp-ĭ-kū′rŭs): Greek philosopher (342?–270 B.C), who taught that happiness is the goal of life. 225. **guild:** For a discussion of guilds, see page 56. 234. **"*ma dame*"** (mä-däm′): French for "my lady." 235. **vigils:** social gatherings in the church or churchyard when women could show off their finery.

It seemed a pity that upon his shin
He had a running sore, for he could win
At making rich blancmange, and never fail
To judge the different grades of London ale.

The Sailor

A *Shipman* rode his horse as best he could!
Bad gales and storms at sea he had withstood:
His weather-beaten face made this quite plain.
He knew the coast from Jutland down to Spain,
Or Hull to Carthage — dangers and the tides,
The harbors and the pilotings besides;
With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.
Full many a draft of wine he'd deftly taken
While merchant slept, and many a mother's son
Had walked the plank in sea fights he had won.
Smuggler and pirate both he'd been, in fine,
This hardy skipper of the *Madeline*.

The Physician

And various others took this pilgrimage:
A skilled *Physician,* pompous, rich, and sage;
Astrology he knew, and by the spell
Of stars, his patients' ailments he could tell;
And his prescriptions gave the druggist trade —
For each, brisk business for the other made!
His fad was dieting and moderate fare;
He did not read his Bible much, I'd swear!
Though fine his clothes, he hoarded well the pence
That he'd collected in the pestilence;
For gold is used in doses, I've heard tell:
That must be why he loved his gold so well.

The Wife of Bath

A *Wife of Bath* did much to keep us gay
With tales of love and love charms, on the way —
A lively soul, who knew the inmost art
Of how to win a spouse and hold his heart;
For she had had five husbands in her time,
Not counting scores of lovers in her prime!
She's grown a little deaf, but nought she cared:
Now forth to foreign lands each year she fared,
Since fate decreed she seek out every shrine.
(Her teeth grew far apart — a certain sign
That she should travel far!) She'd seen Boulogne,
And Rome, and Palestine, Spain, and Cologne.
Abundant gold she had, for she could weave
So well, that even in Flanders, I believe,
You could not find her match. She liked fine gear,
And o'er the parish wives to domineer.
She took precedence on the relic days
In offering alms to manifest her praise.
If any dame went first, so wroth was she
That in her heart she lost all charity!
The towering headdress worn upon her hair
On Sunday weighed a full ten pounds I'd swear!
But now she wore a wimple and a hat
As broad as any buckler, and as flat.
The mantle round her waist did not conceal
Red stockings, and a spur upon each heel.
She kept the other pilgrims all in gales
Of laughter, listening to her merry tales.

The Parson

A kindly *Parson* took the journey too.
He was a scholar, learned, wise, and true
And rich in holiness though poor in gold.
A gentle priest: whenever he was told

245. **blancmange** (blă-mänzh'): French for "white food"; not a dessert as today, but a concoction of minced chicken, rice, milk, sugar, and almonds. 268. **pestilence:** the Black Death, which ravaged all Europe in the fourteenth century. 269. **gold:** It was an actual medieval belief that gold dissolved in medicine was a remedy for certain ailments.

287. **relic days:** Certain Sundays were set apart for offering gifts to relics.

That poor folks could not meet their tithes that year,
He paid them up himself; for priests, it's clear,
Could be content with little, in God's way.
He lived Christ's gospel truly every day,
And taught his flock, and preached what Christ had said.
And even though his parish was widespread,
With farms remote, and houses far asunder,
He never stopped for rain or even for thunder;
But visited each home where trouble came:
The rich or poor to him were all the same.
He always went on foot, with staff in hand;
For as their minister, he took this stand:
No wonder that iron rots if gold should rust!
That is, a priest in whom the people trust
Must not be base, or what could you expect
Of weaker folk? The Shepherd must perfect
His life in holiness that all his sheep
May follow him, although the way is steep,
And win at last to heaven. Indeed, I'm sure
You could not find a minister more pure.
He was a Christian both in deed and thought;
He lived himself the Golden Rule he taught.

The Plowman

The brother of the Parson came along:
A *Plowman* used to work, and very strong.
A kindly, simple laboring man was he,
Living in peace and perfect charity.
With all his heart he loved God best, and then
His neighbor as himself. For poorer men
He'd thresh and dig and plow — work all the day
In heavy toil without expecting pay:
It was enough if Christ approve his deed.
He rode a mare, the poor man's humble steed.

The Miller

The *Miller,* Robin, was a thickset lout,
So big of bone and brawn, so broad and stout
That he was champion wrestler at the matches.
He'd even break a door right off its latches
By running at it with his burly head!
His beard, broad as a spade, was fiery red;
His mouth, a yawning furnace you'd suppose!
A wart with bristly hairs stood on his nose.
A clever scamp he was, with "thumb of gold"
To test the flour he ground; for when he tolled
His share of grain, he sneaked the payment thrice!
The jokes and tales he told were not so nice.
A drunk and vulgar rogue he proved to be.
But yet he played the bagpipe cleverly,
And to its tune he led us out of town.
A blue hood wore he, and a short white gown.

The Manciple

There was a *Manciple* among the band:
He bought provisions, as I understand,
For thirty lawyers at an Inn of Court.
This steward was a canny man; in short,
Shrewd as the lawyers were, he fooled them all,
Got rich on fat commissions — made a haul!

The Reeve

The *Reeve,* or bailiff, rode a horse called Scot.
Tall, thin, clean-shaven, and his temper hot,
He was the despot of his lord's estate,
And hounded all the tenants into hate.
They feared him like the plague; but yet, you see,
Farming he understood from A to Z;
For he knew by the drought and by the rain
The yielding of his seed and of his grain;
His master's sheep, his stock, his horses too,
His poultry, swine, and cows, this bailiff knew.
He managed all so well that he himself
Was slowly gathering in the lord's own wealth —
Contrived to lend his master craftily
What was his own and rightful property!

A Norfolk man, he came from Baldeswell.
A carpenter he'd been, so I've heard tell.

The Summoner

A *Summoner* whose duties are to search
And bring to court, offenders 'gainst the Church —
A kind of church policeman — joined us there.
He had a fiery face — enough to scare
The children with its blotched and pimpled skin,
Its scurfy eyebrows, and its beardless chin.
His eyes were little, and were much too narrow;
His temper quick; he chirped just like a sparrow.
Garlic and onions were his special taste;
And when with drafts of wine his wits were braced,
He shouted Latin phrases learned in court,
And "*Questio quid juris!*" he'd exhort.
(For like a parrot he was really dense;
He'd learned the words, but could not grasp the sense.)
He'd set a garland on his round bald head,
And made a buckler out of cake and bread!

The Pardoner

The *Pardoner*, who came along with him,
Carried a wallet filled up to the brim
With pardons hot for Rome, and relics old
(At least, he said they were), and these he sold
To poor believers back in lonely towns,
And priests as stupid as the country clowns:
A pillowcase he called Our Lady's veil;
He showed a fragment of the very sail
Of Peter's boat; a cross weighed down with stones;
And in a glass he had pig's-knuckle bones!
And yet in church he read the lesson well,
And sang the offertory like a bell:
He knew that when that anthem had been sung,
He then must preach, and polish up his tongue
To make the silver tinkle in the plate.
A noble churchman this, the reprobate!

His hair hung down in stringy yellow locks;
His priest's hood he had trussed up in his box,
For he observed the new bare-headed style.
He and the Summoner did the way beguile
By brisk duets: they sang the latest hit,
"Come hither, love, to me!" Our ears were split!
The Pardoner's voice was shrill as any goat;
The other sang the bass deep in his throat.

Now that I've told you shortly, in a clause,
The rank, the dress, the number, and the cause
Why these were all assembled at the inn
Called Tabard — near the Bell — I must begin
And tell you what we did that selfsame night,
And later of the pilgrimage I'll write.
But first I pray you of your courtesy
If they appear ill-bred, do not blame me;
For anyone, you know, who tells a tale
He heard another speak, should never fail
To use the selfsame words and matter too,
Or else be found a liar and untrue:
Plato himself has said — if Greek you read —
The words must be the cousin to the deed.
So even if the language be not fine,
But rude or coarse, the fault is theirs not mine;
And if some questions of their rank arise
Through my poor wit, I here apologize.

The Host

Our *Host* gave us good cheer. He served a meal
That gratified us all, and made us feel
(Especially when we had drunk his wine)
In high good humor, genial and benign.
A handsome man this host was, I declare;
A fine official he'd be anywhere;
A portly, keen-eyed man, whose speech was bold,
But such as sound experience would uphold

384. ***"Questio quid juris":*** "The question is, what is the law?"

425. **Plato:** a Greek philosopher (427?–347 B.C.). Chaucer could not read Greek, but he knew Plato through Latin translations.

n common sense; a merry fellow, too;
For when the feast was ended, and he knew
That each of us had settled our account,
His amiability began to mount,
And in a jovial mood, he had his say:
" Well, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your stay.
To tell the truth, I have not seen this year
A group so jolly as you've gathered here.
n fact I'd like to conjure up some scheme
That would amuse, and win me your esteem.
Ha! of a plan I've just this moment thought:
A good pastime — and it shall cost you naught.
" You go to Canterbury. Heaven speed you!
The blissful martyr's self reward and heed you!
You mean, I'm sure, unless my memory fails,
To liven up the way by telling tales;
For certainly to ride along alone
n utter dumbness, silent as a stone,
s not a bit of fun in pilgrimages.
Now by my father's soul (he's dead, these ages),
n truth I've hit upon the very thing!
Don't be afraid; it hasn't any string.
ust take a vote and let me know your mind."
We did not think it worth our while to find
Objections to his friendliness, and so
Declared we all desired his plan to know.
" Well, this it is, my lords. Suppose we say
That each of you tell two tales by the way,
Two as you go, and two as you return;
And then the one whose tale is best will earn
A festive supper here at Tabard Inn,
Paid by the rest. Now that's a prize to win! "
We heartily agreed, and took him up.
But first we set the price at which we'd sup
On our return; you see, we thought it wise
To fix beforehand, just how much the prize
Should cost us all. And it was understood
That he should manage all, for well he could.
So then we went to bed. And next we knew
The dawn had come; and all our motley crew
The busy Host assembled, like a cock
That gathers all his hens and leads the flock.
Then forth we ambled at a snail-like pace
Until we reached St. Thomas' watering place;
And here our Host pulled up his horse, and said:
" Well, here we are. Now you have made me head;
If evensong and morning song agree,
You must obey the orders given by me.
Whoever is a rebel to my will,
We'll cast accounts, and make him foot the bill.
Here are the lots: who gets the shortest straw
Must be the first to speak. Now let us draw.
Sir Knight," he said, " my master and my lord,
Let's see how Lady Luck will you award.
Come near," quoth he, " my lady prioress;
And you, sir clerk, don't be so modest — yes,
We'll all take turns. Here, sir, the first is yours.
Now, mind, the shortest cut first tale ensures."
We drew the lots; and, as was only right,
The shortest straw of all fell to the Knight.
It was good luck, indeed, a happy choice;
It made us all applaud and much rejoice.
When this good man perceived that it was true,
He did not " Hem! " and " Ha! " as lesser do,
But said: " Well, since I must begin the game,
Why, welcome be the lot, in God's good name!
Now let us ride, and hark to what I say."

482. **St. Thomas' watering place:** less than two miles from the Tabard Inn.

And with that word we rode along the way;
And he began a pleasant tale in rhyme;
He told it thus: "Now, once upon a time . . ."

Heere endeth the prolog of this book; and
heere bigynneth the first tale which is the Knyghtes Tale.

SELECTION FROM THE PROLOGUE IN THE ORIGINAL

Having read the Prologue in modern English, you will now be curious to see the language in which Chaucer himself described the characters. While at first glance it looks almost like a foreign language, you will soon see the dim shadow shaping itself into a clear-cut, recognizable profile of modern English. The pronunciation, too, may seem ludicrous when you first hear it, but it is only by trying it aloud that you can feel as if you were living temporarily in the fourteenth century, can realize the changes in our language, and can appreciate the rhythmical qualities which made Chaucer a great poet as well as a great observer of human life.

The best way to learn to read the original is to hear and imitate an experienced reader. For reference a pronunciation table is given on page 88.

Whan that Aprillë with his shourës sootë
The droghte of Marche hath percëd to the rootë,
And bathëd every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendrëd is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetë breeth
Inspirëd hath in every holt and heeth
The tendrë croppës, and the yongë sonnë
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours y-ronnë,
And smalë fowlës maken melodyë,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straungë strondës,
To fernë halwës, couthe in sondry londës;
And specially, from every shirës endë
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wendë,

14. **fernë halwës:** distant shrines.

The holy blisful martir for to sekë,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were sekë.
Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimagë
To Caunterbury with ful devout coragë,
At night was come in-to that hostelryë
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignyë,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallë
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they allë,
That toward Caunterbury wolden rydë;
The chambrës and the stablës weren wydë,
And wel we weren esëd attë bestë.
And shortly, whan the sonnë was to restë,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And madë forward erly for to rysë,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devysë.
But natheles, whyl I havë tyme and spacë,
Er that ferther in this talë pacë,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To tellë yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semëd me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were innë;
And at a knight than wol I first beginnë.

The Knight

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tymë that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovëd chivalryë,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisyë.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werrë,
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferrë)
As wel in cristendom as hethenessë,
And evere honoured for his worthinessë.
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonnë;
Ful oftë tyme he hadde the bord bigonnë
Abouven allë naciouns in Prucë
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Rucë,
No cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be

51. **Alisaundre:** Alexandria. 52. **hadde the bord bigonnë:** had sat at the head of the table. 53. **Prucë:** Prussia. 54. **Lettow . . . Rucë:** Lithuania . . . Russia. 54. **reysed:** forayed. 56. **Gernade:** Granada, in Spain.

Of Algezir, and riden in Belmaryë.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalyë
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretë See
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftenë,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissenë
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilkë worthy knight hadde been also
Somtymë with the lord of Palatyë,
Ageyn another hethen in Turkyë:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meek as is a maydë.
He nevere yet no vileinyë ne saydë
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were goodë, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late y-come from his viagë,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimagë.

The Young Squire

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkës crulle, as they were leyd in pressë.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gessë.
Of his stature he was of evenë lengthë.
And wonderly delivere, and greet of strengthë.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachyë
In Flaundrës, in Artoys, and Picardyë,
And born him wel, as of so litel spacë,
In hopë to stonden in his lady gracë.
Embroudëd was he, as it were a medë
Al ful of fresshë flourës, whyte and redë.
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with slevës longe and wydë.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fairë ryde.
He coudë songës make and wel endytë,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wrytë.
So hote he lovedë, that by nightertalë
He sleep namore than doth a nightingalë.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisablë.
And carf biforn his fader at the tablë. . . .

The Prioress

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressë,
That of hir smyling w[illegible]ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy;
And she was clepëd madame Eglentynë.
Ful wel she song the servicë divynë,
Entunëd in hir nose ful semëly;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford attë Bowë,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowë.
At metë wel y-taught was she with-allë;
She leet no morsel from her lippës fallë,
Ne wette hir fingrës in hir saucë depë.
Wel coudë she carie a morsel, and wel kepë,
That no dropë ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisyë was set ful muche hir lest,
Hir over lippë wypëd she so clenë,
That in hir coppë was no ferthing senë
Of grecë, whan she dronken hadde hir draughtë.
Ful semëly after hir metë she raughtë,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peynëd hir to countrefetë cherë
Of court, and been estatlich of manerë,
And to ben holden digne of reverencë.
But, for to speken of hir consciencë,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She woldë wepe, if that she sawe a mous

57. **Algezir:** Algeciras, in southern Spain. 57. **Belmaryë:** a Moorish kingdom in Africa. 58. **Lyeys . . . Satalyë:** towns in Asia Minor. 62. **Tramissenë:** in Asia Minor. 65. **Palatyë:** in Asia Minor. 67. **sovereyn prys:** high praise. 74. **hors:** horses. 74. **gay:** gaily dressed. 75. **fustian . . . gipoun:** coarse cloth . . . short coat. 76. **bismotered . . . habergeoun:** spotted . . . coat of mail. 85. **chivachyë:** military expeditions. 86. Place names, all concerned with Edward III's war with France.

103. **sëynt Loy:** a sixth-century bishop who refused when commanded by the king to swear by the relics of all the saints; hence a mild oath. 104. **clepëd:** named. 108. **Stratford attë Bowë:** a village near London. Chaucer was probably poking fun at the courtiers who prided themselves on their excellent French, even though it had a decided English accent.

Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bleddë.
Of smalë houndës had she, that she feddë
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sorë weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerdë smertë;
And al was conscience and tendrë hertë.
Ful semëly hir wimpel pinchëd was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spannë brood, I trowë;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowë.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedës, gauded al with grenë;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shenë,
On which ther was first write a crownëd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

The Clerk

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik haddë longe y-go.
As lenë was his hors as is a rakë,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertakë;
But lokëd holwe, and ther-to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy
For he had geten him yet no beneficë,
Ne was so worldly for to have officë.
For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokës, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophyë,
Than robës riche, or fithele, or gay sautryë.
But al be that he was a philosophrë,
Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofrë;
But al that he mighte of his freendes hentë;
On bokës and on learninge he it spentë,
And bisily gan for the soulës preyë
Of hem that yaf him where-with to scoleyë.
Of studie took he most cure and most hedë.
Noght a word spak he morë than was nedë.
And that was seyd in forme and reverencë,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentencë.
Sowninge in moral vertu was his spechë
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly techë.

157. **fithele . . . sautryë**: fiddle . . . harp. 160. **hentë**: get.

PRONUNCIATION TABLE

VOWELS

a — always the sound *ah*. It may be prolonged as in *bathëd* (bahth-ed), l. 3, and *maken* (mahken), l. 9; or shortened in *at, and*. Note that *a* is never pronounced as in modern *hate* or *hat*, but always with the *ah* sound.

ai, ay, ei, ey — as in *day. Veyne*, l. 3; *array*, l. 41.

au, aw — as in *house. Straungë*, l. 3; *Caunterbury*, l. 16; *felawshipe*, l. 26.

e, long — as in *hate, they. Swetë* (swā-ta), l. 5. A vowel doubled is always long. *Eek* (āke), l. 5; *breeth* (brāth), l. 5.

e, short — as in *men. Hem*, l. 11; second syllable of *slepen*, l. 10, and *priketh*, l. 11.

Note that the final *e*, which would usually be silent in modern English, is almost always pronounced in Middle English. Its sound is like the final *a* in modern words. Thus *soote*, l. 1, is like the last two syllables of *Minnesota*. When the final *e* precedes a vowel or *h*, it is not pronounced, as in l. 2, *droghte of Marche hath*. In this text the *e* which is to be pronounced as another syllable is indicated thus: ë. The regular rhythm is also a guide as to when it is to be pronounced, when not.

e before **r** — as in *care. Percëd* (pair-ced), l. 2.

i or **y**, long — as in *machine. Inspirëd* (in-speer-ed), l. 6; *melodyë* (melodee-a), l. 9; *yë* (ee-a), l. 10.

i or **y**, short — as in *him. Priketh*, l. 11; *pilgrimages*, l. 12; *y-ronnë*, l. 8.

o, long — as in *note. Sootë* (so-ta), l. 1; *rootë* (ro-ta), l. 2.

o, short — as in *not. Croppës*, l. 7; *sonnë*, l. 7.

ou, ow — as in *boot. Licour* (li-coor), l. 3; *fowlës* (fool-es), l. 9.

u, long — a French sound. Fix the lips as if to say *o* and then say *ee* instead. *Vertu*, l. 4; *nature*, l. 11.

u, short — as in *but. Zephirus*, l. 5; *ful*, l. 22.

CONSONANTS

Most of the consonants are as in modern English. A few, however, show foreign influence.

g — as in *get*, except in French words before *e* and *i* where it is like *jh. Corages*, l. 11; *pilgrimages*, l. 12 (similar to modern *garages*).

gh, ch — never silent as in modern English. Pronounced like the German *ch* in *nicht. Droghte*, l. 2; *night*, l. 10. In *knight*, l. 42, the *k* is also pronounced as in German (k-nicht). Be

fore a vowel or at the end of a word *ch* is pronounced as in *church*.

h — omitted at the beginning of short unaccented words as *he, his, hire, hem*.

c and **t** are never blended with a following *i* as in modern *condition,* or *special;* but the *i* is pronounced as a separate syllable. *Specially* (four syllables), l. 15; *condicioun* (four syllables), l. 38.

Suggestions for Study of the Prologue

1. As you read the Prologue, try to form a mental picture of each character and a clear impression of his personality. Inexpensive prints showing artists' conceptions may be obtained.

2. As you read of each character think whether this type of person still exists today. Have you seen or known persons similar to these characters? Are the chief differences between people of the fourteenth and twentieth centuries those of external appearance or of innate personal traits? Prove your points by examples.

3. Assemble the characters under the following heads:

By classes of society: (1) Aristocrats, (2) Representatives of the Church, (3) Professional men, (4) Trade and industrial classes, (5) Peasants and lower-class townsmen.

By character traits: (1) Highly admirable, (2) Likable, but showing human frailties, (3) Nondescript, (4) Somewhat dishonorable, (5) Genuinely bad.

4. Point out good examples of Chaucer's ability: (1) to describe with unforgettable details, (2) to see through the foibles and pretenses of human nature, (3) to understand the weakness of the human spirit, (4) to appreciate the spirit's nobility.

5. Point out some of the best examples of Chaucer's humor. Can you detect differences in this humor, ranging from gentle poking of fun to sharp satire? Give examples. Find examples in the original of a humorous flavor in the words hard to catch in a modernized version.

6. What do you learn from the Prologue about conditions in Chaucer's day: travel, table manners, the Church, the practice of medicine, commerce, and manufacturing?

7. Practice reading at least the first section of the original until you have the swing of it. After that it is not hard to memorize a short passage so you may feel that you "possess" some of Chaucer.

8. An interesting project for a class is to collect illustrations from magazines which suggest modern parallels to Chaucer's characters.

9. For composition: (1) a modern Prologue (a group assembled in some modern situation), (2) a conversation between two or more of Chaucer's characters at the Tabard, (3) one or more of Chaucer's characters visiting your school or a modern town, (4) some character not included who might have been present.

10. For special reports, oral or written: (1) the life and death of Thomas à Becket, (2) description of Canterbury Cathedral, (3) description of the town of Canterbury with its many ancient buildings, (4) review of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, (5) review of Percy Mackaye's *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, (6) Chaucer's England, (7) the Canterbury Pilgrims in art, (8) a report on the Ellesmere Manuscript of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

11. Drawings of the various pilgrims may be made and assembled into a series. Some ambitious art students might design an original frieze of the pilgrims as a gift to the English classroom.

12. Small dolls may be dressed or sketches in color made to represent the pilgrims, thus bringing out details of the costume of that day.

13. Students of French may assemble examples of French influence on the Middle English, and students of German may do the same for that language.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE OF CHAUNTICLEER AND PERTELOTE

After many of the pilgrims had told their tales, the Monk narrated a series of seventeen tragedies and seemed well on his way to tell the rest of the hundred which he said he had in his monastery, when the Knight protested and the Host said that he was boring all the company with his gloomy stories. The Host, feeling an obligation to keep up the spirits of the party, called upon Sir John, the Nun's Priest, to relate a merry tale, a request with which he heartily complied. The following is a modernized version.

Once on a time a widow old and frail
Lived in a tiny cottage in a dale.
Her life was simple and her income slight;
She and two daughters lived as best they might
By frugal planning and hard work. Three cows,
A sheep called Molly, chickens, and three sows
Formed all her fortune. She could not afford
To serve rare morsels at her humble board;
But all the dainties that she went without
Kept her from apoplexy and the gout.
She drank no wine — no, neither white nor red —
But never had she dizziness of head.
The color of her meals was white and black —
Milk and brown bread — of these she had no lack.
Sometimes an egg or two, or bacon slice,
Would give a special meal an added spice.
A yard she had, protected all about
With sticks, and just beyond a ditch dug out.
Here lived her cock, a bird named Chaunticleer.
No other cock in crowing was his peer.
His merry voice outdid the organ's swell,
And every hour of day he knew so well
That the poor widow had no need of clock —
She timed her actions by her faithful cock.
His ruddy comb like coral was in hue;
His bill jet black, his legs and toes of blue.
His nails like whitest lilies; and like gold
His burnished body flashed in perfect mold.
This noble cock o'er seven hens was lord.
They followed at a distance and adored.
Of these the fairest was named Pertelote,
On whom Lord Chaunticleer did truly dote.
So courteous, discreet, and debonair,
Companionable was she, and so fair
That from the day when she was seven nights old
She truly had his heart within her hold.
What joy it was at sunrise in fair weather
To hear them sing "My Love's Away" together.
For in those days, I'd have you understand,
The birds and beasts could speak in every land.

One day just as the sun was to appear,
The seven wives surrounding Chaunticleer
Were startled by a groaning in his throat
As if from troubled dreams. Then Pertelote
Aghast cried out, "What ails you, my heart's dear,
That you should groan in sleep as if in fear?
You a fine sleeper!" quoth she. "Fie! For shame!"
Then Chaunticleer awoke and answered, "Dame,
Think not amiss that I have suffered fright,
For such an evil dream I've had this night
That I pray God I may its meaning read,
To keep my body from foul prison freed.
Methought that in the yard I roamed around,
When suddenly I saw a fearful hound
That would have seized me and have left me dead.
His color was between yellow and red,
But both his ears and tail were tipped with black.
His piercing eyes would slay me. O alack!
This was the horrid sight that made me start."
"Away!" quoth she. "Shame on you, faint of heart!
Have you a beard and call yourself a man?
I cannot love a coward; no woman can.
We want our husbands hardy, wise, and free.
What is a dream? Nothing but vanity.
It may arise from eating too rich food.
No doubt this came from choler of the blood,
Which often makes men dream of arrows, fires,
Great beasts of prey, and hideous vampires.
Just so, if melancholia should attack,
You then would dream of bears and bulls of black.
Lo, Cato, wise man, as the world must deem,

71. **Cato:** In the fourth century some unknown author compiled four books of popular maxims in Latin. The work was attributed to Cato the Elder (234–149 B.C.).

Has bid us take no notice of a dream.
Now when we leave the perch, I strongly urge
That you a laxative shall take to purge
Yourself of choler and of melancholy.
To fail to do so would be utter folly.
Although our town has no apothecary,
I can instruct you so you need not tarry.
Here in our own yard I am very sure
You'll find the herbs to bring about your cure.
But if you scorn my counsel — or forget —
A tertian fever may develop yet.
Now for a day or two eat worms alone,
And this will give your system just the tone
To take the centaury and hellebore,
Or caper spurge, or several doses more
Of fumitory, then the gay-tree berry,
And our ground ivy, sure to make you merry.
Just peck at these wherever they are found,
And you need fear no nightmares. I'll be bound.
Cheer up now, husband, and I'll say no more."
" Madame," quoth he, " I thank you for your lore,
But this Lord Cato, though he may be wise,
Opposes greater minds when he denies
The prophecy of dreams, for joys or woes
Are often forecast thus, experience shows.
One of the greatest authors men may read
Tells of two friends, and both devout indeed,
Who on a pilgrimage came to a town
Where lodgings there were none, though up and down
They walked inquiring at each hostelry.
At last they found they must part company
If they would have a place to sleep at all.
Now one of them found quarters in a stall
Where he beside the oxen had to rest.
The other man was luckier in his quest,
And found a room where he could have a bed.
But in his dreams his friend appeared and said,

82. **tertian fever:** a fever recurring every other day. 97. **One of the greatest authors:** Cicero (106–43 B.C.), a Latin orator.

' Dear brother, in an ox's stall I lie,
And by a murderer's hand I soon must die
If you come not to save me from this fate.'
The man awoke, but then bethought him straight
That dreams are vanity, and slept once more;
But then he had the same dream as before.
Again he woke, and then he slept again.
This time the friend reproached, ' Now I am slain.
Behold my bloody wounds are deep and wide.
Now rise up early in the morningtide
And at the west gate stand until you see
A farmer's cart which has apparently
Nothing upon it but a load of dung.
Here underneath my murdered corpse is flung.
Now stop that cart and you will learn the truth.
It was my gold they killed me for, in sooth.'
Then rose the man and sought his comrade's inn.
' Your friend left just as daylight did begin,'
The landlord said. The man's suspicion grew.
He sought the west gate, and there soon came through
A farmer's cart exactly as foretold.
The man was now convinced and made so bold
As to cry justice for his murdered friend.
The folk rushed forth and tipped the cart on end.
There was the body cut with gashes new!
Murder will out, and dreams come surely true! "

[Chaunticleer offers several other examples to convince his wife, quoting the life of St. Kenelm, stories of the Old Testament, and legends of Greek mythology.]

" Now let us speak of mirth and stop all this;
Dear Madam Pertelote, as I have bliss,
In one thing God has sent me wondrous grace,
For when I see the beauty of your face,

Your lovely eyes all rimmed with scarlet-red,
Then suddenly is scattered all my dread;
For certainly as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio —
Now the true meaning of this Latin is
'Woman is man's delight and all his bliss' —
And such a joy to me your bright eye's beam
That I defy the warning of the dream."
Then down he flew and found a grain of corn.
Chucked at his hens and blithely hailed the morn.
No longer fearful, like a lion grim
He paced about the yard, his hens with him.
He strutted on his toes scarce touching ground.
And crowed with every grain of corn he found.
Thus see we Chaunticleer a royal king,
But later there befalls a dreadful thing.
A coal-black fox, full of iniquity,
That in the grove for three years secretly
Had lived, now saw a chance to do his worst,
And through the hedge that very night he burst
Into the yard where Chaunticleer the fair
Would with his wives be likely to repair.
Concealed among the herbs the villain lay
Until about eleven the next day,
Waiting to fall upon poor Chaunticleer,
Just as a human murderer lingers near
His victim, O thou false Iscariot!
Thou Sinon who took Troy with subtle plot!
Poor Chaunticleer! Accursèd be that hour
That brought thee from thy perch to this brute's power!
Venus, thy patron goddess, was away,
And it was Friday, that ill-fated day!

The warning dream he quite ignored, alas!
What God foreknows, however, comes to pass,
Although the scholars still have great dispute
Upon this point, and some would quite refute
The argument that God's foreknowledge still
Can make us act contrary to our will.
In metaphysics I take little stock,
So let's proceed. My tale is of a cock —
A cock who took his wife's ill-timed advice.
'Twas Eve drove Adam out of Paradise!
(But think not I would slander woman's wit;
'Tis but in jest I gave that little hit.
Some authors like to cast on woman a slur,
But I have never seen the harm in her.)

Fair Pertelote was bathing in the sand
With all her sisters six; the air was bland,
And Chaunticleer was singing lustily,
As merry as a mermaid in the sea.
It then befell that as his roving eye
Followed the flutter of a butterfly,
It saw the visage of the hidden fox,
Hereditary foe of all the cocks.
Then the poor bird no longer wished to crow.
"Cok, cok," he cried in fright and turned to go.
But quickly said the fox, "O gentle sir,
I am your loyal friend. Why all this stir?
My presence here no harm to you can bring.
I simply came to hear your lordship sing.
How like an angel's voice from heaven each note
That flows melodious from your noble throat!
My lord your father (may God rest his name!)
Also your mother to my house once came,
And truly I would like to please their son.
But as to singing I have known no one
Save you, your father's equal. By my eyes,
How he could sing to help the sun arise!

141–142 ***In principio,*** etc.: "In the beginning, woman is man's destruction." Note the contrast to Chaunticleer's interpretation. 165. **Iscariot:** Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Christ. 166. **Sinon:** He betrayed Troy by introducing an immense wooden horse filled with Greek soldiers into the city.

He'd crane his neck and stretch upon his toes,
And singing from the heart, his eyes he'd close.
I'm sure his son to match him must aspire;
Let's see if you can imitate your sire." 210
Poor Chaunticleer, intrigued by flattery,
Began to flap his wings and shut his eye
And stand on tiptoe, but before a note
Was voiced, the fox had seized him by the throat
And dragged him to the wood without pursuit. 215
The lady hens, however, were not mute:
They raised such outcry as was made in vain
By Trojan women for King Priam slain,
And Pertelote shrieked louder than the rest
Because among the seven she loved him best. 220
No louder shrieked the great Hasdrubal's wife.
When she at Carthage saw him lose his life
And threw herself into the deadly flames.
No greater wailing among Roman dames
When Nero had the guiltless senators slain,
But to our story let's return again. 226
When the poor widow and her daughters two
Heard the hens making such a great to-do,
They rushed outdoors, saw the fox disappear
Within the grove, bearing their Chaunticleer. 230
They rushed pell-mell to save the frightened prey.
"Out! Out!" they shouted. "Harrow! Weylaway!
Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran.
Out dashed with staves their neighbors to a man. 234
The dogs ran barking, Collie and Gerland;
Then Malkin followed, distaff still in hand.
The cows and calves ran too, and even hogs
So frightened by the barking of the dogs
And shouts of men and women at their backs,
Scampered till due to fall right in their tracks. 240
They yelled like fiends in hell; the ducks quacked shrill,
Thinking the men with sticks were out to kill.
The geese went flapping up into the trees,
And from the hive outflew a swarm of bees.
Such sights and sounds, ah *benedicite!* 245
I hope I ne'er again may hear and see.
Some came with horns of brass, and some of box,
And some of bone, and blew to scare the fox.
They whooped and hollered, blew and bellowed all,
Until you'd think the very heavens would fall. 250
Now listen while I tell to your amaze
How fortune may reverse her tricky plays.
The cock who helpless lay upon the back
Of Master Fox, though frightened, had no lack 254
Of ready wit, and said, "If in your place,
Safe by the entrance to the wood, I'd face
Around, and to these silly men and girls
I'd shout, 'Turn back, turn back, you haughty churls!
A plague upon you all! The cock is mine.
I'll eat him up. Just think how well I'll dine!'" 260
The fox, quite blind to methods he'd begun,
Replied at once, "In faith, it shall be done!"
And thus to speak, unthinking spread his jaws.
The cock, I can assure you, did not pause
For second thought, but flapped his wings in glee, 265
And presto! perched upon a lofty tree.
Now when the fox discovered he'd been duped,
A second time to trickery he stooped.
"Alas, my friend," quoth he, "did I alarm
By holding you so tight? I meant no harm. 270
Surely you can't suspect some base intent.

221. **Hasdrubal:** the defender of Carthage when the Romans destroyed the city in 146 B.C. 225. **Nero:** a Roman Emperor (A.D. 54–68), famous for his brutal tyrannies. 232. **Harrow:** an ancient Norman cry to arouse pursuit of a thief. 236. **Malkin:** one of the widow's daughters.

245. *benedicite:* bless you.

Come down and let me tell you what I meant.
I'll speak the truth to you this time, I swear."
"Nay then," quoth Chaunticleer, "you speak me fair,
But let me be accursed, both blood and bone,
If from experience I've no wiser grown.
You fooled me once, you shall not fool me twice.
If I came down you'd eat me in a trice.
Who shuts his eyes when he should watchful be
Need never hope from God prosperity."
"Nay," quoth the fox, "and God shall never cease
To plague the chattering tongue that should keep peace."
Lo, thus it goes with carelessness, you see,
And with too great a trust in flattery.
Now do not judge as folly, my good men,
This simple tale of fox and cock and hen.
It has a moral hidden in a laugh:
Be wise and take the grain, but leave the chaff.

Suggestions for Study of the Nun's Priest's Tale

1. What amusing characteristics of husband and wife are given to the cock and hen? Show instances where the mock-heroic tone applied to the widow's humble farmyard adds to the humor.

2. Where is the climax of the story? By what details does the author work up to the highest point of excitement?

3. What is the moral of the tale? Is the story told primarily for the moral or for the fun in it? Give reasons for your answer.

4. This story is a fable. Explain the meaning of the term.

5. Read Aesop's fable of the cock and fox, and note similarities and differences. What American author is famous for his animal fables? In what way are his like Chaucer's? See also La Fontaine's "Fable of the Crow and Fox" in *Adventures in World Literature*.

6. Prepare a special report on Rostand's drama *Chantecler* to show a famous treatment of the cock story in modern literature.

7. A modern musical treatment of a cock story is found in the light opera *Le Coq d'Or* (*The Golden Cockerel*), by Rimsky-Korsakov.

8. Read as many of the other Chaucer stories in modern versions as possible (see page 99 for a reading list). An interesting way of exchanging these stories in class is for different students to represent different pilgrims, each telling his story as much in character as possible.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

Chaucer's short poems usually follow the French forms popular in his day. This is his most famous ballade,[1] not to be confused with *ballad*. A ballade usually contains three stanzas of seven or eight lines each, with a fixed rhyme scheme and refrain. At the end an *envoy* (postscript) sums up the thought or addresses some person.

Toward the end of Chaucer's life his fortunes fell, and the small pension he received was not enough to support him. With characteristic originality he sent the following poem to the king and was rewarded a few days later by having his pension doubled. This version is modernized.

To you my purse, and to none other wight
Complain I, for you are my lady dear.
I am so sorry now that you are light;
For surely, but you make me heavy cheer
I were as lief be laid upon my bier;
Therefore unto your mercy thus I cry:
Be heavy again — else must I surely die!

Now vouchsafe this day, ere it be night,
That I the cheerful sound of you may hear.
Or see your color like the sunshine bright,
That for yellowness never yet had peer
You are my life, the one my heart to steer,
Queen of comfort and of good company:
Be heavy again — else must I surely die!

Now, purse, that is to me my life delight,
And savior, in this world of men down here,

[1] **ballade** (bă-lăd').

Out of this town help me through your might,
Since that you will not be my treasurer;
For I am shavèd close as any friar.
But yet I pray unto your courtesy:
Be heavy again — else must I surely die!

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER

O Conqueror of Brutus' Albion!
Who both by lire and free election
Are truly king, this song to you I send;
And you, with power our every harm to mend,
Have mind upon my supplication!

22. Henry IV became king in 1399 after defeating Richard II. He claimed the throne by right of descent. Brutus was the legendary founder of Britain. 23 and 26. Pronounce final *tion* as two syllables.

Sir Thomas Malory ?–1470

Of all the medieval heroes King Arthur has been the most dominant in English literature. The real Arthur is only a shadowy Celtic king of the sixth century, about whom there are no contemporary writings. He first appears in written literature three hundred years later in the Welsh account by the monk Nennius. In the twelfth century his story is again told in Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth and in French by Wace, who added the Round Table legend. In the thirteenth century *Brut,* a rhyming chronicle by Layamon, is the first version in English. But by far the most important of the early accounts of King Arthur is *Le Morte d'Arthur* (*The Death of Arthur*), a complete and smoothly flowing narrative assembled from various sources by Sir Thomas Malory. Little is known of this knight except that he was a follower of the Earl of Warwick, and fought at the famous siege of Rouen in the Hundred Years' War. He finished his great book in 1470, and fifteen years later Caxton printed it. Malory's version has been the chief source book for the many modern writers who have used the Arthur legends, such as Tennyson, Swinburne, Masefield, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, and for the famous series of the Holy Grail paintings by Edwin Abbey. *Le Morte d'Arthur* is, as a French critic has said, "England's first book of poetic prose, and also the storehouse of those legends of the past which have most haunted English imaginations."

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

The title of the book is misleading, for the death of Arthur is only a small part of the total volume. The stories begin with the birth of Arthur and follow his reign through to the end, with many digressions into the stories of Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, and other Knights of the Round Table. The story given here of Arthur's establishment on the throne is typical of the mythical character of the stories, with emphasis on Merlin's magic and the supernatural powers of a great king. It is taken from Book I, Chapters 3, 4, and 5. The spelling is modernized.

Then within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady; and in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. "Sir," said Merlin, "you may not lie so as you do, for you must to the field, though you ride in a horse litter; for you shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall you have the victory."

So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in a horse litter, with a great host toward his enemies. And at Saint Alban's there met with the king a great host of the north; and that day Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and King Uther's men overcame the northern battle, and slew much people, and put the remnant to flight; and then the king returned to London, and made great joy of his victory. And within a while after he was passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless, wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. "There is none other remedy," said Merlin, "but God will have his will; but look ye that all his barons be before him tomorrow, and God and I shall make him to speak."

So on the morrow all the barons, with Merlin, came before the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days of this realm, with all the appurtenances?"

Then Utherpendragon [1] turned him and said, in hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing." And therewith he yielded up the ghost. And then he was interred as belonged unto a king; wherefore Igraine, the queen, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy a long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counseled him to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should come to London before Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that as Jesus was born on that night, that He would of His great mercy show some miracle as He was come to be king of all mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms, that they should come by Christmas Eve to London; and many of them made them clean of their lives, that their prayer might be the more acceptable to God.

So in the greatest church of London (whether it were Paul's or not the French book [2] maketh no mention) all the estates and lords were long or [3] it was day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone, foursquare, like to a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was an anvil of steel, a foot of height, and therein stuck a fair sword, naked by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus: "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of England." Then the people marveled and told it to the archbishop. "I command you," said the archbishop, "that you keep you within your church; and pray unto God still that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done."

So when all the masses were done, all the estates went for to behold the stone and the sword, and when they saw the scripture, some assayed,[4] such as would have been king; but none might stir the sword, nor move it. "He is not yet here," said the archbishop, "that shall achieve [5] the sword, but doubt not God will make him to be known. But this is my counsel," said the archbishop, "that we let purvey [6] ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword." And so it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would for to win the sword.

And, upon New Year's Day, the barons let make a joust and tournament, that all knights that would joust and tourney there might play; and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together, and the commons, for the archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So, upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode to the field, some to joust, and some to tourney. And so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode to the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kaye, his son and young Arthur, that was his nourished [7] brother; and Sir Kaye was made knight at Allhallowmas [8] afore. So as they rode toward the jousts, Sir Kaye had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging; and so he prayed young Arthur to ride for his sword. "I will with a good will," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword; and when he came home, the lady and all were gone out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wrath, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother, Sir Kay, shall not be without a sword this day."

And so, when he came to the churchyard,

[1] **Utherpendragon:** "Pendragon" attached to a name meant that he was the chief over other chiefs. [2] **the French book:** Malory drew much of his information from a French version of the Arthur stories by Wace. [3] **or:** ere.

[4] **assayed:** tried. [5] **achieve:** attain. [6] **let purvey:** cause to be provided. [7] **nourished:** foster. [8] **Allhallowmas:** Mass on All Saints' Day, November 1.

Arthur alighted, and tied his horse to the stile, and so went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were all at the jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely he pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse, and rode his way till he came to his brother, Sir Kaye, and delivered him the sword. And, as soon as Sir Kaye saw the sword, he wist well that it was the sword of the stone; and so he rode to his father, Sir Ector, and said, "Sir, lo! here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again, and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church; and anon he made Sir Kaye to swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kaye, "by my brother, Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat you this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you; when I came home for my brother's sword I found nobody at home for to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother, Sir Kaye, should not be swordless, and so I came thither eagerly, and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand that you must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I?" said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "for God will have it so; for there should never no man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now, let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," [1] said Arthur; and so he put it in the stone.

Therewith Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword, and failed.

"Now assay you," said Sir Ector to Sir Kaye. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. "Now shall ye assay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"With a good will," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector kneeled down to the earth, and Sir Kaye also.

"Alas!" said Arthur, "mine own dear father, and my brother, why kneel you to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your father, nor of your blood, but I wot well that you are of a higher blood than I weened you were." And then Sir Ector told him all how he was betaken [2] him to nourish, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great moan when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Sir Ector unto Arthur, "will you be my good and gracious lord when you are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for you are the man in the world that I am most beholden unto, and my good lady and mother, your wife, that, as well as her own, hath fostered and kept me; and, if ever it be God's will that I be king, as you say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you; God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you but that you will make my son, your fostered brother, Sir Kaye, seneschal of all your lands."

"That shall be done, sir," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body, and that never man shall have that office but he while that he and I live."

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom. And, upon the Twelfth-day,[3] all the barons came thither for to essay to take the sword who that would assay. But there before them all there might none take it out but only Arthur, wherefore there were many great lords

[1] **mastery:** feat.

[2] **betaken:** trusted to. [3] **the Twelfth-day:** the festival of the Epiphany, the twelfth day after Christmas.

wrath, and said, "It was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be governed with a boy of no high blood born." And so they fell out at that time, that it was put off till Candlemas,[1] and then all the barons should meet there again. But always the ten knights were ordained for to watch the sword both day and night; and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched.

And at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but none of them might prevail; and right as Arthur did at Christmas he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved, and put it in delay till the high feast of Easter; and, as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; and yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be their king, and put it off in delay till the feast of Pentecost.[2] Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Merlin's providence, let purvey of the best knights that might be gotten, and such knights as King Utherpendragon loved best, and most trusted in his days; and such knights were put about Arthur, as Sir Boudwine, of Britain; Sir Kaye, Sir Ulfius, and Sir Brastias; all these, with many others, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

And, at the feast of Pentecost, all manner of men assayed for to pull at the sword that would assay; and none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out before all the lords and commons that were there; wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it we will slay him;" and therewithal they all kneeled down all at once, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long. And Arthur forgave it them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it up to the altar, where the archbishop was, and was made knight of the best man that was there.

And so anon was the coronation made, and there was he sworn to the lords and commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth all the days of his life; and then he made all the lords that held off the crown, to come in and do him service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto King Arthur, of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Utherpendragon, of many lands that were bereaved of lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen; wherefore King Arthur made the lands for to be rendered again unto them that owned them. When this was done, that the king had established all the countries about London, then he did make Sir Kaye seneschal of England, and Sir Boudwine, of Britain, was made constable, and Sir Ulfius was made chamberlain, and Sir Brastias was made warden, for to wait upon the north from Trent forward; for it was that time, for the most part, enemy unto the king. But within few years after, King Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeisance; also a part of Wales held against King Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, and all through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

[1] **Candlemas:** February 2. [2] **Pentecost:** the fiftieth day after Easter.

Suggestions for Study of Le Morte d'Arthur

1. Since all of Malory is interesting and easily obtained in modernized versions, you would do well to read further in *Le Morte d'Arthur*, especially if you are not familiar with the legends of the Round Table.

2. What details in this story are clearly additions of the days of chivalry, and would not have been probable in primitive Celtic days?

3. A valuable class project would be the investigation of literature, art, and music centering around King Arthur and the Holy Grail legend. Different students might read the various stories of Tennyson, Swinburne, J. R. Lowell, and E. A. Robinson, and write short reports

of how they follow closely or differ widely from Malory. Music students might investigate the Wagnerian operas of *Parsifal* and *Tristan and Isolde*. Art students might write on how the stories are used in the Abbey paintings in the Boston Public Library; inexpensive prints are obtainable. All this material might be assembled into a class booklet and filed in the library for future reference.

Reading List for the Period of Middle English

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Old Ballads

Love Ballads: Lord Thomas and Fair Annet; Glenlogie; Hind Horn; Fair Margaret and Sweet William; *Domestic Tragedy:* Edward; The Cruel Brother; The Douglas Tragedy; the Twa Sisters; the Maid Freed from the Gallows. *Outlaw Ballads:* Robin Hood and Little John; Robin Hood and Alan a Dale; Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne; Robin Hood Rescues the Widow's Sons; Robin Hood's Death and Burial; Johnie Cock; Johnnie Cope. *War Ballads:* The Hunting of the Cheviot; The Battle of Otterbourne. *Superstition:* The Wife of Usher's Well; Thomas Rymer

Collections of Old Ballads

Child, Francis J.: *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (one-volume edition)

Armes, W. D.: *Old English Ballads and Folk Songs*

Bates, Katharine L.: *A Ballad Book*

Davis, A. K.: *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*

Witham, R. A.: *Representative English and Scottish Popular Ballads*

Miracle and Morality Plays

The Fall of Lucifer; Noah; Abraham and Isaac; The Second Shepherd's Play; The Judgment Day

The Passion Play of Oberammergau

Connelly, Marc: *Green Pastures* (modern Negro miracle play)

Everyman (morality play)

Chaucer, Geoffrey. **The Canterbury Tales:* The Knight's Tale, "Palamon and Arcite"; The Man of Law's Tale, "Constance"; The Clerk's Tale, "Patient Griselda"; The Squire's Tale, "The Brazen Horse"; The Prioress's Tale, "Hugh of Lincoln"; The Pardoner's Tale, "The Three Revelers and Death." Modern verse translations by Frank E. Hill and by Katharine Lee Bates. Modern prose translations by Mackaye, Tappan, Clarke, Darton, Haweis, Seymour, and others.

Froissart, Jean: *Chronicles of England and Other Countries* (modernized)

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction and Biography

Belloc, Hilaire: **William the Conqueror*

Buchan, John: *The Riding of Ninemileburn*

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward: *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings; The Last of the Barons*

Converse, Florence: **Long Will* (Langland)

Davis, William Stearns: *God Wills It; Life on a Medieval Barony*

Deeping, Warwick: *The Red Saint*

Doyle, Conan: **The White Company; Sir Nigel*

Kingsley, Charles: **Hereward the Wake*

Kipling, Rudyard: **Puck of Pook's Hill; Rewards and Fairies*

Lanier, Sidney: **The Boy's King Arthur* (based on Malory)

Porter, Jane: **Scottish Chiefs*

Pyle, Howard: **Men of Iron; *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood; *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*

Reade, Charles: *The Cloister and the Hearth*

Scott, Walter: **Ivanhoe; *The Talisman; *Quentin Durward*

Stevenson, Robert Louis: **The Black Arrow*

Twain, Mark: **A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court; *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc; *The Prince and the Pauper*

Drama and Poetry

De Koven, Reginald: **Robin Hood* (light opera)

Eliot, T. S.: *Murder in the Cathedral*

Lowell, James Russell: *"The Vision of Sir Launfal"

Mackaye, Percy: **The Canterbury Pilgrims*

Masefield, John: *Tristan and Isolt*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

Morris, William: "The Dream of John Ball"; "A Defence of Guenevere"
Noyes, Alfred: *Sherwood*
Peabody, Josephine Preston: *The Piper*
Robinson, Edwin Arlington: *Merlin; Launcelot; Tristram*
Rossetti, D. G.: "The White Ship"
Shakespeare, William: *King John; *Richard II; *Henry IV*, Parts I and II; *Henry V; Henry VI*, Parts I and II; *Richard III*
Shaw, George Bernard: *Saint Joan*
Swinburne, Algernon: "Tristram of Lyonesse"
Tennyson, Alfred: *Becket; Harold; *The Idylls of the King;* "Sir Galahad"; *"Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere"

History and Legend

Adams, George B.: *Civilization During the Middle Ages*
Brendon, J. A.: *The Age of Chaucer*
Bulfinch, Thomas: *The Age of Chivalry*
Collins, R. W.: *A History of Medieval Civilization in Europe*
Coulton, G. G.: *Chaucer and His England; *The Medieval Scene; Life in the Middle Ages*
Cutts, E. L.: *Scenes and Characters from the Middle Ages*
Mills, Dorothy: *The Middle Ages* (good il.)
Salzman, L. F.: *English Life in the Middle Ages* (good il.)
Snell, F. J.: *The Customs of Old England*
Stuart, Dorothy: *Men and Women of Plantagenet England*
Tappan, Eva M.: *When Knights Were Bold*
Wilmot-Buxton, Ethel M.: *The Story of the Crusades*

Art and Architecture (all well illustrated)

Anderson, M. D.: *The Medieval Carver*
Batsford, H. and Fry, C.: *The Cathedrals of England*
Bumpus, T. F.: *The Cathedrals of England and Wales*
James, M. R.: *Abbeys*
Oman, Charles: *Castles*

Costume Design

Brooke, Iris: *English Costume of the Early Middle Ages; *English Costume of the Later Middle Ages*
Hartley, Dorothy: *Medieval Costume and Life*

Music

Bantock, G.: *One Hundred Songs of England* (Has original music of several old ballads.)
Northcote, S.: *The Ballad in Music* (Two tunes for "Barbara Allan")
Sharp, Cecil J.: *One Hundred English Folksongs* (Has old music of "Lord Randal.")
Walker, Ernest: *A History of Music in England*, Chs. 1 and 2

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

See also the General Reference Lists at the end of this volume.



THE CABOTS RECEIVE FROM HENRY VII A CHARTER FOR EXPLORING THE NEW WORLD by Denis Eden. This painting by a modern British artist suggests the widening horizons of the Elizabethans, which included not only a new continent beyond the western ocean, but also a rediscovery of the glorious literature of classical civilizations, and a growing awareness of the immortal art of the Italian Renaissance. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Elizabethan Age

1485-1625

IF THIS BOOK were a history of the English people, this chapter would be called "The Tudor Age," from the reigning family; but in a book which treats of literature with its culmination of great writing under Queen Elizabeth, the term Elizabethan Age is more suitable. The early Tudor poets, the first warblings of the "nest of singing birds," as sixteenth-century England has been called, came before her reign (1558–1603) and several of the greatest dramatists survived her by many years. When the term Elizabethan is used in a literary sense, it includes this overlapping.

ENGLAND BECOMES A MODERN NATION

The end of the fifteenth century and the early part of the sixteenth witnessed the transition of England from a medieval to a modern country. The old feudal system was to give way to parliamentary representation. The tournaments of chivalry were replaced by the theaters as entertainment. In religion the authority of the Church of Rome was renounced in favor of a national church. Education turned from the control of the monasteries to the freer study of humanity and the world of nature.

A similar change was going on throughout Europe. Geographical discoveries affected it. In 1492 Columbus, a Genoese mariner, who believed that he could sail straight across the ocean to Cathay, or China, found the West Indies. In 1497 an English father and son, John and Sebastian Cabot, discovered the American continent. In the same year Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese navigator, rounded the southern point of Africa, sailed eastward, and touched India. Before that time, during the Middle Ages, there had been no voyaging outside the Mediterranean, except along the coasts. Suddenly the world enlarged its bounds. No newspapers, moving pictures, or radio spread word of the discoveries of Columbus, Magellan, Vespucci, and the other great voyagers; but word passed rapidly from mouth to mouth. What imaginative stirrings of progressive minds followed the news of fresh trade routes and an unknown continent risen, as it seemed, out of the ocean!

THE NEW LEARNING IS CALLED HUMANISM

As the material world enlarged before men's eyes, so the boundaries of their mental world receded before a flood of new learning. Italians for a long time had studied the ancient classics before the Turks captured Constantinople in 1453. This event caused fugitive scholars to bring many priceless Greek manuscripts to the Continent. Thus was aroused a new interest in the classic writers, which spread all through western Europe and to England. The philosopher of the Middle Ages had studied everything according to its logic (or correct reasoning about it) or according to what the Church of Rome thought of it. Now men studied the classics as *literature*, as the highest strivings (in words) of mankind toward truth and beauty, quite aside from religious dogma, or established doctrine. They studied the classics in a thoroughly

human spirit, and for that reason were called Humanists; their way of studying was called Humanism.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

Without the invention of printing, literature would always have remained the luxury of an educated few. Several rivals claim the honor of the invention, but it is usually attributed to the Gutenbergs of Mainz, Germany, who at least perfected movable metal type. William Caxton, having learned the art from them, engaged in printing on the Continent. Then about 1475 he set up near Westminster Abbey the first press in England. The greatest English works he printed were Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* and Malory's *Le Morte d' Arthur*. Caxton tried nobly in every way to make his work clear to the educated man of his day. But the task was a difficult one because of the many dialects in existence. Since his publications created a standard language, and put books within the reach of a far larger public than could ever read the few painfully copied and exceedingly costly manuscripts, he did a great service to English literature.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE INFLUENCES ENGLAND

The mental awakening of the whole of Europe through the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries is called the Renaissance, or rebirth. It began in Italy. Currents of thought moved slowly then, as compared with today. England was not swept into the tide until the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, though Chaucer's travels brought him under the influence of Petrarch, a fourteenth-century Italian poet, and Boccaccio, a contemporary Italian writer of prose fiction. But Petrarch did not begin to influence English poets with his sonnet form for another two hundred years. In Italy the development of art was a marked aspect of the Renaissance. Beginning in the early fourteenth century, it developed fully in the sixteenth with Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Titian. Though English art produced nothing to equal these masters, it began to emphasize portrait painting. The faces of the Tudor kings and courtiers are familiar to us through portraits by the Dutch artist Hans Holbein and his followers.

England was the last European country to be dominated by Italian Renaissance architecture. Inigo Jones, the first great exponent of this style in England, did his finest work after Elizabeth's time. Two of the best examples were the Queen's house at Greenwich and the banquet hall at Whitehall. Tudor building shows in dignified stone country mansions and in the "half-timbered," or "black and white," houses which still make Chester, Stratford, and other towns picturesque.

Science likewise felt the influence of the Renaissance. The artist Leonardo da Vinci was also a phenomenal engineer. In Poland, Copernicus devised a new system of astronomy that gave mankind a new outlook on the universe. Later his findings were confirmed and amplified by Galileo, a mathematician and physicist. Although Galileo was forced to deny his heretical ideas of the movements of the earth about the sun, yet, according to tradition, he muttered under his breath, "Nevertheless it does move."

THE NOBLES CHASTENED — THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND EXALTED

The last of the great movements influencing life during the Tudor period is the Reformation. It was largely a result of the mental independence of the Renaissance. In England its effect was to separate the Church of England from the Roman Church — a change in which England's monarchs took an active part.

Henry VII (1485–1509), the first of the Tudor family, was cool of brain and cold of heart. He forbade the lords to have retainers and forced the noblemen to obey the laws like ordinary folk. His best gift to his people was a quarter century of peace at home and abroad. With the growth of the towns and the increasing importance of the commercial middle classes, there arose a new aristocracy based on wealth and trade.

Henry himself acquired a large fortune to bequeath to his son.

This son, Henry VIII (1509–1547), was England's most sensational king. Books and movies are still being produced about his vast energy; his superstitions; his skill in verse and music; his six wives, toward whom he acted like Bluebeard; and his famous daughters, Mary, the Roman Catholic, and Elizabeth, the Protestant. The most important historical event of his reign was the complete separation of the Church of England from papal authority at Rome.

HOW THE REFORMATION DEVELOPED

Wyclif had laid the way for English Protestantism. Martin Luther in Germany and, later, John Calvin in Geneva were the first to preach openly against the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church. In England, Parliament had long thought that the Church owned too much land and paid insufficient taxes. But both English and European kings stood in awe of the Pope's authority. At last Luther, the greatest religious genius of the sixteenth century, having gained fame through his lectures at the University of Wittenberg, nailed up his ninety-five *theses* (protests) on the church door. " They were simply ninety-five sledgehammer blows directed against the most flagrant ecclesiastical abuse of the age " — the sale of indulgences. (Remember the Pardoner, page 84, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.)

Later Luther protested against other practices also, and became head of the Protestant movement in Europe. In those days no one believed in religious toleration. A person was either a Roman Catholic or one of the new, various kinds of Protestants. Each person had to subscribe to some belief and support it against all others. Although Henry VIII, for publicly opposing Martin Luther, was named by the Pope " Defender of the Faith," a title which he cherished, yet he broke with Rome and made the Church of England the established church. The reason was largely personal. Henry wished to divorce his wife,



HENRY VIII. Charles Laughton, in his skillful film characterization, modeled his appearance directly from the famous Holbein painting. (From Alexander Korda's production, *Henry the Eighth*)

Catherine of Aragon, in order to marry one of her maids of honor, Anne Boleyn. Divorce was not permitted by the Roman Catholic Church. In order to get his way Henry finally charged all the dignitaries of the English Church with high treason, and in desperation they declared him the Church of England's " supreme head on earth." Parliament later ratified this by the Act of Supremacy (1534). Henry promptly destroyed the monasteries of England, both small and large, and confiscated their wealth and property. A vast destruction of valuable manuscripts accompanied this plundering. No one can compute how much Anglo-Saxon and Middle English literature was forever lost, but the amount must have been great. As a partial compensation for



MARY TUDOR. Mary plights her troth to Philip of Spain.

these losses there was the gain of a new translation of the Bible.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH

Although Wyclif had translated the Bible into English, a new version was needed. In 1522 William Tyndale (1490?–1536) began to translate the New Testament. As it was not safe to issue a Bible in England, Tyndale had to go to Germany — where, incidentally, he visited Martin Luther. His New Testament was finally printed abroad; and copies were smuggled into England, but suppressed by the Church. Miles Coverdale in 1535 was responsible for the first English version of the entire Bible; but Tyndale's translation has remained the basis for all subsequent versions, including the King James Version, of 1611, which, brought over by the Pilgrims, "fixed the standard of English in America."

In 1538 Henry VIII ordered every parish priest, every church and cathedral in England, to place a Bible translated into English where it could be openly read. Thus a wealth of literature — "histories, biographies, travels, sermons, love poems, battle songs, and dirges" — was set before the common people. Those who could not read were read to by the more gifted.

MARY ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE ENGLAND'S FORM OF RELIGION

Henry VIII left the government practically bankrupt, through his extravagance. He also left England surrounded by enemies. After a brief reign torn by uprisings and factions, his son, the young Edward VI (1547–1553), died. Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is an imaginary story of this young king, as well as a grim picture of the prevalence of paupers in London of that day.

Henry's separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome had been satisfactory to the people of England. When his oldest daughter, Mary (1553–1558), brought up by a Catholic mother, tried to restore England to the Roman Catholic church, she met open rebellion. To quell it, she began severe persecutions. She fixed a death penalty for reading the Bible in English, and executions for other Protestant practices. Half Spanish by birth, she married Philip of Spain, who soon ruled a vast empire. This unpopular marriage dragged England into war with France again, and lost Calais to England forever.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH

Mary died in 1558, after a reign of five years, and her half sister, Elizabeth, came to the throne. The influence of the Renaissance had made any sovereign almost a sacred person, and Elizabeth was worshiped by her subjects. One of her greatest poets, Edmund Spenser, called her "Gloriana." More than any sovereign before or since, she seemed to be identified with England itself.

But for the first twenty years of her reign she had to grapple with a deep depression

in England. It has been said that if she had died during this time we might have spoken of "Poor Queen Bess's cheerless days!" But that did not happen. She achieved gloriously in the end and left her people a rich and prosperous heritage.

Her reign falls into three distinct periods:

The first period was one of gloom because of the loss of Calais, the threats of interference from Spain and the Roman Church, and the prevalence of poverty and unemployment.

The second period was one of great sea adventures, voyages, and discoveries. There was also an outburst of energy in the arts.

In the third period England entered into the fullness of her new powers in what seemed a Golden Age.

ELIZABETH MEETS HER PROBLEMS

Elizabeth swung England back into the Protestant faith and to the Church established by Henry VIII. She reinstated the English Book of Common Prayer. A born diplomat, she wisely neglected to enforce rigidly some of the laws against nonconforming clergy. Her policy in general was one of tolerance, though her excommunication by the Pope and the menace to her throne of Mary Queen of Scots drove her to some grim retaliation on the Catholics. Also she waged a relentless war of extermination in Ireland.

Then, by adroit action, she broke up a dangerous alliance between Scotland and France. This masterly move made Scotland actually friendly with England for the first time. As for Spain and the feared Duke of Alva, Elizabeth captured the treasure ship sent him by the King of Spain with pay for his army, and thus clipped his claws.

To stop the rise in prices and restore prosperity, Elizabeth had all the money in England reminted. She also established a Poor Law, which admitted that it was the duty of the State to care for the poor and that not all unemployed persons were rogues and vagabonds. Personally she always strove to be economical. Finally she and her minister, Burleigh, managed to accomplish three great gains for England: (1) triumph over her foreign foes, (2) her rise as a great industrial and mercantile power, (3) the beginning of a united Great Britain.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Elizabeth's beautiful rival, mother of James VI, and romantic heroine of many novels, poems, and plays.

THE TRAGIC DESTINY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

One of Elizabeth's greatest problems was a rival cousin, Mary Stuart, usually known as Mary Queen of Scots. This Mary (not to be confused with Elizabeth's half sister Mary) was one of the most beautiful, romantic, and ill-fated queens of history. Through her father's death she became Queen of Scotland; through her early marriage to the French heir she became Queen of France; through her direct descent from Henry VII she was eligible to become Queen of England. As an ardent Roman Catholic, she was the preferred candidate of the members of that Church, and so was a constant menace to Elizabeth's security. On the death of her husband, the French king, she returned to rule Scotland, where she met constant opposition from many of the nobles — and especially from John Knox, the stern religious dictator. Her third marriage,



QUEEN ELIZABETH. Remembered for her astounding wardrobe as well as for her keen mind and able statesmanship. (Culver Service)

to Lord Bothwell, brought on civil war, and Mary sought Elizabeth's protection in England. Elizabeth's fears for her throne led her to keep Mary imprisoned in various castles for nineteen years, and finally to agree to her execution.

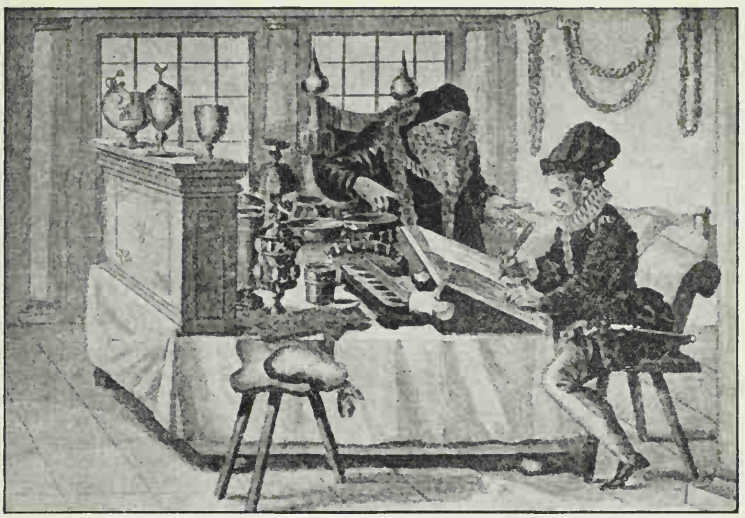
Mary's tragic story has been told and retold in literature by foreign as well as British and American writers (see reading list, page 196, for the best titles).

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

From a combination of religious, political, and personal motives, King Philip of Spain set out to avenge Mary's death. He launched against England the "Invincible Armada," the greatest fleet of its day. It consisted of one hundred and fifty immense and towering galleons. But their bulk proved more awe-inspiring than efficient in the narrow English Channel. The fleet was intended to cover the landing in England of a huge Spanish army from the Netherlands. But "the unwieldy galleons, spread in a crescent of seven miles from end to end," were met by the easily handled small ships of Lord Howard, Sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and the English sea dogs. These proved a nest of hornets. Helped by a favorable wind, the English utterly routed the floundering Spanish fleet. The endeavor of the galleons to escape round the north of Scotland completed their disaster. Scarce a third of that magnificent and pompous fleet ever returned to Spain. No greater impetus to English patriotism could be imagined than the winning of so unequal a battle! The destruction of the huge Armada was the foundation of England's sea supremacy; for Spain's industry and commerce soon declined, and her sea power was broken forever.

PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN

Queen Elizabeth was a dominant and shrewd woman of essentially modern temper. This "Virgin Queen" kept both France and Spain dangling in hope of an alliance. She had many favorites at her court, including the Earl of Leicester; Sir Walter Raleigh; and the unfortunate Earl of Essex, whom she finally sent to the block. Maxwell Anderson's stirring play *Elizabeth the Queen* well depicts this part of her personal life. She traveled with great magnificence on her "progresses" through her realm, the expense of these journeys falling largely on the nobles who entertained her. She dressed in satin and jewels, with "cartwheel" ruff and jeweled overdress, and often rode a great white horse, which is said to have inspired the nursery rhyme "Ride a white horse to Banbury Cross." She was plain of feature, with a high-bridged aquiline nose and a painted complexion. Though she possessed a violent temper and could scold like a fishwife, she had deep worldly wisdom, personal magnetism, and a grandeur of spirit that demand high praise. As she herself declared, "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too."



A MERCHANT'S OFFICE. Great fortunes were being made by the middle class in the sixteenth century. (Culver Service)

GREAT VOYAGERS PUSH BACK THE HORIZON

Elizabeth was no longer young when the defeat of the Armada climaxed the second period of her reign. Her era was the golden age of the sea rover. Even before she came to the throne, Englishmen had been seeking a northeast or northwest passage to the Indies. The Celtic blood in the men of Devon and Cornwall had made them particularly adventurous. The growth of the huge Spanish Empire did not daunt them. Richard Hakluyt reported their exploits in many volumes. He tells us how they visited the farthest quarters of the earth. Sir Francis Drake, hero of the defeat of the Armada, won new honors by sailing round the world. Martin Frobisher reached Labrador. Sir Humphrey Gilbert discovered his Newfound-land; and his more famous half brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, settled colonists in Virginia, named in honor of the Virgin Queen. The first attempts at colonization in America were unsuccessful. It was not till 1607 that the first permanent settlement was made at Jamestown, named in honor of James I.

The term " pirate " has often been cast in aspersion on these early voyagers. It is true that some of them led dubious lives. It is true that they boarded and plundered the fleets of Spain, and sailed home with treasure from South America and Panama. Drake himself indulged in such buccaneering, and Elizabeth knighted him in the presence of the Spanish ambassador. The epic *Drake* by Alfred Noyes reveals the color and atmosphere of the period.

This era also saw the rise of merchant companies and trade corporations, such as the Russian Company, which found a trade route through the White Sea to Russia; the Hudson's Bay Company; and the famous East India Company. A novel which catches the glamour and excitement of those great days, including the defeat of the Armada, is *Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley.

HOW PEOPLE LIVED

That the age was essentially emotional, dramatic, and spectacular is shown by the costume of the day. Men dressed in multicolored slashed doublets, exaggerated ruffs, velvet capes, and beplumed hats. The costume of the ladies can be seen in its extreme style in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Her astounding encasements, said to be stiff enough to stand alone, were fortified by boning and buckram, and encrusted by ruffs, puffs, rosettes, jewels, and precious metals. Oddly enough the word *brave* in those days meant finely dressed. It must have taken considerable bravery in the modern sense to endure such clothes!

The age loved pageantry too. Henry VIII had shown the way when he met Francis I of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and when he went in a barge from Greenwich to Westminster " and all the Tower walls toward the water side were set with great streamers and banners." Elizabeth, too, had her superb pageants and progresses, as Scott's *Kenilworth* vividly portrays.

Strolling on the sixteenth-century wharves, you would have admired the high-pooped ships of that time, like the *Bonadventure* and the *Golden Hind*. In a waterside tavern you could have heard fabulous tales of adventure and exploration. At the court there were hunting picnics, tourneys, and masques, even the servants imitating their swaggering masters. The merchants in London thronged to the new Royal Exchange to transact their business. The lively town apprentices kept the streets in an uproar. Ladies purchased auburn wigs like those of Queen Elizabeth, and used civet and musk for perfumes. Men wore beards, cut in many fashions.

Travel was difficult in the country; but the rich enjoyed hunting and falconry, while the humble danced to music around the Maypole on the village green. The new manor houses were made more homelike with wood paneling, carved fireplaces, and molded ceilings.

HOW PEOPLE THOUGHT AND TALKED

The people had sharp appetites, not only for food, but for cruel sport. They could look on at an execution, by hanging, drawing, and quartering, with the same interested attentiveness they gave to bearbaitings. They liked their experiences highly seasoned, just as they did their food. They believed in witchcraft, and alchemists sought for the " philosopher's stone." In the physiology of the time the body consisted of four moistures, or " humors ": melancholy, phlegm, blood, and choler. It is interesting to figure out how our present meaning of these words and their derivatives developed from the humors. Today, we often say that a person's conduct shows that he has much, or too little, of a certain " gland "; but in those days he was dominated by a certain " humor." Though this meaning of the noun is obsolete, we still retain some of the old idea in the verb. To humor a person means to adapt oneself to his whims or moods.

The age was a hearty, highly colored, boisterous, ruffianly one, with hard labor and the tilling of the soil as a background for the gallantry of the court. Even the best people washed infrequently, and scented themselves to smell sweet. Expensive fabrics were constantly worn, though the plumbing and street-cleaning arrangements of the period were most primitive. Fighting was frequent. A sword was drawn upon the slightest affront, and it was distinctly to a man's interest to know how to wield one. Life was cheap, and revenge by murder was thought quite natural. The language of the day was either high-flown or a distinct colloquial speech which we can no more fully comprehend today than a future age will be able to understand our slang. The frankness of speech at the court would have scandalized the Victorians; but no censorship threatened Elizabethan conversation, and the Queen herself set the style! On the whole the people of this age were likable, warm-blooded, witty — above all, thoroughly alive.

Elizabethan Literature

"THE NEST OF SINGING BIRDS"

Elizabethan literature shows certain marked tendencies which differentiate it from earlier writing. The first is the lyrical outburst of songs and sonnets that resulted from contacts with Italian Renaissance poetry, from the joyous abandon of good spirits which permeated the age, and from the courtly polish which seemed to demand expression in well-turned love verses. The development of musical instruments, such as the virginal or viola da gamba, set the world singing. Numerous collections of songs and lyrics were assembled. The first of these, *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), led to similar collections with fantastic titles, such as *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. Almost two hundred poets are on record for this brief period of seventy-five years — more than the preceding thousand years had produced.

WYATT AND SURREY INTRODUCE THE SONNET AND BLANK VERSE

Tottel's Miscellany included many poems by two distinguished courtiers, Wyatt and Surrey, who introduced two highly important forms into English literature. During a visit to Italy, Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503?–1542) learned the sonnet form used by Petrarch, a famous poet of Chaucer's day. This Italian sonnet consists of an octave of eight lines and a sestet of six lines, usually divided like two stanzas. The Elizabethans, however, including Shakespeare, favored an English form originated by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517?–1547). In either type the sonnet is always fourteen lines written in iambic pentameter. Various rhyme schemes will be illustrated in the sonnets throughout this volume.

Surrey also introduced the first English blank verse, a form which became one of the glories of our literature in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and other notable poets — including many of today. This form is also iambic pentameter, but without rhyme or stanza division. It is well illustrated in this section by *Macbeth*.

SONNET SEQUENCES ATTAIN GREAT VOGUE

Nearly two generations passed before the sonnet form was practiced to any extent in England, even at the court. Then between 1591 and 1595 came many sonnet sequences, each addressed to a particular lady. In fact, in Elizabeth's court the ability to turn out a neat sonnet became almost as necessary to the young courtier as the practice of swordplay or other accomplishments. Typical among these court poets was Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586), who possessed every gift: noble birth proved by a noble life, breadth of mind, bravery in war, a courteous and generous spirit, a fine presence, and ability in both prose and poetry. His fame rests not only on his sonnet sequence addressed to a court lady who scorned him, but also on the romantic story of his last hours. Sorely wounded in battle, Sidney passed the cup of water someone had brought him to a common soldier saying, "Thy need is greater than mine." An American poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese, has commemorated the incident in this quatrain:

Immortality

Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
  But Fame upon a white deed loves to build;
From out that cup of water Sidney gave,
  Not one drop has been spilled.

But sonnet writing was by no means confined to courtiers. Among many sonneteers of humble birth Spenser and Shakespeare stand pre-eminent. The patronage of the Queen and the nobles, who prized literary ability, brought these men into contact with the court, even though they themselves were not part of it. Thus the spark brought from Italy by Wyatt eventually kindled in this one form of poetry alone a blaze of achievement comparable to the entire poetic output of earlier periods. Moreover, that flame still burns with a bright light today; both individual sonnets and sonnet

sequences of distinction appear in British and American literature of the twentieth century.

ONE GREAT NARRATIVE POEM LOOMS LARGE

While everyone in the late sixteenth century was writing sonnets and lyrics, the long narrative poem so popular in medieval days was clearly on the wane. One monumental narrative poem stands out like a lone tree on a hilltop — Spenser's masterpiece, *The Faerie Queene*. In it Spenser definitely turns his face toward the past. The poem deals with the chivalry of Arthur's court, expressed in allegory, like *The Vision of Piers Plowman* and many of Chaucer's poems. Its language is so archaic that one can hardly realize it was written during the same period as Shakespeare's plays. Its influence on later poets, however, has been phenomenal and, even though it has little appeal for the general reader of today, it cannot be ignored in a total picture of the writings of the times.

DRAMA, THE GLORY OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

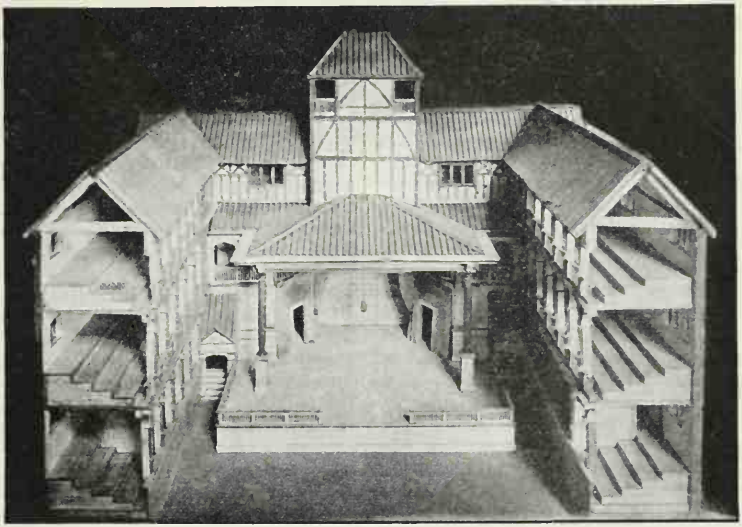
Important as lyric and narrative poetry are in the story of Elizabethan literature, they are exceeded in glory by the poetic drama. Rising slowly during the early Tudor days, it reached its climax in Shakespeare — and then gradually degenerated until the theaters were finally closed in 1642. The drama, originating in the medieval Church, had passed into the hands of the guilds, where it was elaborated into miracle and morality plays presented on movable stages; but in the reign of Henry VIII, John Heywood introduced a new type of entertainment at the court banquets. This was the interlude, or short play, usually humorous. The most famous one is *The Interlude of the Four P's*, in which a Pardoner, a Palmer, a Potycary (apothecary), and a Pedlar argue as to which can tell the biggest lie. The Palmer wins the prize by declaring that he has never seen a woman out of patience. These little interludes might be called the ancestors of the one-act play and short skit.

THE NEW COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

The first impetus toward the writing of carefully constructed plays with real human beings for characters came through the revival of interest in old Greek and Roman plays. The first comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister* by Nicholas Udall, was produced shortly before the reign of Elizabeth; the first tragedy, *Gorboduc* by Sackville and Norton, four years after her accession. Elizabeth had been on the throne eighteen years before the first London playhouse was built. From that time on, theaters multiplied rapidly, and the demand for new plays to satisfy clamorous audiences set many people writing. Old classic plays were revised, history rewritten, the experiences of voyagers dramatized, Italian and French tales retold, murders and witchcraft capitalized — everything the dramatist could lay hands on was put before a London audience. The picture of this audience with its uninhibited mode of criticism by hoots and flung orange peels is indeed diverting. Interesting, too, is the picture of the barren, open-air stage from which our elaborate modern stages have been evolved. There were private theaters also in the homes of wealthy nobles, and Elizabeth in her progresses encouraged all sorts of dramatic performances, such as the masque — a medley of music, poetry, dancing, and spectacular costuming.

PROFESSIONAL COMPANIES ENTERTAIN IN INNYARDS

Until the latter part of the sixteenth century, English drama had a close connection with the court, the schools, and the universities. Then, under the patronage of certain nobles, wandering minstrels and scholars banded together in professional companies. The first public stages for these companies were erected in innyards inclosed on all sides by the inn buildings. The rooms opened on a gallery that ran all around the yard. Between the pillars of the gallery at one end was built the stage, projecting out into the yard. The gallery above might serve various stage purposes; the other three sides were the origin of the balcony and boxes



MODEL OF THE FORTUNE THEATER STAGE. On such a stage Shakespeare's plays were acted in his own day. (Courtesy of the Brander Matthews Dramatic Museum of Columbia University)

of our own day. But to sit up in the gallery in those days cost at least sixpence, while one might stand in the innyard, in front of the stage, for a penny or two. This was the origin of "the pit," and those who stood there to watch were the "groundlings."

The nobles and gallants who wished to make a display could, for a still larger sum, get stools and sit right up on the stage with their retainers. When the play started, they were usually discovered taking their seats, and an uproar between them and the "groundlings" followed. While the play went on, that part of the audience seated on the stage pretended great boredom or criticized the acting audibly. There was practically no scenery in those days and few properties. There were no women actors, but boys took the women's parts. This custom continued throughout the Elizabethan period. No woman even attended a public theater without wearing a mask.

INNYARDS YIELD TO THE NEW THEATERS

The first Elizabethan theaters were built according to innyard plan. They were round or octagonal in shape with inside galleries that ran from either side of the entrance along the sides of the theater. Sometimes there were two galleries, one above the other. These were roofed, as was the back stage; but the theater was otherwise open to the sky. In front of the stage and around it on two sides was the pit, where one had only standing room. The curtain at the rear of the projecting stage hid an alcove or inner stage used for various purposes. There was no curtain, however, between the open stage and the audience, so that the technique of closing a scene had to be different from the quick "Curtain!" of our time. The characters had to be given a reason for leaving the stage. On either side of the inner stage a door led to the "tiring" (attiring)

or dressing rooms. Above was a curtained balcony. Above the roof of the back stage was a little house from which various superhuman characters might be lowered to the stage. From the roof of this " hut " flew the emblem of the theater, to indicate that a play was being given that afternoon. Plays began at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The " pit " cost a penny, the galleries about two shillings, and a seat on the stage itself cost a half crown.

THEATERS MULTIPLY RAPIDLY

The first playhouse in London, called the Theater, was built about 1576 by James Burbage, a carpenter and actor. He founded the company for which Shakespeare wrote and worked. Famous ones erected later were the Curtain, the Rose, the Swan, and, most famous of all because Shakespeare's plays were frequently given there, the Globe. The last three were on the Bankside; that is, across London Bridge on the opposite side of the River Thames from the City of London (see map of London, page 541). The Globe was in Southwark, not far from the Tabard Inn whence Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims had started. Finsbury Fields, the seat of Burbage's first theater and also of the subsequent Curtain and the Fortune, was north of London. The City authorities had driven the theaters out of the city proper because so many actors at that time were regarded as mere rogues and vagabonds.

MARLOWE, GREATEST OF SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS

Except to advanced students of drama, most of Shakespeare's predecessors are of little interest unless they are connected with him. For instance, Robert Greene's romances, plays, and lyrics are forgotten; but the fact is remembered that in his pamphlet appears the first contemporary reference to Shakespeare, and that an uncomplimentary one. Greene enviously calls him " Shake-scene " and " an upstart crow, beautified in our feathers . . . his Tyger's hart wrapt in a Player's hyde."

Of the many dramatists who were writing during Shakespeare's youth, the only one to approach him in power is Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593). They were born in the same year; but Marlowe was more precocious, having produced four great tragedies while Shakespeare was writing his early romantic plays. Had Shakespeare died at twenty-nine as Marlowe did, posterity might have called Marlowe the superior dramatist. At least for one so young he left a most glittering, cometlike literary reputation.

SHAKESPEARE, MASTER OF THEM ALL

Of William Shakespeare (1564–1616) it is hard to speak except in superlatives. Among the lyrists his songs remain the most charming; his sonnet sequence has never been equaled; in his plays Elizabethan drama reached its pinnacle; by universal agreement he is judged the greatest English author. His writings will be the major subject of study in this section (pages 119–184). It is only from firsthand experience with as many of his writings as possible that one can answer that frequently asked question, " Why is Shakespeare considered so great? "

BEN JONSON COMPLETES A FAMOUS TRIO

The third great writer to stand with Marlowe and Shakespeare is Ben Jonson (1573?–1637). Nine years younger than Shakespeare, he lived twenty-one years longer; so his life extends into the period of the decline of the drama. In his early days he was a great friend of Shakespeare, and many an argument they may have had in the famous Mermaid Tavern over how a play should be constructed; for Jonson, with his classical learning, upheld the three Greek unities of drama. The three unities of time, place, and action simply mean that a play should focus on one main plot concentrated in one place and covering only a short time. Shakespeare consistently violated these rules to gain flexibility of plot and opportunity for change and development of character. Jonson lacked the versatility and tragic intensity of Shakespeare,

his best plays being satiric comedies. He did, however, excel in another dramatic form, the masque.

THE MASQUE A FORERUNNER OF MODERN ENTERTAINMENT

The masque was a form of entertainment emphasizing the spectacular elements of music, dancing, and costuming. It was long popular and engaged the talents of such famous later poets as Dryden and Milton. Naturally the masques of these three excelled in poetic quality, but in many other masques the words were quite inferior. Today we find the elements of the masque perpetuated in the pageant, the ballet, the pantomime, and the musical extravaganza.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA

One might catalogue a dozen others of Shakespeare's and Jonson's contemporaries or followers who were prominent dramatists in their day, but mean little now. Among them George Chapman's name lives principally through Keats's famous sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (page 413), which refers to his epic translation and not his plays. Beaumont and Fletcher were a favorite pair of collaborators, but of their fifty-two plays only one has been produced on the modern stage — *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Despite their skill in plot handling and lyric verse, their analysis of human nature and their moral standards fall far below Shakespeare's. In 1642 the increasing viciousness of tone in the drama as a whole led to the closing of the theaters by the Puritans. After that there was no further incentive to playwriting till their reopening twenty years later.

ELIZABETHAN PROSE

During the sixteenth century, prose was distinctly overshadowed by poetry. Little of this early prose is read with enjoyment today. The *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More (1478–1535) is a notable exception, though we must read it in translation because the original was written in Latin. More describes a country ideally governed, and his title *Utopia* (Greek for *Nowhere*) has acquired a permanent place in our language to signify a perfect, if seemingly unattainable, state of mankind. His book is the forerunner of some famous dream countries of modern literature, such as Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and H. G. Wells's *A Modern Utopia*.

Another contribution to our vocabulary comes through Lyly's *Euphues*, intended to teach elegance of deportment and conversation to the young courtier. It might be compared to our modern etiquette books. Its artificial style, extravagant similes, alliteration, and parade of obscure learning became the fashion of the day; and its title gave rise to the term *euphuism*, applied later to any highly mannered writing. At first Shakespeare imitated it, but later he parodied it.

Sir Walter Raleigh, too, contributed to prose with his ambitious *History of the World*, written while he was imprisoned. Again one sees modern descendants in H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* and in other popular twentieth-century volumes which cover great stretches of time, in tracing the development of history, science, literature, or art.

Of all the prose of Elizabeth's reign, the book most frequently read today is Hakluyt's *Voyages*, the story of the great discoverers, which in a somewhat modernized form is a favorite of those who love adventure on the high seas.

The reign of James I, however, is noteworthy for two prose contributions of deathless value: the King James Version of the Bible and the *Essays* of Francis Bacon. The first, of course, also includes poetry within its covers. This great translation, the work of some fifty scholars, was built upon the earlier translation by Tyndale; but, coming during a period of great enrichment of the language, it perpetuated for all time the sonorous roll of Elizabethan English.

Bacon's *Essays* mark the beginning of the essay form in our literature. These short, pithy discussions of some general topic are

so packed with worldly wisdom and keen observation, and so concise and carefully molded in style, that they give genuine intellectual satisfaction and delight to the modern reader. Bacon's longer works were written in Latin.

SUMMARY

Historically a new period began with the Tudor family. Under the second monarch, Henry VIII, the Protestant Reformation, sweeping over Europe, resulted in the separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome — and the dissolution of all monasteries, with a consequent destruction of much valuable old literature. Religious disputes and persecutions played a prominent part in the reign of Mary, until England became definitely committed to Protestantism under Elizabeth. Great geographical discoveries, made during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, widened man's horizon and initiated national rivalries for possession of the New World. During the early Tudor period the Renaissance (or New Birth), which had begun in Italy two centuries before, penetrated to England through the arrival of Continental scholars. The influence of these men, new translations of the Bible in English, and the patriotic fervor during Elizabeth's reign all contributed to a great outpouring of literature. This included much fine lyrical poetry; an outstanding narrative poem, *The Faerie Queene;* and a rich flowering of drama in the new theaters of London. Among many dramatists of talent, three are truly men of genius: Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and, above all, the versatile William Shakespeare. This prolific literary age continued into the reign of James I.

Politically, Queen Elizabeth ruled with great diplomacy; disposed of her chief rival for the throne, Mary Queen of Scots; defeated King Philip II of Spain, broke his sea power, and started England on her sea supremacy. Through Sir Walter Raleigh, England began to reach out for colonies in the New World of America. Ships of her merchant adventurers plowed all seas. Her crescent power waxed toward the full. It was truly England's Golden Age.

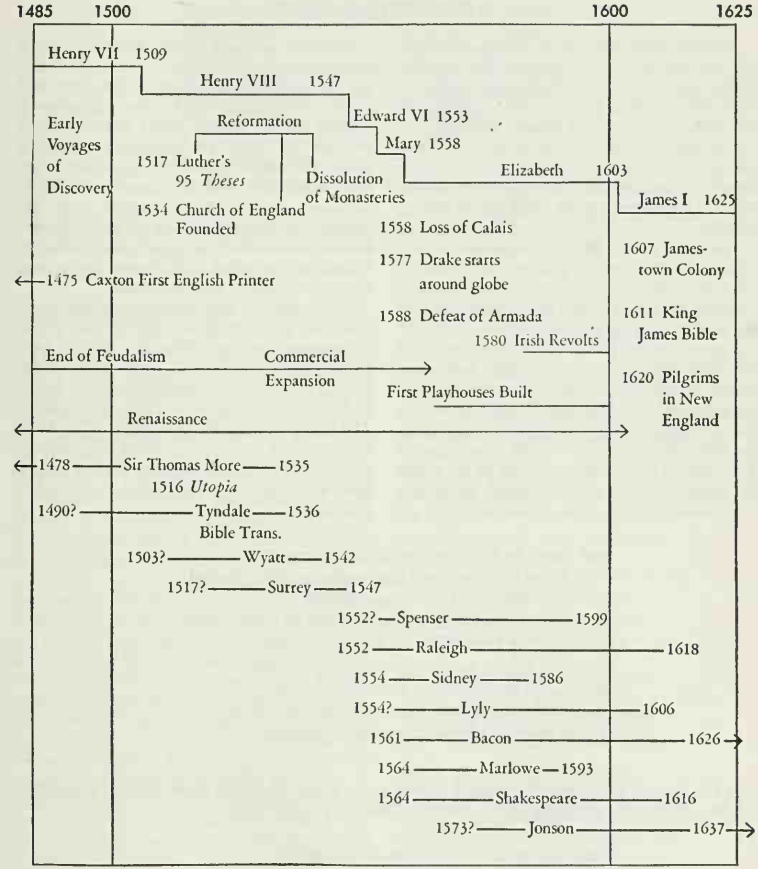
Edmund Spenser 1552?–1599

Some great poets seem to have lived in close touch with all mankind, for they show in their writings all the bright facets of human happiness or the dark recesses of human despair. They thrust us into a living world. Others, however, seem to dwell alone on a mountainside, their gaze fixed on pictures fancied in the sunset, where the clouds take on strange shapes of human beings, half real, half unreal. These thrust us into a dream world. Of the first group are Chaucer and Shakespeare. Of the second is Spenser, the greatest nondramatic poet of the Elizabethan Age, the "poet's poet." Among his many poems his masterpiece is *The Faerie Queene,* the longest poem in the English language. Even so, it is only part of his original plan. Its length, its sustained imaginative quality, and the intricacy of its stanza form fill one with admiration for the magnitude of the achievement.

Spenser, whose father was a poor London tailor, was practically a charity pupil at the Merchant Taylors' School, and later worked his way through Cambridge as servant to some of the gentlemen students. His reputation began in 1579 with *The Shepherd's Calendar,* twelve descriptive poems, one for each month, written in various meters adapted from the ancient classics. This series brought him court recognition and began the vogue for pastoral poetry, a type that idealized country life. The next year he was sent to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Deputy; and much of his later life is bound up with that country, which, unfortunately, he hated. The gentle side of the man as revealed in his exquisite poetry is hard to reconcile with the fierceness of a tract in which he advocates complete extermination of the rebellious Irish.

Encouraged by Sir Walter Raleigh, he returned to England and published three books of *The Faerie Queene,* which so delighted Queen Elizabeth that she granted him a yearly pension of one hundred pounds. But the Lord Treasurer, considering this far too much for a "mere song," cut it in half and sometimes forgot to pay it. Spenser, unable to afford the high cost of London society, returned to Ireland. There he married a beautiful Irish girl, the Elizabeth

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE



of his lyrics and sonnets. His *Epithalamion*, written in celebration of his marriage, is considered the greatest of all wedding songs. Living in a picturesque old castle amid rare scenery, he devoted himself to his poetry. Then another rebellion broke out; the castle and parts of his manuscript were burned, and his family barely escaped with their lives. Tradition says he was left in abject poverty. The shock of this experience doubtless contributed to his death a few months later in England. He was laid near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, and his fellow poets placed their elegies beside him in the grave.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Spenser's great poem shows kinship with both the old metrical romances and the morality plays. Like the former, it deals with the chivalrous days of King Arthur, with knights and fair ladies, dragons and dwarfs, captives and caitiffs. Like the latter, its characters are really abstract virtues and vices personified and, therefore, not genuine flesh-and-blood people, who are bundles of virtues and vices all tied up together.

Spenser expected to write twelve books, each recounting the story of a knight who personifies one of the virtues, triumphing over the corresponding vice. He even had a vague plan of continuing later with stories of the "public" virtues, those pertaining to the management of the state. But only six adventures were completed, those of the knights representing Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. The Faerie Queene, who sends out these knights on their quests, was supposed to be Queen Elizabeth — just one of the subtle flatteries of the royal patron which were common among literary men of the day.

The best approach to *The Faerie Queene* is through a modernized prose version. (See reading list, at end of this section.) The poem with its involved allegory and archaic language is difficult for the average reader of today, but it has always found an appreciative audience among the poets themselves. Especially in the early nineteenth century, Spenser was hailed as master by the young romantic poets. His unique stanza form was used by Burns, Byron, Keats, and others, so that the Spenserian stanza, as it is called in his honor, has become one of the notable English forms.

To familiarize you with this stanza, three examples are here given. Observe the rhyme scheme and the concluding line with its extra foot to lend dignity and leisureliness to the style. These scattered stanzas have been chosen to disclose certain qualities of Spenser's poetry. The first is the famous description of the house of Morpheus (Sleep), in which the soothing effect of the flowing rhythm is a notable adaptation of sound to sense (Book I, Canto I, Stanza 41).

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

[The second, describing the Queen Lucifera in the House of Pride, shows Spenser's appeal to the eye by rich sumptuous effects (Book I, Canto IV, Stanza 8).]

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellishèd
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistering gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

[The third, setting forth a standard of knightly honor, shows Spenser's love of moralizing (Book I, Canto IV, Stanza 1).]

Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labors huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare lovèd Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse [1] knights ensample plainly prove.

[1] **Redcrosse:** A red cross, symbol of Christ's crucifixion, was the emblem on the shield of this knight, who represented Holiness. This is not to be confused with the emblem of the present Red Cross organization, which is derived from the flag of Switzerland.

Christopher Marlowe 1564–1593

The most tragic literary figure of Elizabethan days is young Christopher Marlowe, killed in a tavern quarrel before he was thirty. So little is really known about the circumstances of his life and premature death that they have been the subject of innumerable legends, and not until 1925 was a scholarly account of proved facts published. Marlowe was a native of Canterbury, a student at Cambridge, and for the last six years of his life an important contributor to London drama. Four magnificent tragedies came out of those years. *Tamburlaine* pictures the great Asiatic conqueror of the fourteenth century. *Dr. Faustus* builds on the age-old legend of the man who sells his soul to the Devil, a story known to the present generation through Gounod's opera *Faust*. *The Jew of Malta* somewhat resembles Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice,* but presents a more inhuman monster than Shylock. In *Edward the Second* an English king, unable to cope with adverse circumstances, is finally murdered. In these plays Marlowe perfected blank verse, and gave it such power, sonorousness, rapidity, and color that he has been famous ever since for his "mighty line."

Though space forbids including here a tragedy by Marlowe, you may at least read his most famous lyric. It shows the influence of Greek pastoral poetry, which he had studied at Cambridge. Spenser had shortly before popularized this form with his *The Shepherd's Calendar.* Observe that Marlowe's characters resemble delicate figures of Dresden china more than they do the hearty English countryfolk.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Adventurer, poet, and historian whose life typified the age in which he lived. (Culver)

Walter Raleigh 1552?–1618

The bubble of romance blown by the passionate shepherd is neatly pricked by Sir Walter Raleigh, who turns the Dresden china shepherdess into a practical-minded young woman with an eye to the future. The two poems form a famous pair.

Raleigh is only a minor poet, but he is an interesting link between the world of literature and the world of affairs. A friend of Spenser and Marlowe; a favorite of the Queen (see page 386 for the story of his rise as told by Sir Walter Scott in *Kenilworth*); a warrior, voyager, colonizer — he led a colorful life. Unfortunately he fell out of favor with the Queen and later with James I. His attempts at colonizing Virginia all failed; he lost both his son and his standing at court by his efforts to find a gold mine in Guiana; on his return he was executed for treason. During one of his periods of imprisonment in the Tower he wrote a lengthy *History of the World*, but posterity probably received more value from his introduction of the potato into Ireland!

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

7. **Philomel:** the nightingale. 22. **no date:** no final date; no end.

Suggestions for Study of Spenser, Marlowe, and Raleigh

1. Study the form of the Spenserian stanza, noting the number of lines to a stanza, the number of accents to a line (variation in last line), and the rhyme scheme.

2. In the first of the three Spenserian stanzas, what specific words contribute to the idea of quiet? In the second, what words contribute to the brilliant picture painted in the mind's eye?

3. What do you think of Spenser's advice in the third stanza? Compare with Chaucer's picture of a knight and a squire (pages 78 and 79)

4. Why might Marlowe's lyric be called a pastoral lyric? Point out details to show that he gives a romantic and not a realistic picture of a shepherd's life. Try to find pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses drawn or painted in the same mood.

5. In Raleigh's poem, what reasons does the nymph give for refusing the shepherd? Do you consider them valid ones? Why or why not?

William Shakespeare 1564–1616

Probably no other English author has been so thoroughly studied as Shakespeare, and yet we can prove few actual facts about him. Certainly no stone has been left unturned by scholars, but much of his life is still shrouded in mystery and may never be clarified. We do know that he spent his boyhood in Stratford upon Avon, the town in central England that is now the chief memorial spot for "the Bard of Avon." There the house where he is thought to have been born is a museum of early editions and other mementos. Not far away is the grammar school he must have attended, a great beamed room, still part of the Edward VI boys' school. Beneath this room is the guildhall where he may have witnessed the miracle and morality plays given during his youth. In old Trinity Church is the exhibited record of his baptism on April 27, 1564, from which the supposed birthday, April 23, has been arbitrarily set, for there is no documentary proof. In the chancel of this same church he is buried near the stone bearing the famous lines:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosèd heare:
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Thus England's greatest poet is by choice not buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

At Shottery near Stratford is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare married when he was only nineteen. Not long after, he went to London to seek his fortune. One can also see the site of the handsome house he purchased in Stratford with the money he earned in London; the house itself was burned long ago. With all these concrete evidences, in Stratford, Shakespeare seems like a real person: but in London, where he spent the best years of his life, he



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Master dramatist and word-wielder. "He was not of an age, but for all time." (Culver)

seems almost like a myth, for the old theaters where he acted minor parts, and in one of which he finally held a part ownership, are all gone, and meager records give us only a few superficial facts about him. He apparently gave no thought to future fame, because he never wrote about himself except in the sonnets, nor even took precaution to put his plays into permanent form. Thus he has caused scholars an infinite amount of labor ever since, to obtain the best version among the many recorded after his death. We do know, however, that he was popular with audiences of his day and that he made a goodly fortune by his plays. Most important of all, we know from his writings that he had a versatility, a power over words, and a wide and deep understanding of human nature such as no other English writer has equaled.

If Shakespeare really wrote everything attributed to him, he produced during a quarter of a century of active writing five long narrative or descriptive poems; one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and thirty-seven plays, representing all types — farce, history, romantic comedy, and tragedy. A few of the long poems



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE. To this cottage Anne's husband must have returned occasionally from his dramatic pursuits in London. This half-timbered thatch-roofed building is a typical Tudor home set in an attractive English garden. (De Cou from Ewing Galloway)

and plays are of doubtful authorship. In the absence of authentic records, scholars have attempted to group the plays roughly into four main periods.

The plays of the first period are marked by youthful dreams and exuberant spirits. Paramount among them are *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, loveliest of poetic fantasies; *The Merchant of Venice*, the most frequently produced of his romantic comedies; *The Taming of the Shrew*, his most popular farce; and *Romeo and Juliet*, a romantic tragedy of ageless beauty and world renown.

The second period is that of the great chronicles and romantic comedies. The fat, rollicking Falstaff rolls through the plays of *King Henry IV* and recurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, said to have been written at the queen's request to see Falstaff in love. By this time Shakespeare had a proprietary interest in the Globe theater, for which he wrote three great comedies: *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. They have certain elements in common, such as the profusion of choice lyrics, the plot turning on concealed identity, the witty, self-reliant heroines (in the last two disguised as boys), and the highly individualized comic characters. In spite of their farcical elements, all three of these comedies partake of the idyl and are imbued with the most delicate romance.

Depression and tragedy mark the plays of the third period. What sorrow or disillusionment in Shakespeare's life may have darkened his spirit we can only guess, for there is no definite record. Among several plays laid in ancient Greece and Rome, the best known is *Julius Caesar*, analyzing man's relation to the State. Even greater are four tragedies which touch the depths of human experience in various stages of life. The young prince in *Hamlet* shows a sensitive and subtle intellect struggling against the adverse circumstances of life. *Othello* is a powerful study of love in middle life slain by overmastering jealousy and suspicion. *Macbeth* analyzes the soul of the mature, grasping ruler who sacrifices everyone to gratify his inordinate personal ambition. *King Lear* gives an unforgettable picture of an aged, childish king driven mad by the ingratitude of his daughters.

With the fourth period the storm and stress of Shakespeare's inner spirit seems to have passed away. *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are plays of warmth and reconciliation. Old

wrongs are righted and forgiven in the end. He returns to the spirited fantasy and tender romance of the earlier comedies, suffused with a mellow philosophy, especially in his last play, *The Tempest*. Thus Shakespeare's genius completes its full circle with no diminution of poetic power, and with an almost godlike return of poise.

Even so brief an outline as this helps to answer the question often asked by students, "Why is Shakespeare considered so great?" Think of the tremendous range of experience and the variety of characters he has created. Add to this the intrinsic power and music of his words, to be appreciated only by direct and repeated contact with the plays themselves, and you will realize why immortality has crowned the work of this remarkable man.

THE SONGS OF SHAKESPEARE

Before beginning the study of one of Shakespeare's major tragedies, it is well to touch briefly some of his delicate lyrics. The poet must have loved music, whether or not he could sing or play any instrument, for there are about four hundred references to music in his dramas.

Most of Shakespeare's songs are an integral part of a play and are best appreciated in their original setting. Especially is this true of songs in *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Others — such as "Who is Sylvia?" — are much better known than the plays of which they are a part. The complete collection of the songs from Shakespeare's plays numbers one hundred and twenty-four. He has been more popular with composers than has any other Elizabethan writer, and available musical settings range from sixteenth- to twentieth-century music. This scope bears abundant witness to the singing quality of his words. For musical settings see the lists at the end of this section and at the close of the book.

THREE SONGS FROM *THE TEMPEST*

By the first two songs the elfin sprite Ariel lures the shipwrecked Ferdinand along the shore. The second song convinces the young man that his father is drowned (Act I, Sc. 2). The third song is an expression of Ariel's happiness in anticipating the freedom that his master has promised him (Act V, Sc. 1).

I

Come unto these yellow sands,
  And then take hands;
Curtsied when you have and kissed
  The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And sweet sprites the burthen bear.
  Hark, hark!
    Bowwow.
  The watchdogs bark:
    Bowwow.
  Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
  Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

II

Full fathom five thy father lies.
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
  Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
                Dingdong!
Hark! now I hear them — Dingdong, bell!

III

  Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
  In a cowslip's bell I lie;
  There I couch when owls do cry.
  On the bat's back I do fly
  After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

In Act II, Scene 5, of *As You Like It*, one of the banished duke's followers sings this song, which seems to epitomize the free, happy spirit in the Forest of Arden. Notice the indirect suggestion of the human enemy who had caused the banishment.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

This morning song from *Cymbeline* (Act II, Sc. 3) is sung to Princess Imogen by the musicians of her suitor. There are more than a dozen musical settings for it, the most famous being that by Franz Schubert.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

O MISTRESS MINE

This quaint love song from *Twelfth Night* (Act II, Sc. 3) is doubly interesting because it is one of the few for which we still have sixteenth-century music. It has also a score of more recent settings.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

COME AWAY, DEATH

Sung by the Clown to the lovelorn Duke, this dirge from *Twelfth Night* (Act II, Sc. 4) is typical of the extravagant despair of those who think they are about to die of unrequited love. Of course they never do. It has a pleasing eighteenth-century musical setting and an even more famous one by Brahms.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

WHO IS SILVIA?

This serenade from *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act IV, Sc. 2) has always appealed to composers; for it numbers about twenty different musical settings, Schubert's being the most famous. In most of these songs the last line of each stanza is repeated and built up to a climax of melody, which makes it more impressive than in reading.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Suggestions for Study

1. For each of the songs write a good sentence to point out the emotion or idea it conveys. Select words or lines that you think particularly expressive, or that have special singing quality in their sound.

2. Because there is no set form for a song, great variety in rhythmical pattern may be found. Are any two of these alike in pattern? Note rhyme schemes and variations in length of line. Show examples of refrain, of alliteration, of onomatopoeic words — that is, words whose sound suggests their meaning (like *bow-wow*).

3. Whenever possible hear the lyrics in their musical setting, either by singer or phonograph record. Discuss whether the music fits the mood of the verse.

4. Memorize several of your favorites from this group.

5. If you enjoy these lyrics, read others. Brooke's *The Shakespeare Songs* gives a complete record of them, and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* includes the best ones by other Elizabethans.

6. Try writing a short lyric of your own. Poets and musicians in the class might collaborate on original words and music.

SONNETS

Shakespeare, like many others of his contemporaries, wrote a sonnet sequence. Critics have disputed for years whether these one hundred and fifty-four poems reflect Shakespeare's own emotional experiences or are merely the expression of an imaginary situation. The sonnets fall into two main divisions, the first one hundred and twenty-six addressed to a man friend, the rest to a "dark lady" — both of whom have been identified by scholars with various persons in Elizabeth's court, but never with any certainty. Whichever conjectures are right, these sonnets stand as masterpieces of this intricate form, and appeal to universal emotions.

SONNET 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest —

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

7. **And . . . declines:** Every beautiful thing will eventually lose some of its beauty.

SONNET 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SONNET 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan
Which I new pay as if not paid before;

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SONNET 65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

10. **Shall . . . hid?** The poet pictures Time as collecting jewels for a treasure chest, and wishes to preserve his friend from being seized by Time.

SONNET 73

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

— This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove —

O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom —

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

4. **Or . . . remove:** Ceases to love because the other has ceased. 8. **Whose . . . taken:** The sailor may be able to calculate the height of the star from the horizon, but not appreciate its full value. 9. **Love's . . . fool:** Time cannot cheat true love.

Suggestions for Study of the Sonnets

1. The sonnet is a specific kind of lyric with a highly formalized pattern. It has fourteen lines, written in iambic pentameter (five feet to a line, each foot containing one unaccented and one accented syllable). The rhyme scheme may vary. Shakespeare uses a different form from the Italian sonnet introduced by Wyatt. Here you will observe three quatrains (four-line stanzas) and a concluding couplet. Do you find any variation in the order of rhymes among these sonnets?

2. For each sonnet write a good sentence summing up its main idea.

3. In Sonnet 29 (one of the most famous) what two moods are contrasted? What causes each mood? To what elements in the world of nature does Shakespeare compare this change of mood? Look up the habits of the English skylark to see why the lines here and in "Hark, hark, the Lark" (page 122) are especially forceful.

4. The mood of Sonnet 30 somewhat resembles that of Sonnet 29. But what differences can you find in the causes of depression? Which of the two sonnets do you prefer?

5. What resemblance is there in the ideas expressed in Sonnets 18, 65, and 73? In Sonnet 73 each of the three quatrains has a different, fully carried-out comparison. Point out what these three are and how they are made effective.

6. In Sonnet 116 what characteristics of love are emphasized? To what is love compared in the second quatrain? How is Time pictured in the third? How many words or phrases can you find that emphasize permanence? Contrast this with the emphasis on change in several of the preceding sonnets.

7. If you have interest in writing poetry, try a sonnet. Though the form seems difficult at first, it gives excellent practice. Many skillful sonnets have been written by high-school students.

MACBETH

Macbeth is one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies; many critics think it the greatest. As an acting play it outdistances them all because of its admirable construction and its many scenes that are theatrically powerful as well as inherently dramatic. It is also the shortest of Shakespeare's tragedies, about two-thirds the length of *Hamlet*. It was written in 1606 and, as far as we know, the only source for the story is Holinshed's *Chronicles*, a work frequently used by Shakespeare for his chronicle plays. The playwright, however, takes great liberties with history, changing the character of Macbeth's reign and obtaining his idea for the method of Duncan's murder from a story in Holinshed that happened years before Macbeth's time. His purpose was not to write history but to portray human souls in the clutch of evil ambitions.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE [1]

DUNCAN, king of Scotland	
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN	his sons
MACBETH, BANQUO	generals of the king's army
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS	noblemen of Scotland
FLEANCE, son to Banquo	
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces	
Young SIWARD, his son	
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth	
BOY, son to Macduff	
An English Doctor	
A Scotch Doctor	
A Sergeant	
A Porter	
An Old Man	

[1] The only names that present a pronunciation difficulty are: **Donalbain** (dŏn′ăl-bān), **Menteith** (mĕn-tēth′), **Caithness** (kāth′nĕs), **Fleance** (flē′ăns), **Siward** (sē′wärd), **Seyton** (sē′tŏn), **Hecate** (hĕk′ăt)

LADY MACBETH
LADY MACDUFF
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth
HECATE
Three witches
Apparitions
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers

SCENE. *Scotland; England.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

[*Thunder and lightning. Enter three* Witches.]

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
SECOND WITCH. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.
FIRST WITCH. Where the place?
SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.
THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.
FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!
SECOND WITCH. Paddock calls.
THIRD WITCH. Anon.
ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

3. **hurlyburly:** tumult. 8. **Graymalkin:** cat. 9. **paddock:** toad. The governing spirit of a witch was supposed to be embodied in some animal. 11. **Fair . . . fair:** This line suggests that the witches completely reverse accepted moral standards.

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

[*Alarum within. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.]

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
MALCOLM. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
SERGEANT. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald —
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him — from the western isles

9. **choke:** make useless. 10. **for to that:** because. 12. **western isles:** the Hebrides and Ireland

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's wench. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carvèd out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valor armed
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit* Sergeant, *attended.*
Who comes here?

[*Enter* ROSS.]

MALCOLM. The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS. God save the king!

DUNCAN. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

13. **kerns and gallowglasses:** light-armed and heavy-armed troops. 19. **minion:** favorite. 21. **Which:** i.e., Macbeth. 24. **cousin:** Macbeth was first cousin to Duncan, but the word was often used for any relative, and sometimes merely as a familiar term. 25. **whence:** direction from which; i.e., the east. 31. **vantage:** opportunity. 45. **thane:** minor nobleman. 49. **flout:** insult.

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN. . Great happiness!

ROSS. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS. I'll see it done.

DUNCAN. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

54. **Bellona's bridegroom:** Mars, to whom Macbeth is compared. 54. **lapped in proof:** wrapped in perfect armor. 59. **composition:** terms of peace. 61. **Saint Colme's inch:** an island near Edinburgh now called Inchcolm; named from its abbey dedicated to St. Colomb. 62. **dollar:** an English term first used in the sixteenth century for the German coin *thaler*. Shakespeare probably used it because of its foreign sound.

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.]

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap.
And munched, and munched, and munched. " Give me," quoth I.
" Aroint thee, witch! " the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary se'nnights nine times nine

2. **killing swine:** supposed to be a favorite pastime of witches. 6. **Aroint:** begone. 9. **without a tail:** Witches could assume the form of any animal, but the tail was always lacking. 10. **do:** gnaw. 15. **blow:** i.e., to which they blow. 17. **card:** chart. 20. **penthouse:** sloping. 21. **forbid:** cursed.

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

[*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO.]

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO. How far is't called to Forres? What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can. What are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

23. **dwindle . . . pine:** The belief was that witches, placing a wax image of a person before a fire, caused that person's slow death as the wax melted. 32. **weird:** fatal in the sense of determining fate. Compare with Saxon "Wyrd." 33. **posters:** rapid travelers. 35. **thrice:** Three and its multiples had magic significance. 38. **So . . . day:** a significant echo of the witches' standards expressed in line 11 of Scene 1. 48. **Glamis** (glämz). 53. **fantastical:** imaginary.

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.
THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [Witches *vanish.*
BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
MACBETH. Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!
BANQUO. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.
BANQUO. You shall be king.
MACBETH. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
BANQUO. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

[*Enter* ROSS *and* ANGUS.]

ROSS. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.
ANGUS. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
ROSS. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
BANQUO. [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak true?
MACBETH. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

71. **Sinel's death** (sĭ'nĕl): Sinel was Macbeth's father. 81. **corporal:** having body. 104. **earnest:** pledge. 106. **addition:** title.

ANGUS. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To* ROSS *and* ANGUS] Thanks for your pains.
[*To* BANQUO] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH. Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn

120. **That trusted home:** fully trusted.

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
[*To* BANQUO] Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

[*Flourish. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.]

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

[*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.]

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honor.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

12. **To find**: i.e., capable of finding.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

DUNCAN. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

37–39. In these lines the king indicates Malcolm as his successor. Since the line of kings was not hereditary at that time, Macbeth might have succeeded Duncan legitimately; but this is now impossible. 42. **Inverness:** Macbeth's castle, twenty-five miles from Forres.

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*]

LADY MACBETH. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without

14. **nearest way:** i.e., murder.

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, " Thus thou must do, if thou have it ";
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit* Messenger.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry " Hold, hold! "

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

16. **illness:** unscrupulousness. 19. **That:** the crown. 24. **golden round:** crown. 25. **metaphysical:** supernatural. 34. **raven:** bird of ill omen. 37. **mortal:** murderous. 40. **remorse:** compassion. 41. **compunctious . . . nature:** feelings of pity. 45. **sightless:** invisible.



MACBETH AS PRESENTED IN NEW YORK IN 1941. Maurice Evans, eminent Shakespearean actor whose many roles include Richard II and Hamlet, as Macbeth, with Judith Anderson in the role of Lady Macbeth. (Culver)

MACBETH. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.
LADY MACBETH. And when goes hence?
MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.
LADY MACBETH. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
MACBETH. We will speak further.
LADY MACBETH. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

59–60. **To . . . time:** To deceive, you must look natural. 68. **alter . . . fear:** Change of countenance shows fear

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

[*Hautboys and torches. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.]

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

DUNCAN. See, see, our honored hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house; for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

DUNCAN. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces toward him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

[*Hautboys and torches. Enter a* Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH.]

1. **seat:** location. 5. **mansionry:** masonry. 20. **We . . . hermits:** i.e., We shall always pray for you. 22. **purveyor:** forerunner. 26. **compt:** readiness. Stage direction: **Sewer:** one who arranges the table.

MACBETH. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he has?

MACBETH. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

3. **trammel up:** tangle up, or suspend. 6. **But:** only. 7. **jump:** take chances on. 8. **that:** so that. 10. **even-handed:** impartial. 11. **Commends:** offers. 17. **faculties:** royal powers. 23. **sightless couriers:** the winds. 28. **other:** other side. 32. **bought:** acquired. 42. **ornament:** i.e., the crown.

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting " I dare not " wait upon " I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH. Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

LADY MACBETH. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

52. **adhere:** suit. 60. **sticking-place:** The line refers to the tuning process of a stringed instrument. 64. **convince:** overpower. 66. **fume:** i.e., filled with fumes. 66–67. **receipt . . . only:** The reasoning power will be a condenser, in this case filled with fumes. 72. **quell:** murder. 80. **corporal agent:** bodily power.

ACT II

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

[*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *bearing a torch before him.*]

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?
FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.
FLEANCE. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
BANQUO. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

[*Enter* MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*]

Give me my sword.
Who's there?
MACBETH. A friend.
BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
MACBETH. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
BANQUO. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
MACBETH. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.
MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.
BANQUO. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.
MACBETH. Good repose the while!
BANQUO. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

MACBETH. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

4. **husbandry:** thrift; i.e., it is cloudy. 14. **largess . . . offices:** presents to your servants. 18. **Our will, etc.:** i.e., We could not entertain as we should have liked. 25. **cleave:** agree to my wishes. 28. **franchised:** free from guilt. 29. **counseled:** willing to discuss.

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep! witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

36–37. **sensible to feeling:** perceptible to the touch. 44–45. **Mine . . . rest:** i.e., If the dagger is not real, my eyes are fooled by my imagination; if real, my eyes are worth all my other senses. 46. **dudgeon:** hilt. 51. **curtained:** Beds had curtains. 52. **Hecate's offerings:** rites to the goddess of the lower regions. 59. **time:** i.e., midnight.

SCENE II. *The same.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

3. **fatal bellman:** The night before execution, a condemned man was notified by a bellman that the execution was set for the next day. 6. **possets:** bedtime drinks made of a mixture of milk and hot ale.

MACBETH. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!
LADY MACBETH. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Enter* MACBETH]

My husband!
MACBETH. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
MACBETH. When?
LADY MACBETH. Now.
MACBETH. As I descended?
LADY MACBETH. Ay.
MACBETH. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.
MACBETH. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
MACBETH. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
LADY MACBETH. There are two lodged together.
MACBETH. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.
MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
MACBETH. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —
LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?
MACBETH. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."
LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think

11–12. **The . . . us:** If unsuccessful, we are ruined. 21. **sorry:** miserable. 28. **hangman:** any executioner. 37. **raveled sleave:** tangled silk before it is spun.

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

MACBETH. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

56–57. **gild . . . guilt:** Observe the pun. Elizabethan writers frequently used puns in serious scenes. 62. **incarnadine:** make red. 68. **constancy:** firmness.

SCENE III. *The same.*

[*Knocking within. Enter a* Porter.]

PORTER. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a

1. **have old:** have a hard time. 6. **equivocator:** deceiver.

French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

[*Enter* MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.]

MACDUFF. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

PORTER. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker.

MACDUFF. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF. Is thy master stirring?

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX. Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH. Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH. Not yet.

MACDUFF. He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH. I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH. The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

MACDUFF. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

LENNOX. Goes the king hence today?

MACBETH. He does — he did appoint so.

LENNOX. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH. 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[*Re-enter* MACDUFF.]

10. **goose:** another pun, since *goose* was the term for a tailor's smoothing iron. 13. **primrose:** easy. 17. **second cock:** about three in the morning. 31. **physics:** cures. 39. **combustion:** tumult. 40. **obscure bird:** owl.

MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH. } What's the matter?
LENNOX. }

MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

MACBETH. What is 't you say? The life?

LENNOX. Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

[*Enter* BANQUO.]

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

[*Re-enter* MACBETH *and* LENNOX, *with* ROSS.]

MACBETH. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.]

59. **great doom's image:** a sight like that of the end of the world. 72. **chance:** happening. 74. **serious in mortality:** worth while in life.

DONALBAIN. What is amiss?
MACBETH. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
MACDUFF. Your royal father's murdered.
MALCOLM. O, by whom?
LENNOX. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
MACBETH. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
MACDUFF. Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
LADY MACBETH. Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF. Look to the lady.
MALCOLM. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
DONALBAIN. [*Aside to* MALCOLM] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brewed.
MALCOLM. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
BANQUO. Look to the lady: [LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.
MACDUFF. And so do I.
ALL. So all.
MACBETH. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

83. **badged:** smeared. 98. **breeched:** completely covered. 102. **argument:** matter for discussion. 108. **naked frailties:** They were in their night clothes. 115. **manly readiness:** armor.

ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

MALCOLM. What will you do? Let's not consort with them;
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

124. **Hath . . . lighted:** i.e., more murder will follow. 127. **shift:** steal.

SCENE IV. *Outside* MACBETH'S *castle.*

[*Enter* ROSS *and an* Old Man.]

OLD MAN. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is 't night predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

OLD MAN. 'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF. Why, see you not?

ROSS. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

7. **traveling lamp:** the sun. 15. **minions** (mĭn'yŭnz): favorites.

MACDUFF. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
ROSS. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
MACDUFF. They were suborned;
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
ROSS. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
MACDUFF. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
ROSS. Where is Duncan's body?
MACDUFF. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
ROSS. Will you to Scone?
MACDUFF. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
ROSS. Well, I will thither.
MACDUFF. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
ROSS. Farewell, father.
OLD MAN. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

24. **suborned** (sŭb-ôrnd'): bribed. 28. **ravin up** (răv'ĭn): gobble up. 31. **Scone** (skōn): ancient home of the kings of Scotland. See page 59 for story of the coronation stone. 36. **Fife** (fīf): Macduff's castle. 36. **thither:** i.e., to Scone.

ACT III

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.*

[*Enter* BANQUO.]

BANQUO. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

[*Sennet sounded. Enter* MACBETH, *as king,* LADY MACBETH, *as queen,* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.]

4. **stand:** continue. Stage direction: **Sennet:** sound of trumpets announcing the entrance of a person of importance.

MACBETH. Here's our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
MACBETH. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
BANQUO. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?
BANQUO. Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is 't far you ride?
BANQUO. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
MACBETH. Fail not our feast.
BANQUO. My lord, I will not.
MACBETH. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
BANQUO. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.
MACBETH. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone; while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH, *and an* Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
ATTENDANT. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
MACBETH. Bring them before us.
[*Exit* Attendant.
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;

13. **all-thing:** altogether. 14. **solemn supper:** formal banquet. 33. **invention:** falsehoods. 34–35. **cause . . . jointly:** affairs of state that concern us both. 44. **while:** until. 49. **But . . . thus:** unless we are safely thus. 50. **royalty:** nobility.

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophetlike
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

[*Re-enter* Attendant, *with two* Murderers.]

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit* Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER. It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER. You made it known to us.

MACBETH. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?

FIRST MURDERER. We are men, my liege.

MACBETH. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

56. **Genius:** guardian spirit. 65. **filed:** defiled. 68. **jewel:** soul. 69. **common enemy:** devil. 72. **utterance:** finish, end. See page 53. 80. **passed in probation:** proved in detail. 81. **borne in hand:** fooled. 88. **gospeled:** i.e., trained to believe in the gospel of forgiveness.

Shoughs, water rugs and demiwolves are clept
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

MACBETH. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS. True, my lord.

MACBETH. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER. Though our lives —

MACBETH. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done tonight,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness; and with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —

95. **valued file:** list of values. 100. **addition:** distinction. 100. **bill:** list. 112. **tugged with:** pulled hither and yon by. 120. **avouch:** account for. 121. **For:** because of. 122. **wail:** I must bewail. 130. **perfect . . . time:** the exact time. 132–133. **always . . . clearness:** Remember that I must remain clear of this. 134. **leave . . . botches:** There must be no mistakes or bungling.

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS. We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt* Murderers.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The palace.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.]

LADY MACBETH. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

LADY MACBETH. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

MACBETH. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

10. **Using:** constantly thinking. 13. **scotched:** cut. 16. **frame of things:** the universe. 21. **torture:** the rack. 22. **ecstasy:** mental torment.

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue;
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH. You must leave this.

MACBETH. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

MACBETH. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH. What's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

34. **vizards** (vĭz'ĕrdz): masks. 41. **cloistered:** lonely; dark. 42. **shard-borne:** wings hard as pieces of pottery. 43. **yawning:** drowsy. 46. **seeling:** a term from falconry. The eyes of the falcon were covered (seeled) by a hood or scarf. 49. **bond:** Banquo's life, together with the promise of the witches. 51. **rooky:** full of rooks, or crows.

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

[*Enter three* Murderers.]

FIRST MURDERER. But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER. Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER. Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. **needs not:** We need not distrust the newcomer. 3. **offices:** duties.

SECOND MURDERER. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
FIRST MURDERER. His horses go about.
THIRD MURDERER. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
SECOND MURDERER. A light, a light!

[*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*]

THIRD MURDERER. 'Tis he.
FIRST MURDERER. Stand to 't.
BANQUO. It will be rain tonight.
FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down. [*They set upon* BANQUO.
BANQUO. O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*
THIRD MURDERER. Who did strike out the light?
FIRST MURDERER. Was 't not the way?
THIRD MURDERER. There's but one down; the son is fled.
SECOND MURDERER. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
FIRST MURDERER. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

10. **note of expectation:** invited guests. 11. **horses go about:** a Shakespearean device for avoiding the use of horses on the stage.

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

[*A banquet prepared. Enter* MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.]

MACBETH. You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last the hearty welcome.
LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.
MACBETH. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

[*First* Murderer *appears at the door.*]

MACBETH. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst;
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's blood upon thy face.
'URDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.
MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?

10. **Us- -ees:** rank. 5. **keeps her state:** remains on her chair of state. 14. **'Tis . . . within:** The -tter outside thee than inside him. the rack.

MURDERER. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
MACBETH. Thou art the best o' the cutthroats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
MURDERER. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
MACBETH. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
MURDERER. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
MACBETH. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
LADY MACBETH. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
MACBETH. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
LENNOX. May 't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
MACBETH. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
ROSS. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
MACBETH. The table's full.
LENNOX. Here is a place reserved, sir.
MACBETH. Where?
LENNOX. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
MACBETH. Which of you have done this?
LORDS. What, my good lord?
MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

19. **nonpareil:** without equal. 23. **casing:** enveloping. 25. **saucy:** insolent. 29. **worm:** a serpent's young. 32. **We'll . . . again:** i.e., talk the matter over. 33–36. **The . . . ceremony:** i.e., Unless hospitality is shown to guests one might as well dine at an inn; at home one merely eats, but away from home one expects ceremony.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
MACBETH. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
LADY MACBETH. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
MACBETH. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *vanishes.*
LADY MACBETH. What, quite unmanned in folly?
MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH. Fie, for shame!
MACBETH. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*Re-enter* Ghost.]

63. **flaws:** emotional displays. 64. **Impostors:** imitations of. 73. **maws of kites:** i.e., Instead of having monuments, the dead shall be given to vultures. 81. **murders:** wounds

MACBETH. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
LADY MACBETH. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
MACBETH. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost *vanishes.*
Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
LADY MACBETH. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
MACBETH. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.
ROSS. What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
LENNOX. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
LADY MACBETH. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH.
MACBETH. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
LADY MACBETH. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
MACBETH. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
LADY MACBETH. Did you send to him, sir?

95. **speculation:** i.e., the eyes are dead. 101. **Hyrcan** (hûr'kăn): Hyrcanian, relating to an ancient province of Asia, southeast of the Caspian. 104. **desert:** open. 105. **inhabit:** remain. 105. **protest:** call me publicly. 106. **baby . . . girl:** doll. 110. **admired:** wondered at. 112–113. **You . . . owe:** I do not understand my own character. 124. **understood relations:** i.e., understood only by augurs. 125. **magot-pies and choughs** (chŭfs): magpies and jackdaws.

MACBETH. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
LADY MACBETH. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
MACBETH. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

141. **season**: seasoning.

SCENE V. *A heath.*

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches, *meeting* HECATE.]

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
HECATE. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distilled by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion

7. **close**: secret. 15. **Acheron** (ăk'ĕr-ŏn): one of the rivers of Hades, but here evidently some local pit supposed to lead to Hades.

Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear;
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Music and a song within:* "Come away, come away," &c.
Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

[*Enter* LENNOX *and another* Lord.]

LENNOX. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further; only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key —
As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not — they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
LORD. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these — with Him above
To ratify the work — we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,

3. **borne:** carried on. 10. **fact:** deed. 21. **broad words:** plain speaking. 27. **pious Edward:** Edward the Confessor (1002?–1066).

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors;
All which we pine for now; and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did; and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

LENNOX. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

LORD. I'll send my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

36. **free:** unbribed. 41. **cloudy:** gloomy.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling caldron.*

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.]

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

FIRST WITCH. Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

1. **brinded:** streaked. 3. **Harpier:** probably coined from "harpy." 8. **sweltered venom:** poison sweated out from a toad.

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

[*Enter* HECATE *to the other three* Witches.]

HECATE. O, well done! I commend your pains:
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song:* " Black spirits." &c
[HECATE *retires.*

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

23. **mummy:** In Shakespeare's day a sticky fluid was actually concocted from mummies and used as a medicine. 23. **gulf:** stomach. 24. **ravined:** full from overfeeding. 32. **slab:** slimy. 33. **chaudron:** entrails. 53. **yesty:** foamy. 55. **corn:** i.e., wheat blown flat to the ground before it was ripe. 59. **germens:** seeds.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.
SECOND WITCH. Demand.
THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.
FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
MACBETH. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
ALL. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

[*Thunder. First* Apparition: *an armed Head.*]

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power —
FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
FIRST APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends.*
MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright: but one word more —
FIRST WITCH. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder. Second* Apparition: *a bloody Child.*]

SECOND APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
MACBETH. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
SECOND APPARITION. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
MACBETH. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[*Thunder. Third* Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*]

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
ALL. Listen, but speak not to 't.
THIRD APPARITION. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
MACBETH. That will never be.

65. **farrow:** litter. Stage direction: **an armed Head:** symbolic of Macbeth. Stage direction: **a bloody Child:** the child Macduff. 84. **bond of fate:** To make the promise of the Apparition "double sure," he will kill Macduff. Stage direction: **a Child crowned:** Malcolm.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACBETH. I will be satisfied; deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SECOND WITCH. Show!

THIRD WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

[*A show of Eight* Kings, *the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO'S *Ghost following.*]

MACBETH. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown doth sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [Apparitions *vanish.*] What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and then vanish, with* HECATE.

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone! Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

[*Enter* LENNOX.]

Stage direction: **Hautboys** (hō'boiz): oboes. Stage direction: **Eight Kings:** the Stuart kings of Scotland. 119. **glass:** magic mirror. 121. **twofold . . . carry:** a reference to James I, who united Scotland with England, and later Ireland. There was a tradition that he was descended from Banquo. 123. **blood-boltered:** hair wet with blood. 127. **sprites:** spirits.

LENNOX. What's your grace's will?
MACBETH. Saw you the weird sisters?
LENNOX. No, my lord.
MACBETH. Came they not by you?
LENNOX. No, my lord.
MACBETH. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
LENNOX. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
MACBETH. Fled to England!
LENNOX. Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, and babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

145. **flighty:** fleeting.

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

[*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.]

LADY MACDUFF. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
ROSS. You must have patience, madam.
LADY MACDUFF. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
ROSS. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
LADY MACDUFF. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
ROSS. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

12. **All . . . love:** i.e., To Macduff fear is everything, love nothing.

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF. What, with worms and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

17. **fits:** disorders. 19. **ourselves:** i.e., as traitors. 25. **My pretty cousin:** addressed to the boy. 29. **disgrace:** i.e., if I broke down and wept. 36. **lime:** a sticky substance smeared on limbs of trees to catch birds. 37. **gin:** trap.

MESSENGER. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
LADY MACDUFF. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?

[*Enter* Murderers.]

What are these faces?
FIRST MURDERER. Where is your husband?
LADY MACDUFF. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
FIRST MURDERER. He's a traitor.
SON. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!
FIRST MURDERER. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
SON. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, *crying* "Murder!"
[*Exeunt* Murderers, *following her.*

63. **perfect:** perfectly acquainted with. 65. **homely:** without rank.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.]

MALCOLM. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.
MALCOLM. What I believe, I'll wail,
What know, believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

10. **to friend:** suitable.

Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF. I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF. I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered! Fare thee well, lord;
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF. What should he be?

MALCOLM. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state

16–17. **offer up . . . god:** i.e., By betraying me to him you will win favor. 19. **recoil:** revert to evil at the command of the king. 23. **foul:** ugly. 24. **so:** i.e., fair. 26. **rawness:** unseemly haste. 29. **jealousies . . . dishonors:** supicions be insults to you. 30. **safeties:** precautions. 34. **affeered:** confirmed; i.e., tyranny's title. 43. **England:** the king, Edward the Confessor.

Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

MALCOLM. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will.
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

MALCOLM. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,

64. **continent impediments:** restraining motives. 71. **convey:** have secretly. 77. **affection:** nature. 86. **summer-seeming:** youthful. 88. **foisons:** rich harvests. 89. **portable:** bearable.

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF. O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From overcredulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACDUFF. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

[*Enter a* Doctor.]

107. **interdiction:** verdict. 118. **trains:** tricks. 135. **at a point:** prepared. 136. **goodness:** success 137. **quarrel:** argument. The sense of this passage is, "May our chance of success be as good to our cause as the outcome of our quarrel was to us."

MALCOLM. Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?
DOCTOR. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch —
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand —
They presently amend.
MALCOLM. I thank you, Doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
MACDUFF. What's the disease he means?
MALCOLM. 'Tis called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

[*Enter* ROSS.]

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?
MALCOLM. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
MACDUFF. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
MALCOLM. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
ROSS. Sir, amen.
MACDUFF. Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSS. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
MACDUFF. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
MALCOLM. What's the newest grief?
ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
MACDUFF. How does my wife?

143. **assay:** effort; their maladies baffle the doctors. 146. **evil:** scrofula, a skin disease. 152. **mere:** absolute. 153. **stamp:** coin. 163. **means:** woes. 170. **modern ecstasy:** an everyday feeling. 173. **relation:** account. 174. **nice:** exact. 175. **hiss:** i.e., because he tells things that are out of date. 176. **teems:** brings forth.

ROSS. Why, well.
MACDUFF. And all my children?
ROSS. Well too.
MACDUFF. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
ROSS. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
MACDUFF. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes 't?
ROSS. When I came hither to transport the tidings.
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
MALCOLM. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
ROSS. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
MACDUFF. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
ROSS. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
MACDUFF. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
MACDUFF. Hum! I guess at it.
ROSS. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
MALCOLM. Merciful Heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
MACDUFF. My children too?
ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?

183. **out**: up in arms. 186. **your eye**: Macduff's. 195. **latch**: catch. 196. **fee-grief**: private grief. 206. **quarry**: dead bodies.

ROSS. I have said.
MALCOLM. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACDUFF. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man.
MACDUFF. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACDUFF. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape.
Heaven forgive him too!
MALCOLM. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

220. **Dispute:** fight with. 225. **naught:** worthless.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle.*

[*Enter a* Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.]

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterward seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

8. **effects of watching:** actions done while awake.

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report after her.
DOCTOR. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.
GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?
GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.
DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.
GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense is shut.
DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.
GENTLEWOMAN. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
LADY MACBETH. Yet here's a spot.
DOCTOR. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
LADY MACBETH. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?
DOCTOR. Do you mark that?
LADY MACBETH. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.
DOCTOR. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.
LADY MACBETH. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!
DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.
GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.
DOCTOR. Well, well, well —
GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, sir.
DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.
LADY MACBETH. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.
DOCTOR. Even so?
LADY MACBETH. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*
DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?
GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.
DOCTOR. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.* 60

57. **annoyance:** doing herself violence. 59. **mated:** bewildered.

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

[*Drum and colors. Enter* MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.]

MENTEITH. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS. Near Birnam wood 5
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX. For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

MENTEITH. What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause 15
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS. Well, march we on, 25
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

LENNOX. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march toward Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

4. **bleeding:** bloody deeds. 5. **mortified:** dead to feeling. 10. **unrough:** beardless. 15–16. **buckle . . . rule:** He is losing control of his affairs. 18. **minutely:** every minute. 26. **owed:** i.e., to Malcolm. 27. **medicine:** Malcolm.

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

[*Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.]

MACBETH. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures!
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

[*Enter a* Servant.]

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
SERVANT. There is ten thousand —
MACBETH. Geese, villain?
SERVANT. Soldiers, sir.
MACBETH. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
SERVANT. The English force, so please you.
MACBETH. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* Servant
Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

[*Enter* SEYTON.]

SEYTON. What is your gracious pleasure?
MACBETH. What news more?
SEYTON. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
MACBETH. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
SEYTON. 'Tis not needed yet.
MACBETH. I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?

8. **epicures:** overinclined to luxury. 15. **patch:** fool. 20. **push:** attack. 35. **moe:** more. **skirr:** scour.

DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
MACBETH. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
DOCTOR. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
MACBETH. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
DOCTOR. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

43. **oblivious:** causing forgetfulness. 47. **physic:** medicine. 50. **cast:** examine. 52. **pristine:** former. 59. **bane:** ruin.

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

[*Drum and colors. Enter* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers *marching.*]

MALCOLM. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
MENTEITH. We doubt it nothing.
SIWARD. What wood is this before us?
MENTEITH. The wood of Birnam.
MALCOLM. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear it before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
SOLDIERS. It shall be done.
SIWARD. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
MALCOLM. 'Tis his main hope;

2. **chambers:** sleeping rooms, referring to his father's murder. 10. **setting down:** laying siege.

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more or less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainèd things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

SIWARD. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Toward which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

11. **advantage:** opportunity. 12. **more or less:** higher and lower classes. 14–16. **just . . . soldier ship:** Let our final judgment await the actual outcome, and meanwhile let's keep busy fighting. 19–20. **Thoughts . . . arbitrate:** i.e., There's no use trying to figure things out beforehand; action alone will decide.

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

[*Enter* MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colors.*]

MACBETH. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

MACBETH. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter* SEYTON.]

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

5. **forced:** reinforced. 12. **treatise:** story. 17. **should:** i.e., would have died someday anyhow.

And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACBETH. Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH. Liar and slave!

MESSENGER. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." And now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

40. **cling:** shrivel up. 43. **equivocation:** deceit through double meaning. 50. **estate:** established order.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

[*Drum and colors. Enter* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *and their* Army, *with boughs.*]

MALCOLM. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

SIWARD. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

4. **battle:** division.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

[*Alarums. Enter* MACBETH.]

MACBETH. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

[*Enter young* SIWARD.]

YOUNG SIWARD. What is thy name?
MACBETH. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
YOUNG SIWARD. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
MACBETH. My name's Macbeth.
YOUNG SIWARD. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
MACBETH. No, nor more fearful.
YOUNG SIWARD. Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [*They fight and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
MACBETH. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

[*Alarums. Enter* MACDUFF.]

MACDUFF. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.]

SIWARD. This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
MALCOLM. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
SIWARD. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

2. **course:** round. 22. **bruited:** indicated. 24. **gently:** without resistance. 29. **strike beside us:** i.e., as friends so that they purposely miss us.

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

MACBETH. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

MACBETH. Thou losest labor;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb,
Untimely ripped.

MACBETH. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!" [*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

[*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, *the other* Thanes, *and* Soldiers.]

1. **Roman fool:** i.e., Romans who committed suicide like Brutus and Cassius. 2. **lives:** living foes. 8. **terms:** words. 9. **intrenchant:** that cannot be cut. 29. **baited:** pestered.

MALCOLM. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
SIWARD. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
MALCOLM. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
ROSS. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
SIWARD. Then he is dead?
ROSS. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
SIWARD. Had he his hurts before?
ROSS. Ay, on the front.
SIWARD. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so, his knell is knolled.
MALCOLM. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
SIWARD. He's worth no more.
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

[*Re-enter* MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*]

MACDUFF. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
ALL. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
MALCOLM. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

36. **go off:** die. 52. **parted:** departed. 54. **stands:** i.e., on the end of a pike. 56. **pearl:** the nobility.

Suggestions for Study of Macbeth

It is recommended that you read the play through to see it as a whole before taking up the detailed study act by act. While reading try to picture each scene as you would like to see it on the stage. These mental pictures may be changed or clarified after further study of the play. Before beginning the study by acts look over the General Suggestions (page 183), for some of these may be followed during the detailed study, others postponed until the play has been finished.

STUDY BY ACTS

Since each act consists of several scenes, it is well to write a brief summary of each act as a whole in about one hundred to one hundred and fifty words in order to bring out the main thread of the story.

ACT I

1. Into what mood does the author put his audience by the opening scene? Show details that contribute to this mood. Remember that in Shakespeare's day many people believed in witches. How does this opening differ from that of other plays you have read?

2. What important information is given in Scene 2 about conditions in Scotland, and Macbeth's character and reputation?

3. In Scene 3 pick out lines that depict the witches' appearance and evil disposition. What three prophecies are given to Macbeth and what three to Banquo? What effect do these have on each of them? Find passages suggesting that Macbeth's ambition to be king was not new. Remember that originally his claim to the throne had been equal to Duncan's.

4. What important point is introduced in Scene 4? Could this scene be omitted in a modern stage production?

5. In Scene 5 contrast Lady Macbeth and Macbeth in leadership, decision, conscience. Can they read each other's minds? Have they ever before discussed the possibility of destroying Duncan?

6. Why is Scene 6 introduced? How does it increase the horror of the impending tragedy?

7. In Scene 7 study Macbeth's soliloquy carefully and line up his arguments in favor of the deed and against it. What is his final decision? How does Lady Macbeth manage to change his decision?

ACT II

8. Study the opening dialogue between Banquo and Macbeth to discover how the effect of the witches is evident, and what the two men think of each other.

9. The "dagger" speech is a famous soliloquy. Find three different ways in which the dagger appears to Macbeth, and show how this shift indicates the progress of his thoughts about the murder. On the stage should this dagger be actually shown to the audience or not? Discuss. Does Macbeth know that there is not really a dagger in the air? What brings him back to the business of the moment? What effect would this scene have on the audience?

10. In Scene 2 why did Lady Macbeth say she did not commit the deed herself? What does this speech show of her character?

11. Point out lines that add to the suspense and horror of this scene. What shows that Macbeth is now completely unnerved?

12. How does the knocking at the palace gate affect both characters? How does it affect the audience at this point? (Have one member of the class prepare a special report on De Quincey's essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*.")

13. Do you like having the comic interlude of the drunken porter at this point? Discuss.

14. After the discovery of the crime does Macbeth keep up his part well, or not? Why did he kill the grooms? Was it a wise move? Comment.

15. Did Lady Macbeth really faint or did she only pretend? Give arguments pro and con.

16. How does Banquo seal his fate at this point? Were the suspicions of Duncan's sons correct? Was their flight playing into Macbeth's hands or not? Comment.

17. What information does Scene 4 give? In a modern production would be advisable to include or omit it?

ACT III

18. Of what importance to the play is Banquo's opening speech? How does the dialogue between Macbeth and Banquo foreshadow what comes later in the act?

19. What reasons does Macbeth have for

desiring Banquo's death? What reasons does he give the murderers? Why does he include Fleance in the plan?

20. In Scene 2 show how the positions of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth have been reversed from what they were in Act II. Select lines to show Macbeth's state of mind. Is it conscience that worries him, or fear?

21. The supposition that Macbeth was the third murderer has been advanced by many critics. Find evidence for and against this supposition.

22. In Scene 4 what is the effect of the murderers' message on Macbeth?

23. Show how the appearance of the ghost in this act suggests a more serious nervous breakdown than does the dagger scene in Act II. Consider time and surroundings in discussing the point.

24. Which do you think is the most effective way of presenting the ghost on the stage — by an actual person, by a suggestive lighting effect, or by nothing except Macbeth's excellent acting? Discuss.

25. In Macbeth's speech, lines 130–140, find at least two points which show further degeneracy on Macbeth's part.

26. Study Lady Macbeth's conduct throughout this scene. Has she retained or lost her leadership?

27. Should Scenes 5 and 6 be dropped or retained in a modern production? Is one more important than the other? Discuss.

ACT IV

28. Note carefully the ingredients of the hell-broth and how the " charm " is made " firm and good."

29. Which of the apparitions tend to increase Macbeth's self-confidence? which to discourage him? What is his final attitude toward the witches? Give evidence of Macbeth's deterioration throughout the scene.

30. What makes the news of Macduff's flight especially dramatic at this point?

31. In Scene 2 characterize Lady Macduff and her son. What is her attitude toward her husband? Is it justified or not? This scene is often omitted in modern presentations. Give reasons why you think it should or should not be.

32. In Scene 3 why does Malcolm give a false picture of himself to Macduff?

33. What plans are afoot for saving Scotland from Macbeth?

34. Why does Ross delay his real news? How does Macduff receive it? Does this make you admire him more or less? This has been called the most dramatic moment in the play. Give arguments pro and con.

ACT V

35. How is Lady Macbeth changed? Reread her words in earlier scenes to find out if this change has been prepared for in any way. Note her reference to the different crimes. Which one recurs most frequently in her words? Why is that one significant? What lines foreshadow her death later in the play? This scene has been called the most tragic one in drama. Comment.

36. What is the purpose of Scene 2? Should it be included in a modern production? Could it be combined with Scene 4?

37. In Scenes 3 and 5 how does Macbeth receive the news of his wife's illness and death? Find evidence in his words that he has become callous to horrors, that he is tired of life, and that his nerves are on edge. Does he mean all the things he says? In what spirit does he approach the combat?

38. Scenes 6, 7, and 8 together picture the final battle between Macbeth and his opponents. What difference in spirit is shown by the leaders of the opposite sides? What evidence is there that Macbeth still trusts the witches? Is his trust increased or diminished by what happens in Scene 7?

39. Why does Macbeth not want to fight Macduff? Does this attitude show remorse? How does Macbeth act when he realizes that his last trust in the prophecies is gone? What in general is your feeling toward Macbeth in these final scenes? Give reasons.

40. What kind of men do old Siward and Malcolm show themselves to be at the end? Note how Shakespeare here, as in *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, makes definite and adequate provision for a newer and better order in the state.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

The following are general problems for the entire play, to be worked out by individuals, special groups, or the class as a whole.

INTERPRETATION OF CHARACTERS

1. The gradual disintegration of Macbeth's character and its results may be made clearer by studying in each act the following questions:

(1) What is going on in Macbeth's mind?
(2) What outward acts result from his state of mind?
(3) What is the attitude of others toward him? (Growing suspicion and punishment.) The examples or points of evidence to show the changes from act to act may be arranged in outline form or on a chart, and the student can thereby gain a more complete grasp of the magnificent onward sweep of circumstances.

2. The same plan can be used on a lesser scale for Lady Macbeth. Question (3) will be negligible in her case, except for Macbeth's and the gentlewoman's attitude toward her.

3. Study the characters of Banquo, Macduff, and Malcolm. By what details is each made to stand out with a distinct personality? Which of the three is the most vividly drawn?

4. Point out several ways in which the evil character of the witches is emphasized. Does the fact of their supernatural influence add to or detract from the impressiveness of Macbeth's moral downfall? Does it make Macbeth less responsible for his acts?

PLOT DEVELOPMENT

1. In a typical Shakespearean tragedy the action rises in intensity to a point somewhere near the middle of the play, known as the climax, after which the hero usually suffers some change or reversal of fortune. Things go from bad to worse in the so-called falling action until the catastrophe at the end, usually the death of the hero. Just before this tragedy, however, there is likely to be a moment when there is some doubt as to the outcome, called the "moment of final suspense." Find these various points in *Macbeth*.

2. Find good examples of dramatic irony; that is, a situation where the audience knows something of which certain characters on the stage are unaware, and therefore the pathos of the tragedy or the suspense is made more intense.

3. Point out scenes in which the author has made effective use of contrast, either in the characters or in events. Show also scenes that are in contrast with each other.

VISUALIZATION

1. Assemble as many pictures as you can of productions and actors of *Macbeth*. See lists of illustrative material at the end of this book.

2. Projects for artists: (1) illustrations of characters, (2) stage settings, (3) sketches of Shakespearean theaters.

3. For those who like to construct: (1) model of a Shakespearean theater, (2) model of a modern stage with sets of scenery for *Macbeth*, (3) dolls dressed as characters for scenes from the play, (4) design for reflecting mirrors by which the effect of a ghost on the stage may be produced.

DRAMATIZATION

Presenting a tragedy is more difficult than presenting a comedy, for unless the real spirit of the play is conveyed to the audience it becomes farcical.

Certain scenes of *Macbeth*, however, have been effectively presented by high-school students with the limited facilities of an improvised stage in the classroom. A clever use of a few screens, a darkened room, candles, or properly directed electric lights, and simple, dark, flowing costumes will do wonders to create atmosphere. But, above all, the characters chosen must interpret the parts with genuine feeling. Unless there are students in the class capable of doing this, it is better to omit dramatization. Recommended scenes are: Act I, Scs. 1 and 3 (with brief interval of thunder or appropriate music); Act II, Scs. 1, 2, 3; Act III, Sc. 4; Act IV, Sc. 1; Act V, Sc. 1; Scs. 3 and 5 (consecutive with brief interval).

MEMORIZATION

Macbeth is full of quotable passages and phrases. Each student should memorize at least some of these famous lines according to a minimum determined by class and teacher. Recommended passages are: Act I, Sc. 7, ll. 1–28; Act II, Sc. 1, ll. 33–64, and Sc. 2, ll. 35–43; Act III, Sc. 2, ll. 13–26 and 46–56; Act V, Sc. 3, ll. 22–28, and Sc. 5, ll. 19–28. Students may also make collections of memorable single lines or phrases. Dramatization is an incentive to more extensive memorization.

CREATIVE WORK

1. For musicians: (1) select appropriate music to accompany witch scenes, banquet scene, etc., (2) compose music to accompany any scenes in the play.

2. For writers: (1) adapt the play to a moving-picture scenario, (2) adapt the play to a half-hour radio program, (3) write a modern

short story of the downfall of a too ambitious man, or other type of character (see Alice Duer Miller's *Instruments of Darkness* for a short novel modernizing *Macbeth*), (4) write an account of famous actors who have played any parts in *Macbeth*.

Ben Jonson 1573?–1637

While Ben Jonson was second in importance to Shakespeare as a writer, his life was more dramatic. When his stepfather set him to work at bricklaying, he ran off to the wars in the Netherlands. Here tradition says that, in the view of both armies, he fought a duel with an enemy soldier and came off victorious with great acclaim. But when on English soil he killed an actor in a duel, he barely escaped hanging, and was branded on the left thumb. Later King James was offended by a passage in a comedy and sent two of its authors to prison. "Honest Ben" admitted a share in the writing and was sent to join them. In this scrape he narrowly escaped having his nose and his ears cut off. In contrast to these escapades, he was honored by being made the first poet laureate of England and, though he died in poverty, his burial in Westminster Abbey was marked by national mourning. The famous inscription on his tombstone, "O Rare Ben Jonson," has caused him to be described by that adjective ever since.

Jonson lacked the versatility of Shakespeare. His tragedies, built on Roman plots, are wooden and formal, but his comedies establish his reputation. They are not romantic like Shakespeare's, but are sharply satirical, dotted with slashing scenes of folly and hypocrisy which bring Elizabethan London with all its hurly-burly right to one's door. Often his characters become caricatures with such fantastic names as Down-Right, Well-Bred, and Brain Worm, or they are named for animals and birds — as Volpone, the fox; Voltore, the vulture; Mosca, the fly. This emphasis on eccentric characters begins with his first play, *Every Man in His Humor*. Each of his three greatest comedies turns upon some one humor or whim of the leading character. *Volpone* unfolds the story of an old Venetian miser who pretends to be dying, in order to win rich gifts from those who hope to be remembered in his will. It has been brilliantly produced on our modern stage. *The Alchemist* bares the tricks and impostures of the charlatan who in Jonson's day pretended he could turn lead into gold. *The Silent Woman* turns on a slighter farce idea — how Morose, with his perfect horror of noise, desires a wife who will not talk.

Jonson's many successful masques, written for the court of James I, add to his fame, and a few beautifully wrought lyrics have an even more secure place in our literature. "To Celia" is probably the only Elizabethan lyric well enough known to be sung by the general public today. Through translations of many of the classical writings Jonson also gained the reputation of being the most erudite poet of his time. In fact, he became the great literary dictator of his day.

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep;
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;

5. **Hesperus** (hĕs'pĕr-ŭs): the evening star.

Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear when day did close;
    Bless us then with wishèd sight,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
  And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever;
    Thou that mak'st a day of night,
    Goddess excellently bright.

9. **Cynthia** (sĭn'thĭ-ă): another name for Diana, who was goddess of the moon and also of the hunt, as suggested in the last stanza.

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
  In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May,
  Although it fall and die that night —
  It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.

5. **suffrage**: vote; decision. 26. **commit**: compare. 27–28. **Lyly, Kyd, Marlowe**: English dramatists of Shakespeare's day.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou; look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners rightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,

31–32. **Aeschylus** (ĕs′kĭ-lŭs), **Euripides** (ū-rĭp′ĕ-dēz), **Sophocles** (sŏf′ō-klēz): writers of ancient Greek tragedy. 33. **Pacuvius** (pă-kōō′vĭ-ŭs), **Accius** (ăk-ĭ-ŭs): Roman dramatists whose works have been lost. 33. **him of Cordova** (kôr′dō-vä): Seneca (sĕn′ĕ-kä), Roman dramatist, born in Spain. 34. **buskin:** a thick-soled boot used in ancient Greek tragedy to give height to the actors. It is used as a symbol of tragedy. 35. **socks:** thin-soled shoes used in Greek comedy, and therefore a symbol of comedy. 49–50. **Aristophanes** (ăr-ĭs-tŏf′ă-nēz), **Terence** (tĕr′ĕns), **Plautus** (plô′tŭs): all writers of comedy, the first Greek, the last two Romans. 56. **he:** used for the noun *man*. 57. **casts:** plans. 66. **filèd:** polished. 67. **shake a lance:** probably a pun on Shakespeare's name.

That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light. 75

72. **That . . . James:** that so did please Queen Elizabeth and King James.

Suggestions for Study of Jonson

1. "To Celia," with its familiar tune, might well be sung by the class.

2. What qualities in the first three short lyrics have made them well-liked poems?

3. Point out evidence in any of the poems of Jonson's classical learning.

4. Sum up Jonson's opinion of Shakespeare. In what way is this poem especially appropriate from the pen of a poet laureate?

Francis Bacon 1561–1626

Francis Bacon is the first union in English literature of the man of letters and the man of science, and there have been only a few striking examples since; for science and literature do not seem to blend naturally. Besides these interests, he had also a remarkable political career. Even when one has measured the three sides of this triangular life, one is still at a loss to understand all the motives governing him in his contradictory actions. Alexander Pope described him as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Compared with the preceding group of authors, Bacon began life with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father was Lord Keeper of the Seal to Queen Elizabeth; his mother was a lady of high connections and a brilliant Latin and Greek scholar. Francis went to Cambridge at twelve, but soon denounced the whole system of education then in vogue, not as the ordinary schoolboy might rebel against going to school, but because it failed to give intellectual satisfaction or to produce anything really valuable toward the advancement of the world. Law, travel, and private study provided him with that wide learning which he said he had "taken for his province." His political ambitions never found great satisfaction during the reign of Elizabeth; but after James ascended the throne, Bacon rose by rapid promotions to his father's office, and later to the position of Lord Chancellor, with the titles of Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. But soon up, soon down. Bacon's enemies convicted him of accepting bribes, and the sentence was permanent banishment from Parliament, a prison sentence, and a tremendous fine. The last two were reduced to practically nothing by the king, but Bacon's political career was over.

The rest of his life was devoted to philosophic and scientific writing, which even in the busy years of his public life he had not neglected. The modern world owes much to Bacon for his insistence on the inductive method (that is, deriving the laws of nature experimentally by observing the points of similarity in a great number of cases) rather than the deductive (that is, assuming some earlier authority to be right and then making all cases fit in with that theory). This reasoning paved the way for real scientific research. He was, in fact, a martyr to his cause. When he went to a farmhouse in a snowstorm to get a chicken to test his idea that snow could be used as a preservative instead of salt, the exposure to which the experiment subjected him caused his death soon after.

Bacon's literary ventures differ entirely from those of the other Elizabethans. In the age of poetry and drama he contributed unique essays, so packed with thought that one must read them again and again to attain full understanding. They have never been excelled for pithiness and penetration. In fact, Bacon was such an intellectual giant that a certain group of scholars have believed that he, and not an obscure actor, must have written the plays of Shakespeare. Their ingenious proofs, though repudiated by the best scholarship, nevertheless offer a tempting bypath of reading to the curious student.

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men [1] can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor [2] of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men [3] contemn studies, simple men admire them,[4] and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tested, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; [5] and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy [6] things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that [7] he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*[8] Nay, there is no stond [9] or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; [10] shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; [11] for they are *cymini sectores.* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

[1] **expert men:** men of practical skill and experience, as opposed to men of theoretical book learning. [2] **humor:** in the Elizabethan sense of whim or disposition. [3] **crafty men:** men skilled in crafts, similar to "expert men." [4] **simple . . . them:** unlettered men wonder at them. [5] **curiously:** thoroughly and carefully. [6] **flashy:** insipid.

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense." That which is past is gone, and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or

[7] **that:** that which. [8] ***Abeunt . . . mores:*** "Studies are turned into habits." [9] **stond:** obstacle. [10] **stone and reins:** "stone," the old name for a disease of the kidneys ("reins"). [11] **Schoolmen:** medieval scholars who were hair-splitters, or, as Bacon says in the Latin phrase following, splitters of cuminseeds.

honor, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable: "You shall read [saith he] that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job [1] was in a better tune: "Shall we [saith he] take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Caesar, for the death of Pertinax,[2] for the death of Henry III [3] of France, and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

Suggestions for Study of Bacon's Essays

1. Apply Bacon's remarks on studies to subjects you have studied in school. Which ones seem especially to serve each of the three purposes he mentions?

2. What are the different values of practical skill and book learning, according to Bacon? From what you have observed in life, or heard discussed, do you agree with him? Discuss.

3. Give a number of good examples of each of the three kinds of books mentioned in the essay "Of Studies." Which of the three types of reading do you use most?

4. List in your own words the arguments that Bacon gives against revenge. Which do you think the best ones? What difference does he make between public and private revenge? Give some examples of public revenge in modern life, and discuss whether or not you think them justified.

5. Note the neat planning of Bacon's sentences. Select several good examples of his love for a balanced sentence, and for a sentence built on the one, two, three plan.

6. Write in essay form your own ideas on any of the subjects used or suggested by Bacon.

7. Read other Bacon essays. What do you note about the kind of subjects he chooses? Do you find any ideas in these essays with which you disagree? If so, state your side of the problem clearly.

8. Write a paper or arrange an informal debate with your classmates on the interesting theory that Bacon really wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

[1] **spirit of Job.** See Job 2:10. [2] **Pertinax:** a Roman emperor, murdered by the Praetorian Guard in A.D. 193. [3] **Henry III** was assassinated in 1589 by a monk, who was immediately killed by the king's guards.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

In the Middle Ages the Bible was brought to the people indirectly through the miracle plays and directly through the translation supervised by Wyclif. In the sixteenth century came Tyndale, whose ambition was thus expressed to a well-known divine of his day: "If God spare me life, I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you do." Tyndale suffered martyrdom for his work, but his translation of the New Testament and part of the Old Testament enabled his successor, Coverdale, to complete it. By 1540 religious dissensions were somewhat quieted down, and this "Great Bible," as it was called, was established in all the churches.

When James I came to the throne, it was thought advisable to have a more authentic version; consequently a group of fifty-four scholars assembled, and after seven years of labor they produced the excellent translation known as the King James Version. As they made considerable use of Tyndale's vigorous phrases, we owe more to Tyndale than to any other one man. Though many translations have been made since 1611, the King James Version of the Protestant Bible remains the standard for literary style. It has had tremendous influence on the literary expression of many of our great writers, and its simple, eloquent, and beautiful phrases have become part of the basic mental stuff of generations of English-speaking people.

The Bible is, of course, a whole library in itself, containing varied sorts of writing. The selections that follow illustrate stories, essays, and poetry, culled from both the Old and New Testaments.

NAAMAN THE LEPER

A SHORT STORY

II KINGS 5

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the LORD had given deliverance unto Syria; he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." And one went in, and told his lord, saying, " Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." And the king of Syria said, " Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, " Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy." And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, " Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore, consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, " Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, " Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, " Behold, I thought, ' He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the LORD his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.' Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? " So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, " My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, ' Wash, and be clean? ' " Then he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God, and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him; and he said, " Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant." But he said,

" As the LORD liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none." And he urged him to take it; but he refused. And Naaman said, " Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the LORD. In this thing the LORD pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the LORD pardon thy servant in this thing." And he said unto him, " Go in peace." So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, " Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the LORD liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him." So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, " Is all well? " And he said, " All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, ' Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets; give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.' " And Naaman said, " Be content, take two talents." And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, and two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, " Whence comest thou, Gehazi? " And he said, " Thy servant went no whither." And he said unto him, " Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever."

And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

THE IDEAL WIFE

AN ESSAY

PROVERBS 31

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be

praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

THE PRODIGAL SON

A SHORT STORY

LUKE 15:11–32

A certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father, " Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, " How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, ' Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.' "

And he arose and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, " Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, " Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, " Thy brother is come, and thy father has killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, " Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living, thou has killed for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, " Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY

AN ESSAY

I CORINTHIANS 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity,[1] I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily

[1] **charity:** Throughout this essay, "charity" is used in the old sense of "love" rather than its more modern sense of "almsgiving." The modern revised versions usually substitute the word "love."

provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

PSALM 1

A LYRIC POEM

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the
counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the LORD;
And in his law doth he meditate day and
night;
And he shall be like a tree planted by the
rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth
away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the
judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the
righteous.
For the LORD knoweth the way of the
righteous;
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

ECCLESIASTES 12

A LYRIC POEM

Remember now thy Creator in the days of
thy Youth,
While the evil days come not, nor the years
draw nigh,
When thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure
in them";

While the sun, or the light, or the moon,
Or the stars, be not darkened,
Nor the clouds return after the rain;

In the days when the keepers of the house
shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,
And those that look out of the windows be
darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets,
When the sound of the grinding is low,
And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be
brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which
is high,
And fears shall be in the way, and the
almond tree shall flourish,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
And desire shall fail;
Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern,
Then shall the dust return to the earth as
it was;
And the spirit shall return unto God who
gave it.

PSALM 121

A LYRIC POEM

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper;
The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

Suggestions for Study of the English Bible

1. In the two stories, what human frailties are illustrated in the characters of Naaman, Gehazi, the Prodigal Son, the Elder Brother? Which of these characters show a mingling of good and bad traits? See Kipling's poem "Gehazi" for a modern symbolical application of this character.

2. Why is the story of the Prodigal Son so much better known than that of Naaman the Leper? What other stories do you know that deal with lepers? What teachings in regard to human conduct are brought out in each story?

3. What is your opinion of the definition of the ideal wife? What does it show of the way of life in the ancient civilization that produced it? Point out changes that modern life has made in the ideal of a wife and her responsibilities.

4. What part does "charity" play in life, according to the essay on that subject? Which of the qualifications of real "charity" do you think the hardest to live up to? What point does the author make about the place of childhood in life? What is the connection between this and "charity"? Is the word "charity" preferable to "love" in this selection?

5. Why are the Psalms poetry even though they lack regular meter and rhyme? For each Psalm indicate by a sentence or two the main idea. Where do you find a striking use of contrast? Select a few of the many figures of speech that you think especially effective. These Psalms are particularly suitable for memorizing.

6. The passage from Ecclesiastes is a famous description of the coming of old age, by means of figures and symbols. Its interpretation is not agreed on by commentators. What parts of the human body might be symbolized by "the keepers of the house," "the strong men," "the silver cord," "the golden bowl," etc.? What justifies calling this poetry?

7. Write a modern short story comparable in its general idea to the story of either Naaman or the Prodigal Son.

8. Write a dialogue between the Prodigal Son and the Elder Brother which might have taken place shortly after the former's return.

9. Write an essay on an ideal father, mother, teacher, or other type of person with whom you come in contact; try to give your style a Biblical touch. The style of "The Ideal Wife" is easy to imitate.

10. Choose some virtue other than "charity" and write a definition of its meaning and application to human life.

11. Write in free verse a short psalm of praise, petition, or mourning, suited to today.

12. Compare any of these selections line by line with some of the other revised versions of the Bible and discuss wherein you received slightly different interpretations, and which you liked the best.

13. For modern styles of printing the Bible, see editions by Moulton, Moffatt, Goodspeed, and Bates. What advantages do these have over the old format of the Bible?

Reading List for Elizabethan Age

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Lyrics

*Brooke, Tucker: *The Shakespeare Songs*

Carpenter, Frederic I.: *English Lyric Poetry (1500–1700)*

*Palgrave, Francis T.: *The Golden Treasury*, Book I

Schelling, Felix E.: *Elizabethan Lyrics*

Narrative Poetry

Spenser, Edmund: Incidents from *The Faerie Queene* are best enjoyed if read in one of the modern versions by Calvin Dill

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

Wilson, (Book I only), Mary Macleod, and L. H. Dawson.

Prose

*Bacon, Francis: essays, "Of Friendship," "Of Gardens," "Of Adversity," "Of Riches," "Of Youth and Age," "Of Discourse," "Of Expense," "Of Beauty," "Of Travel"
*Hakluyt's *Voyages*
Raleigh, Sir Walter: "The Last Fight of the Revenge"

Drama

*Shakespeare, William: comedies: *As You Like It, A Comedy of Errors, The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, The Taming of the Shrew, The Tempest, Twelfth Night;* tragedies: *Coriolanus, Hamlet, Julius Caesar, King Lear, Othello, Romeo and Juliet.* For his chronicle plays see Middle English list, page 100.
Marlowe, Christopher: *Dr. Faustus*
Jonson, Ben: *Volpone, The Silent Woman*

Bible Selections

*Psalms 8, 19, 23, 42, 46, 84, 90, 91, 103, 104, 107, 114, 126, 148
*Song of Solomon
*Genesis: "Abraham and Isaac," "Joseph and His Brethren"
*Exodus: "The Story of Moses"
*Judges: "Jephthah's Daughter," "Samson and Delilah"
*Samuel: "The Calling of Samuel," "The Story of David"
*The Book of Ruth
*The Book of Esther
*The Four Gospels

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

Bennett, John: *Master Skylark*
Benson, R. H.: *The King's Achievement, The Queen's Tragedy*
Hewlett, M.: *The Queen's Quair*
Major, Charles: **When Knighthood Was in Flower*, **Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*
Parker, G.: *A Ladder of Swords*
Quiller-Couch, Sir A.: *Shakespeare's Christmas*
Scott, Sir Walter: *The Monastery, The Abbot, *Kenilworth, The Fortunes of Nigel*

Drama

Anderson, Maxwell: **Mary of Scotland*, **Elizabeth the Queen*
Drinkwater, John: *Mary Stuart*
Peabody, Josephine P.: *Marlowe*

Poetry

Burton, Richard: *"Across the Fields to Anne"
Macaulay, T. B.: "The Armada"
Noyes, Alfred: **Drake;* "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern"
Tennyson, A.: *"The Revenge"

General Background

Black, J. B.: *The Reign of Elizabeth*
Byrne, M. S.: *Elizabethan Life in Town and Country*
Creighton, M.: *The Age of Elizabeth*
Goadby, E.: *The England of Shakespeare*
Hall, H.: *Society in the Elizabethan Age*
Lee, S.: *Stratford-on-Avon*
Rolfe, W. J.: **Shakespeare the Boy*
Stephenson, H. T.: *Shakespeare's London*
Winter, William: *Shakespeare's England*

Biography and Criticism

Bourne, H. R.: *Life of Sidney* (in *Heroes of the Nations*)
Bradford, Gamaliel: *Elizabethan Women*
English Men of Letters Series: Church: *Bacon;* Spenser; Raleigh: *Shakespeare*
Denkinger, E. M.: *Immortal Sidney*
Lee, S.: *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*
Lee, S.: *Life of Shakespeare*
Strachey, L.: **Elizabeth and Essex*
Zweig, Stefan: **Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles*

Art, Architecture, Costume, and Music

Blomfield, R.: *History of Renaissance Architecture in England*
Gilbert, George: *Cathedral Cities of England*
Gotch, J. A.: *Early Renaissance Architecture in England*
Tipping, H. A.: **English Houses of the Early Renaissance*
Brooke, Iris: **English Costume in the Age of Elizabeth*
Linthicum, M. C.: *Costume in the Drama of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries*
Morse, H. K.: **Elizabethan Pageantry*
Glyn, M. H.: **Music in the Days of Shakespeare*
Vincent, C. J.: **Fifty Shakespeare Songs*

Many of Shakespeare's lyrics and other Elizabethan songs are available on phonograph records.



CHARLES I OF ENGLAND by Anthony Van Dyck. The Cavalier cause found its inspiration in Charles I, here portrayed with an expression of disdainful superiority in an atmosphere of elegance and splendor. Van Dyck (1599–1640), a famous Flemish artist, spent several years in England as court painter. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

Puritan and Restoration Period

1625-1700

Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth the crown went to the son of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, James VI of Scotland, who now became James I of England (1603–1625). For more than a hundred years the Stuart line ruled in England. The accession of James united England and Scotland under one king, although the complete union of government was postponed for a century.

THE STUARTS CLASH WITH PURITANISM

The new Stuart sovereigns soon came into conflict with the rising Puritan spirit. During the Protestant Reformation, while many things in church ritual and practice were being questioned, the extremists who wanted their religion completely simplified and purified were sneeringly dubbed Puritans by their opponents. Queen Elizabeth, absorbed in statecraft, paid little attention to religion, and the organized Church was lukewarm in faith and observance.

After the defeat of the Armada, this indifference failed to satisfy the people as a whole. Now that their country had been saved from her enemies, Englishmen began to give more thought to the saving of their souls. Some began to murmur about parsons wearing surplices, because even this modified form of the old Roman vestments seemed to them a symbol of unnecessary ritual. This stripping away of what was considered non-essential was the root of Puritanism. The name did not designate any one sect, but referred to a general spirit of simplicity and independence of thought which eventually gave rise to various Protestant sects.

Unfortunately, as Puritanism became more powerful toward the middle of the seventeenth century, it took on a sterner and more somber flavor. Fanatics, by picturing themselves as the Chosen People whose God rejoiced in the extermination of their enemies, made some of the Old Testament passages an excuse for all sorts of tyranny. The Puritans eventually destroyed the old Elizabethan Merrie England, with its Maypole and morris dances and its rural sports. The theater and all other forms of entertainment were put under the ban. Some of the cruel sports — bearbaiting, for instance — were rightfully abolished. But the extreme Puritan came to frown upon all forms of innocent human enjoyment — as well as the drama, which by this time had sunk to mere witty immorality.

In the beginning, however, the Puritan had a high and holy vision of an England thoroughly purged of her sins. The more moderate ones simply wished ordinary goodness to prevail. Puritanism spread largely among the middle classes. It may be summarized as a spirit which originally stood for simplicity, honesty, frugality, earnestness of endeavor, and, above all, freedom to follow the dictates of one's own conscience in the conduct of life and in the method of church worship.

THE STUART IDEA OF DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

The first two Stuart kings, James I and Charles I, affronted this growing spirit by

their assumption of the divine right of kings and the theory that the king could do no wrong. "God makes the King," said James, "and the King makes the Law." This proclaimed doctrine of the "divine right of kings" proved entirely unpalatable to the independent Britisher.

The seventeenth century became, in fact, one long struggle between the adherents of the Stuart kings and the opposing Puritans. The period falls into three easily remembered divisions: (1) The reigns of James I and Charles I, marked by the gathering of Puritan and Parliamentary opposition, culminating in civil war and the execution of Charles; (2) the establishment of a Commonwealth and later a Protectorate with Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector; (3) the Restoration of the Stuarts, with Charles II and James II.

PARLIAMENT ASSERTS ITSELF AGAINST JAMES

James I was a wretched king, conceited, narrow-minded, arbitrary, pedantic, and cowardly. He did not command respect, because he was a buffoon in his own court and so weak that "the power behind the throne" frequently resided in his corrupt "favorites." He so feared assassination that he habitually wore thickly padded clothes. Proud of what he conceived to be his intellectual attainments, he nevertheless believed in witchcraft and was most superstitious. He hated equally the Puritans and "the whole atmosphere of Elizabethan adventure." The governing of a people he regarded as "kingcraft," to be played like a game of chess. He used his power to levy arbitrary taxes and demand loans which no subject dared refuse. The Anglican clergy supported him in these unfair dealings, but Parliament began to protest. At that time Parliament was composed of solid middle-class country gentry and merchants, nearly all Protestants. They wanted changes in the government because of altered conditions in the production of goods and in trading. They demanded these changes from the king in return for the money he was constantly asking of them. In their increasing arguments both king and Parliament invoked the law against each other.

SETTLEMENTS IN THE NEW WORLD

In the reign of James I began the permanent colonization of America. After several failures, the Virginia Company finally made the first permanent English settlement in America at Jamestown in 1607. Captain John Smith, military adventurer and member of the governing council of the colony, explored the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers and Chesapeake Bay.

Persecution of Puritans led to the sailing of the *Mayflower* from Plymouth, England, in 1620, and to the establishment at Plymouth *in America* of the first permanent English settlement in New England. About one hundred Pilgrims were in this famous shipload.

These two colonies started a stream of emigration from England into the New World. In general, two groups could be distinguished. The gay adventurous Cavalier type was drawn toward the Southern colony, while the serious-minded Puritans chose the Northern one.

In *Western Star,* an epic poem by Stephen Vincent Benét, published posthumously, the origins and fortunes of these two colonies are vividly described, and the significance, for America, of their establishment is put into strong, virile verse.

CHARLES I TRAVELS THE ROAD TO CIVIL WAR

While James had been tactless in handling Parliament, his son Charles rode over it roughshod. He nearly ran the country into bankruptcy with his extravagant court and an expensive war against the Dutch, an undertaking that roused little sympathy among English people. King and Parliament tried highhanded measures on each other until matters came to open warfare. The king did not keep his word. He continued to levy heavy taxes, and men like the bold John Hampden loudly protested. The outcome of it all was civil war in England (1642–1646).



OLIVER CROMWELL AND JOHN MILTON. The Lord Protector dictating to his Latin Secretary, in charge of the foreign correspondence of the Commonwealth. (Culver Service)

PARLIAMENT CONQUERS THE KING

Parliament had control of the main part of the army and the stores of ammunition. Charles called for loyal subjects to rally to his banner. Great numbers of supporters, largely from the country nobility of north and central England, gathered around him. These Royalists, or Cavaliers, still held many of the old ideals of feudalism. Devoted to their king, gay in their trappings, daring in spirit, polished in manners, and not overly scrupulous in morals, they were in marked contrast to the serious-minded, soberly dressed, religiously fervent "Ironsides" — as the carefully picked soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, general of the Parliamentary (Puritan) army, were called. Curiously, most of the English people did not take sides in this war. They fought only when their cottages and fields were threatened. At first some of the Royalists were lukewarm about winning, and some of the Parliamentarians were still in awe of the king.

Finally the king surrendered. For almost two years his destiny was uncertain. His great personal magnetism and an indomitable spirit aroused more admiration in his adversity than in his previous sovereignty. His opponents in Parliament feared that a wave of popular enthusiasm might put him back on the throne. Then he escaped from the castle where he was held, but was recaptured. His possible restoration furnished an excuse for his speedy trial before a special committee of the House of Commons. Found guilty of treason against England, he was executed at the beginning of 1649. This act of regicide sent a thrill of horror through all the courts of Europe.

PURITANS SET UP THE COMMONWEALTH

At this point Parliament and the Puritan victors were not all of the same opinion. Parliament, envious of Cromwell's New

Model army, wanted to disband it without giving the soldiers their back pay. A strong government was set up under the name of the Commonwealth of England. In 1653 Cromwell was made Lord Protector, and his Protectorate lasted until his death in 1658.

Cromwell was not only a successful military leader but was also genuinely religious and honest. After the execution of King Charles, however, he wreaked havoc on Catholic Ireland with his pious war machine. Yet he was more liberal in his views of other peoples' religion than many of his time — a man, in fact, of strong virtues and grave faults. His son Richard, who succeeded him, lacked his father's personal force and grasp of public affairs. The growing dissatisfaction with the strict measures of the Puritan regime, which had swung to the opposite extreme from the gaieties of the Stuart court, came to a head when there was no longer a strong hand at the wheel. Richard Cromwell abdicated. Again the pendulum swung back, and Charles II, the son of the beheaded monarch, was welcomed from his exile in France.

THE RESTORATION PERIOD A REACTION AGAINST PURITANISM

Charles II (1660–1685) was witty and self-indulgent. He did not like to be bothered about the sufferings of others. When his ministers came to talk business to him they found it wiser to " sugar-coat the pill " of anything disagreeable. A wit wrote of him:

> Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> He never says a foolish thing,
> Nor never does a wise one.

When the lines were brought to his attention, " Quite true," said Charles, " since my words are my own, but my acts are those of my ministers! "

The Restoration period was the most profligate and pleasure-mad that England has ever seen. The reopened theaters were provided with witty but indecent comedies. Executions of Puritan leaders, accompanied by harrowing tortures, were made public spectacles. The bodies of some of them who had died before the Restoration were dug up and thrown into the Thames. Moral standards in London were low. In the reversal of popular opinion it seemed as if the finer ideals of the Puritans had been completely lost; but it was not so, for the rank and file of the people throughout England retained their integrity and eventually reacted against the Stuart excesses.

THE PLAGUE AND THE GREAT FIRE

Five years after Charles II took the throne London suffered a terrible disaster, which might have served as a solemn warning. Just as the Black Death had ravaged Europe and England at the time of the Hundred Years' War, the plague reappeared in a most virulent form. Nearly a quarter of London's population died of it. The next year (1666) brought the Great Fire of London, described in the famous diaries of Samuel Pepys (see page 238) and John Evelyn. Some thirteen thousand houses in London were destroyed, with a financial loss of about fifty million dollars (in our money).

The rebuilding of the city furnished a rare opportunity to Christopher Wren. A member of the Royal Society, and a professor of astronomy at Oxford, he was England's most famous architect. With most of London in ruins, he planned to rebuild it thoroughly in a new classic style. His plans were ambitious; but all he was actually allowed to accomplish was the rebuilding of some churches and St. Paul's Cathedral, great monuments to his genius. Many of his churches have been destroyed in the recent bombings of London.

TRADE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE DUTCH

In the development of her important wool trade, England finally came to make cloth herself. In this industry she at first had depended upon and then competed with the Dutch in Flanders. Thence arose rivalry in trade. The Dutch had better ships and a



LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. St. Paul's Church and most of its neighborhood were destroyed in the great fire of 1666. (Bettmann Collection)

better banking system. Both Cromwell and Charles II decreed that English goods must be carried in English ships. Therefore England and the Dutch went to war, and one result was that England won from Holland the colonies of New York and New Jersey.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY IS ESTABLISHED

In this era science made real advances. Galileo (1564–1642), the Italian astronomer, had proved positively that the earth moved round the sun — the opposite having been a matter of common belief until then. The year he died there was born, in England, Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most distinguished in the long line of English scientists. Other eminent scientists of this time, with Newton, started an organization which Charles II later named the Royal Society. Today the letters F.R.S., meaning Fellow of the Royal Society, are highly esteemed by English scientists. Boyle, called the "Father of Chemistry"; Wren, the architect; Halley, the astronomer, for whom a famous comet was named; and other men of high caliber — all were members of this society, dedicated to the advancement of science. Undoubtedly you know the story of how Newton discovered the law of gravity. It was the French philosopher Voltaire who started that anecdote about the falling of an apple upon Newton's head, as he sat under a tree. Whether or not the story is true, the fact remains that the apple tree that gave him the idea for his famous law was reverently marked and preserved for a century and a half! Newton's epitaph, as written by Alexander Pope, an eighteenth-century poet (see page 256), reads:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

"DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS" SUFFERS DEATH BLOW

With the private help of Louis XIV of France — who possessed a great lust for power over the whole continent of Europe — Charles II had been making sovereignty too

powerful. Both believed that kings ruled by "divine right," and Louis even took such flamboyant titles as "Le Roi Soleil" (The Sun King) and "Le Grand Monarque." Charles II was succeeded by his brother, James II (1685–1688), who tried to enhance further the power of the king. Finally his subjects revolted. The leading Protestants petitioned William, Prince of Orange, who had married Mary, the daughter of James II, to come from Holland and be their king. Thus the Restoration ended, with James II fleeing to France and, incidentally, as an embarrassment to his son-in-law, throwing into the Thames the Great Seal with which all state documents must be stamped. William and Mary came to the throne through this Bloodless Revolution of 1688. Mary died six years later, but William ruled till 1702.

Twice the Stuarts had tried to establish their "divine right of kings." The first attempt led to Cromwell and the Commonwealth; the second, to the coming of William and Mary and the drawing up of a Bill of Rights which ended the "divine right" theory forever. This document may be compared to the Bill of Rights under our own Constitution which consists of ten safeguarding amendments to the original document. These include freedom of speech and freedom of the press, security against unwarranted seizure of property, and the right to speedy and public trial by an impartial jury.

HOW PEOPLE LIVED AND DRESSED

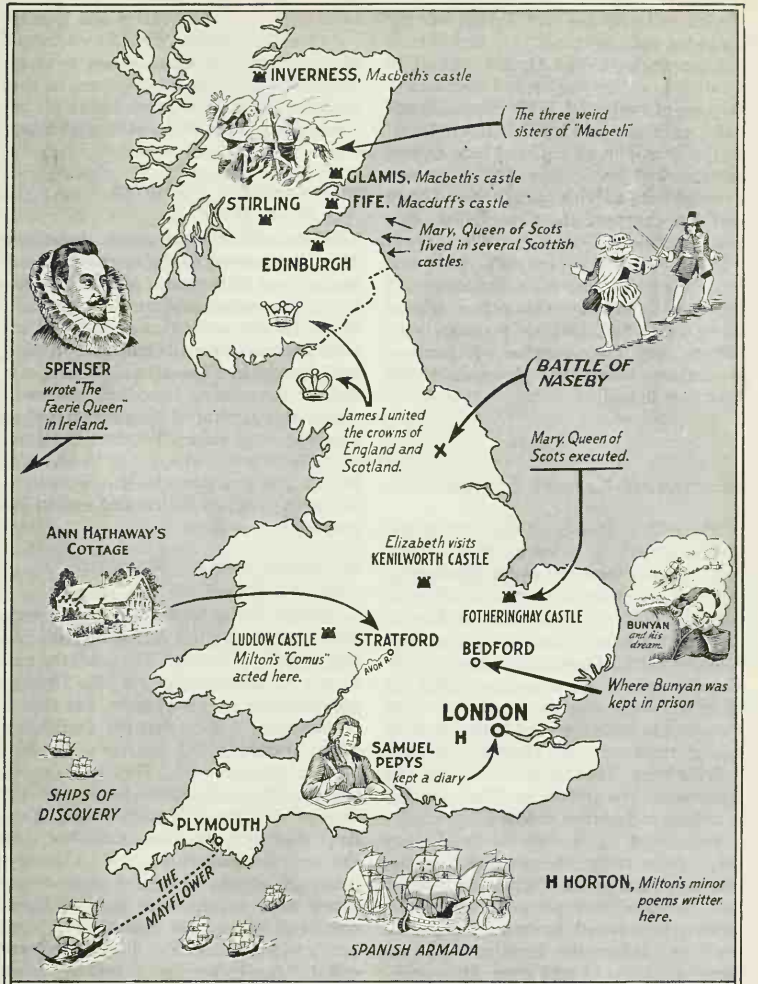
In this age the countryside was attractive, but there was much waste ground in the moors, heaths, fens, and marshes. However, the draining of the fenland was accomplished during this century. The countryfolk dressed simply. A man wore a coat of broadcloth, woolen trousers, worsted stockings, strong buckled shoes, and a wide felt hat. His hair was rather long until the Roundheads popularized cropped heads. A working peasant dressed in a stout cloth smock with leggings of twisted cloth. A country woman commonly wore a red petticoat, gray cloth waistcoat, linsey-woolsey apron, red neckerchief, black hood, and white cap. Their homes were simple also. The floors were either strewn with rushes or scrubbed and sanded. Feather beds were in common use; yet the women servants in a country house were herded in an attic, while in the cities apprentices and shopboys slept under the counter. The kitchens were furnished with spits, pastry boards, meal tubs, and various utensils of brass and copper; all the cooking and heating depended on the wood fires on the open hearth. Scanty light came from tallow candles, lanterns, and rushlights. Domestic animals were numerous. Dogs were everywhere; there was an abundance of poultry, bees, and cattle. All the work in the dairies was done by women.

On the other hand, court life was splendid and ceremonious. Noblemen in London usually lived near Drury Lane and the Strand, or had their palaces along the Thames. Although some of the smaller towns were neat, the London streets were dirty and narrow. Here stood many hackney coaches for hire, and the gay private coaches of the well-to-do. Samuel Pepys tells us that he paid fifty pounds for his! He also describes his dinner:

> Home from my office to my lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner; viz., a dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns and cheese.

It is said that the English then ate but two meals a day — dinner between eleven and twelve, and supper in the evening. Yet if each meal was as hearty as this one, two were ample! Chocolate and coffee were the usual beverages, and gallants congregated in alehouses to puff their long tobacco pipes.

From the court paintings we see that great changes had taken place in the dress of the nobility. Milady wore a broad lace collar above a gay basque, while her looped-up skirt showed a satin petticoat. Long



Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries

ringlets fell over her ears. In summer she carried a wide feathered fan; in winter, a big fur muff. In Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I we see the typical gentleman's costume of the period. Wide lace collar and cuffs, satin vest and smallclothes ribboned at the knee, plumed hat, and long scented curls marked the Cavalier. Indeed the new periwigs were a lavish cascade of curl upon curl. In contrast, the Cromwellian man wore a tall Puritan hat, wide Geneva "bands," leather jerkin, dark cloak, and broad shoes. But the dress of Charles II's day was fantastic. "The ribbon reigned triumphant!" It tied up periwigs, shirt sleeves, and knee breeches. Wigmakers, lacemakers, tailors, and shoemakers were kept busy indeed.

Seventeenth-Century Literature

Naturally a century of controversy and civil war produced a less profuse and unified literature than that of the Elizabethan Age. At the beginning of the period some beautiful lyrics reflected both the Puritan and the Cavalier attitudes of mind. Because of their adherence to Charles I the Cavalier writers are sometimes called the Caroline poets — a name derived from Carolus, the Latin form of Charles. Notable among these men are Herrick, Lovelace, and Suckling. Their lyrics are marked by lightness, gaiety, and charm. Their cynicism is smiling rather than sneering.

In contrast to the Cavalier mood many other lyrics reflect the serenity, honesty, and aspiration of the Puritan spirit at its best. Not all of these poems, however, were written by avowed Puritans. Some were composed before the issue of civil war forced the poets to take sides. Then again, some changed their allegiances during the struggle. Wither, for instance, whose poem on page 208 is clearly in the Cavalier mood of his earlier days, later fought in the Puritan army.

On the whole the Cavalier group numbered more lyrists of charm and quality, for often the Puritans were too concerned with meaning and moral values to stress beauty of expression. But, however lacking in minor poets, the Puritans had in Milton one of the greatest glories of English literature.

MILTON CLIMAXES THE POETRY OF HIS CENTURY

Milton was to the seventeenth century what Chaucer was to the fourteenth, what Spenser and Shakespeare were to the sixteenth. His genius, however, is notably different. He did not portray a variety of human characters with all their faults, foibles, and virtues, as Chaucer and Shakespeare did. He more nearly resembled Spenser in dwelling in a world of imagination and in weighing moral values. Yet there is a grandeur, directness, and sonority in his verse beyond that of Spenser. In Milton the Puritan spirit found its loftiest and noblest expression.

DRYDEN THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE RESTORATION AUTHOR

Though Milton wrote his greatest work during the Restoration period, he was in no way typical of its spirit. The poet who represents its dominant mood is John Dryden, prolific writer of poetry, prose, and drama. So important was he that the Restoration period is often called the Age of Dryden. The infatuation with French styles in Charles II's court led to the use of the rhymed couplets of French drama. Dryden's skill with this form established it as the poetic mode of the day, and for the next century it dominated English verse. Sometimes these couplets are called "closed couplets," because the thought is enclosed neatly within each pair of lines; or they are called "heroic couplets," because much heroic poetry of the seventeenth century was written in this form. Dryden, with his technical skill, elegance, and classical allusions, ushered in the so-called "classic" age of the eighteenth century, but he died at its threshold.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PROSE

Most of the prose of the seventeenth century, concerned with politics, learning, or theology, is controversial and ponderous in style. The work of scholars and theologians, it now draws few readers outside of those groups. Milton and Dryden, whom the world remembers as poets, were also prose writers of distinction. To Milton we are indebted for tracts which in their day did valiant service in the cause of liberty, better education, and the freedom of the press. His style, however, is too involved in complicated sentences and polysyllabic words to please the modern reader. Dryden's literary criticism, on the other hand, marks a milestone in the development of English prose style in that it established the clear-cut, incisive form of expression we admire today.

Then there are two writers who carried no influence in the sophisticated literary world of their time, but who today command a greater reading public than any other prose writers of the seventeenth century. John Bunyan, with his vivid allegory of Christian life, *The Pilgrim's Progress,* appealed to the common man because of his Biblical simplicity and earnestness. Samuel Pepys poured into the secret code in which he wrote his diary entertaining comments and naïve confessions which recreate for us a living picture of Restoration moods and manners.

Because Izaak Walton is known as the patron saint of all fishermen, we should probably add his name to the list of those who still command an audience. While England was torn between the Puritan and Royalist concepts of life, Walton fished quietly in remote streams. His singular book, *The Compleat Angler,* consisting of dialogues between a fisherman and his friends, shows his reflective mind and has contributed to the reputation of fishing as the ideal sport for a philosopher. Then, too, the Izaak Walton League, for the preservation of " woods, waters, and outdoor life," has brought him a unique immortality.

RESTORATION DRAMA

The London theaters had been dark since the Puritans closed their doors in 1642. With the restoration of the Stuarts the playhouses were alive after almost twenty years of silence. But the old Elizabethan dramas were out of style. Plays based on French models were in great demand. Unfortunately the new group of playwrights, while imitating the Continental master Molière, generally exaggerated the worst elements of French comedy. Their plays were always worldly, frequently witty, and usually indecent. Dryden was one of the most prominent among the dramatists, but his plays, unlike Shakespeare's, are today dead and buried. In fact, the only successful revival of Restoration drama in the present century was Wycherley's *The Country Wife,* produced in both London and New York during the 1930's.

CHANGES IN RESTORATION THEATERS

With the opening of the theaters came many changes in styles of presentation. Sir William Davenant, then poet laureate, started the drama again in England with *The Siege of Rhodes.* This " heroic play in operatic form " used for the first time elaborate stage machinery, an idea adopted from the French theater. A great display of scenery was in marked contrast to the meager backdrop and stage properties of the Elizabethans. Another innovation was that a woman actually appeared on the stage in a leading part. This was such an improvement over the use of young boys for feminine roles that, from then on, actresses became an important part of stage personnel.

Later Davenant became manager of one of the two chief companies of actors, which were under the patronage respectively of the king and the Duke of York. The Duke's Theater was roofed; but the pit of the King's Theater was open to the sky as in Elizabethan days, and Pepys in his *Diary* speaks of a hailstorm disordering the house. Evening performances now necessitated great chandeliers where hundreds of can-

dles twinkled picturesquely but added a definite fire hazard. A regular curtain and orchestra as we know them were also used.

A CONTEMPORARY PICTURE OF THE THEATER

Pepys's *Diary* gives this excellent glimpse "backstage" of the Restoration theater:

After dinner we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worth seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was: here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobbyhorse, and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candlelight, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings [scenery] very pretty.

Pepys also suggests the tendency of the times to underrate Shakespeare. We overhear him saying:

To the King's Theater, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

And Evelyn, another diarist, says:

I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, played, but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

In that age of "refined" manners, serious drama and poetry became enchained by a set of rules. The insistence was all on *correctness* without considering whether any given set of artistic precepts can cover all cases. One cannot imagine a fiery Marlowe in such an age.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE FORM A CLOSE ALLIANCE

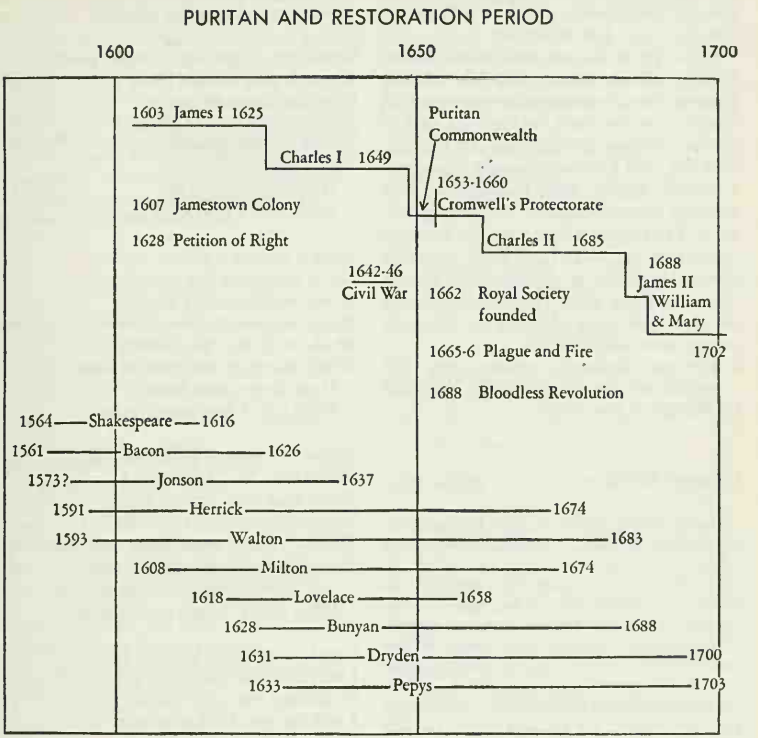
Akin to developments in drama are the new forms in music appearing on the London horizon. Songs and incidental music had been included in many plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans, but an entire musical play was unknown in the sixteenth century. Although opera was born in Italy at the very beginning of the seventeenth century, it did not reach England until the Restoration period. In the meantime the masque, with its important background of music, had great vogue in early seventeenth-century England, as pointed out in the preceding chapter. Ben Jonson was succeeded by Dryden as the master of the masque; and even a Puritan like Milton wrote *Comus*, a masque surpassing in poetic beauty any of Jonson's or Dryden's. With the reopening of the theaters, music came more and more into the foreground. We have mentioned the operatic form of *The Siege of Rhodes*, but it was not until 1677 that the first real English opera appeared. This was *Dido and Aeneas*, composed by Henry Purcell, organist of the Chapel Royal — the first really great genius of English music. Now for the first time music was continuous throughout the play, and all the dialogue was sung. The success of this venture led to considerable collaboration between Purcell and Dryden, and the poet was kept busy writing opera librettos as well as heroic dramas with incidental music.

Another important step in musical progress was the organization in 1683 of the London choral society, for which Dryden wrote two odes. One of these, *Alexander's Feast* (page 226), is the author's truest claim to immortality, for it is remembered and admired while his many dramas are forgotten.

Throughout the Restoration period and on into the eighteenth century, music and literature were indeed twin arts.

SUMMARY

Though Queen Elizabeth had defeated Mary Queen of Scots in the latter's lifetime, Mary conquered after Elizabeth's death — inasmuch as her son became James I, King of England, first of a line of four Stuart Kings. The first colonization of



America occurred under James I, in Virginia and in Massachusetts — the beginnings of our United States.

The Stuarts believed that God had made them kings and that they ruled by "divine right." Charles I, who succeeded James, fought with the people's Parliament. Under Cromwell the forces of Parliament defeated him, and he was the only English monarch ever to be executed. The Commonwealth ended with the Restoration of Charles II, a dissolute king. In his reign London was ravaged first by a reappearance of the Great Plague, and later by a fire that destroyed a large part of the city. Sir Christopher Wrenn rebuilt many of the London churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral.

England and the Dutch fought over trade; but science made real advances, and the Royal Society was established. Charles II was succeeded by his brother, James II, whose stupid, pompous rule resulted in the Bloodless Revolution that brought over from Holland William and Mary, a daughter of James II, and ended the Stuart theory of "divine right." The promulgation of the Bill of Rights of 1689 confirmed the rights

and privileges of the people, much as do the first ten amendments to our own Constitution (our own Bill of Rights).

Literature in this era could claim, on the Puritan side, the master poet John Milton, greatest literary genius of the seventeenth century; on the court, or Cavalier, side, a number of fine lyrists, such as Herrick, Suckling, and Lovelace. Samuel Pepys was a notable diarist. John Bunyan, the outstanding evangelist during the Restoration, wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The Restoration drama was wicked and witty. Dryden's literary criticism is distinguished for its simplified prose style. He is better remembered for one great ode than for his many dramas and satiric poems.

This age, despite its wastage, ends with a marked advance in democratic ideas and knowledge of the world.

George Wither 1588–1667

George Wither shows an odd mingling of the Puritan and the Cavalier in both his life and his poetry. Until matters came to an issue in the Civil War he had apparently supported the Stuarts; but during the war he changed to the Puritan army, and became a major general. When the Stuarts returned to the throne, Wither was, of course, in great disfavor and passed his last years in miserable poverty. His poetry includes both religious themes in the Puritan spirit and love lyrics in the Cavalier mood. The following poem, for example, has a certain flippancy of tone akin to Sir John Suckling's (page 209); yet, after all, it is a protest against the court convention that a lover should pine away if scorned by a lady, and its downright, independent spirit is typical of the Puritan point of view.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, "What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!"
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If she love me (this believe!)
I will die, ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

14. **pelican:** a bird which was believed to tear open its breast in order to feed its offspring with its own blood.

Robert Herrick 1591–1674

Robert Herrick entered the established Church in his late thirties and spent his life at the country parish of Dean Prior, Devonshire. The tone of his verses, however, is distinctly different from what one would expect of a clergy-

man. Instead of a great spiritual quality we find a note of cynicism and gaiety typical of the Cavalier spirit. During his thirty years of rural life Herrick studied the country festivals — such as bridals, morris dances, May Day and Yuletide feasts — with such genuine interest that one feels him to be at heart devoted to the pagan ideals of antiquity. By virtue of the variety of his work, the intermingled lightness and aloofness of his mood, and the singing quality of his fourteen hundred poems, Herrick is the greatest of the Cavalier lyrists.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
  Old Time is still aflying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
  Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
  The higher he's agetting
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
  And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may forever tarry.

Sir John Suckling 1609–1642

Suckling was well born, well educated, and wealthy. Even as a child his precocious wit made him popular in court circles and, after his return from service on the Continent in the Thirty Years' War, he became a prime favorite at the pleasure-mad court of Charles I. Nevertheless he found time to do considerable writing until the Puritan Revolution put an end to both his court life and his poetry. Detected in a Royalist plot, Suckling was forced to seek safety in France. It is generally supposed that, after spending what little money he had left, he took his own life. No poet better illustrates the clever flippancy of the Stuart court life.

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
  Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

SONG FROM *AGLAURA*

I

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
  Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
  Looking ill prevail?
  Prithee, why so pale?

II

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
  Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
  Saying nothing do't?
  Prithee, why so mute?

III

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
  This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
  Nothing can make her:
  The devil take her!

Title: ***Aglaura:*** a drama by Suckling, performed with great magnificence of scenery and costume at Blackfriars theater.

Richard Lovelace 1618–1658

Like Suckling's, the romantic life of Richard Lovelace reads like a novel of adventure. Born into a prominent Kentish family, he had every possible social and educational advantage. Soon after he left Oxford he was imprisoned for presenting a petition to Parliament asking favor for the deposed king. Though in prison only a few weeks he had ample time for thought, and used his leisure in composing an exquisite lyric, "To Althea, from Prison."

After his release Lovelace spent his inherited wealth in the service of the Royalist cause. About 1648 he was again in prison, and while there he prepared his verses for publication. Of his last years little is known, but it is probable that he died poor and disconsolate. A high spirit of nobility shines through his verse.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

I

When Love with unconfinèd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

II

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free —
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

III

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

IV

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

28. **hermitage:** Even a prison may be suitable for quiet meditation.

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

The last two lines of this poem sum up the Cavalier view of life, with its high regard for honor as embodied in the soldier's fulfillment of duty to his king.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

7. **wanton:** play about. 9–10. **cups . . . Thames:** wine undiluted with water (from the river Thames). 20. **my king:** Charles I, in whose service Lovelace was "committed" to prison. Notice that his punishment did not dampen his enthusiasm for the king.

Suggestions for Study of Seventeenth-Century Lyrics

1. How does the general mood of these lyrics differ from that of the Elizabethan lyrics? Do you find them as "singable" as the Elizabethan ones?

2. Which of these poems do you think most

worth remembering? most enjoyable? most poetic in expression? most cynical?

3. In "To Althea" what four kinds of liberty are described? Note in the first three stanzas the comparison with something in nature. In what way is the choice appropriate for each stanza? How does the fourth stanza form a climax to the first three?

4. What subtle compliment does Lovelace pay Lucasta in the last stanza of the poem addressed to her? Why would this be especially pleasing to a Cavalier lady?

5. Select lines in any of these lyrics which you think particularly neat and well turned.

6. Memorize the lyrics which you especially like.

7. Read other seventeenth-century lyrics from Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury* and write a report on them, or read selected ones aloud before the class.

8. Find examples from Dorothy Parker or other modern writers of satirical verse to compare in mood with the poems of Wither and Suckling. Write some yourself in this mood.

9. Illustrate any of these poems by figures appropriately posed and dressed in the style of the century.

John Milton 1608–1674

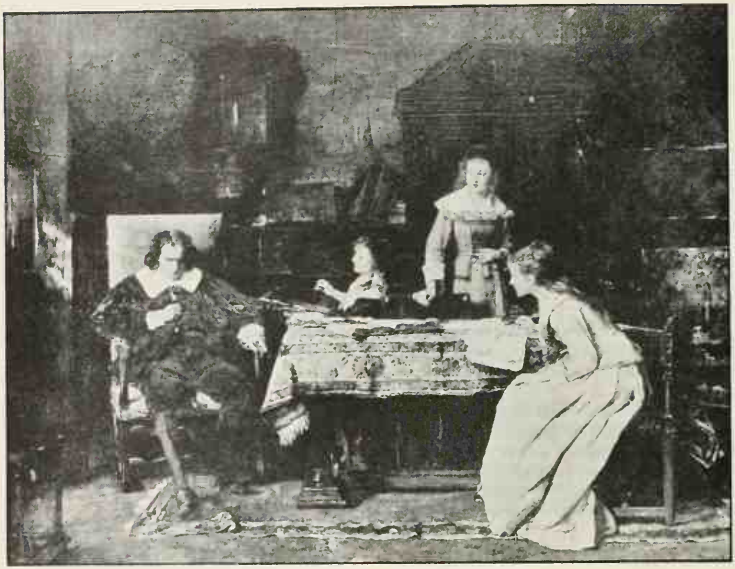
"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart," sang Wordsworth of Milton. John Milton's high ideals of upright living and devotion to a great cause, together with the majesty of his poetry, sometimes make ordinary mortals feel that he is too remote and cold. Nevertheless Milton had his human struggles and sorrows like the rest of us. His life may be said to center around three great crises in which he was called upon to make some momentous decision. As a boy Milton had every advantage of a well-to-do home where the culture of the Renaissance was combined with the righteous life of the Puritans. Milton's indulgent father allowed him to sit up as late as he wished to read or study, and it was undoubtedly these voluntary midnight vigils that weakened his eyesight. From his musical mother he inherited that devotion to music which is reflected again and again in his poetry.

At Cambridge his first critical decision was made when he gave up taking orders in the Church, as his family had planned, because he felt he could not be bound by fixed creeds and doctrines, but must be free to worship God in his own way. For several years after leaving college he lived in retirement on his father's country estate at Horton, near London, studying, reflecting, and writing notable poetry. Then he traveled abroad and was enjoying to the utmost the cultured life of Italy and the friendship of foreign poets when the second crisis came. England was plunged into civil war to determine whether king or people should rule. Milton's conscience would not let him continue his comfortable life of travel with his country in the throes of such a war. Back he went and offered his services through the power of his pen rather than his sword. Under Cromwell he was made Secretary of Foreign Tongues, an office in which he handled the correspondence with other European countries. This was indeed a delicate and exacting task when England was overturning the current conception of the "divine right of kings."

The third decision concerned his failing eyesight. Self-preservation would have made him heed various warnings and give up his work, but shortly before this time Charles I had been beheaded. Europe was aghast; England itself was almost terrified at the deed. Milton alone had the power to put the principles of the Commonwealth into convincing words to answer the numerous attacks from abroad. It was therefore a voluntary act of sacrifice that led him to produce two great defensive tracts. While writing the second of these, he went completely blind.

The following years of his life were pathetic enough. The restoration of the Stuarts destroyed everything for which he had been fighting; he was dependent on his three young daughters, between whom and himself there was little sympathetic understanding; his second wife died about a year after they were married. Finally a third wife brought happiness to his home, and the publication of *Paradise Lost* won him recognition throughout England as a supreme poet.

Milton's writings fall into three well-differentiated groups: the shorter poems of his youth; the prose of his middle years, of public life; the epics and drama of his later years. While Milton was still a student at Cambridge, his great poetic gift showed in his "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Before he was thirty he had written four poems unexcelled in their various forms. The much-loved twin poems,



MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS. The blind poet dictated his great epic poems to these young women. (Culver Service)

"L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," give a perfect blending of background with two contrasting moods, gaiety and thoughtfulness. *Comus*, a masque surpassing any of Jonson's, was acted at Ludlow Castle by the family of the Lord President of Wales. Supported by all its pageantry and the music of Henry Lawes, one of the best composers of his day, *Comus* reflects the Puritan spirit in its theme that evil is powerless to corrupt innate goodness. In 1637 the young poet contributed a great pastoral elegy, "Lycidas," to a "garland of elegies" written by Cambridge students in memory of their classmate Edward King, drowned off the coast of Wales. With its sonorous diction, its classical references, and its high tribute to noble character, "Lycidas" is one of the greatest elegies in our language.

Milton's prose is highly controversial because most of it was written in defense of the Commonwealth. The style is ponderous, with involved sentences weighted down by long words of Latin derivation. Except for a group of nearly perfect sonnets, therefore, the period of his thirties and forties may be regarded as an interlude between his two major periods of literary production.

Milton was fifty years old and had been blind for six years before he began his world masterpiece, *Paradise Lost*. This great epic, on which he worked seven years, consists of twelve books depicting the expulsion of Satan from Heaven and his vengeance upon Jehovah by tempting Eve to disobedience. *Paradise Regained* is said to have been written in response to the query of a Quaker friend, "But what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" Only a quarter as long as the earlier epic, it pictures the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. Though its verse is not inferior, it ranks somewhat below *Paradise Lost*. However, it was the favorite of Milton himself and of some critics. Milton's last work, *Samson Agonistes*, is a remarkable adaptation of the form of Greek tragedy to English verse. It tells

the story of the blind Samson of the Bible, a slave among the Philistines, who at the end tugs down the pillars of the temple to destroy the flower of his enemies, and with them himself. It is almost a symbol of his own life.

To summarize Milton's pre-eminent contributions to English literature: his elegy and sonnets stand among the best of their types; his masque has outlived all others of its time; his epic poetry is unchallenged as the greatest the English language has produced. He brought blank verse to its highest point of richness, variety, and resounding power. Dryden said that Milton combined "loftiness of mind" with "majesty" of expression, and no truer phrases could be found to store in our memory of so noble a poet.

L'ALLEGRO

You have probably noticed on pieces of music the Italian word *allegro*, meaning "quick," "lively." In the title of this poem it means the "happy or merry man." Here Milton pictures the ideal day for a man in carefree mood. Before reading the poem, stop for a moment and imagine where you would choose to be and what you would like to do if you could have an ideal day. You may discover that you and Milton have nearly the same ideas on the subject.

He wrote this poem soon after he had left college, while he was living on his father's country estate at Horton. The classical training of Cambridge and the poetic fashions of the day led Milton to open with a formal introduction full of mythological allusions. To a modern reader this opening is a rather difficult hurdle to surmount before enjoying a carefree day in the country. We therefore pass it by with the brief explanation that the poet first dismisses Melancholy and then welcomes the nymph Mirth, daughter of the West Wind and the Dawn.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,

3 **quips:** witty sayings. 3. **cranks:** twists or turns in speech. 3. **wanton wiles:** playful tricks. 5. **Hebe** (hē'bē): cupbearer to the gods.

16. **unreprovèd:** not deserving of censure. 34. **hedgerow elms:** elm trees planted in rows for enclosure or separation of fields. 36. **the great sun:** a reference to the ancient belief that the sun drove across the sky in a golden chariot. 38. **liveries:** "Livery" means clothing given by a master to servants; hence, the clouds, as his servants, receive their colors from the sun. 43. **tells his tale:** counts his sheep (compare the use in "teller" in a bank). 44. **hawthorn:** a tree or shrub with shiny leaves and white or pink fragrant flowers. 46. **landskip:** landscape.

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wits or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,

51. **daisies:** The English daisy is a smaller, daintier flower than the American field daisy. 51. **pied:** of two or more colors. 56. **cynosure** (sī'nō-shōōr): the center of attention. 59. **Corydon** (kŏr'ĭ-dŏn) **and Thyrsis** (thûr'sĭs): conventional names for rustics or shepherds in pastoral poetry. 62, 64. **Phyllis** (fil'ĭs), **Thestylis** (thĕs'tĭ-lĭs): stock names for rustic maidens. 63. **bower:** a rustic cottage or room. 70. **rebecks** (rē'bĕks): an early form of the violin. 78. **faery Mab:** probably a fairy of Welsh folklore. A famous description of how she brings dreams is in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Sc. 4, ll. 53–95. 78. **junkets:** any delicate sweetmeat, often made of curdled milk. 79. **She:** one of the rustic maids. 80. **friar's lantern:** sometimes called "will-o'-the-wisp" or "friar's rush"; a dancing light on marshy ground, supposed to lead travelers astray; hence, a mischievous fairy. 81. **drudging goblin:** Robin Goodfellow, who supposedly did chores at night to earn the food put out for him.

86. **lubber fiend:** awkward sprite. 90. **matin:** a morning song, or call to early prayers. 96. **weeds:** garments. 96. **triumphs:** public shows or pageants, 98. **influence:** The stars were once supposed to affect human action; hence, the bright eyes of the ladies are compared to stars. 101, 102. **Hymen** (hī'mĕn): Greek god of marriage. The smoking of his torch or taper was considered a bad omen; hence, **with taper clear** would signify a happy marriage. 104. **mask:** masque. 108. **sock:** symbolic of comedy (see note on "sock," p. 187). 110. **native wood-notes:** implying that Shakespeare's verse is as natural as the singing of a bird, in contrast with the more "learned" poetry of Jonson. 111. **against eating cares:** as a protection against worries which eat up one's vitality. 112. **Lydian** (lĭd-ĭ-ăn) **airs:** soft melodies such as were popular in Lydia, a province of Asia Minor. 114. **meeting:** responsive. 114. **pierce:** comprehend. 115. **bout:** a turn.

With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

121. **Orpheus** (ôr'fūs): the most famous musician of Greek mythology, who persuaded Pluto, king of the dead, to release his dead wife, Eurydice. The condition was that Orpheus should not look back while leading her to the upper world; but he forgot himself at the last minute, and so lost her completely.

Suggestions for Study of L'Allegro

1. Point out the appropriateness of the companions whom L'Allegro wishes to accompany him. Why is Liberty called a mountain nymph? What two famous lines describe the way in which Mirth and her companions move onward?

2. Picture the farmyard and the landscape as Milton describes them. What details would apply to the country scenes of your own locality? Which are distinctly English? What in an American country scene might at a distance give the effect of the towers and battlements?

3. What about Milton's description of the farm people gives them a romantic rather than a realistic quality? Describe similar occupations and pastimes in an American village. Compare American folklore with the stories told by these country people.

4. At line 93, where the description changes to the city, do you think L'Allegro actually went to the city or only thought about his past experiences there? Compare the city amusements with those of today. Name some specific plays which Milton may have had in mind in lines 107–110.

5. Prove that Milton was a musician. Name some pieces of music that answer the description of lines 111–120.

6. Select phrases or lines that you think especially beautiful or unusual. Notice how much color there is throughout the poem. How many color words can you find?

7. How does Milton's happy day compare with one you would choose for yourself? Write a description of your day.

8. Recall, or bring into class for reading, American poems picturing delight in nature or farm life. Compare them in effectiveness with "L'Allegro."

IL PENSEROSO

There are two kinds of happiness — the merry, sociable kind as described in "L'Allegro" and the quiet meditative kind as described in its twin poem, "Il Penseroso." Here the title means "The Thoughtful Man." Do you sometimes enjoy solitude and, if so, how do you like to pass the time? Find out whether your tastes and Milton's are similar when you are in this mood. Do not think that the word *melancholy*, as he uses it, has the idea of sorrow that we attach to it today. To Milton it meant a pleasantly, rather than an unpleasantly, thoughtful frame of mind.

This poem was written about the same time and under the same circumstances as the preceding one. It, too, has a classical introduction, which dismisses "vain, deluding Joys" and welcomes Melancholy — pictured in this poem as a nun, in contrast to the nymph Mirth of "L'Allegro."

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,

3. **grain:** dye. 5. **sable . . . lawn:** black veil of crape. 12. **to marble:** so completely engrossed in thought that she seems a marble statue.

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear

16. **Spare:** an adjective, "lean." 26. **Philomel** (fil'ō-mĕl): the nightingale. 29. **Cynthia** (sĭn'thĭ-ă): or Diana, the moon goddess, whose chariot was drawn by dragons, and to whom the oak was sacred. 35. **unseen:** Compare with the "not unseen" of "L'Allegro," line 33. 53. **bellman's drowsy charm:** night watch-man's calling of the hours as he guarded the streets. 57. **outwatch the Bear:** to stay awake all night, for the constellation of the Bear never sets.

With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont

58, 59. **Hermes** (hûr'mēz), **Plato** (plā'tō): Greek philosophers who wrote on the immortality of the soul. 63. **demons:** According to Plato there were four elements: earth, water, air, fire. Later philosophers taught that each had its own presiding spirit, or "demon." 68. **sceptered pall:** a kingly robe. 69, 70. **Thebes** (thēbz), **Pelops'** (pē'lŏps) **line, Troy:** all subjects of Greek tragedies. 72. **buskined stage:** Buskins were high boots worn by ancient actors to give dignity; hence, a symbol of tragedy as the sock was of comedy. 74. **Musaeus** (mū-zē'ŭs): a poet in mythology. 75. **soul of Orpheus:** See note on Orpheus for line 121 of "L'Allegro." 79. **him . . . half-told:** Chaucer never finished the Squire's Tale, described in the next few lines. 92. **civil-suited:** in the sober garb of a citizen. 93. **tricked and frounced:** dressed in gay robes, probably with hair curled.

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

94. **Attic boy:** Cephalus (sĕf'ă-lŭs), a young huntsman of Attica, beloved by Aurora. 104. **Sylvan:** Sylvanus (sĭl-vā'nŭs), god of the woodlands. 124. **Genius . . . wood:** The ancient Greeks believed that a benignant deity dwelt in every grove. 126. **pale:** boundary. 128. **massy proof:** able to bear the weight they support. 129. **storied . . . dight:** stained-glass church windows telling Bible stories in rich colors.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give
And I with thee will choose to live.

140. **spell:** to learn the meaning by study.

Suggestions for Study of Il Penseroso

1. Since "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are twin poems, the most interesting point of study is to note the resemblance and differences between the two. A graphic way to do this is by parallel columns showing points covered by the following headings: (1) What is dismissed, (2) Companions summoned, (3) Time of day of opening, (4) Elements of nature mentioned, especially birds, heavenly bodies, sounds, (5) Pastimes, (6) Kinds of literature mentioned, (7) Kinds of music mentioned, (8) Amount of time covered by the poem.

2. Pick out phrases, passages, or figures of speech which particularly appeal to you.

3. How does the description of the evening fit in with a thoughtful mood? Why does the poet not turn to the city in this poem as he did in the preceding?

4. What books would you choose for an evening of reading if you were in a thoughtful mood?

5. What type of building is Milton describing in lines 125–136? Can different types of architecture produce different moods? Illustrate.

6. Which of the two moods of these two poems do you think more characteristic of Milton's life as a whole? Which is more characteristic of yourself, of your friends? Is there a difference in the prevalence of one mood or the other in youth or age?

7. Write a theme or short poem in which you contrast two different moods, scenes, seasons, types of person, or other suitable subject. Try to use parallel details of contrast somewhat as Milton does.

8. Draw sketches to illustrate the two poems,

or a conventional design to suggest the two moods through some of the symbols mentioned.

9. Make a selection of music that you think conveys the two differing moods.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

In this sonnet the earnest young Puritan analyzes himself as he realizes he is entering manhood. The fourth line suggests that he fears he has accomplished nothing of note so far in his life. The seventh and eighth indicate that he feels in some ways less mature than others of his age. In the last six lines he dedicates himself to the service of God, a service in which he proved faithful for the rest of his life.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

ON SHAKESPEARE

Though Milton was eight years old when Shakespeare died, it is unlikely that he ever saw the great Elizabethan, whose last days were spent in Stratford. Milton's admiration of his predecessor and master in poetry is most genuinely expressed in this poem.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of low-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

11. **unvalued:** beyond any fixed value. 12. **Delphic** (dĕl'fĭc): prophetic or inspired; relating to the oracle at ancient Delphi. 14. **Dost . . . marble:** as still as marble through our thoughtful attention. Milton uses the same figure in "Il Penseroso," line 12. 15. **sepulchred** (here, sĕ-pŭl'kĕrd, but usually accented on the first syllable): put in a tomb.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton was only forty-three when he became blind, and he lived twenty-three years after that. This sonnet makes us fully realize what this affliction must have cost him, and how steadfast and patient he was in meeting it. Little did he realize, when he said that he must only stand and wait, that he would be able, in spite of this handicap, to do his greatest life-work, *Paradise Lost*, after active service to his country had been thus suddenly terminated.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"

3. **one talent:** see Matthew 25 : 14–30.

I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

8. **fondly:** foolishly.

Suggestions for Study

1 Which of these three poems do you like best? Why? Point out frequently quoted lines.

2. Which tribute to Shakespeare do you consider more impressive, Ben Jonson's (page 186) or Milton's? Discuss.

3. In the sonnet " On His Blindness," how does he apply the parable of the talents to himself? What mental debate does he have, and what is his conclusion? If possible read the second sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, in which Milton describes his feelings after three years of blindness.

4. One of these three poems is not a sonnet. Can you see which it is, and why it does not qualify as a sonnet in form?

5. Milton follows the Italian rather than the Shakespearean form of sonnet. Study the two forms side by side and see what differences in rhyme scheme and division of thought you can discover.

PARADISE LOST

Paradise Lost is a *literary* epic in contrast to a *national* epic such as *Beowulf*, which developed anonymously from centuries of tradition. *Paradise Lost* is unquestionably the greatest literary epic in English and takes its place with similar masterpieces of world literature, such as Virgil's *Aeneid* (Latin), Dante's *Divine Comedy* (Italian), and Goethe's *Faust* (German).

From Milton's notebooks it is evident that he had for many years contemplated a poem on the grand scale, but his public work robbed him of the necessary leisure. Blindness, therefore, brought its compensation in enabling him to realize a long-standing dream.

The main plot of the epic — the temptation and fall of man at the instigation of Satan in the form of a serpent — is drawn largely from Genesis, but the powerful descriptions of Satan's expulsion from heaven with the rebellious angels, and the pictures of their new kingdom of evil, are the creations of Milton's active imagination. After Adam and Eve are driven from Paradise in punishment for their disobedience, the angel Michael informs them, through a vision, of momentous future events, such as the Flood and the coming of Christ. In the end Satan and his fallen angels, living in a great palace, Pandemonium, are transformed into serpents.

The power of this epic lies in the organ music of its blank verse, in the masterly portrayal of Satan, and in the sense of vast space and elemental forces given the reader as the scene shifts back and forth between Heaven, Hell and the World. All of these are illustrated in the following selection from Book I. Milton intended Adam to be the hero of this epic, but you will understand, after reading these famous speeches of Satan, why consensus of opinion has made the indomitable Prince of Darkness the real hero. Notice that the poem opens in true epic style with an invocation to the Muse.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse . . .
I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,

6. **Heavenly Muse:** not the pagan Muse, but the Spirit that inspired the men of the Bible.

That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first — for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell — say first what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views

9. **Aonian** (āō′nĭ-ăn) **mount:** Helicon in Greece, supposed to be the home of the Muses. Milton means that he intends to write on a theme higher than Greek poetry had attempted. 26. **one restraint:** that they should not eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. 51. **witnessed:** gave evidence of. 53. **ken:** view.

The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beelzebub. To whom the Archenemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began: —
"If thou beest he — but, Oh, how fallen! how changed
From him! — who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright — if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost — the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,

62. **urges:** presses. 75. **Beelzebub** (bē-ĕl'zĕ-bŭb): In this poem the name is given to the fallen angel next in command to Satan, but in other connections it is often used as equivalent to Satan.

And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of his arm, so late
Doubted his empire — that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer: —
" O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? "

111. **empyreal** (ĕm-pĭr'ē-ăl): belonging to the highest heaven. 123. **Seraphim** (sĕr'ă-fĭm): angels of the highest rank.

Whereto with speedy words the Archfiend replied: —
" Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure —
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling: and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood. . . .
So stretched out huge in length the Archfiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth



SATAN AND BEELZEBUB. Lines 203–206 of *Paradise Lost*, as visualized by the French illustrator and painter, Paul Gustave Doré. (Culver Service)

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights — if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
" Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, " this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

212–219. An example of the extended simile which Milton frequently uses to strengthen his pictures. This comparison to Mount Etna will be especially vivid to those who have seen moving pictures of recent volcanic eruptions. 214. **Pelorus** (pĕ-lō′rŭs): a cape in Sicily, now Faro. 217. **sublimed:** sublimated; i.e., turned into vapor by heat and solidified by cooling. 221. **Stygian** (stĭj′ĭ-ăn): pertaining to the river Styx, which in Greek mythology surrounded the abode of the dead.

Suggestions for Study of Paradise Lost

1. How many lines comprise the opening invocation? In this introduction what does Milton say is the purpose of his poem?

2. In what lines does he outline briefly the subject matter of his epic? Explain this in your own words.

3. Describe the kind of place in which the fallen Angels are found at the opening of the poem. Select lines or phrases which make the description especially vivid.

4. What two beings carry on a dialogue in this selection? Study their speeches carefully to discover a difference in their attitude toward the situation.

5. What can you find in this selection that justifies calling Satan the hero of the epic?

6. Select some of the best examples of the resounding quality of the blank verse. Show where Milton has used long words with good effect.

7. Select lines that seem especially quotable. Memorize passages that appeal to you.

8. If possible, get a copy of *Paradise Lost* illustrated by Gustave Doré, and study these remarkable drawings which so well convey the feeling of vast space and elemental background.

John Dryden 1631–1700

In the late seventeenth century Dryden held much the same position in literature that Ben Jonson had held at the beginning of the century: he was the accepted leader of the literary men of London, became poet laureate, wrote many plays for the theaters of his time, but is today remembered chiefly for a few outstanding lyric poems. Dryden differed from Jonson, however, in producing more political satire and prose. He has been called "the father of English prose" because in his critical works he introduced a simple, direct style, in marked contrast to the flowery phrases of the Elizabethans and the ponderous sentences of Milton.

Political satire flourished in these days when party feeling ran high and England was constantly shifting between Puritan and Royalist control. Dryden proved himself a master of this art, for his own allegiances shifted in a most startling manner. His upbringing had been Puritan, and his early poetry, such as stanzas on the death of Cromwell, showed adherence to the policies of the Commonwealth. Yet, with the restoration of Charles II, Dryden wrote a "Panegyric to His Sacred Majesty" and other poems in honor of the king. In religion, too, he shifted, writing a poem in defense of the Church of England, at one time, and three years later, when a Catholic king came to the throne, changing over to the Catholic Church. The result of this was a noted poem, "The Hind and the Panther," representing the Catholic Church as a "milk-white Hind" beset by all sorts of other animals signifying other sects of the day. It is extremely difficult to know how many of these changes were the result of genuine conviction. Dryden himself protested absolute sincerity, but the timeliness of his changes gave his enemies sufficient excuse to brand him a turncoat. However, when another revolution put William and Mary on the throne, Dryden remained faithful to the exiled James II and lost all his political advantages. His last days were devoted to writing — chiefly to making translations from Greek and Latin classics, and retelling famous stories in rhymed couplets.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC (1697)

In Dryden's day the study of music was becoming more and more prominent in London life. In 1683 was formed a choral society which every year on November 22 gave a concert in honor of St. Cecilia. For these occasions Dryden wrote two famous odes (of which this is the second); Pope wrote one later.

St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, was a beautiful and talented convert to Christianity in the third century. Of the many legends about her life and martyrdom, the best known is that she invented an arrangement of musical pipes, the forerunner of the organ, on which she played such exquisite music that an angel came down from heaven to listen. Besides appealing to poets, St. Cecilia has caught the imagination of many painters from Raphael to the present day, several of whom have selected this legend to picture.

To honor St. Cecilia, Dryden has shown in this poem how Alexander (356–323 B.C.), the

greatest conqueror of the world, could be played upon emotionally by the power of his musician, Timotheus; but how Cecilia had performed even a greater feat than Timotheus — she called an angel from heaven.

Alexander was indeed a picturesque choice for the author's purpose. The son of Philip of Macedonia, also a famous conqueror, Alexander in his early thirties swept over Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt and on into the interior of Asia until, according to legend, he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Handsome, brilliant, emotional, undefeated — what better subject on whom to try the subduing power of music?

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son —
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above —
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
— The listening crowd admire the lofty sound
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound;
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god;
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;

17. **quire:** an old spelling of "choir." 21. **Jove:** same as Jupiter or Zeus, the head of all the gods. In ancient days popular belief always had to acclaim a ruler as a descendant of a god. In Dryden's own day the "divine right of kings" was a parallel superstition clung to by the Royalists. 26. **Olympia** (ōlĭm'pĭ-ȧ): The name of Alexander's mother was Olympias.

38. **Bacchus** (băk'ŭs): the god of wine. 44. **hautboys** (hō'boiz): oboes, woodwind instruments. 61. **Darius** (dȧ-rī'ŭs): the Persian king whom Alexander had just defeated

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
— The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length with love and wine at once oppressed
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
— The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

— Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

79. **Lydian:** The music of Lydia, a province of Asia Minor, was of light and delicate quality. Milton used the same word in "L'Allegro," line 112 (see page 214).

107. **Furies:** the Greek avengers of crime, who were represented as furious creatures with snaky hair. 114. **unburied remain:** The Greeks believed that the soul of an unburied person could not cross the river Styx into the realms of the dead, but must wander piteously on the nearer shore until burial. This belief gives special force to the vengeance of the next lines. 125. **Helen:** the wife of the Greek King Menelaus who, by eloping to Troy with Paris, brought on the Trojan War, which resulted in the burning of Troy. 133. **vocal frame:** the organ.

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
— Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

Suggestions for Study of Alexander's Feast

1. By making a short outline, show what different emotions of Alexander are played on in each stanza. How does each emotion lead into the next?

2. What evidences can you find that this poem was written to be set to choral music? The poem is often printed with the last few lines of each stanza repeated in the form of a chorus. Select what you think would be a good chorus at the end of each stanza. Find lines throughout the poem in which the author has suggested the right emotion by the very sound of the words.

3. To reproduce the moods of the different parts of the poem it is interesting to play in class certain phonograph records appropriate to each mood. A suggestive list follows.

(1) Lines 21–27. "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

(2) Lines 28–51. Soldiers' Chorus from Faust, Gounod.

(3) Lines 52–74. "The Death of Åse," Grieg.

(4) Lines 75–97. "Ständchen" (Serenade), Schubert.

(5) Lines 98–125. "1812 Overture," Tschaikovsky.

(6) Lines 126–141. Largo (for organ), Handel.

4. For the musically inclined: (1) enlarge the given list of music suitable to accompany the moods of the poem, (2) compose short selections to illustrate any of the moods described in the poem, (3) prepare a written or oral report on the real development of the organ, (4) prepare a report on the development of music in England in the late seventeenth century, (5) compare the music of Shakespeare's day with seventeenth-century music.

5. Read Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and Pope's poem on the same subject. How do they compare with "Alexander's Feast" in development? as a tribute to St. Cecilia? in their emphasis on different musical instruments? Which of the three do you like best? Why?

6. The many legends and paintings centering around St. Cecilia make an interesting subject of investigation. Good brief accounts are to be found in Rowland's *Among the Great Masters of Music* and Mannix's *Patron Saints*. Inexpensive prints can be obtained of paintings by Raphael, Dolci, Hoffmann, and Naujok.

7. Alexander's personality and career is another valuable bypath of study. Good brief accounts are: Robert Steele's *The Story of Alexander;* chapters on Alexander in Lydia Farmer's *Boys' Book of Famous Rulers* and in Sanderson and Others' *Six Thousand Years of History*. His story is also given in Plutarch's *Lives*.

John Bunyan 1628–1688

While Milton voiced the Puritan ideals for the educated classes, John Bunyan spoke for the common people. On a purely numerical basis Bunyan may therefore be said to have been a much more influential person than Milton.

His picturesque life should be read in detail. Because Bunyan was one of the first authors to write his autobiography, we know more of his inner life than of most of the early writers. He was a village tinker and for a while a common soldier in the Parliamentary army. The intense religious emotions prevalent at that time seized the imaginative Bunyan and caused him frightful pangs of conscience about his swearing, his Sunday sports on the green, and his failure to attend church. He visualized his mental struggles as the conflict between angels and devils. He longed to perform miracles, but was afraid to try lest he should fail and lose his faith. He became a preacher and drew such crowds of laboring people to his outdoor services that his influence was greatly feared by the Royalists.

After the Restoration an act was passed to forbid meetings hostile to the established Church. Bunyan was brought to trial, and the judge urged him to give up his services. But, though he suffered agonies of spirit at separation from his little blind daughter and the rest of his family, Bunyan would not yield his point.

Consequently he spent almost twelve years in Bedford jail, though he was allowed considerable freedom to see his family and even to preach in the Baptist church. During these years his leisure enabled him to become a thorough master of two books — the only ones he had — the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. Their influence is evident in his masterpiece, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which, though probably written in jail, was not published until years after his release. The popularity of the book was remarkable, and during the remaining ten years of his life Bunyan became more famous than ever as an evangelist, visiting many parts of England. Next to the Bible, *The Pilgrim's Progress* now has the largest number of translations into foreign languages of any book in the world.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The great allegory of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is told as if it were a dream. Christian, the hero, is seen as he leaves the City of Destruction to journey to the Celestial City. He carries a heavy burden of sin on his back and the Scriptures in his hand. In spite of the protests of his family and neighbors, he hurries on. One of his earliest difficulties is the famous Slough of Despond, which proves too much for his companion, Pliable, but not for Christian, who, with the aid of Helpful, scrambles out and continues on his way. Further obstacles are encountered in the Lions, the Hill of Difficulty, the Valley of Humiliation, the fight with the demon Apollyon, the Valley of the Shadow, the trial at Vanity Fair, and the imprisonment at Doubting Castle by the Giant Despair. Through the first few of these adventures Christian is accompanied by Faithful until he suffers martyrdom at Vanity Fair. After that, Hopeful joins Christian, and the two finally reach the Heavenly Gates, where they are greeted by the angels. Throughout the book Christian engages in dialogues with vividly portrayed characters, such as Pliable, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, By-ends, Atheist, and Ignorance, and through these conversations the Puritan ideals are emphasized.

The following selection is one of the most significant passages, partly because the term Vanity Fair has been so frequently used as a symbol of worldliness, most notably in the title of Thackeray's famous novel (see page 494).

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity: As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is Vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub,[1] Apollyon,[2] and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long; therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, false swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets, (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as

[1] See note on page 221. [2] **Apollyon** (ă-pŏl'yŏn): the angel of the bottomless pit.

in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes[1] himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him Lord of the Fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the Fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams,[2] and some they are outlandish men.[3]

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan,[4] but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding Vanity," and look upward signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon Him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let[5] them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the Truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them,

[1] **Prince of Princes:** The story of Christ's temptation by Satan is in Matthew 4 and Luke 4. [2] **bedlams:** insane. The word is a contraction of Bethlehem, the original name of a famous London insane asylum. [3] **outlandish men:** foreigners.

[4] **Canaan:** Heaven, from the name of the land of promise sought by the Israelites. [5] **let:** hinder.

and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the Great One of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hung irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best on 't; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof was this:

" That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And said he, " As for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar, should

forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their Lord the King against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: " My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable Bench, that he is — "

Judge. " Hold! Give him his oath."

So they sware him. Then he said, " My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them."

Then did the Judge say to him, " Hast thou any more to say? "

Envy. " My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the Court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him." So he was bid stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked what he could say for their Lord the King against him? Then they sware him: so he began:

Super. " My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for then talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say."

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say that he knew, in behalf of their Lord the King, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pick. " My Lord, and you gentlemen all: This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble Prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town; besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other suchlike vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town."

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, " Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee? "

Faith. " May I speak a few words in my own defense? "

Judge. " Sirrah, sirrah, thou deserveth to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness toward thee, let us see what thou hast to say."

Faith. " 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

" 2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Super-

stition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God; therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by an human faith, which faith will not profit to eternal life.

" 3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country; and so, the Lord have mercy upon me."

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe), " Gentlemen of the Jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our Law.

" There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh [1] the Great, servant to our Prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar [2] the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius,[3] that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

" For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the reason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death."

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterward unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, " I see clearly that this man is a heretic." Then said Mr. No-good, " Away with such a fellow from the earth." " Ay," said Mr. Malice, " for I hate the very looks of him." Then said Mr. Love-lust, " I could never endure him." " Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, " for he would always be condemning my way." " Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. " A sorry scrub," said Mr. High-mind. " My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. " He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. " Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. " Let us dispatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, " Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death." And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their Law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake.[4] Thus came Faithful to his end.

[1] **Pharaoh:** The story of Pharaoh's measures against the Israelites is told in Exodus 1. [2] **Nebuchadnezzar:** Daniel 3 : 1–7. [3] **Darius:** Daniel 6: 1–9.

[4] The description of Faithful's execution is no great exaggeration of the kind of torture common enough in Europe during the religious persecutions.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot [1] and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space. But he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way. And as he went he sang, saying,

Well Faithful, thou has faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord; with Him thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights;
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

Suggestions for Study of The Pilgrim's Progress

1. For what reasons did Christian and Faithful arouse the ire of the people at Vanity Fair? Which of these was probably the most serious cause of objection? Did the pilgrims have any sympathizers?

2. Point out how the persons involved in the trial are particularly appropriate for Bunyan's purpose. Show how their words are in accordance with their names.

3. How does this selection reveal Bunyan's knowledge of the Bible? Do you know any men in the New Testament from whose experiences Bunyan may have derived some ideas for this experience of Christian and Faithful?

4. In what ways does this resemble the old morality plays? Could it be easily adapted to play form? What teaching do you think Bunyan intended by this incident?

5. If you have read Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (the opening chapters follow page 494), show how the title is appropriate to the story.

6. Read other parts of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and give brief reports of the incidents to the class. Recommended portions: The Slough of Despond, the fight with Apollyon, Doubting Castle and Giant Despair, the interview with Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the Hill of Difficulty, the approach to the Celestial City.

7. Write a dramatization of some part of the story and enact it with your classmates before the class.

8. Write a "Student's Progress," a parody on Bunyan, representing the difficulties and final goal of school life.

9. Draw a pictorial map of *The Pilgrim's Progress* (or "The Student's Progress") with little sketches of the different incidents.

[1] **chariot:** See II Kings 1:11.

Samuel Pepys 1633–1703

Probably the most entertaining work of the seventeenth century to the average modern reader is the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, for it gives us such inside information on the life of a Londoner of that day as no other book can offer. Pepys's father was a poor tailor who, with eleven children to support, could not give his son much of a start in life. Through scholarships and the aid of a kinsman, Samuel was educated at Cambridge. At twenty-two, with not a penny to start housekeeping, the youth married a girl of fifteen, but by ambition and diligence he soon worked up to a good position in the Navy Office and later became Secretary of the Admiralty. With the abdication of James II, Pepys retired and spent the last fourteen years of his life in adding to his splendid library and enjoying the many honors bestowed upon him, such as the presidency of the Royal Society.

The famous *Diary* represents only nine years of his young manhood, from 1660–1669. He wrote it in a code or shorthand which he had invented to secure secrecy for the intimate details of his life recorded in this book. For years it lay undeciphered; but in 1825 the first edition, translated into intelligible English, was published, and many others have followed. Reading this diary makes one an intimate member of the Pepys household. Nothing is concealed. His vanities, his irritations with his relatives, his vexations at his wife, his troubles with his servants, the repairs on his house, what he gives his guests for dinner, his opinion of the Sunday sermon, his pride in his increasing income — all are recorded. Then, too, we learn a great deal about the public affairs of the day, for he recounts the great events of the early Restoration period with considerable detail. Had it not been for his failing eyesight, he might



SAMUEL PEPYS. "—And so to bed." Drawing by E. H. Shepard for *Everybody's Pepys*.

have continued the *Diary* indefinitely; but the last entry concludes, "And for all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me." Although the threatened disaster did not overtake him, the diary was never resumed.

Samuel Pepys was a small man with bright eyes but features of no great beauty, as we judge from his portraits and his remarks about his nose. He was somewhat of a dandy in his dress, a great lover of music, a quick-tempered master, and an indefatigable worker, often arising at four and working until midnight. Delving into this *Diary*, more than anything else you can do, will make you feel that you yourself have lived in the seventeenth century.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

PERSONAL AFFAIRS

August 18, 1660. This morning I took my wife toward Westminster by water and landed her at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth at 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently I could not be angry. I did give her more money and sent her away. To the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyal Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice not very good.

February 23, 1662. (Lord's Day.) This day by God's mercy I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any is in the world, for which God be praised.

March 26, 1662. To the office and Sir G. Carteret's all the morning about business. At noon come my good guests, Madame Turner, The.[1], and Cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin of the King's Life Guard. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second; and were very merry all afternoon, talking and singing and piping upon the flageolette. In the evening they went with great pleasure away, and I with great content and my wife walked half an hour in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed.

December 7, 1662. (Lord's Day.) A great snow, and so to church this morning with my wife, which is the first time she hath been at church since her going to Brampton. So home, and we dined above in our dining room, the first time since it was new done. In the afternoon to my aunt Wight's where great store of her usual company, and here we stayed a pretty while talking, I differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the Queen, which I oppose mightily, saying that if my nose be handsome, then is hers, and such like.

April 23, 1663. To my office and put a few things in order, and so home to spend

[1] **The.**: nickname of one of the women guests.

the evening with my father. At cards till late; and being at supper, my boy [1] being sent for some mustard to a neat's tongue, the rogue stayed half an hour in the streets, it seems at a bonfire; at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him tomorrow.

April 24, 1663. Up betimes, and with my salt eel [2] went down in the parlor and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times. Yet for all I am afraid it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks; which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, sending my boy to inquire after two dancing masters at our end of the town for my wife to learn, of whose names the boy brought word. After dinner all the afternoon fiddling upon my violin (which I have not done many a day) while Ashwell [3] danced, above in my upper best chamber, which is a rare room for music.

June 21, 1663. (Lord's Day.) Up betimes, and fell to reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need of, having lately found it by my calling Will to the reading of a chapter in Latin and I am resolved to go through it. To church and slept all the sermon, the Scott, to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

The Execution of a Regicide

October 13, 1660. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major General Harrison [4] hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

The Coronation of Charles II

April 23, 1661. Coronation Day. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests.

At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth-of-gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my

[1] **my boy:** a serving boy. Pepys had no children. [2] **salt eel:** whip; originally an eelskin. [3] **Ashwell:** the maidservant. [4] **Major General Harrison:** one of the signers of the death warrant of Charles I.

great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne; and there did pass more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms [1] went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody.

I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last, upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports,[2] and little bells at every end.

And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinnertime, and at last to bring up [3] [Drymock] the King's champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him"; and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up toward the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins.

The London Fire

September 2, 1666. (Lord's Day.) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there

[1] **King at Arms:** head of the heralds. [2] **Cinque Ports:** five ports on the English Channel: Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe.

[3] The ceremony here described is no longer observed as part of the coronation.

looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge.[1] So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel Yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I go to White Hall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666.

what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bade me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterward, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can

[1] **on the bridge:** Old London bridge was like a street with houses built on it.

do it." That he needed no more soldiers and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Issake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and farther; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals [1] in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James' Park, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of firedrops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not

[1] **virginals:** a keyed musical instrument popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruin.

So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down the goods.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green. Which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife.

Suggestions for Study of Pepys's Diary

1. How many different traits of Samuel Pepys can you discover from his *Diary?* Do you think you would enjoy knowing such a person? What indication do you find that Pepys was "a rising young man" in London?

2. Which entries do you think he would not have made if he had thought outsiders would read his *Diary?*

3. What light does this *Diary* throw on life and customs of that day that differ from ours? What details of his description of public events stand out in your mind as being told with special vividness?

4. You can't afford to miss more of the *Diary.* For good editions, see the reading list on page 242.

5. Write some good diary entries of your own or another's experiences. Describe an imaginary visit to Pepys's home.

6. Compare the coronation of Charles II with that of George VI in 1937. Many libraries have the coronation-week double number of the *Illustrated London News* for that year, which gives excellent pictorial material.

Reading List for Puritan and Restoration Period

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Collections of Lyric Poetry

Carpenter, Frederic I.: *English Lyric Poetry* (1500–1700)

Manly, John M.: *English Poetry*

Oxford Book of English Verse

Palgrave, Francis T.: *The Golden Treasury,* Book II

Individual Authors

Milton, John: "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity"; "Lycidas"; "Comus." Sonnets: *"To Cromwell"; *"When the As-

sault was Intended to the City"; *"To the Lady Margaret Ley"; "To the Lord General Fairfax"; *"On the Late Massacre in Piedmont"; *"To Cyriack Skinner" (two sonnets); *"On His Deceased Wife." *Paradise Lost; Samson Agonistes*

Dryden, John: "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day"; *"Lines Printed under the Portrait of Milton"; *"Song from *The Indian Emperor*"; *"Song from *Cleomenes*"; "The Hind and the Panther." Fables: *Translation of Chaucer's "The Cock and the Fox" and other tales into rhymed couplets

Bunyan, John: **The Pilgrim's Progress; Grace Abounding*

Walton, Izaak: *The Compleat Angler*

Pepys, Samuel: Attractive editions of his diary: **Everybody's Pepys*, edited by O. F. Morshead; **Red-Letter Days of Samuel Pepys*, edited by E. F. Allen (extracts arranged by topics)

Evelyn, John: *Diary*

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

Ainsworth, W. H.: **Old St. Paul's*

Barrington, E.: *"The Diurnal of Elizabeth Pepys" (in *The Ladies*), an imaginary diary

Blackmore, R. D.: **Lorna Doone*

Buchan, John: *John Burnett of Barns; Witchwood*

Deeping, Warwick: *Mad Barbara*

Doyle, Conan: **Micah Clarke*

Dumas, Alexander: *The Three Musketeers*

"Maclaren, Ian": **Graham of Claverhouse*

Masefield, John: *Lost Endeavor; *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur: **The Splendid Spur; The Blue Pavilion;* stories in *Corporal Sam*

Sabatini, Raphael: *Fortune's Fool; The Tavern Knight*

Scott, Sir Walter: **The Bride of Lammermoor; *A Legend of Montrose; *Old Mortality; *Woodstock, The Fortunes of Nigel*

Weyman, Stanley J.: *Shrewsbury*

Drama

Drinkwater, John: **Cromwell*

Fagan, James B.: *And So to Bed* (a comedy about Pepys)

History and Biography

Gardiner, S. R.: *The First Two Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution*

Hale, E.: *The Fall of the Stuarts*

Macaulay, T. B.: *History of England*

Sydney, W. C.: *Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution*

Lives of Cromwell by Belloc, Buchan, *Taylor, Morley

Lives of Milton by *Belloc, Hanford, R. Macaulay, T. B. Macaulay

Lives of Bunyan by Brown, Speight, Froude

Lives of Dryden by Saintsbury, Scott

Lives of Pepys by *A. Bryant, Bradford, Drinkwater, R. Macaulay

Mrs. Pepys by Astin, Brunner, Bradford (in *Portraits of Women*)

Art, Architecture, and Costume

Brooke, Iris: **English Costume of the Seventeenth Century*

Gotch, J. A.: *The English Home from Charles I to George IV*

Weaver, L.: *Sir Christopher Wren*

Music

Sears, M. E.: *Song Index* lists music for over forty lyrics by poets of this period

Some of the lyrics of this period are available on phonograph records.

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

See also General Reference Lists, at the end of the book.



MRS. SIDDONS by Thomas Gainsborough. Mrs. Siddons has been called " The Tragic Muse " for her interpretations of the tragic heroines in Shakespeare's plays. She is most famous for her portrayal of Lady Macbeth. Here she is depicted with the richness and dignity of a great lady of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough was a contemporary of Dr. Johnson. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Eighteenth Century

1700-1800

In the eighteenth century great changes occurred in England. Internal fighting over religion ceased, while national energies were directed toward fighting France. The British nation, expanding from an island to an empire, developed commerce, increased wealth, enriched the arts, and enhanced the comforts of life. Englishmen became more practical, analytical, skeptical, and sophisticated. A typical figure of the eighteenth century is the well-to-do Londoner sitting for hours at a time in his favorite coffeehouse, reading the newspapers, which now first appeared in England, or discussing the events of the day with his friends. There was much to discuss, for great events were taking place in the world, and England was becoming more and more involved in Continental affairs.

ENGLAND BEGINS LONG WAR WITH FRANCE

The reasons for conflict were many. In the first place, William III, who came to the throne with Queen Mary, was less interested in the internal problems of England than in his desperate struggle against the ambitious Louis XIV of France. This egotistic king was not content with having the most brilliant court in Europe — a court which led the world in art, literature, and manners. He must also gather into his realm all the other countries possible. Through his Spanish wife Louis XIV laid claim to the Netherlands. William's idea was to bring the whole force of England to aid his homeland in this Continental quarrel and thereby overthrow Louis. Thus opened a series of wars with France which, with added provocations, continued at intervals from 1689 until 1815, a longer period than the former Hundred Years' War. As in nearly all prolonged international struggles, the results were most unsatisfactory. What advances mankind might have made if all that energy, ability, and money had been used for the well-being of a whole people! Instead, the net result to France of Louis's ambitions was a load of national debt, the reduction of the common people to beggary, the ruin of any attempted reforms, and the first steps on the road to the French Revolution.

ENGLAND FEARS STUART RESTORATION

Another source of irritation between the two countries was that each harbored the refugees of the other. Louis XIV's persecution of the Huguenots had sent thousands of these Protestants out of France. On the other hand, Louis had given refuge to the expelled James II, and had plotted with him to attack England through Catholic Ireland. In fact, the threat of another Stuart restoration hung over England for almost half the eighteenth century. The hope of the Jacobites, or adherents of James, lay in James's son and grandson, James Edward and Charles Edward, nicknamed "the Old Pretender" and "the Young Pretender." With the aid of Scotland both made attempts to secure the English crown. The exciting and romantic story of Charles Edward, also called "the Young Chevalier," has been told in many a ballad and novel.

Stevenson's *David Balfour* tells of the Scottish Highland Jacobites, and plots abroad; and Scott's famous novel *Waverley* has for its theme the last important movement to place the Stuart pretenders on the throne. The cruel and decisive defeat of Charles Edward at Culloden in northern Scotland in 1746 finally ended the Stuart cause.

England as a whole opposed the Pretenders and Louis XIV mainly because these rulers stood for absolute monarchy, an idea hated and feared by the rising middle class. Since Parliament controlled William through the Bill of Rights, its support of him against France really meant that the old struggle between Parliament and King had been renewed on the Continent.

RIVALRY IN TRADE AND COLONIES PROLONGS THE WAR

Of course, as always, even today, trade was another cause of war. To encourage its own industries each country put heavy duties on the products of the other. If an Englishman bought French goods in England, he would have to pay a high price for them; while the cost to a Frenchman of English goods, in France, was increased by a tax. These "protective tariffs" engendered bad feeling, resulted in cutthroat competition, and prolonged the war between the two countries. Later England became noted for her stand for free trade between nations.

Another form of competition between France and England involved their colonies in North America. At one time France had a strong colony in Canada and another in Louisiana, named for the King. Through the numerous explorations of the French from the Great Lakes down to the mouth of the Mississippi, France might have linked the northern and southern colonies by control of the entire Mississippi Basin had not Louis wasted his man power in European wars. England feared this expansion and was not satisfied with having acquired Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Hudson Bay territory. Soon the conflict between the two countries was transferred to America in the French and Indian wars. In 1759 General Wolfe captured the supposedly impregnable fortress of Quebec. He thus extended British possessions into Canada. Fifteen years later France retaliated by helping the American colonies win their independence from Great Britain. Then France, busy with her own internal revolution, ignored outsiders. But after the execution of Louis XVI (1793) the two countries again engaged in conflict. It lasted with brief intervals until the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815.

These wars were all on foreign soil. They were fought largely by professional soldiers, often by foreign mercenaries. So far as the ordinary Londoner was concerned, war affected only his morning news, his trade ledger, and the heavy taxes payable on such things as linen, silk, sugar, tea, coffee, wine, and, curiously enough, window glass. Even the American Revolution, so momentous in our own history, was to this ordinary Londoner simply another distant current event, to be discussed over a comfortable dinner table along with the latest play. Consequently, though he might grumble at the discomforts resulting from war, he never stood aghast at its horrors or suggested that civilized nations should abandon it. Most literature that dealt with war glorified it and exulted in the victories that carried the British flag round the globe.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

Queen Anne (1702–1714), the sister of William's wife, Mary, was a pious and rather commonplace woman; but the age of "Good Queen Anne" became brilliant in literature, in London society life, and in military triumphs. It was also self-complacent and smug. The English navy was strong, and "Britannia" did literally "rule the waves." At sea England won the Rock of Gibraltar, which is still her stronghold on the Mediterranean. On the continent one of England's most famous generals, the Duke of Marlborough, was victor in three battles. For his triumph in the battle of Blenheim he was extolled to the skies by poets of that

time, but Southey's poem, written a century later, conveys the sense of futility that all such wars now arouse (see page 429).

THE RISE OF POLITICAL PARTIES

In England this reign was a great age of political factions. The Tory party stood for personal loyalty to the royal family and the conservative ideals of the country nobility. The Whigs were principally the aristocratic and merchant classes of the city, eager to extend the powers of Parliament and to advance commerce, education, and liberal ideas. Back and forth between the two parties passed the control of the cabinet.

This rivalry resulted in much political satire and often "dirty politics." Even such eminent writers as Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe,* and Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels,* were not above writing abusive political diatribes, and Defoe turned his political coat whenever it best suited him.

THE FIRST GEORGE

After Queen Anne, came the kings whom the novelist Thackeray ably described in *The Four Georges.* The first three of these reigns fall within the eighteenth century. George I (1714–1727) was a cousin of Anne and a great-grandson of James I. The ruler of the small German state of Hanover, he could speak no English and was never interested in England. As his ministers spoke no German, they took over the government without much consultation with the king. One of them, Robert Walpole, became so dominant that he was nicknamed "Prime Minister," a term which has become official in English government.

When George II (1727–1760) succeeded his father, it was said, "A dapper and strutting German has stepped into the shoes of a boorish and surly one." Troubles arising from the Continental wars held the center of the stage during most of this reign.

ENGLAND EXPANDS IN GEORGE III'S REIGN

George III (1760–1820), grandson of George II, lived through a period extending well into the nineteenth century. It was an age of famous despots (such as Catherine the Great of Russia and Frederick the Great of Prussia) and of many wars — the French and Indian wars, the American Revolution, and the French Revolution. The world struggles connected with the rise and fall of Napoleon also occurred in the reign of George III, but belong to the story of the nineteenth century. For England the last half of the eighteenth century was a period of remarkable expansion, the beginning of her far-flung empire. In America the British gained, from the French, Canada, the great stretch of land between the Mississippi and the colonies along the Atlantic seaboard, several West Indian islands, and trading posts on the West African coast. From the Spanish, England received Florida in exchange for parts of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, which Spain wanted back. Meanwhile Robert Clive made the activity of the East India Company a foundation stone for British rule in India; and Captain Cook reached New Zealand and Australia.

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH REVOLUTIONS

Such was George III's expanding world, although he little realized it. To us he is merely an obstinate German King of England against whom we fought the American Revolution. His Prime Minister, "the amiable and flabby Lord North," handled the Colonies with wretched stupidity. But we also remember that some of the best Englishmen, including the statesmen Pitt and Burke, sympathized with us, despite the opposition of the sovereign. George III lived to see the United States made formally independent of England by the Treaty of Paris.

In 1789 the eyes of England were again focused on France. The fall of the great state prison, the Bastille, attacked by an angry mob, lighted the flare of the French Revolution. Breathlessly England watched the rapid reorganization of government under a representative assembly, the abolition

of nobility, the imprisonment and finally the execution of Louis XVI and his famous queen, Marie Antoinette, during the Reign of Terror. In 1793 France declared war on England because of her hostility to these acts, and the century went out with the ancient enemies again in arms.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS AND INVENTION

English trade had quadrupled by 1790. Prosperity was in the air. Though it was a day of "a landowning feudal upper class," yet the middle classes of the rapidly growing towns were challenging the control by the great Tory and Whig families. Better roads facilitated travel by stagecoach; this caused the building of country inns all over England, while better canals helped in the interchange of goods. This century has been called the "Age of Invention," because of the many advances in farming and industrial methods. Jethro Tull's drill improved the method of sowing seed, and the first threshing machine was invented in 1732. A pumping machine for mines, called by its inventors "the machine for raising water by fire," became the basis for later improvements. In 1769 Richard Arkwright patented his new frame, evolved from the earlier spinning jenny, and James Watt obtained the first patent for his steam engine. These two helped to usher in the significant Industrial Revolution which came to a head in the next century.

ELEGANCE VERSUS SQUALOR

In social life and in literature, which was almost entirely concerned with upper-class society, the first part of the century was an age of great formality. Fashionable London frowned upon the expression of human emotion and prided itself on polite restraints, polished manners, wit, and frivolity. The architecture and even the landscape gardening reflected this cultivated formality. English arms might be victorious on the battlefield, but French affectations triumphed in garden and ballroom.

Beneath the highly polished surface of society lay much human misery. "Man's inhumanity to man" flourished. There were brutal punishments for comparatively small offenses. Never before in England was there so much drunkenness among the rank and file. The poorer people often lived in conditions of almost unbelievable squalor.

As the century advanced, the foregoing attitudes and conditions began to be modified by a new spirit evident in the world. The change was due partly to Rousseau, a French writer who advocated a return to the simple habits and emotions of the "natural man." Gradually the worth of the individual, however humble, began to be recognized, and liberal ideas concerning both government and the social order found expression in the American and French Revolutions.

A PICTURE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

What did this England look like? In the country most of the wasteland had been brought under cultivation. There were now neat hedged fields and pastures, dotted with comfortable-looking cattle and sheep. Majestic country houses loomed in the distance. There were fashionable "watering places" at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. The highroads were lively with traffic, as Thackeray describes it:

> The ponderous wagon with its bells and plodding team; the light post coach that achieved the journey from the "White Hart," Salisbury, to the "Swan with Two Necks," London, in two days; the strings of pack horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post chaise-and-six with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion — all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the traveler on his journey. . . . The church spires glistened with gold, the cottage gables glared in the sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer or cast purple shadows over the grass.

LONDON TEEMS WITH LIFE

The kind of city life familiar to us today was then beginning. Its outstanding institu-



COVENT GARDEN THEATER. Built in 1731. Its immense stage and numerous boxes enabled a glittering society to see and be seen. (Bettmann Collection)

tion was the coffeehouse. Its origin went back to Cromwell's time, when a certain English merchant first brought coffee as a new beverage from Turkey. Chocolate was also served, but tea was still a luxury. For their customers the coffeehouses had now become meeting places in which to hear the news of the day. The aristocrats frequented White's chocolate house; the literati foregathered at Will's or Button's. Men ate at "ordinaries," or formed clubs for eating and drinking. The streets, crowded by day, were dim and dangerous at night, because of roisterers and "roughs" known as Mohocks. Making your way down a narrow, badly paved street, you were driven to the wall by splashing coaches, swaying sedan chairs, or a galloping horseman, while porters and peddlers surged past.

Here a sooty Chimney Sweeper takes the Wall of a grave Alderman, and a Broom Man justles the Parson of the Parish. There a fat greasie Porter runs a Trunk full butt upon you, while another salutes you with a Flasket of Eggs and Butter. *Turn out there, you Country Putt,* says a Bully with a sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws you into the Kennel [the street gutters were called "kennels" in those days].

It was easier to reach your destination by water, for there were many scullers and boatmen on the Thames. The price for any boat trip was fixed by law.

On the Thames itself are countless swarms of little boats, passing and repassing, many with one mast and one sail, and many with none, in which persons of all ranks are carried over. Thus there is hardly less stir and bustle on this river than London's crowded streets.

Outside the city, for diversion, were the pleasure gardens of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Standing in the Grand Cross Walk of Vauxhall, you viewed the fireworks at night over the parterres and trees. Here were held masked balls called "ridottos." The admission fee was a guinea, the ticket including



AFTER BREAKFAST. One of Hogarth's paintings from the famous series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*. Hogarth satirized the artificiality of eighteenth-century manners and morals as sharply as Swift attacked them with his pen. (Bettmann Collection)

supper and music. Cruel sports like bull-baiting and bearbaiting and cockfighting were still popular. At the crowded theaters, beaux and belles thronged to see the great Garrick, the incomparable Mrs. Siddons, or the roguish Peg Woffington.

HOW PEOPLE DRESSED

In those days men wore full-skirted coats with the waistcoat at first very long and elaborate, knee breeches fastened with buckles, clocked stockings, and shoes with large buckles. The three-cornered hat was typical. In Queen Anne's day the "full-bottomed" wig was fashionable, but later the hair was tied in a queue. A dude or "fop," of the time often wore a crimson cape, a feather in his hat, a small cane hanging from a button, and was generally accompanied by two greyhounds.

Ladies powdered their hair and wore an elaborate and enormous headdress, "decked with ribbons, feathers, little toy ships, and coaches." So much effort was spent in arranging these that frequently the coiffure was not disturbed for three days and nights! Little caps of lace were worn indoors, and outdoors "milkmaid" straw hats which tied under the chin; later large ostrich-plumed hats were in vogue. The dress had a pointed bodice, and a skirt full at the hips and reaching to the ankles — at first with a hooped underskirt. The sleeves were long or elbow-length. A patrician lady carried long gloves, a muff, a fan or parasol, and usually a bouquet of artificial flowers. The popularity of beauty spots and patches on the face made a Frenchman of the time remark, "In England young, old, handsome, ugly, all are bepatched."

ART, ARCHITECTURE, AND FURNITURE

These eighteenth-century costumes have been perpetuated in many excellent portrait paintings. Whereas the earlier famous court painters — Holbein of the Tudors, Van Dyck and Lely of the Stuarts — had come from the Continent, English art was now developing its own great masters. Early in the century several art schools sprang up in London. One of these was owned by William Hogarth, whose brilliant caricatures, both in engraving and in oil, of the life of his time are highly prized today. In the middle of the century Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough were great rivals in portraiture. Besides their many paintings of prominent men and women, Reynolds excelled in portraits of children and Gainsborough set the style for landscapes — a form which soon had great vogue because of the increasing interest in nature awakened at the end of the century. In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded to encourage artists through its exhibits.

The related arts of architecture and interior decoration were so perfected that they are still widely imitated. The four Adam brothers based their designs on ancient Greek models, and made their columns and pediments, doorways and staircases, prevalent throughout England and America. Robert Adam also designed furniture. Someone has said that in this age "the names of the master designers of furniture eclipsed those of the reigning sovereigns." Fortunate indeed is anyone who now owns original chairs or tables by Chippendale, Hepplewhite, or Sheraton. Today their styles are frequently reproduced in American furniture. The middle of the century marked the establishment of the Wedgwood potteries, still actively making fine tableware. Around them developed many other potteries in the Five Towns of Staffordshire, a district made famous in the novels of Arnold Bennett. As for silverware, some of our most prized designs date from the eighteenth century.

Literature of the Eighteenth Century

The various trends of the century discussed in this chapter are reflected in its literature. Since the first half and the last half of the century are decidedly different, it is well to separate them, and for convenience to name them for their literary leaders: the first, the Age of Pope; the second, the Age of Johnson.

The Age of Pope

ELEGANCE AND CLASSICISM DOMINATE THE AGE

The early eighteenth century, like the Restoration period, was an age of marked social frivolity. Sedan chairs bore fine ladies through dark and miry streets to Milady's salon, where silken brocades rustled, jewels twinkled in the light of hundreds of candles, and the duel of wit often resulted in a duel of rapiers the next morning. Literature mirrored this worship of fashion, usually by holding it up to ridicule, but always with smoothness, precision, and snap. Never was the exact word, the flashing phrase, or the correct construction in greater literary repute. So this period is sometimes called "the age of elegance and satire."

It is also known as "the classic age" because its literary men adhered to the rules of writing laid down by the French, and because they exhibited their intimate knowledge of Greek and Roman classics by allusion and quotation.

A GALAXY OF BRILLIANT WRITERS

Another descriptive phrase is "the Augustan Age," which suggests that the brilliant circle of writers in Queen Anne's day may be compared to that of the Roman Emperor Augustus in the first century. The men best known today are Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, and Defoe, but it must be remembered that London teemed with other

writers who had considerable reputation in their time. Literary activity was a natural result of the mental alertness of the age. Expanding colonies in the New World stirred imagination. Foreign wars and new political parties demanded thinking. The coffeehouses stimulated conversation. Moreover, writing itself was encouraged by a new form of literature — journalism.

PERIODICALS ASSUME IMPORTANCE

Journalism in the eighteenth century did not mean what it means today. There were no great metropolitan newspapers with reporters and foreign correspondents by the score. But the ancestors of our newspapers were beginning to take shape in small newssheets. Some of these were printed in the seventeenth century, but were sooner or later suppressed because they offended the political party in power. Most restrictions on the freedom of the press were abolished under William and Mary. The first *daily* newspaper came in almost with the new century in 1702, and was called *The Daily Courant*. In 1704 Daniel Defoe began his long journalistic career with *The Review*. In 1709 Steele introduced *The Tatler*. In 1711 Addison and Steele launched their famous *Spectator*. These three were periodicals rather than dailies, but served the purpose of both the newspapers and magazines of today.

Journalistic writing may be roughly defined as that which is produced under pressure of a deadline of publication, is timely and temporary in its intention, direct and vigorous in style, and popular in its appeal. Though largely ephemeral, yet journalism may produce pieces of permanent literary value, as *The Spectator* so well demonstrates.

THE FAMILIAR ESSAY FLOURISHES

The Tatler and *The Spectator* may be said to have cradled the English familiar essay. Previously there had been only the compact philosophical essays of Bacon, the weighty tracts of scholars like Milton, and the literary criticism of Dryden. Now comes Addison, with the facile verbal touch and ease of a cultivated gentleman who observes, smiles, and records impressions to the delight of the reader. The subject may be featherweight, but the style gives it significance; or the subject may be a preachment, but the style gives it verve.

In the hands of Swift the essay often carried a sting. He also produced a number of longer prose works, hard to classify because fiction, allegory, satire, literary and social criticisms, are intermingled. Defoe's skill lay in political satire and a vivid reportorial manner by which he could give fiction the ring of truth. The pens of these masters converted prose from the medium of the learned and professional classes into reading matter for all classes. Better education and lower costs of printing rapidly enlarged this new audience.

POPE, THE PRIDE OF POETRY

Although prose was fast coming into its own, poetry was still the aristocrat of letters. Dryden had established the French heroic couplet, but Alexander Pope perfected it. No other could curl a couplet so neatly. No other could send a shaft of invective so surely to the heart of a rival writer. The eighteenth century liked that. It applauded the puncturing of a reputation as the ancient Romans had cheered the burning of Christians. Pope, rather than a prose writer, gave his name to the age. The poetry of Queen Anne's day was distinctly the reflection of the drawing room. Its manners were spirited but not heart-warming; its moral attitudes, conventional but not aspiring; it ignored nature and bowed before power and wealth. Some moderns would say that it lacks all the essence of poetry, but it fitted its own generation like a periwig.

DRAMA AND MUSIC BECOME RIVALS

Throughout the eighteenth century the theater continued to hold a conspicuous place in London life. At the beginning of the period, however, plays were almost driven off the boards by the tremendous popularity of Italian opera. French influ-

ence was now quite overshadowed by Italian as singers from Rome won all the plaudits. In 1710 George Frederick Handel came to England from Germany and devoted more than twenty-five years to the writing of forty-five operas, but posterity remembers him for his great oratorios, like *The Messiah*, which were the work of his later years. The founding of the Royal Academy of Music in 1719 contributed to music's strong entrenchment in popular favor. A purely native opera, however, seemed doomed to failure. Addison, who succeeded so completely in other literary ventures, failed miserably in his opera, *Rosamond*, partly because of the inadequacy of English composers to compete with the foreigners.

But at last an Englishman attained in light opera the success denied his countrymen in grand opera. This was John Gay, friend of Pope and Swift, who devised a satiric medley of lyrics called *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). In it a highwayman condemned to death in Newgate prison was obviously a thin disguise for the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Such audacity won the merriment of the town but the resentment of the premier, who prevented the production of its sequel. The phenomenal run of *The Beggar's Opera*, with the popular actor Rich in the leading role, brought about a favorite witticism of the day that it "made Rich gay and Gay rich." Its revival on both sides of the Atlantic in the twentieth century won great applause, even though many of the hidden meanings of its day were lost on a modern audience. During the first half of the century the spoken drama showed no outstanding plays, though Steele wrote sentimental comedies and Addison stilted tragedies. Gay was the important link between Restoration drama and the excellent comedies to come in the latter half of the century.

In addition to opera the pantomime gained tremendous vogue during the early part of the century. This, too, showed Italian influence, for its stock characters — Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon — were derived from medieval comic characters popular in Italy. On the English stage Harlequin usually went through an amazing series of "transformations" before the eyes of the audience, changing everything into some other form and finally transforming himself to avoid punishment for his pranks. The performance, being without words, depended on action and music for its effects. Modern ballet is, of course, its descendant, and in England the Christmas pantomimes are still an important part of the annual celebrations for children and adults alike.

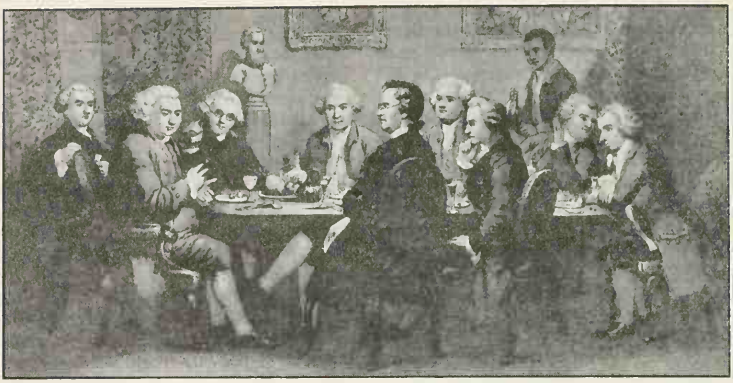
To house these spectacular operas and pantomimes larger theaters were needed and the early eighteenth century saw the building of the "famous four" — Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Though the edifices were burned down from time to time because of the dangerous use of candles, the sites remained permanent theatrical locations and are familiar names in the subsequent history of the drama.

THE NOVEL A NEW FORM

The eighteenth century produced a new type of literature — the novel, which, in the twentieth century, probably outranks all the others in popularity. Because of the importance of this new type and the difficulty of representing it adequately by selections, the novel is discussed in a separate chapter — which includes the story of its rise in the eighteenth century (see page 325).

The Age of Johnson

By 1750 all the great men of Queen Anne's reign — Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe — had either died or stopped writing, and a group of new authors was springing up. Attitudes of mind were changing, too. Common sense and sentiment were taking the place of mere wit; styles became simplified; the principles of liberty and equality were beginning to upset established orders; the theories of the French



DR. JOHNSON'S CLUB. Reading from left to right are Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, Paoli, Burney, Wharton, and Goldsmith. (Culver Service)

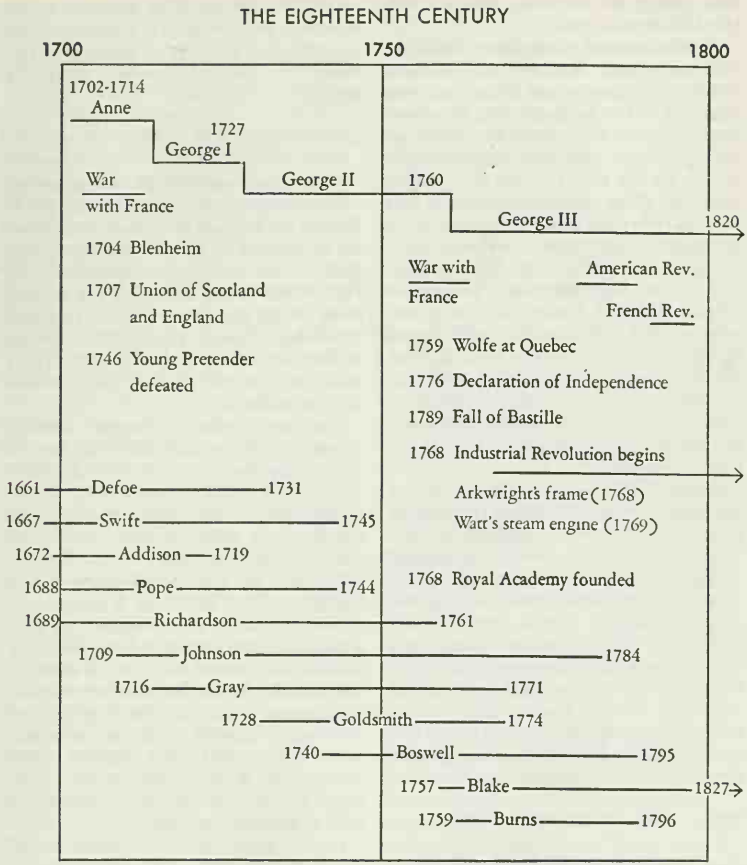
Rousseau were popularizing a "back to nature" movement. Yet the old classical tradition was upheld by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who gathered around him a club of about two hundred notables. Among its members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter; Edmund Burke, the orator and statesman; Garrick, the actor; Boswell, the biographer; Goldsmith, the poet and novelist; and Edward Gibbon, the historian. No matter how brilliant the members, Johnson could always hold the center of the stage at their meetings. He was the literary dictator of his day, as Ben Jonson and Dryden had been of theirs. One of his old haunts, the Cheshire Cheese Inn, remained a favorite with tourists in London until it was destroyed in World War II.

IMMORTAL WRITINGS EMANATE FROM JOHNSON'S CLUB

Though Johnson could down Goldsmith in an argument at the Club, Goldsmith was the winner in the end — posterity reads him! He takes laurels in three types of literature — poetry, comedy, and novel — one of which is represented among the selections to follow.

Three members of the Club produced distinctive nonfiction prose, of quite different types. Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* (page 289), the product of a lifetime devoted to his patron, is considered the first great biography of English literature. Edmund Burke, gifted Irish orator of Parliament, has particular interest for Americans because of his speeches just before the Revolutionary War: "On American Taxation" and "On Conciliation with America." If the ministry had held his liberal views, that war might never have taken place. The excesses of the French Revolution, however, turned him into a conservative, and he fought to the last with terrible earnestness for the truth as he saw it. Burke's orations are literature. His use of effective repetition, telling figures of speech, and carefully evolved climax reveals a perfect sense of literary form.

The third member of the Club to produce great prose was Edward Gibbon, whose six volumes of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* have stood the test of time better than the many historical writings of his contemporaries. Gibbon's rich style and thorough scholarship have brought his life-



work the praise of "grandest of all historical designs."

SPOKEN DRAMA REGAINS IMPORTANCE

Although drama was overshadowed by opera and pantomime in the early eighteenth century, it at last returned to its own; but the comic, not the tragic, muse ruled the boards. In 1773 Goldsmith produced *She Stoops to Conquer,* and its reproductions since then — both in England and in America, by professionals and amateurs — have been almost innumerable. It contains immortal comic characters in the Hardcastles and Tony Lumpkin. Its amusing situation of a young man's mistaking a country manor for an inn, with many resulting misunderstandings, is supposed to be based on an actual incident. An earlier comedy by Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured*

Man, though less successful, abounds with his characteristic wit.

Another talented playwright — Irish like Goldsmith and Burke — was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose father had been a member of Dr. Johnson's club. His comedies *The Rivals* (1775) and *The School for Scandal* (1777) have met with continued success. In *The Rivals* are the famous Mrs. Malaprop, whose unconscious misuse of long words has given the term " malapropism " to our language; Bob Acres, the absurd country squire; Sir Anthony Absolute, the blustering father; and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the fighting Irishman. Lydia Languish is said to be modeled from Sheridan's wife, a great beauty of her day. *The School for Scandal,* a satire on society, is not so well constructed, but the dialogue is brilliant. A gifted orator, Sheridan entered Parliament in 1780 but still continued to manage the Drury Lane theater.

We can hardly leave the theater without mentioning the work of David Garrick, the actor. Versatile and fascinating, he perfected the natural form of acting as opposed to the artificiality of an earlier day, and excelled in both tragic and comic parts. He did more than anyone else to restore Shakespeare to his rightful place as a living dramatist by again producing most of his plays in London, with the original texts instead of garbled versions. He also held the first Shakespeare memorial season at Stratford upon Avon, which, with minor changes and interruptions, has continued ever since.

POETRY TENDS TOWARD ROMANTICISM

Poetry, which for so long had been incased in the stiff sheath of the closed couplet, now won its release. As early as Pope's time a reaction against the strictness of classical rules and the wit of society was evident among a group of poets, called " the school of melancholy," who wrote about nature, solitude, and death. The influence of this school was evident in the most famous poem of the century, Gray's " Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Here we find many of the traits of the new romanticism: the use of an alternate rhyme scheme; a twilight mood of meditation; and an interest in the lives of common people, whom the " classical " writers practically ignored.

INCREASING INTEREST IN BRITAIN'S EARLY LITERATURE

Gray experimented with various meters and investigated the ancient literature of Britain for subjects for poems. This interest in the past of his own islands, in contrast to the classicist's concentration on Greece and Rome, is one of the marked traits of the romanticist. It was furthered by Bishop Thomas Percy, whose famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765) was a veritable gold mine of old English and Scottish ballads.

The new vogue of ancient writings brought about two curious literary hoaxes. James Macpherson, a Scottish schoolmaster, claimed to have translated an ancient Gothic poet, Ossian, though it is probable the poems he published were taken down from the lips of Highland natives. Thomas Chatterton has one of the strangest and saddest stories of literature. A youth of indubitable genius, he pretended to have found, in an old church, certain poems by a priest and poet of the fifteenth century; but actually he had written them himself in an ancient script. The poet Gray detected the forgery through its misuse of certain words. Starving in London, Chatterton died at eighteen. A remarkable modern play, *Come of Age!* by Clemence Dane, opens with Chatterton's suicide.

Of the minor poets represented toward the end of this section, Cowper illustrates the greater play of emotions found in romantic writings, religious sensitiveness, and the picturing in an easy, natural way of the familiar objects of daily life. Blake, strangest genius of them all, is at the opposite pole from classicism. His mysticism flares above the ordered domain of Pope like a meteor in midheaven. In Blake, art and poetry are united. His illustrations show the same unearthly quality as his verse, yet they reveal

some of the most superb draftsmanship in English art.

BURNS EPITOMIZES THE NEW ROMANTICISM

The greatest of the forerunners of nineteenth-century romanticism was Robert Burns, untutored lyrist of Scotland, whose songs, usually in the Ayrshire dialect, rank among the most beautiful poetry of Great Britain. Here at last was pure emotion gushing forth with a spontaneity that makes Pope's work seem the mere mechanics of verse. In Burns we find all the traits and attitudes which together form the complex spirit of romanticism: (1) a sturdy and definitely expressed belief in the brotherhood of man; (2) a deep sympathy with humble lives, whether human or found among the lesser creatures; (3) hatred of hypocrisy and all meaningless outward show; (4) a delight in the varied forms of nature; (5) interest in ancient legends and traditions; (6) experimentation with many forms of literary verse and a complete feeling of literary independence; (7) a range of true emotion from the gayest humor to the depths of tragic loss.

SUMMARY

The eighteenth century opened with the continuing influence of French styles, and under Queen Anne, last of the Stuarts, the elegance and formality of society reached its height. The first three of the four Georges reigned during the rest of the century. Great extension of colonial settlements and acquisition of territory throughout the world brought about the rapid development of commerce, which in turn raised the standard of living and encouraged all the arts. The British navy became the greatest in the world. Intermittent wars with France, sometimes involving other nations as well, continued throughout the century and played their part in the French and Indian wars and the American Revolution. Later the French Revolution, resulting from the rapidly spreading ideas of democracy and equality, threw England into a panic and brought on another war between the two countries at the end of the century.

In literature, classicism held complete sway during the first quarter of the century. A large group of writers made London a brilliant literary center. Pope was the preeminent poet; Swift was the master of satiric prose; Addison and Steele developed the periodical foreshadowing the modern newspaper and magazine. Satire was the prevailing mood. Gradually, however, reaction set in, and the first revival of the romantic spirit of earlier days appeared. By the middle of the century the fading classicism, which found a sturdy advocate in Dr. Johnson, was almost balanced by oncoming romanticism. Johnson's Literary Club included outstanding writers of poetry, fiction, comedy, history, and essay. Goldsmith and Sheridan were the greatest playwrights, and their comedies still live. Toward the end of the century the Scottish poet Robert Burns embodied in his unsurpassed lyrics and narrative poems the whole spirit of romanticism, which was about to sweep classicism entirely aside.

To us, today, the eighteenth century represents a great advance in intellect, in invention, and in the arts of living. At first these advances were made at the expense of humanity; the varnish of manners overlaid vice and destitution. Later the rising spirit of human brotherhood began to make itself felt, and we shall see in the next period how the so-called "Age of Romanticism" brought on an era of fundamental reform.

THE AGE OF POPE

Alexander Pope 1688–1744

A weazened, deformed little man was Alexander Pope; but the mind in his puny body was more than a match for the brilliant minds of a brilliant age, and he was universally acknowledged *the* poet of his day. Styles in poetry have so changed that his verses today seem like the



ALEXANDER POPE. In the selections which follow are many of his crisp, meaningful lines often quoted today. (Culver Service)

clever thrusts of an expert fencer, and lack the emotional appeal, the imagination, and the sensitiveness to beauty which we ascribe to poetic genius. Nevertheless it is impossible to read Pope without admiring his acumen. His rhymed couplets remind one of a military parade — perfect in the uniform rhythm of well-trained feet, yet saved from monotony by the flash of sabers and flaunting of banners.

Pope's life presents striking contrasts to that of most literary men of his time. An unsually precocious youth, he did not attend school, except for a short time, but studied at home. Early in life he tried his hand at poetry. As he himself has put it, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." At the age of eleven he insisted on being taken to see John Dryden, then the elderly king of Will's coffee-house in London, and forever after he remembered the incident. He was destined to excel Dryden in the heroic couplet. Because of prejudice against Catholics, he was denied the formal education of Oxford or Cambridge and the chances for political preferment open to other writers. He turned to literature as a means of livelihood and made a fortune from his writings in a day when literature was either the pastime of a politician or the pet extravagance of a wealthy patron. Unfortunately Pope quarreled with everyone and was perpetually engaged in writing sharp verses denouncing one or another of his personal or literary enemies. Undoubtedly the weakness and deformity of his body made him unduly sensitive to insults, real or imagined, and satire was the popular weapon of the day.

Hectic London life was too much for Pope, and he wisely withdrew to Twickenham on the Thames, where he purchased a beautiful villa and developed a remarkable formal garden containing a subterranean grotto. Life was now happier for him, but even from this peaceful retreat he hurled his final bomb in the *Dunciad*, or epic of dunces, in which he metaphorically annihilated half the literary men of London.

Fame visited Pope early. At sixteen he had written his "Pastorals"; at twenty-three he was known all over London for his *Essay on Criticism;* at twenty-four he wrote *The Rape of the Lock*, which permanently established his reputation; at thirty-two he had made a fortune by his translation of the *Iliad* and had retired to his country home; he was only fifty-six when he died. His period was an age of prose, and he wrote only poetry; yet such was the influence that he wielded both during his life and in the lives of later writers that his generation is often called "The Age of Pope."

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Though Pope was often irritable and quarrelsome, he had many friends to whom he showed the kindly side of his nature. On one notable occasion he attempted unsuccessfully to act as peacemaker. The result was a unique piece of literature. A certain foppish young baron named Lord Petre had cut off a curl from the hair of Miss Arabella Fermor and refused to give it up. Out of this trivial incident there arose between the two families a quarrel which threatened to assume the proportions of a feud. A friend of Pope's named Caryll suggested that the author write a poem to show the absurdity of all this to-do. Pope, therefore, wrote a "mock-heroic" poem. In order to make the whole matter appear ridiculous, he treated it in the grand style of the old epic poems about the Greek heroes. If you have read the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Aeneid*, you will recognize the earmarks of the old epics.

The poem is in five cantos; but because of its great length, only a part of it is here given. Canto I opens with a formal statement of the theme — "what mighty contests rise from trivial things" — and invokes the Muse to inspire the poet. Belinda, heroine of the story, while sleeping late in the morning, is visited by the sylph Ariel, who explains that fair ladies are guarded by sylphs and other supernatural creatures, once living women. Ariel then warns her that some dread fate is hanging over her head, and closes:

Beware of all, but most beware of man!

Belinda, then awakened by her lap dog, forgets all about the dream in reading a love letter and performing her morning worship before the toilet table, where she adores the heavenly image appearing in the glass.

In Canto II, Belinda is seen in a pleasure boat on the Thames, being conducted with a group of other young fashionables to the palace of Hampton Court. An adventurous baron admires two curls of Belinda's hair lying upon her neck and determines to obtain them. Belinda's protecting sylph, Ariel, greatly agitated at the danger menacing the fair one, makes a long speech to the other airy beings hovering over her, exhorting them to protect her in every way. Each portion of Belinda's costume is assigned to a spirit appropriately named, as the fan to Zephyretta, the earrings to Brillante, the watch to Momentilla, and the lock to Crispissa. The closing lines of the canto are full of suspense:

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

[This canto, with its clever satire on the court gossip, the card game, and the frightful calamity of the cutting of the lock, is given complete.]

Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th'instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.

3. **structure . . . frame:** Hampton Court, a handsome royal residence.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
  Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th'Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At omber singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th'aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First, Ariel perched upon a Matador,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
  The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
  Now move to war her sable Matadors,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors,
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad saber next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,

30. **the sacred nine:** nine cards in each player's hand, like the nine Muses of the Greeks. 33. **Matador:** a card that had power to take a trick, derived from the Spanish word for a successful bullfighter. 49. **Spadillio:** the ace of spades. 51. **Manillio:** another trump card. 53. **Basto:** the ace of clubs. 61–62. **Pam, Loo:** In another card game called Loo, the knave of clubs, called Pam, was the highest card and therefore had more conquering power than in the game of omber.

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades;
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,

92. **codille:** a term meaning the defeat of the lone hand. 106. **The berries . . . round:** Prepared coffee could not be bought in those days, but the berries were ground in a small hand mill at the table. 107. **altars of Japan:** Lacquered imported tables were popular at this time.

While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering *forfex* wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,

122. **Scylla's** (Sil'á) **fate:** Scylla betrayed her father, King Nisus, by sending the enemy a lock of his hair. 147. ***forfex:*** Latin for "shears."

When husbands, or when lap dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

165. *Atalantis:* a popular scandalous novel of the day.

[In Canto IV, Umbriel, a melancholy sprite, brings a bag (similar to the bag of winds once held by Ulysses) in which are contained "the force of female lungs, sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues." These he empties over the head of Belinda, who immediately bursts into loud lamentations on the loss of her lock and calls upon Sir Plume to demand back her hair. This typical brainless fop swears the favorite oaths of the time — "Zounds! Plague on 't! Prithee, pox!" — but fails to move the baron, who maintains that he will keep the lock forever.

[In Canto V, Clarissa, a more serious-minded young lady than the others, urges good sense and good humor, but in vain. The story concludes with the mighty battle between the belles and the beaux.]

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

11. **Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes:** all gods who directed the Trojan War. The first and fourth were on the side of the Greeks, the second and third on the Trojan side.

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side. . . .
"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,

17. **sconce's height:** A sconce was an elaborate chandelier, usually of crystal. 62. **handkerchief:** In one of Shakespeare's tragedies Othello is convinced of his wife's unfaithfulness by finding a certain handkerchief.

And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain.
With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuffboxes and tweezer cases;
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound. . . .
But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes. . . .
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair. . . .
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust:
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS FROM POPE

No author except Shakespeare has contributed so many quotable lines and phrases as Pope. The exclusive use of neat couplets makes his lines easy to remember, and his comments on life and learning are applicable to so many occasions that it is no wonder his words are frequently on men's tongues. Most of these familiar lines are to be found in poems which, as their names suggest, are really essays put into verse.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MAN

1. Eye Nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Epistle I, ll. 13–16.

2. Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be blest.
Ibid., ll. 95–96.

3. All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
Ibid., ll. 289–294.

4. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Epistle II, ll. 1–2.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Ibid., ll. 217–220.

6. Behold the child by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage.
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Ibid., ll. 274–281.*

7. Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies. *Epistle IV, ll. 193–194.*

8. Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello.
Ibid., ll. 203–204.

9. A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God. *Ibid., ll. 247–248.*

FROM MORAL ESSAYS

10. 'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Epistle I, ll. 149–150.

FROM ESSAY ON CRITICISM

11. 'Tis with our judgments as our watches — none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Part I, ll. 9–10.

12. A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian[1] spring:
There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Part II, ll. 15–18.

13. Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Ibid., ll. 109–110.*

14. In words as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
Ibid., ll. 133–136.

15. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. *Ibid., ll. 162–165.*

16. To err is human, to forgive divine.
Ibid., l. 325.

17. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. *Part III, l. 66.*

Suggestions for Study of Pope

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

1. Observe how Pope makes trivial games and disputes sound momentous. Study the card game especially, as this is one of his most carefully worked-out satires. What can you discover as to the rules of this old-fashioned game? Are kings and queens portrayed on a modern pack of cards exactly as Pope pictures them?

[1] **Pierian** (pī-ēr'ĭ-ăn): Pieria was the region where the Muses were first worshiped; hence, the spring represents the understanding of the arts and sciences.

2. How is the battle between the beaux and the belles in Canto V made ridiculous? What details of the battle suggest the fashions of that day?

3. Select lines which you think witty, especially where a sharp contrast is made between something serious and something trivial.

4. Read all of *The Rape of the Lock*. Point out definite lines where Pope is imitating the old heroic poems and explain points of similarity.

5. Write a mock-heroic account of some game, athletic contest, or dispute in your school or neighborhood. If you are particularly ambitious, try your hand at rhymed couplets.

6. Assemble pictures of early eighteenth-century fashions or, if you are artistically inclined, make pen-and-ink or water-color sketches of costume.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

7. How many of the miscellaneous quotations from Pope have you heard before? Which have you heard most frequently? Do you agree with Pope in all these sayings? Discuss.

8. Memorize a number of the quotations from Pope. They may prove useful.

9. Compare Quotation 6 with Jaques's famous speech in *As You Like It*, beginning "All the world's a stage." Find a poem in the *Spoon River Anthology* based on Number 7. (See *Adventures in American Literature*.) What American novel takes its title from Number 10? If you have read this novel, show how the title applies to the story.

10. Look up other famous sayings of Pope in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. Copy any that you particularly like. Check the number of pages in Bartlett devoted to Shakespeare, to Pope, to any author that you think might be as frequently quoted, in order to test the statement made in the introduction that Pope stands next to Shakespeare in number of famous quotations.



JONATHAN SWIFT. Clergyman, politician, and supreme satirist of society. (Bettmann Collection)

Jonathan Swift 1667–1745

Swift showed the same sharp-edged brilliance in prose that Pope did in poetry. The two men were good friends; Pope mainly owed his fortune to Swift, who raised a large share of the tremendous subscription price for Pope's *Iliad* among his wealthy friends. It was this sort of power over the destinies of people in which Swift delighted, especially as his own early life had been one long distasteful subjection to others.

He was born in Dublin, Ireland, of English parents, highly intellectual and aristocratic but, unfortunately, without money. The death of Swift's father made it necessary for the son to be educated at the expense of an uncle. Jonathan was a proud, independent, keen-witted boy who went his own way at Dublin University to such an extent that he "flunked" two subjects and had to be given a special examination to get his degree. The next year his uncle died, and the young man was offered the position of private secretary to Sir William Temple, a distant relative, in Surrey, England. Here were passed years of bondage irritating to this proud young fellow, forced to eat in the servants' hall and to obey the beck and call of a man whom he thought condescending and pretentious. Undoubtedly neither employer nor employee was wholly to blame, but, the situation growing unbearable, Swift ran away, took orders in the Church, and was given a small parish in Ireland. Though he was faithful in his duties, the monotonous life irked him to

the point of accepting an invitation to return to Sir William Temple's employ.

The second experience at Moor Park proved more agreeable than the first, and Swift even wrote his first great satire, *The Battle of the Books*, to defend his patron in a literary controversy in which he had become entangled. At Moor Park also developed his friendship with Esther Johnson, to whom he wrote numerous letters under the title *Journal to Stella* (*Esther* is the Persian, *Stella* the Latin, for *star*). His devotion to "Stella" was lifelong, and whether the two were ever married to each other remains one of the great mysteries of literary history.

Swift's mastery of satire made him eventually a political power in London. During this period he gloried in haughtily controlling the destinies of lords and ladies, thus making up for his long years of enforced subserviency. Swift expected to be made a bishop in return for his services to the Tory party, but, alas, he was shunted off to Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's. Though this was a sad blow to his ambition, he turned manfully to championing the Irish against English misgovernment and became quite the idol of those who had formerly resented him. In fact, Swift was deeply disturbed by "man's inhumanity to man," and some of his most biting satires reflect his hatred of cruelty and exploitation wherever they are found.

For thirty-two years Swift lived in Dublin. During the last seven of these he suffered a serious mental disorder which made his mind practically a blank. Apparently he had previously sensed that such would be his end, for once, on passing a tree struck by lightning, he remarked, "I shall be like that tree. I shall die at the top first." Moreover, he had saved a third of his income; and his will provided about twelve thousand pounds for the founding of a hospital for the insane.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

It is a good example of the irony of fate that a book written by one of the keenest-witted politicians and prelates of his time, to satirize everything from the king to all mankind, should today be looked on by most people as a book for young readers. Because Swift made use of pygmies and giants, the first part of the book is an entertaining fairy tale for children, who of course see nothing in it but strange adventure. With that aspect of the story you are probably already familiar. But the advanced high-school student can find a new interest in the book by looking for the underlying meaning and by reading from the later voyages, usually omitted from the children's versions.

The book was published anonymously, purporting to be the true adventures of one Lemuel Gulliver. To make this convincing, preliminary letters by his supposed cousin were printed, recommending the value of Gulliver's discoveries. The opening chapter of the book contributes to the illusion of reality by its details of Gulliver's past life and the circumstances of the voyage and shipwreck, all told in the most matter-of-fact way. Then Gulliver suddenly finds himself in the land of the Lilliputians, creatures only six inches tall; but again the narrative moves with such directness and simplicity and with such careful attention to mathematical proportions that it becomes almost plausible in its absurdity.

THE VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT[1]

The first two chapters show how Gulliver is discovered in his sleep by the Lilliputians;[1] how he is transported with great difficulty to their capital, where he is housed in a deserted temple; how he wins favor with the emperor, is taught their language, and is deprived of his sword and pistols. The satire in this adventure becomes more evident in Chapter III, where the honors, the favors, the magnificent military reviews, and other pretentious matters of the royal English court are made ridiculous by reduction to a tiny scale. Watch for the satire throughout this chapter.

CHAPTER III

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and

[1] **Lilliput** (lĭl'ĭ-pŭt), **Lilliputians** (lĭl-ĭ-pū'shănz).

let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the ropedancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap,[1] the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somersault several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall,[2] and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads,[3] of six inches long; one is purple, the other yellow, and the third white. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world.

The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backward and forward several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the purple colored silk; the yellow is given to the next, and the white to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few

[1] **Flimnap:** a satire on the Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Walpole, who had incurred Swift's enmity by not promoting him.

[2] **a fall:** a satire on loss of office. At this time there was considerable shifting of power between Whigs and Tories. Walpole had been deprived of his office previous to the publication of this book. The "cushion" referred to, a few lines down, is a satire on the intervention in his behalf of one of the king's favorites. [3] **three . . . threads:** a satire on the badges of the Orders of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, which were often given as political awards.

great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me, whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each.

I took nine of these sticks, and fixing then firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance.[1]

It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kinds of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place

[1] **the whole performance:** a satire on the royal family's love of military exhibitions.

where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of the army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner.[1] He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old, experienced leader and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. . . .

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet,* or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself.

These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two undersecretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them, first in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws;[2] which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"*Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Guc,* most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the man-mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

"1. The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

[1] **a . . . manner:** a satire on King George the First's love of parades.

[2] **their laws:** The rest of the chapter is a satire on the legal formalities and the extravagant terms used to describe the monarch in government documents.

" 2. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within their doors.

" 3. The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

" 4. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our said subjects into his hands without their own consent.

" 5. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

" 6. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

" 7. That the said man-mountain shall at his times of leisure be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones toward covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

" 8. That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

" 9. That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfalorac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet; but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my liberty the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Sometime after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

[Gulliver's greatest service to Lilliput is his capture of the fleet of the enemy country, Blefuscu. By cutting the anchor ropes with his knife and attaching fifty ships to a central cable, he is able to drag them after him as he wades across the channel between the two countries.

[The jealousy of Skyresh Bolgolam, mentioned in Chapter III, finally results in the proposed impeachment of Gulliver, of which he is warned in time to escape to Blefuscu. Here he is kindly received in spite of his previous treatment of this nation. This is a satire on the impeachment and escape to France of Bolingbroke. Soon after, Gulliver discovers a derelict lifeboat and manages to get away in it, carrying home in his pocket some cattle and sheep as proof of his strange experiences.]

VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG [1]

[Gulliver's second voyage takes him to the land of the giants, where the situation of the previous trip is exactly reversed. The inhabitants are twelve times as large as Gulliver, instead of one-twelfth the size. Here again the king's court is satirized, partly through the contempt the giant king feels for England as described by Gulliver. Man is also made ridiculous through the misadventures of Gulliver, such as being almost devoured by the baby, torn to pieces by the rats, drowned in the cream pitcher by the queen's jealous dwarf, and dropped from the roof of the gigantic palace by a playful monkey. Finally his little cagelike house is carried away by a great eagle, and he is dropped in the ocean; rescued by a passing vessel; and returned to his native country, where he has great difficulty in readjusting himself to people of his own size.]

VOYAGE TO LAPUTA [2] AND BALNIBARBI [3]

[The third voyage is a satire on learned people. Gulliver is drawn up into a flying island, Laputa, inhabited by musicians, mathematicians, and philosophers. They are so absentminded that they must be attended by servants who recall their masters' attention to practical affairs by tapping them lightly with an inflated bladder. In the light of our modern slang it is amusing to know that these servants are called "flappers." Later Gulliver is lowered to the mainland, Balnibarbi, where he visits the academy at Lagado, the metropolis. Here the satire is on scientific experimentation, with which Swift was not in sympathy.

THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS [4]

[Gulliver's last voyage is the most biting satire of all. He finds a land governed by horses of the highest intelligence and uprightness. Their name and the occasional words of their language quoted by Gulliver are intended to represent the whinnying of horses. After learning this language Gulliver is able to converse with the king, but in describing the affairs of Europe he discovers that the horse-people have no words for many evils of personal character or government. Gulliver's account of a European war so horrifies the noble Houyhnhnm that he condemns Gulliver's countrymen as worse than the repulsive Yahoos, creatures in the shape of men who serve the horses, without pretense of intelligence. Gulliver pictures the land of the horses as one where peace and contentment are never marred by disease, bribery, flattery, fraud, politics, vice, envy, punishments, cheats, doctors, courtiers, lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing masters. In short, it is an ideal state.]

[1] **Brobdingnag** (brŏb'ding-năg): The inhabitants were Brobdingnagians (brŏb-dĭng-năg'ĭ-ănz). [2] **Laputa** (lä-pūt'ä). [3] **Balnibarbi** (bäl-nĭ-bär'bĭ). [4] **Houyhnhnms** (hwĭn'mz).

Suggestions for Study of Gulliver's Travels

1. Make a list of the different aspects of life that Swift satirizes in these selections. How many of them might still be satirized today? How many of them would no longer exist as subjects for satire?

2. Which examples of satire in these selections amused you most?

3. Read other parts of *Gulliver's Travels*. A series of special reports given by different students will enable the entire class to have a clearer impression of the whole book. Be sure to bring out the satire in the various incidents.

4. Try writing an original journey to an imaginary country through which you satirize practices of your own school or of modern life, such as automobile touring, Christmas shopping, motion pictures, high-pressure salesmanship, "radio fans," facial make-up, the dominance of athletics.

5. If you are interested in satire, read Swift's *A Modest Proposal* about the wrongs of Ireland and his *Tale of a Tub* about the religious sects. These and others are in Alden's *Readings in English Prose of the Eighteenth Century*.

Richard Steele 1672–1729

Another literary man to come out of Ireland was Richard Steele, whose disposition and personality were quite the opposite of Swift's. He was good-natured, lively, versatile, somewhat sentimental, eloquent, extravagant, and

inefficient. His very versatility and enthusiasm were often his undoing, for he would rush from one interest to another without due consideration. Thus he was captain of the Guards, manager of a theater, playwright, magazine publisher, essay writer, poet, reformer, Gazetteer to the Crown (that is, publisher of an official government newspaper), and member of Parliament. He was expelled from the last two positions partly because of Tory jealousy and partly because of his poor judgment, which laid him open to suit for libel. With the Whigs back in power, he was knighted and given several public offices.

Steele's name is inevitably linked with Addison's. The two became fast friends at the Charterhouse School and at Oxford, where Addison was the polished and accomplished scholar, Steele the devoted follower and merry scapegrace. In 1709 Steele conceived the original idea of getting out a periodical that should contain, besides some political news, the gossip of the coffeehouses and comments on the life of the day. Further details of this paper and the one that succeeded will be found under the essays that follow. These two enterprises, in which Addison and Steele combined efforts, cemented their earlier friendship and, though Addison was a greater literary figure eventually, Steele is still remembered for his originality, his lively humor, and his sensitiveness to kindly and noble conduct.

THE TATLER (1709–1711)

This paper was the forerunner of the more noted *Spectator* (see page 274). Steele published it under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which, alone, was enough to make London grin, because of a practical joke which had been played the year before by Swift. A quack astrologer and almanac maker named Partridge had been making a great deal of money out of gullible people by his predictions. To expose the faker, Swift had issued a rival almanac by an imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff, predicting "by the unerring stars" the death of Partridge on March 29. The next day the newspapers carried detailed accounts of the funeral of Partridge and an elegy on him. When Partridge protested that he was not dead, Bickerstaff retorted that his own stars had proved him so and that these statements came from an impostor. When, therefore, this new periodical appeared under the name of Bickerstaff, the town would naturally be alert for further entertainment. It was clever advertising on Steele's part.

After the paper had been running for some time, Addison discovered the real author to be his old college friend and sent in a number of contributions. In the two years of *The Tatler's* life there were two hundred and seventy-one numbers, of which Steele himself wrote about two-thirds. Finally, because of political difficulties, it seemed wiser to discontinue *The Tatler* and start again with a new paper devoted only to literature, manners, and morals. Thus *The Spectator* came in as a replacement.

PROSPECTUS

No. 1, Tuesday, 12 April, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines . . .
nostri est farrago libelli.[1]
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for

[1] *Quicquid . . . libelli:* Pope's translation of this Latin motto is:

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis,* and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffeehouse; Learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffeehouse; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish,[1] to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney [2] at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

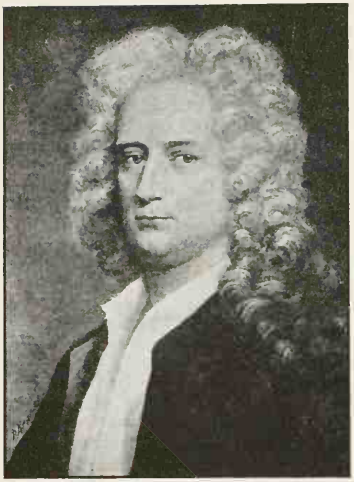
[1] **Spanish:** wine. [2] **Kidney:** name of a waiter.

Joseph Addison 1672–1719

Probably no figure in this age of elegance and satire is more typical than Joseph Addison. His elegance was always quiet and dignified, his satire always restrained and polished. Pope strove for "correctness" in an intellectual sense; Addison embodied without effort "correctness" in a social sense. Scholarship, tact, keen observation, and wise standards of judgment were his natural inheritance. At Oxford his attainments made a deep impression, and there today one can stroll down the beautiful elm-bordered "Addison's Walk" and still sense his gracious presence.

The step from college into a position of literary and political prominence in London was easy for Addison. A pension from the government enabled him to travel on the Continent for four years, preparing for public service. Upon his return his complimentary verses celebrating the battle of Blenheim and other public events of the day, together with his natural diplomacy, won him one political position after another. In 1716 his marriage to the Countess of Warwick added wealth and social prestige. The next year he was made one of the Secretaries of State in the Cabinet, but because of ill-health he resigned a few months later. He died at the age of forty-seven and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Addison was a Whig and his political fortunes depended on the party in power. During the period of political dark days for Addison, between 1711 and 1714 when the Whigs were out, he and Steele won their permanent literary fame with *The Spectator.* Unfortunately the two friends quarreled over politics the year before Addison's death; but their literary partnership had already borne its fruit, and their names, like those of David and Jonathan,



JOSEPH ADDISON. By his genial essays in *The Spectator* he made Sir Roger de Coverley the most famous country gentleman in literature. (Ewing Galloway)

are today spoken in one breath. Although noticeably unlike in disposition, each supplemented the special abilities of the other, and they provided a striking example of what we today call "teamwork."

THE SPECTATOR (1711–1712)

Two months after the appearance of the last number of *The Tatler*, the first number of *The Spectator* was issued. The "Spectator," who was supposed to write his impressions of town life and characters, is pictured as a man of quiet breeding, good sense, and good nature, who goes about London unobtrusively, saying little but seeing much. It is a good portrait of Addison himself, who contributed approximately half the numbers. The others were the work of Steele and other collaborators. *The Spectator's* avowed purpose is "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." The extravagances and absurdities of the fashionable life of the day were gently yet pointedly satirized. The popularity of the little periodical was tremendous. From about three thousand the readers increased until as many as twenty thousand of certain especially well-liked issues were printed. Considering the size of London at that time, the educational conditions, and the limited number of possible readers, one is bound to admit that this was an astounding circulation.

The little paper was a cross between the modern newspaper and magazine. Like the former, it was a daily adjunct of the breakfast table and contained its "classified ads" of Wanted, Lost or Stolen, Amusements, and Merchandise, many of which offer amusing reading today. Like the latter, it was written in more finished literary style and was more limited in its scope than a newspaper, having only one main article to an issue. It lasted through five hundred and fifty-five numbers.

To Steele is given credit for originating the club to which the Spectator was supposed to belong, consisting of a lawyer, a merchant, an ex-army captain, an elderly gallant, and a country baronet. The last of these appealed to Addison's imagination especially, and some of the most famous essays of *The Spectator* were devoted to this country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley. When printed together they form a running narrative which has often been considered the immediate predecessor of the novel.

Even more amusing to many modern young people are the social satires hitting so neatly the vanities and follies of the eighteenth century, to which parallels may be found in the twentieth.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest

habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms: upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends her servant to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite [1] enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live

[1] **polite:** versed in etiquette.

in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers; [1] while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

SIR ROGER AT THE THEATER

No. 335. Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.[2]

Hor. Ars Poet. 317.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy [3] with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks [4] should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he had not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design: for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, "that if these gentlemen had any such intentions, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us tomorrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you; for John tells me he has got the forewheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bade Sir Roger fear nothing, for he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants,

[1] **tithe stealers:** persons who neglect to pay their church tax. [2] ***Respicere . . . voces:*** "I shall bid the trained actor look for a model of life and manners, and thence get truth of speech." [3] **the new tragedy:** *The Distressed Mother*, based on the story of Andromache, wife of the Trojan hero Hector.

[4] **Mohocks:** wild young aristocrats who infested the London streets at night, annoying and often injuring passers-by. The name was borrowed from an American Indian tribe.

and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus,[1] the knight told me, that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; [2] and a little while after for Hermione; [3] and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." [4] Upon Pyrrhus' threatening afterward to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; [5] but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage."

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes,[6] struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time. "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they

[1] **Pyrrhus** (pĭr′ŭs): a suitor of Andromache. His father Achilles had killed Hector, her husband. [2] **Andromache** (ăn-drŏm′ă-kē): See footnote page 276. [3] **Hermione** (hûr-mī′ō-nē): a daughter of the famous Helen who had been the cause of the Trojan War. [4] **widow:** *The Spectator*, Paper 113, describes Sir Roger's hopeless love affair with a widow.

[5] **Astyanax** (ăs-tī′ă-năks): the young son of Hector and Andromache. [6] **Orestes** (ō-rĕs′tēz): a son of the Greek leader Agamemnon. He killed his mother to avenge the death of his father through her plot.

should smoke [1] the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus' death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

THE COQUETTE'S HEART

No. 281. Tuesday, January 22, 1712.

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.[2]
Vergil.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapors which exhale out of the heart and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weatherglass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves;

[1] **smoke:** eighteenth-century slang, corresponding to the modern slang "kid," meaning to tease or ridicule. [2] ***Pectoribus . . . exta:*** "Anxious, the reeking entrails he consults."

and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sank again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibers were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot,[1] and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower.[2] Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall, therefore, only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in

[1] **Gordian knot:** a famous intricate knot in ancient history. The legend was that whoever could undo it would reign over the entire East. Alexander the Great, on hearing this, cut it in two with his sword.

[2] **Rosamond's** (rŏz'ă-mŭnd) **bower:** a labyrinth or maze which Henry II built for the fair Rosamond in order to hide her from his jealous wife.

a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

PARTY FEELING

No. 125. Tuesday, July 24, 1711.

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.[1]
Virgil.

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a high-school boy, which was at a time when feuds ran high between Roundheads [2] and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question but, going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found the place he inquired after, without giving offense to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country: how they spoil good neighborhood and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides, that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land tax and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, with regard not only to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal to both men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation — and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and, when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch [3] says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about a hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but, instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates of either reason or

[1] *Ne . . . vires:* "Do not, my children, make such wars familiar to your minds; nor turn your mighty strength against the life of your country."

[2] **Roundheads:** nickname for the short-haired Puritans. See pages 197–200 for their "feuds" with the Cavaliers.

[3] **Plutarch** (plōō'tärk): writer of biographies of famous Greeks and Romans (46?–120?).

religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one on our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums — that appears crooked or broken, however straight or entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations: an abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practiced by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has ever been whispered or invented of a private man, for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary *postulatums* [1] of these infamous scribblers — upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines,[2] and France by those who were for and against the league; [3] but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles — the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces we should never see the worst of men in the great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practicing those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every crimi-

[1] ***postulatums*** (pŏs-tū-lā′tŭms): Latin for "things assumed without proof."

[2] **Guelphs** (gwĕlfs) **and Ghibellines** (gĭb′ĕ-lĭnz): Italian parties during the latter part of the Middle Ages. At first having opposing principles of government, they later fought largely over personal power. [3] **league**: probably a reference to the Holy, or Catholic, League, often called simply "The League."

nal out of the herd and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear. On the contrary we should shelter distressed innocence and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend and the villain our enemy.

HYMN

This majestic hymn by Addison, based on the opening of the Nineteenth Psalm, is still frequently sung in churches to the familiar tune adapted from Haydn's oratorio *Creation.*

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is divine."

Suggestions for Study of Addison and Steele

1. What information is given in the " Prospectus " of *The Tatler* as to its purpose, frequency, price, type of readers to whom it will appeal, and types of reading matter in the new periodical?

2. How did *The Spectator* differ from *The Tatler?* How do these papers resemble a modern newspaper? a magazine? How do they differ?

3. Give a picture of Sir Roger from these essays and others which you may read outside. Which of his traits make you like him? Which are amusing? Have you ever known anyone like him? Is there any modern American type which resembles him?

4. How does the coquette compare with the characters in *The Rape of the Lock?* Which do you consider the more enjoyable satire, Pope's or Addison's? Select passages from this essay which are particularly clever hits on the light-mindedness of such a person as the coquette. Which details would apply to modern young people? Which are quite out of style?

5. What result of having political parties does Addison deplore? What examples from history does he quote to emphasize his point? Apply his comments to American parties today. What would be the result of abolishing parties because of their evils? What solutions to the excesses of political parties does Addison offer?

6. Read the essays on Sir Roger given in the list on page 321. Read other famous accounts of country squires, such as those in Irving's " Christmas Sketches " in *The Sketch Book* and in *Bracebridge Hall,* or the picture of Squire Cass in George Eliot's *Silas Marner.* What similarities and differences do you find?

7. The following composition suggestions may be used independently or combined into a class paper in imitation of *The Spectator:*

(1) A prospectus for a small paper to circulate in your school or neighborhood.
(2) Character sketches of class members or town characters in the manner of the Sir Roger papers.
(3) Satires on school life, such as " A Freshman's Head " or " A Senior's Heart."
(4) Draw a " medical map " of the coquette's heart following the description in the essay. Read the companion essay " A Beau's Head," No. 275, and draw a similar sketch.
(5) Read " The Fan Drill," No. 102. From suggestions in it, plan and carry out for a school program a pantomime dance for a group of girls in eighteenth-century costume. Choose appropriate music. Write a school satire suggested by this

essay, such as " The Vanity-Case Drill " or " The Fan Drill " (in the sense of the football fan).

(6) Read " The Vision of Mirza," No. 159, a well-known allegory on human life, and draw a diagram of the bridge described, or write an original allegory on some aspect of school life.

8. Read Psalm 19 to see how Addison has rephrased its thought in his Hymn. Which version do you prefer? Have the hymn sung or played on a phonograph record in class.

Daniel Defoe 1661?–1731

Defoe was a typical journalist. In business and politics his efforts usually failed; but for nine years he ran almost single-handed *The Review* (1704), one of the earliest newspapers. He was an excellent reporter, whether of fact or of fiction. His vigorous, graphic style gives a journalistic flavor to all his writing.

The brain of this middle-class Whig was teeming with projects and reforms, many of which were far beyond the ideas of his day. One of his satires had a rather amusing outcome which showed his keen sense for publicity. To ridicule the attitude of the High Church party he wrote a pamphlet called *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, advocating death and other violent penalties for all members of the dissenting churches, to one of which he himself belonged. The very people he was ridiculing played into his hands by approving it as a serious suggestion. On discovering how they had been fooled, they had Defoe put in the pillory; but he cleverly composed and scattered among his adherents a " Hymn to the Pillory," which they sang in the street while pelting him with flowers. Thus he turned punishment into temporary triumph. But his social and political hopes were blasted, and he became a mere government spy for many years.

At the age of sixty, he began to write realistic fiction. The first of these writings, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), like *Gulliver's Travels*, is now popularly regarded as a book for children, although it was written for adults. In this as in all his writings Defoe shows his remarkable gifts for making an imaginary situation seem like actual fact by the straightforward narration of circumstantial details which apparently could come only from an eyewitness.

THE JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR

One of the best examples of Defoe's ability to convince his readers that fiction was literal truth is his *The Journal of the Plague Year*. This purports to be the diary of a Londoner who lived through the Great Plague of 1665. Since Defoe himself was little more than an infant at that time, he has of course drawn entirely upon his reading of records, his conversations with old inhabitants, and his imagination; yet so convincing is every detail that even librarians have sometimes classified this report as a genuine document.

The narrative first tells of the writer's indecision about remaining in London when everyone who could get away was fleeing to the country. His brother urges him to go; but because he is a bachelor and needs to look out for his business and servants, he feels an obligation to remain. Finally he consults the Bible and, opening at random to the Psalm containing the line " Surely he shall deliver thee . . . from the noisome pestilence," his decision to remain is confirmed. With graphic detail he pictures the alarming spread of the disease, the futile attempts at quarantine, the agonies of the victims, the great pits in which the dead were buried, many specific cases which had come to his attention, and the final abatement of the disease toward winter. The narrative is fascinating in its very horror, and makes the modern reader doubly appreciative of the strides made by medical science in the control of great epidemics.

1665. It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days, or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go to carry a letter for my brother to the Posthouse. Then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the Posthouse, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse, with two keys hanging at it, and money in it, but nobody would

meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up; but so that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse; the train reached about two yards. After this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs red hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose; and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats, and brass farthings.

There might, perhaps, have been several poor people, as I have observed above, that would have been hardy enough to have ventured for the sake of the money; but you may easily see, by what I have observed, that the few people who were spared were very careful of themselves at that time when the distress was so exceeding great. . . .

It would pierce the hearts of all that came by to hear the piteous cries of those infected people, who being thus out of their understandings by the violence of their pain, or the heat of their blood, were either shut in, or perhaps tied in their beds and chairs, to prevent their doing themselves hurt, and who would make a dreadful outcry at their being confined, and at their not being permitted to "die at large," as they called it, and as they would have done before.

This running of distempered people about the streets was very dismal, and the Magistrates did their utmost to prevent it; but as it was generally in the night and always sudden, when such attempts were made, the officers could not be at hand to prevent it, and even when they got out in the day, the officers appointed did not care to meddle with them, because, as they were all grievously infected, to be sure, when they were come to that height, so they were more than ordinarily infectious, and it was one of the most dangerous things that could be to touch them. On the other hand, they generally ran on, not knowing what they did, till they dropped down stark dead, or till they had exhausted their spirits so as that they would fall, and then die in perhaps half an hour or an hour; and what was most piteous to hear, they were sure to come to themselves entirely in that half-hour or hour, and then to make most grievous and piercing cries and lamentations in the deep afflicting sense of the condition they were in. This was much of it before the order for shutting up of houses was strictly put in execution, for at first the watchmen were not so rigorous and severe, as they were afterward, in the keeping the people in; that is to say, before they were, I mean some of them, severely punished for their neglect, failing in their duty, and letting people who were under their care slip away, or conniving at their going abroad, whether sick or well. But after they saw the officers appointed to examine into their conduct were resolved to have them do their duty, or be punished for the omission, they were more exact, and the people were strictly restrained; which was a thing they took so ill, and bore so impatiently, that their discontents can hardly be described; but there was an absolute necessity for it, that must be confessed, unless some other measures had been timely entered upon, and it was too late for that.

Had not this particular of the sick being restrained as above, been our case at that

me, London would have been the most readful place that ever was in the world; here would, for aught I know, have as any people died in the streets as died in heir houses; for when the Distemper was t its height, it generally made them raving nd delirious, and when they were so, they ould never be persuaded to keep in their eds but by force; and many, who were ot tied, threw themselves out of windows, hen they found they could not get leave o go out of their doors.

It was for want of people conversing one ith another, in this time of calamity, that was impossible any particular person ould come at the knowledge of all the ex- raordinary cases that occurred in different amilies; and particularly I believe it was ever known to this day how many people n their deliriums drowned themselves in ie Thames, and in the river which runs om the marshes by Hackney, which we enerally called Ware River, or Hackney iver. As to those which were set down in ie weekly bill, they were indeed few; nor ould it be known of any of those, whether ney drowned themselves by accident or not. ut I believe, I might reckon up more, who, ithin the compass of my knowledge or ob- ervation really drowned themselves in that ear than are put down in the bill of all put ogether, for many of the bodies were never ound, who yet were known to be so lost: nd the like, in other methods of self-de- ruction. There was also one man, in or bout Whitecross Street, who burnt himself o death in his bed; some said it was done by imself, others that it was by the treachery f the nurse that attended him; but that he ad the Plague upon him was agreed by all. . . . We that were Examiners were often ot able to come at the knowledge of the nfection being entered into a house till it as too late to shut it up; and sometimes ot till the people that were left were all ead. In Petticoat Lane two houses together ere infected, and several people sick; but he Distemper was so well concealed, that he Examiner, who was my neighbor, got o knowledge of it, till notice was sent him that the people were all dead, and that the carts should call there to fetch them away. The two heads of the families concerted their measures, and so ordered their matters, as that when the Examiner was in the neighborhood, they appeared generally at a time, and answered, that is, lied for one another; or got some of the neighborhood to say they were all in health, and, perhaps, knew no better, till death making it impossible to keep it any longer as a secret, the Dead carts were called in the night to both houses, and so it became public; but when the Examiner ordered the constable to shut up the houses, there was nobody left in them but three people, two in one house, and one in the other, just dying, and a nurse in each house, who acknowledged that they had buried five before, that the houses had been infected nine or ten days, and that for all the rest of the two families, which were many, they were gone, some sick, some well, or whether sick or well, could not be known.

In like manner, at another house in the same lane, a man, having his family infected, but very unwilling to be shut up, when he could conceal it no longer, shut up himself; that is to say, he set the great Red Cross upon his door, with the words — "Lord have Mercy upon Us"; and so deluded the Examiner, who supposed it had been done by the constable by order of the other Examiner, for there were two Examiners to every district or precinct; by this means he had free egress and regress into his house again, and out of it, as he pleased, notwithstanding it was infected; till at length his stratagem was found out, and then he, with the sound part of his servants and family, made off, and escaped; so they were not shut up at all. . . .

It is here, however, to be observed, that after the funerals became so many that people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another, as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died; so after a while the fury of the Infection appeared to be so increased, that in short, they shut up

no houses at all. It seemed enough that all the remedies of that kind had been used till they were found fruitless, and that the Plague spread itself with an irresistible fury; so that as the Fire, the succeeding year, spread itself, and burnt with such violence, that the citizens, in despair, gave over their endeavors to extinguish it, so in the Plague, it came at last to such violence that the people sat still, looking at one another, and seemed quite abandoned to despair. Whole streets seemed to be desolated, and not to be shut up only, but to be emptied of their inhabitants; doors were left open, and windows stood shattering with the wind in empty houses for want of people to shut them. In a word, people began to give up themselves to their fears, and to think that all regulations and methods were in vain, and that there was nothing to be hoped for, but an universal Desolation; and it was even in the height of this general despair, that it pleased God to stay his hand, and to slacken the fury of the Contagion, in such a manner, as was even surprising (like its beginning), and demonstrated it to be his own particular Hand, and that above, if not without, the Agency of Means, as I shall take notice of in its proper place.

Suggestions for Study of Defoe

1. Point out all the evidence that shows London to have been in a state of panic during the Plague. How does Defoe create an atmosphere of horror? What examples are given of evasion of the orders during the Plague?

2. What epidemics have occurred within recent times in the United States? How have they been handled? Against what diseases are physicians today making special campaigns?

3. Read Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" and discuss its method of presenting a plague situation and its effect on the reader in comparison with Defoe's. Sabatini's *Fortune's Fool* also pictures the Plague of 1665. What famous Italian writer mentioned earlier in this volume introduced a plague situation into literature?

4. A special report on the great plagues of the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries and their effects on England would be of interest to prospective medical students or nurses.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

Samuel Johnson 1709–1784

The most picturesque figure of the middle eighteenth century was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who dominated the literary circles of London. His word was law as to the merits or demerits of the writers of his time. Strange to say, he lives today not so much by what he himself wrote as by what was written about him by an insignificant young admirer, James Boswell.

Johnson's early life was a series of struggles. He was brought up in the country town of Lichfield, where his father was a bookseller, poor in money, but rich in reading facilities for his brilliant son. The boy struggled along at Oxford with practically no income, but his proud spirit made him throw away a pair of shoes that another student gave him for charity. At twenty-five he married a widow more than twenty years older than himself, and far from handsome at that; but their mental congeniality apparently made it a genuine love match. Several attempts at teaching proved unsuccessful; Johnson lacked the patience to be a schoolmaster. He finally tramped to London with his pupil, David Garrick, who eventually became the most famous actor of that time.

Johnson met rebuff after rebuff in attempting to sell his writings. He tried his hand at all types of writing: tragedy, poetry, biography, essay, novel — the last, *Rasselas*, being written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. His unique enterprise, however, was a dictionary of the English language, a tremendous under-



GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON AT THE MITRE TAVERN. Said Goldsmith about Johnson's arguments: "If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt of it." (Culver Service)

king for one man. The three years originally lowed for preparation stretched to eight be- ore it was finished, and most of the subscrip- on money received had been spent by the time e work was published, so that Johnson con- nued in financial distress until, at the age of fty-three, he was pensioned by the king. In e light of the definition of *pension* Dr. John- on had given (see next page), it is little won- er that vehement criticism was raised by his ccepting one; but he slyly said, "I wish my ension were twice as large that they might ake twice as much noise." No man could njoy leisure like Dr. Johnson. He slept until oon and sat up late into the night, drinking numerable cups of tea and leading the con- ersation at the famous Literary Club which he id founded. It is the picture of these later ears of comfort, and idleness which Boswell raws in such minute detail that the reader eels on intimate terms with this amazing man.

The oddities of Johnson's personality are shown in the selection on page 292. It is well to remember also some of the strong points of his character as Boswell records them: he had "a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. . . . He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language. . . . But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom."

DEFINITIONS FROM JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY

Some of Johnson's definitions are famous as showing his prejudices, his errors, his use of big words to define a fairly simple term, and, at times, his humor.

Excise duty: a hateful tax levied by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Oats: a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Pension: an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

Pensioner: a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master.

Tory: one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a Whig.

Whig: the name of a faction.

Lexicographer: a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.

Grub street: the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems: whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*.

Pastern: the knee of a horse. [On being asked by a lady, why he defined it thus, he said, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."]

Network: anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances with interstices between the intersections.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

To understand the significance of this letter you must first know the system of patronage prevalent in England at the time. Since the reading public was small, the only way a man could obtain any real financial return from writing was by having a patron among the wealthy nobility. It was understood that the author would dedicate his work to the patron, who in return saw to the author's financial welfare. When the dictionary was first contemplated, Johnson requested the support of Lord Chesterfield, the most "elegant" gentleman of his day. The result is told in the following letter occasioned by the last-minute recommendation in one of the newspapers that the Dictionary would, of course, be dedicated to Lord Chesterfield. Johnson showed his native independence of spirit and is said to have hereby sounded the death knell of the whole patronage system. In connection with this, read the selection on "The Dictionary" from Boswell's *Life* (see page 289).

February 7, 1755.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord:

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* [1] — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to

[1] *Le . . . terre:* "The conqueror of the conqueror of the world."

the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
Sam. Johnson.

James Boswell 1740–1795

A born hero-worshiper, James Boswell won glory by reflecting the greater glory of his hero, Dr. Johnson. Boswell's reputation for having written the most famous biography in the English language could never have been made had he not submerged himself in the personality of this man thirty years older than himself, followed him about from day to day, egged him on to conversation often by ridiculous questions, and sat late into the night recording every word from the idol's mouth before its flavor was lost. Though Johnson often emptied his wrath on Boswell as on everyone else, he seemed nevertheless to have found a not unpleasant companion in the faithful little barrister. Or perhaps he realized the hopelessness of shaking off the dogged young Scot and simply resigned himself philosophically to his fate. At any rate, Boswell holds the world's record for being the perfect shadow.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

The Dictionary

This selection is from the first part of the biography, covering the period before Boswell became acquainted with Johnson.

How long this immense undertaking had been the object of his contemplation, I do not know. I once asked him by what means he had attained to that astonishing knowledge of our language by which he was enabled to realize a design of such extent and accumulated difficulty. He told me that " it was not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up in his mind insensibly." I have been informed by Mr. James Dodsley that several years before this period, when Johnson was one day sitting in his brother Robert's shop, he heard his brother suggest to him that a Dictionary of the English Language would be a work that would be well received by the public; that Johnson seemed at first to catch at the proposition, but, after a pause, said, in his abrupt decisive manner, " I believe I shall not undertake it." That he, however, had bestowed much thought upon the subject, before he published his " Plan," is evident from the enlarged, clear, and accurate views which it exhibits.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson, single and unaided, for the execution of a work, which in other countries has not been effected by the co-operative exertions of many, were Mr. Robert Dodsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messieurs Longman, and the two Messieurs Knapton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The " Plan " was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State; a

nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favorable to its success. There is, perhaps, in everything of any consequence, a secret history which it would be amusing to know, could we have it authentically communicated. Johnson told me, " Sir, the way in which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield was this; I had neglected to write it by the time appointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. I said to my friend, Dr. Bathurst, ' Now, if any good comes of my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy,' when in fact it was only a casual excuse for laziness."

That he was fully aware of the arduous nature of the undertaking, he acknowledges; and shows himself perfectly sensible of it in the conclusion of his " Plan "; but he had a noble consciousness of his own abilities, which enabled him to go on with undaunted spirit.

Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued:

Adams: " This is a great work, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies? "

Johnson: " Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh."

Adams: " But, Sir, how can you do this in three years? "

Johnson: " Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years."

Adams: " But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary."

Johnson: " Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see: forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labor which he had undertaken to execute.

While the Dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other Dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could be easily effaced. I have seen several of them in which that trouble had not been taken; so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorized that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.

The necessary expense of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. I understand that nothing was allowed by the booksellers on that account; and I remember his telling me that a large portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only.

Boswell's First Meeting with Dr. Johnson

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him: but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. . . .

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us — he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell him where I come from."

"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly.

"Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it."

I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next.

He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings."

Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you."

"Sir (said he, with a stern look), I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. . . .

A few days afterward I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-land, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

He received me very courteously: but it

must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty: he had on a little old shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, " Nay, don't go."

" Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you."

He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, " Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.". . .

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it was wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

Dr. Johnson's Peculiarities

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me that as an old friend he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used his emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: " I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

That Davies hath a very pretty wife,

when Dr. Johnson muttered, " Lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humor to whisper Mrs. Davies, " You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends even ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have

seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester Fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollections associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, too, too, too: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponents fly like chaff before the wind.

Johnson and Goldsmith

The following incident takes place at dinner at the home of two booksellers, where about a dozen gentlemen, including Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith, met. A long conversation is first reported.

During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and shine. Finding himself excluded, he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favorable opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith in a passion threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaimed in a bitter tone, "Take it." When Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which, he seized this opportunity of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: "Sir (said he to Johnson), the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour: pray allow us now to hear him."

Johnson (*sternly*): "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time.

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to the Club, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and among them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me"; and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith — something passed today where you and I dined: I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the Club tonight, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton ob-

served that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit: and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but not content with that, was always taking out his purse. Johnson: "Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse!"

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honor of unquestionable superiority. "Sir (said he), you are for making a monarch of what should be a republic."

He was still more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay — Toctor Shonson is going to say something." This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry*."

Suggestions for Study of the Life of Samuel Johnson

1. Discuss your impressions of Johnson's personality and attitude toward others. Would you have enjoyed knowing him? Have you ever known anyone at all like him?

2. What light is thrown on Johnson's character by his conduct in regard to the Dictionary?

3. Contrast Johnson and Goldsmith. Which of the two appeals to you more as a man?

4. From these selections does Boswell seem to you to be an impartial or a partial biographer? Does he make his subject so interesting that you wish to read more? What qualities about this biography make it unique among those of our literature?

5. Read other parts of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, especially noting Johnson's conversations. Read also other accounts of his life and personality (see page 322).

6. Read some of Johnson's essays from *The Rambler*, such as "The Voyage of Life," No. 102, and "The History of a Garret," No. 161. Discuss them in comparison with other essays you have read in this course.

7. Write a short playlet or dramatized conversation of Johnson's club and present it before the class, or choose a scene about him from one of the plays listed on page 322.

8. Compare Ben Jonson, John Dryden, and Samuel Johnson. What points do literary dictators have in common with political dictators? What marked differences are seen in their powers? Do we have literary dictators today? Discuss.

Oliver Goldsmith 1728–1774

Johnson's friend "Goldy" was a strange, inconsistent, irresponsible, lovable, witty Irishman whose life presents a combination of pathos and absurdity. His boyhood in the little Irish village of Lissoy is accurately pictured in *The Deserted Village*. At school the awkward, blundering, pock-marked boy was regarded as a dunce. He worked his way through Trinity College, Dublin, where he was thought a buffoon, and came out at the foot of his class. To settle down to money-earning was an impossibility. Sums given him by relatives so that he could study law or emigrate to America he lost in gambling or in other mysterious ways, and then turned up as smiling and irresponsible as ever. For a time he studied medicine at Edinburgh and later on the Continent at Leyden. Then he roamed over Europe without earning a penny but what he picked up from flute playing. Returning to England, he tried acting, working in a chemist's shop, teaching in a boys' school, and even begging, before finally taking up literature.

Here at last he found something he could do well, for Goldsmith has the unique distinction among eighteenth-century writers of having produced a poem (*The Deserted Village*), a comedy (*She Stoops to Conquer*), and a novel (*The Vicar of Wakefield*), all of which are still read and enjoyed today. The story goes that when Goldsmith was about to be imprisoned for not paying his rent, Johnson, to save the day, sold the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* to a bookseller for sixty pounds. Goldsmith made a better income from his hack writing. He turned out textbooks of history with astounding rapidity and startling inaccuracy. Some of the statements in his *Animated Nature* justify the remark made by one of his friends that he didn't know one fowl from another until it appeared cooked on the table.

With greater prosperity Goldsmith indulged his fondness for bright-colored clothes, opened an office in which he conducted a mythical medical practice, and spent most of his time with the members of the famous Literary Club. There he was usually the butt of the jokes. On one occasion when he was late as usual, they all wrote epitaphs on him. Garrick's ran thus:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called "Noll,"
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

Goldsmith's poem "Retaliation" was his way of getting even; it is full of clever lines pointed at this group of illustrious men. Goldsmith had a certain sly wit in conversation, too. Once when he and Johnson were looking at the tombs in Westminster Abbey, Johnson quoted a Latin sentence that meant, "Perhaps our names also will be mingled with these." On the way home they passed Temple Bar, where heads of criminals used to be exposed. Goldsmith thereupon repeated in Latin with different emphasis: "Perhaps our names also will be mingled with *these*." Fortunately it was the first rather than the second prophecy that came true. Johnson wrote the Latin inscription for his friend's tablet in the Abbey, although it was Johnson and not Goldsmith who was eventually buried there. In this epitaph Johnson paid tribute to his friend in these famous words: "He touched nothing that he did not adorn."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Three universally known poems of the eighteenth century portray the life of the common people. Curiously enough, each represents a different country of the British Isles. This one portrays an Irish village; Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (see page 303), an English village; Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (see page 315), a Scotch farm. All three of them express the growing feeling of democracy and interest in humble lives in contrast to the "society" writing of the early part of the century. Goldsmith's rhymed couplets are still reminiscent of Pope, but the subject matter and sentiment point forward to the new romantic movement.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along the glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,

1. **Auburn:** a fictitious name. Goldsmith is probably giving an accurate picture of Lissoy, the village where he grew up. 22. **sleights of art:** skillful turns. We still use the phrase in "sleight of hand." 27. **mistrustless:** unaware. 37. **tyrant's hand:** Goldsmith was hitting the absentee landlord who allowed his lands to go to waste while he enjoyed himself in London.

And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

129. **yon . . . thing:** An actual woman named Catherine Giraghty is thought to be the original of this picture.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,

140. **village preacher:** The following portrait is perhaps a composite portrait of Goldsmith's father and brother, both of whom were preachers. 142. **passing . . . year:** surpassingly rich on two hundred dollars a year! — a comment on the economic conditions of that day and place.

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown drafts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

196. **the village master**: thought to be a portrait of Goldsmith's own schoolmaster. 209. **terms . . . presage**: figure out in advance the time for law sessions and church festivals, such as Easter. 210. **gauge**: measure the capacity of casks.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —
In these, ere trifles half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

[The last part of the poem, a prolonged lamentation over the woes of the peasants, has been omitted.]

232. **twelve good rules:** brief rules such as "Reveal no secrets" and "Pick no quarrels," attributed to Charles I and often hung in inns. 232. **game of goose:** similar to checkers. 248. **mantling bliss:** foaming ale.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

It would be too bad to leave the poetry of our merry friend Goldsmith on such a melancholy note as that struck in *The Deserted Village*. Here is a neat absurdity as a contrast.

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
  Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friend and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound
  And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends,
  Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wondering people ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite;
  The dog it was that died.

Suggestions for Study of Goldsmith

1. Which scenes and persons stand out in your mind as the most vivid? Compare the pictures of the parson and the schoolmaster with some of Chaucer's characters. Which author's descriptions do you like better?

2. What elements of this poem and what specific passages show that Goldsmith still belonged to the classic school of Pope? Which show that he was somewhat touched by the new romantic ideas?

3. This poem contains many oft-quoted passages. Mark as many of these as you can, and memorize those which appeal to you.

4. Read the last part of *The Deserted Village*, omitted from this book, and sum up Goldsmith's opinions on Irish farm conditions, on the value of farmers to a country, on the relative merits of country and city life, on Irish emigration, on living conditions in America. What do you think of his opinions?

FORERUNNERS OF ROMANTIC POETRY

Thomas Gray 1716–1771

No man ever had a more fitting name than Thomas Gray; for his life was quiet and colorless, with the touch of melancholy that suggests gray twilights. His boyhood was rendered miserable by the violent temper of his father and his early separation from his mother when he went to Eton.

His mother, however, had given him all the care she could and it was she who enabled him to attend Eton by keeping shop to pay his way. At Eton he met Horace Walpole and an intimate friendship developed between the two young men. Following Eton, Gray spent five years at Cambridge, where he steeped himself in classical literature. At the suggestion of his friend Walpole, the two left Cambridge to spend three years on a tour of the Continent — Gray's only high point of adventurous experience. Both of them were affected by the beauties and grandeur of nature which they saw

on their tour. The description of their travels can be found in their letters.

After the tour of the Continent, Gray settled down to the life of a professor and scholarly antiquarian at his *alma mater*, Cambridge, where his delight in nature, history, and old Norse, Anglo-Saxon, and Welsh folklore made his life more interesting to live than to read about. He was offered the poet laureateship, but declined it.

Gray was on the border line between the old classical school, with its polished periods, and the new romantic school, with its interest in varied verse forms, the life of common people, and the effect of nature on one's mood. His verse form in this poem, with its alternate rhyme, shows only slight deviation from the couplet, but the other two qualities — interest in common people and nature — are more marked. Dr. Johnson thought Gray decidedly dull; but General Wolfe, quoting the ninth stanza of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" just before his great victory on the Plains of Abraham, said, "I would rather be the author of those lines than take Quebec." Wide popular favor has caused this poem to be designated as "the best-known poem in the English language."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

26. **glebe**: ground.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

35. **hour:** subject of the verb *awaits:* the first two lines are the object. 41. **storied urn:** an urn inscribed with the story of the deceased. 43. **provoke:** arouse. 57. **Hampden:** a landowner who resisted one of the tax assessments of Charles I, and thus made the whole matter of unjust taxes a public issue. 61–64. This whole stanza is the object of *forbade* in the first line of the next stanza.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
  Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

93. **thee**: Gray himself.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
  Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next, with dirges due in sad array
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
  Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
  A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

119. **Fair . . . birth:** His humble birth had not prevented his having a good education.

William Cowper 1731–1800

That genius and insanity are sometimes closely allied is illustrated in the life of William Cowper. Perhaps the facts that Cowper's mother died when he was a child, that no one gave him much attention at home, and that he was bullied by the older boys at school gave him a bad start. When the time came to pass an oral legal examination to win a certain government position, he was terrified at the thought of the ordeal. Three times he attempted suicide, and finally had to be sent to an asylum for a year. This, of course, ended a possible public career; so the rest of his life was passed in and about the little country town of Olney, where he lived with his good friends, the Unwins.

In spite of several returns of his mental infirmity, Cowper won many friends by his kindly disposition and quiet humor. These qualities are illustrated especially in his published letters; in poems to some of his animal pets; and in his famous ballad " John Gilpin's Ride." His greatest undertaking was a translation of Homer, published when he was sixty years old, which gives a more literal rendering of the original than Pope's. Better known are his hymns written in collaboration with John Newton, the curate of Olney. Many of them are familiar to modern churchgoers. Probably the one best loved and most frequently sung is the following.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
  And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
  And he will make it plain.



(*Culver Service*)

BLAKE'S DRAWING, "DEATH'S DOOR." The emerging soul looks toward its new home in heaven.

"'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!"

William Blake 1757–1827

Blake, like Cowper, was somewhat unbalanced mentally; but, instead of melancholy, his tendency was toward fantastic imaginings. He produced both strangely symbolical verses and curious, fascinating engravings to illustrate such books as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno*. He engraved his own poems on metal plates and decorated them with his own designs. Blake's mental vision was constantly soaring to tropical jungles, to the realms of the fairies, and to the abode of God and His angels. He and his handsome, uneducated wife were as naïve as children about their visions of saints, prophets, and angels. Even the romantic poets who approved the delicate imagery and subtle magic of Blake's earlier volumes, *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, were bewildered by the confusing symbolism of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and *Jerusalem*. Prophet or madman he may have been, but at all events he was a unique creator who never bent knee to the sacred poetic rules of the classicist Pope. Blake does not command a wide reading public, but rather he appeals to the elect few who delight in imagination.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Suggestions for Study of the Three Preceding Poets

GRAY

1. By what details does Gray put the reader in a thoughtful mood at the outset of the poem?

2. This poem falls into definite divisions of thought. Mark the stanza groups under the following headings: (1) The setting, (2) The imagined life of the villagers, (3) Death, the common end of all classes, (4) The latent possibilities in some of the villagers, undeveloped by their environment, (5) Their desire for some kind of memorial, (6) Gray's own death anticipated, (7) His own epitaph.

3. Find phrases, pictures, and ideas that recall "Il Penseroso" (see page 215), and *The Deserted Village* (see page 295).

4. In what way does this poem suggest the classic manner of Pope? In what way the newer romantic feeling?

5. Mark familiar passages and memorize some of these well-known stanzas. Why might General Wolfe be likely to think of the ninth stanza on the occasion when he expressed his admiration for that passage?

COWPER

6. State the idea of the hymn in a sentence or two. What lines can you find that seem to have direct application to Cowper's own life and personality?

7. Read others of Cowper's hymns and see how many you can find in modern hymnbooks. At the same time look for any by Addison, who is also commonly represented in church hymnals. What other famous literary names do you find among the hymn writers?

8. "John Gilpin's Ride," showing a different aspect of Cowper's poetic ability, is especially suitable for oral reading before the class, and affords excellent material for the art student to illustrate. How many other famous "ride" poems can you find? (See Browning, Byron, Longfellow, Noyes, and others.) Compare these as to speed, suspense, climax, and effective use of sound.

BLAKE

9. Notice that "The Tiger" is a series of questions. What feeling on the part of the poet is thus conveyed to the reader? Are answers to the questions suggested?

10. Point out some of the striking figures of speech and an especially effective contrast.

11. Have other short poems by Blake read in class and if possible obtain some of his drawings to show. Point out his strange originality in both poems and drawings.

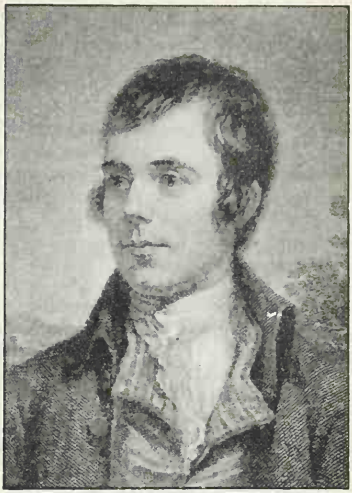
Robert Burns 1759–1796

Robert Burns made an unpropitious entrance into the world and a tragic exit from it at the age of thirty-seven. He was born of poor peasants in a two-room clay cottage built by his father's own hands near Ayr in southwestern Scotland. In the first week of his life a blast of wind blew in a portion of the wall on the mother and child. Robert said in later life, "It is no wonder that one ushered into the world by such a whirlwind should be the victim of stormy passions." From the first his life seemed ill-fated except for the gift which enabled him to write

immortal poems and songs. Poverty pursued the family from one stony farm to another. Though the honest, hard-working father did all in his power to give his sons an education, their schooling was meager enough. Robert, ambitious for more, was an assiduous reader of the Bible, *The Spectator*, Pope's poems, and a book of lyrics that fascinated him and encouraged him to try his own hand at songs.

As the plowboy developed into a lively, handsome young man, he was easily led into bad company, especially when he went away from home to learn flax dressing. With too much tavern drinking, too many satires on the ministers, and too much love-making, he was constantly in and out of scrapes. Finally the father of his sweetheart, Jean Armour, made life so miserable for him that he decided to go to Jamaica. To raise money for his passage he published his first volume, *Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, in 1786. The success of this volume was phenomenal. Instead of going to Jamaica, Burns went to Edinburgh in triumph. A second edition of the poems was arranged; the poet was feted and lionized. A handsome peasant with flashing black eyes, a quick tongue, and a book of poems that bore the mark of genius was indeed a novelty. Now that Burns had money in his pocket, he made several tours of Scotland.

But his ride on the crest of Edinburgh social life was brief. His dignified aristocratic hosts could not forgive his cracking jokes at their expense with his rude tavern companions. The peasant streak in him became obnoxious rather than attractive and, though his poems sold well, he was definitely dropped. Back he went to the farm, married Jean Armour, and wrote some of his finest poetry in the few years which followed. But again his weakness for convivial company overcame him and so undermined his constitution that he could not throw off an illness brought on by exposure to cold. In this last wretched state, persecuted by creditors and confronted by death, he wrote one of his most beautiful lyrics to the girl who nursed him (see page 312). No sooner had he breathed his last than the whole country united to do him honor. Ten thousand persons are said to have followed him to his grave at Dumfries, and contributions poured in for his destitute family and for a handsome monument in the Dumfries churchyard. But cold marble is a poor memorial for warmhearted, impulsive Bobbie Burns. His real monument is his poetry, which reincarnates his best self and helps us forget the hapless peasant in the honored poet.



ROBERT BURNS. Scotland's "heaven-taught plowboy" whose gift for song enriched English literature. (Culver Service)

A GROUP OF BURNS'S SONGS

Few would question the title given to Burns: "The greatest song-writer in English literature." No one else has achieved quite the same lilting melody combined with human emotions in such varied manifestations as Burns. In the following group of songs are exuberance, sorrow, faithful affection, patriotism, and sturdy independence. Some are sung in his own person; others are dramatically put into the mouth of imaginary or historical characters. Many of them were set to old Scotch airs already in existence; some have since been set to music.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, achasing the deer;
Achasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, achasing the deer;
Achasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

10. **straths:** vales.

SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

1. **braes** (brāz): hillsides. 16. **birk:** birch.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

2. A later version of the poem added a foot to every second and fourth line in order to set the words to an old Scotch air. The lengthened version is the one found in songbooks, but this original version is considered better poetry. 15. **ilka:** every. 17. **pu'd:** pulled. 19. **fause luver staw:** false lover stole.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace —
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

1. **jo:** joy; sweetheart. 4. **brent:** smooth. 5. **beld:** bald. 7. **pow:** head. 11. **canty:** merry.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

Shortly before his death Burns wrote this beautiful tribute to Miss Jessie Lewars, the young woman who was nursing him. Mendelssohn's music to which it is set has added to its popularity.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

3. **My . . . airt:** my plaid held against the wind. 7. **bield:** shelter.

BANNOCKBURN

Robert the Bruce carried on the work begun by Wallace in the days of Edward I — that of freeing Scotland from English domination. The battle of Bannockburn (1314) was a critical engagement. The English far outnumbered the Scots; but Bruce, by digging pits in the plain and covering them with leaves, caused the English cavalry to be thrown into a panic, and thus won the day. The occasion was always looked on by Scots as one of the great milestones in their history. This poem is supposed to be Bruce's address to his army. Through the mouth of the Scottish leader, Burns voices simply the desire for freedom from the oppression then abroad in the world — a desire voiced in the French Revolution only a few years before he wrote this poem. He is said to have composed it while galloping over a moor in a thunderstorm.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'.
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

Suggestions for Study of Burns's Songs

1. If possible, secure for class use phonograph records of Burns's songs, or have them sung. Some well-known ones, such as "Auld Lang Syne" or "Comin' through the Rye" (adapted by Burns from older songs), can be sung by the class as a whole.

2. For each of these lyrics, decide who is singing — Burns in his own person or an imaginary person. Decide what is the prevalent emotion of each song — love, sorrow, joy, patriotism. State the situation and the point of each in a single good sentence.

3. Practice reading these songs aloud to bring out the rhythmic quality.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Here speaks a prophetic voice for the coming acceptance of the brotherhood of man. Still far from an actuality, it remains a goal toward which humanity is striving by slow and painful steps. As the first clear note of democracy, this poem is one of the most significant written in the eighteenth century.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

8. **gowd:** gold. 10. **hodden-gray:** coarse cloth.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

17. **birkie:** fellow. 20. **coof:** fool. 27. **aboon:** above. 28. **he ... that:** he can't make that. 36. **bear the gree:** take the prize.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785

This and the following poem form an interesting pair in several respects: their unusual meter, their unconventional subjects, and their oft-quoted lines toward the end. Their moods are in strong contrast: on the one hand, the despair of thwarted ambition; on the other, the rollicking humor of an irrepressible wag.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earthborn companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me,
The present only toucheth thee;
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

1. **sleekit:** sleek. 4. **bickering brattle:** hastening flight. 5. **laith:** unwilling. 6. **pattle:** plowstaff. 13. **whyles:** at times. 15. **A daimen** (dā'mĕn) **. . . thrave:** an occasional head of grain in a shock. 17. **lave:** rest. 21. **big . . . ane:** build a new one. 22. **foggage:** herbage. 24. **snell:** sharp. 29. **coulter:** plow. 34. **But house or hald:** without a dwelling place. 35. **thole:** endure. 36. **cranreuch** (krân'rŭk): hoarfrost. 37. **no thy lane:** not alone. 40. **agley** (á-glē'): awry.

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

Ha! wh'are ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Though faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner!
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Where horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

1. **crowlin' ferlie:** crawling wonder. 2. **sairly:** greatly. 3. **strunt:** strut. 7. **blastit wonner:** blasted wonder. 9. **fit:** foot. 13. **Swith . . . squattle:** Be off! Sprawl in some beggar's temple. 14. **sprattle:** struggle. 17. **horn nor bane:** comb nor poison.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The very tapmost tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank mercurial rozet,
Or fell red smeddum!
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursèd speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

19. **haud ye there:** stay where you are. 20. **fatt'rels:** ribbon ends. 26. **onie grozet:** any gooseberry. 27. **rozet:** rosin. 28. **smeddum:** powder. 30. **Wad . . . droddum:** would put an end to you. 32. **flannen toy:** flannel headdress. 33. **Or . . . boy:** or perhaps some little ragged boy. 34. **wyliecoat:** flannel vest. 35. **Lunardi:** a bonnet named for an aeronaut of that day, probably with winglike ribbons. 38. **abread:** abroad.

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!

43. **giftie:** little gift.

Suggestions for Study of the Two Preceding Poems

1. What points of similarity do you find in "To a Mouse" and "To a Louse"? What marked contrast in mood? Which do you like better?

2. Show how the point made at the end of each is a natural outgrowth from the situation. What oft-quoted lines come at the close of each?

3. How do the subject matter and meter of these two poems show that Burns was far removed from the classic school of Pope?

4. Pick out Scottish words which you think particularly picturesque or expressive, especially those which give the humorous touch in "To a Louse."

5. See how many of Burns's other poems you can find that are written in this same meter, and decide why he liked this form.

6. Practice reading the Scottish dialect poems aloud. Those who can do it especially well might read other dialect poems of Burns to the class.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

This well-known poem, which takes us back in spirit to the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" and "The Deserted Village," was published in Burns's popular first volume. An interesting comment comes from Robert's brother Gilbert: "Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The cotter is an exact copy of my father, in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'.' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny fee' with our parents, my father labored hard, and lived with the most rigid economy that he might be able to keep his children at home."

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
Gray.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard this homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
The toilworn Cotter frae his labor goes, —
This night his weekly moil is at an end, —
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,

Inscription: **Robert Aiken:** a warm friend of Burns in Ayr, who had helped to make his poems known. 10. **sugh** (sōōh, the Scotch *gh* represents a blowing out of breath between an h and a k): sough; moan. 12. **pleugh** (plōōh): plow. 14. **Cotter:** a cottager. 15 **moil:** labor. 21. **stacher:** stagger. 23. **ingle:** fire; fireplace. 26. **kiaugh** (kyäh): trouble, anxiety. 28. **Belyve:** by and by. 28. **bairns:** children. 30. **ca' the pleugh:** drive the plow. 30, 31. **tentie . . . errand:** heedfully ran a careful errand. 34. **braw:** handsome.

Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers.
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The yonkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
" An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright! "

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye,
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare —

38. **spiers** (spērz): inquires. 40. **uncos:** strange things; news. 44. **gars:** makes. 48. **eydent** (i'dĕnt): industrious. 62. **hafflins:** partly. 64. **ben:** into the parlor. The Scotch peasant's house had two rooms called **but an' ben,** kitchen and parlor. 67. **cracks:** talks. Compare our use in the slang "wisecracks." 69. **blate and laithfu':** shy and bashful. 72. **lave:** rest.

" If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child;
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell;
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid.
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide.
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And " Let us worship God! " he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps ' Dundee's ' wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive ' Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble ' Elgin ' beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

92. **halesome parritch:** wholesome porridge. 93. **sowpe:** sup of milk. 93. **hawkie:** cow. 94. **'yont the hallan:** beyond the partition, in the same house. 96. **weel-hained kebbuck fell:** well-kept sharp cheese. 99. **a . . . beli:** a year old since flax was in flower. 103. **ha' Bible:** hall, or family, Bible. 105. **lyart haffets:** gray temples. 107. **wales:** selects. 113. **beets:** fans.



(*Culver Service*)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

"The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride."

The priestlike father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command

122. **royal bard:** King David. 133. **he:** the Apostle John, who wrote the book of Revelation, referred to in the next lines.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God ";
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

138. **"springs . . . wing"**: This line is quoted from Pope's *Windsor Forest*. 166. This line is quoted from Pope's *Essay on Man*.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part —
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Suggestions for Study of the Cotter's Saturday Night

1. What similarity can you find between the opening description in the second and third stanzas here and the opening of Gray's "Elegy"?

2. Describe the different members of the family. Which stand out in the picture? What characteristics attributed to the Scots as a race are evident in the description of this home? If you have read any of Barrie's stories of Scottish courtship, compare them with this account.

3. What three parts of the family worship are described? Are any of the hymn tunes mentioned still in use? Consult a modern Presbyterian hymnal. How many of the Bible characters mentioned are familiar to you?

4. What are Burns's own comments on this Scottish peasant life? How do his ideas compare with those of Goldsmith on the Irish peasants? What difference do you note in his language when he begins to philosophize? Which part of the poem do you prefer, the pictures or the philosophy?

5. From what much earlier poet did Burns obtain this stanza form? Review its characteristics.

Reading List for the Eighteenth Century

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

The Classicists

Pope, Alexander: "Ode on St. Cecelia's Day," "The Universal Prayer," *Essay on Man, Essay on Criticism,* translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*

Swift, Jonathan: **Gulliver's Travels, A Modest Proposal, Journal to Stella*

Steele, Richard: *The Tatler,* *Nos. 25, 95, 181, 217, *The Spectator,* *Nos. 2, 4, 49, 107, 109, 113, 114, 118, 132, 157.

Addison, Joseph: *The Spectator:* on Sir Roger de Coverley, *Nos. 106, 108, 110, 117, 119, 122, 125, 126, 130, 269, 383, 517; on various subjects, *Nos. 7, 10, 34, 81, 102, 155, 159, 249, 265, 275, 317, 323, 367. *The Advertisements of the Spectator,* by Lawrence Lewis.

Defoe, Daniel: **Robinson Crusoe, An Essay upon Projects, The Apparition of One Mrs. Veal.*

Dr. Johnson's Circle

Johnson, Samuel: *Rasselas, The Rambler,* *Nos. 102, 117, 161; *The Idler,* *Nos. 85, 88; *Lives of the Poets: Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope*

Goldsmith Oliver: *A Citizen of the World,* *Letters 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 41, 54, 55, 98; "The Traveler," "The Haunch of Venison," *"Retaliation," **She Stoops to Conquer* (play), **The Vicar of Wakefield* (novel)

Burke, Edmund: "On American Taxation," *"On Conciliation with America," *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley: **The Rivals* (play), *The School for Scandal* (play)

Burney, Frances (Mme. D'Arblay): *Evelina* (novel), *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*

Chesterfield, Philip Stanhope, Lord: **Letters to His Son*

Collections of Letters: Center, S.: **Selected Letters;* Cook and Benham: **Specimen Letters;* Fuess, C. M., **Selected English Letters;* Greenlaw, E.: **Familiar Letters*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

The Early Romantic Poets

Gray, Thomas: *" On a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Goldfish," " Hymn to Adversity "

Cowper, William: *" John Gilpin's Ride," *" The Jackdaw," *" On the Loss of the Royal George," *" The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk," *" To Mary Unwin " (two poems), *" The Castaway," *" On Receipt of My Mother's Picture "

Blake, William: **Songs of Innocence*, *Songs of Experience*

Burns, Robert: " Address to the Deil," *" Address to the Unco Guid," " A Bard's Epitaph," " Epistle to a Young Friend," " Man Was Made to Mourn," *" To a Mountain Daisy," " Tam o' Shanter "

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

Bulwer-Lytton, E.: *Devereux*

De Morgan, W.: *Alice for Short*

Dickens, Charles: *Barnaby Rudge*, **A Tale of Two Cities*

Edgeworth, M.: *Castle Rackrent*

Moore, F. F.: *Fanny's First Novel* (F. Burney), **The Jessamy Bride* (Goldsmith)

Nordhoff and Hall: **Mutiny on the Bounty*

Sabatini, Raphael: *The Lion's Skin*

Scott, Walter: *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, **Guy Mannering*, **The Heart of Midlothian, Red-gauntlet, *Rob Roy, *Waverley*

Stevenson, Robert Louis: **David Balfour, *Kidnapped*, **The Master of Ballantrae*

Tarkington, B.: **Monsieur Beaucaire*

Thackeray, W. M.: **Henry Esmond*, **The Virginians, The Newcomes*

Drama

Balderston, J.: **Berkeley Square*

Chesterton, G. K.: **The Judgment of Dr. Johnson*

Mackay, C. D.: **The Silver Lining*, **The Beau of Bath*

Newton, A. E.: **Dr. Johnson*

Thomas, A.: **Oliver Goldsmith*

Poetry

Dobson, Austin: " A Dialogue to the Memory of Alexander Pope "

Lowell, Amy: *" Patterns "

Noyes, A.: *" The Highwayman "

Southey, R.: *" The Battle of Blenheim "

Social and Historical Background

Ashton, J.: *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, Old Times*

Dobrée, B.: *From Anne to Victoria*

Hale, Susan: *Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century*

Lecky, W. E.: *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*

Richardson, A. E.: **Georgian England* (illus.)

Robertson, C. G.: *England under the Hanoverians*

Russell, P.: *The Glittering Century*

Thackeray, W. M.: *The Four Georges*

Biography and Criticism

Pope, by W. Courthope, L. Stephen

Swift, by J. Forster, L. Stephen, Carl Van Doren

Steele, by G. A. Aitken, *W. Connely

Addison, by L. Aiken, W. Courthope

Defoe, by P. Dottin, W. Lee, W. Minto, *T. Wright

Johnson, by *J. Boswell, J. W. Krutch, S. C. Roberts, L. Stephen

Boswell, by C. B. Tinker

Goldsmith, by W. Black, A. Dobson, W. Irving, F. F. Moore

Gray, by E. Gosse

Cowper, by G. Smith, R. Southey

Burns, by C. J. Finger, F. B. Snyder

Bailey, M.: *Dr. Johnson and His Circle*

Dennis, J.: *The Age of Pope*

Dobson, A.: *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*

Johnson T. B.: *Eighteenth-Century Letters and Letter Writers*

Thackeray, W. M.: *English Humorists*

Essays by Later Famous Writers

On Pope, by Chesterton, De Quincey, Samuel Johnson, J. R. Lowell, Thackeray

On Swift, by Dobson, Macaulay, Scott, Thackeray

On Steele, by Dobson, Thackeray

On Addison, by Johnson, Macaulay, Quiller-Couch, Thackeray

On Johnson, by Carlyle, Macaulay

On Boswell, by Strachey, A. E. Newton

On Goldsmith, by De Quincey, Dobson, Macaulay, Rossetti, Thackeray

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

On Gray, by M. Arnold, A. C. Benson, Bradford, Dobson, J. R. Lowell, Samuel Johnson

On Cowper, by Bradford, Dobson, Hazlitt, Rossetti

On Blake, by A. C. Benson, Swinburne

On Burns, by Carlyle, Hazlitt, Rossetti, Stevenson

Art, Architecture, and Costume

Allen, R. J.: **Life in Eighteenth-Century England.* Portfolio of pictures, Museum Extension Publications, Boston Public Library

Blomfield, R.: *History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500–1800*

Brooke, Iris: **English Costume of the Eighteenth Century*

Bolton, A. T.: *Architecture of Robert and James Adam*

Fry, R. E. and Others: **Georgian Art*

Gotch, J. A.: *The English Home from Charles I to George IV*

Green, M. A.: *The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath*

Books on Gainsborough by W. Armstrong, R. S. Gower, and *M. Rothschild (color plates)

Books on Reynolds by W. B. Bolton, *S. L. Bensusan (color plates), R. S. Gower, and E. M. Hurll

Good account of Hogarth with color plates in Masters of Painting series, and of William Blake in the British Artists series

Music

Smith, Leo: *Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*

Flower, W. N.: *Handel, His Personality and His Times*

Rolland, Romain: *Handel*

Handel's *Largo* and many of his oratorios and operas are available in phonograph records.

More than a score of Burns's lyrics are in sheet music and also in phonograph records, many settings by modern composers. Collections containing Burns's lyrics: *Songs of Burns,* Frowde; *Songs of Burns,* Lees; *Songs of Scotland,* Boosey; *Songs of Scotland,* White-Smith

Hymns by Addison and Cowper are in many church hymnals.

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

See also general references at the end of this book.



THE ENGLISH NOVEL. This is a modern artist's conception of Pamela, shown writing in the library of her home after her marriage to Mr. B. In visualizing this picture, the artist used a photograph of an actual 18th century library for his background.

The English Novel

WHILE the stream of English literature has flowed practically without interruption throughout the past fifteen centuries, the eighteenth century greatly augmented its breadth with a new and vigorous current — the novel. This strong competitor of drama and poetry developed rapidly from an accidental origin until it became the chief glory of the nineteenth century, a glory which still maintains its full sweep and power. Since this very extent prevents the inclusion in this volume of all the major novelists, only three — Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray — are represented by selections from novels. Others appear with short stories or drama. The following supplementary chapter therefore traces briefly the importance and the history of the novel as an English literary type.

The novel owes its prestige to several factors. Through its variety of themes and characters it appeals to wide interests. Its extended narrative of human life helps the reader to identify himself closely with the characters. Its length, compared with that of the short story or play, is an asset to thorough character portrayal. The novel is easier to read than is the drama, for the novelist assists the reader, with his word pictures of the setting and his acute analyses of the actions and thoughts of his characters. It seldom presents the difficulties of condensation and imagery found in poetry. Through translations it has become a notable link in binding together nations that speak diverse languages. The reader feels that he has actually lived in this unfamiliar land.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE NOVEL

The novel originated in the love of a good story inherent in all peoples. As early as the thirteenth century the germ of the English novel can be found in the romances of adventure, written mainly in verse. (See *Sir Gawain*, page 64.) In the fourteenth century Chaucer's narrative of *The Canterbury Tales* bore some resemblance to a novel, and in the fifteenth Malory came nearer the novel form with his long prose story, *Le Morte d'Arthur* (see page 95). The sixteenth century introduced new types of long prose narratives — the pastoral romances of Sir Philip Sidney and others, as well as the "rogue novels" in which some of Shakespeare's contemporaries imitated Continental models. Allegories like Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* (see page 230), in the seventeenth century somewhat resembled novels because the episodes showed the struggles of lifelike men and women. Early in the eighteenth century Addison and Steele, through anecdotes of Sir Roger de Coverley in *The Spectator* (see page 274), gave a fully rounded picture of a fictitious character somewhat as a novel does. Soon afterward Defoe, using the autobiographical narrative form in his *Robinson Crusoe*, created the first great adventure story in English. With minute realism he depicted the many experiences of one central figure abandoned on a desert island. However, the reader's interest centers in the actions and externals of the tale rather than in the character of the hero. In the same decade Dean Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels* (see



MR. MICAWBER AND DAVID COPPERFIELD. Two of Dickens's best-known characters as they appeared in the motion picture, *David Copperfield*. (Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures)

page 266), gave the direct simple narrative of a single voyager; but its fantastic incidents showed no character development, and the purpose was to satirize the weaknesses and foibles of his homeland and of mankind.

WHAT IS A NOVEL?

To realize fully why all the works already mentioned were not novels, we need to define the term "novel." We usually think of a novel as a long fictitious prose narrative. According to that definition, several of the books named here would qualify; yet none of them, strictly speaking, is a novel. In addition to its narrative, a novel should picture live men and women in their natural environment. It should emphasize character and the relations of one to another in the story, rather than mere incident. But incidents of some sort there must be. Otherwise the piece of writing would be an essay or a character sketch. The characters must be seen moving about, doing things, talking to one another, living their lives. This series of incidents forms the plot of the novel, which must have some unity of idea and lead to a plausible outcome. The plot may be carefully and closely constructed, so that each episode fits into a pattern; or it may be loosely constructed from occurrences following one another without seeming design, as they do in our lives. This second method is particularly suitable to the biographical novel in which the interest of the story centers around one character, whose life is told from the beginning.

These two methods of plot construction can be illustrated from the familiar works of Dickens. *A Tale of Two Cities* has a closely designed plot into which all the characters fit like parts of a jigsaw puzzle. *David Copperfield*, on the other hand, gives the experiences and persons encountered by David during the course of his life. Though the main characters run through the book, minor characters drop in and out of the story. Yet, even so, there is more unity and continuity than in the old "rogue novels," in which the rogue hero engaged in a series of enterprises, each interesting in itself, but often with no permanent group of characters to tie one episode to the next. Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* (see page 489), though classed among his novels, is really a modified version of this old form, with Mr. Pickwick and his club taking the place of the "rogue." Their scattered adventures in England hardly deserve the term "novel" in its strict sense. Another type of "near novel" is that in which the characters are mere puppets carrying out an elaborate pattern of incidents — such as in the murder mysteries of today, which are carelessly, but not legitimately, referred to as novels.

In summary, then, a novel is the extended story of a group of individualized characters, who are made to come alive in a normal background and whose personalities interact on one another toward a specific outcome. The ultimate test of a true novel is in its character drawing. It has been well said that in a good novel the incidents must be not only possible but probable, and in a

great novel they must be inevitable. Thus a great novelist needs a rare and mature understanding of human character and motive.

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CONDITIONS FAVORABLE TO THE NOVEL

It is interesting to consider why the novel as a type sprang into prominence in the middle of the eighteenth century rather than earlier. It could not become a popular form until the ability to read had become fairly common; until the printing of long books had become comparatively inexpensive; until the middle classes had acquired a certain amount of leisure; until people had become interested in ordinary domestic affairs; and until growing ideas of "equality" had focused attention on the value of a human being, independent of his class or occupation. All these conditions were present in the eighteenth century.

THE FIRST NOVELS

Pamela,[1] the first long, connected story of lifelike people in contemporary England, appeared in 1740. The origin of this first novel is curious. When Samuel Richardson, a middle-aged printer, was asked by a publisher to prepare a volume of letters as a model for the uneducated, he sought to add interest to the work by centering his plot on the life of a poor, virtuous serving-girl. So clearly and convincingly did this moralist set forth his searchings into woman's heart that his work became as popular on the Continent as in England. Surprised by his success, Richardson produced a second story, *Clarissa Harlowe*, with a heroine from the middle class instead of the lower class. As the men in both books were far from admirable, the author's friends protested; so he completed the series with *Sir Charles Grandison*, a picture of the "perfect gentleman" of aristocratic life. All three of these exceedingly long stories were told by means of letters, and show Richardson's rare gift of penetrating to the depths of the human heart.

[1] **Pamela** (păm'ĕ-là).

However, while most readers wept copiously over Richardson's tales of virtue distressed and rewarded, some scoffed at the high-flown language and wearisome sentimentality of his characters. Among these critics was one whom Thackeray afterward called "the manly, English Harry Fielding." This sátiric playwright began in a spirit of mockery a skit about Pamela's brother, Joseph, whom he depicted as virtuous as his sister. But Fielding went farther than he had expected. *Joseph Andrews* developed into a novel containing, in Parson Adams, one of the famous characters of fiction. A shrewd observer of people, Fielding became the equal and eventually the superior of Richardson. He wrote for men rather than women. Turning from Richardson's analysis of a woman's heart, he maintained his bluff good humor, fidelity to life, and hatred of sham. His masterpiece is *Tom Jones*, a remarkable panorama of the people of his time. It stands as the first great English realistic novel of character and manners.

In the next few decades many writers attempted the novel with some success, but without Fielding's power. Among the more prominent novelists of the mid-century was Tobias Smollett, a Scotch surgeon, the first notable writer of sea tales. The robust humor and caricature of his best-known novels, *Roderick Random* and *Humphrey Clinker* were later highly influential on Dickens. Paired with Smollett in time, but opposite in spirit, is Laurence Sterne, a brilliant, eccentric parson, who drew a memorable portrait of "my Uncle Toby" in his nine-volume, autobiographical novel *Tristram Shandy*.

Of all the novels of the eighteenth century the one most read today is Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the first to give dignity to fatherhood and interest to simple home life. It tells the story of an English clergyman and his family as they pass through the misfortunes of poverty, sorrow, imprisonment, fire, and loss of family — finally to emerge triumphant.



JANE AUSTEN. Our first great woman novelist, whose popular *Pride and Prejudice* has been dramatized and presented on Broadway in our own day. (Culver Service)

THE GOTHIC ROMANCE HERALDS THE MODERN DETECTIVE NOVEL

In contrast to the mood of the domestic story was the Gothic romance, which curdled the reader's blood with horror as it described mysterious happenings in remote or haunted castles. Its most popular exponents were the ingenious Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, with *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* and Horace Walpole, Gray's friend, with *The Castle of Otranto.* The medieval backgrounds and extravagant emotional appeal of this type of story maintained its popularity throughout the early nineteenth century and, in fact, to the present, for it was the ancestor of the modern horror and mystery story.

WOMEN GAIN PROMINENCE AS WRITERS

With the advent of the novel, women writers begin to come into the foreground. The first woman novelist of importance is Fanny Burney, whose *Evelina,* a story of young people in London society, published anonymously, was an immediate success. It paved the way for Jane Austen's incomparable novels of manners, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility.* Distinguished for her simple plots, effortless style, clear observations, delicate character analysis, and her telling attacks on snobbery and sentimentality, Jane Austen holds a secure place in the history of English fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who admired her pictures of country life, found in her work that "exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting." He also complimented the work of Maria Edgeworth, who was writing excellent stories of Irish characters at home and abroad, the best known being *Castle Rackrent.*

SCOTT DEVELOPS THE HISTORICAL ROMANCE

Widely read though the earlier novelists had been, Sir Walter Scott, with the publication of *Waverley* anonymously in 1814, was the first to popularize the novel above all other forms of literature. While other novelists had gained hundreds of readers, the "wizard of the North" won and still keeps his tens of thousands. Through his long series of more than thirty romances and historical works of fiction, sweeping over the centuries and many countries, he made great events and personages of history come alive. He also made the scene an essential element in the action of the story, and he established the historical novel as one of the favorite types in our literature. His range is astonishing. All his tales are rich in movement and in graphic power. The freshness of native speech, the vigor of abounding life, the inherent nobility of many of his characters, and his strong romantic spirit are markedly revealed in such novels of native Scottish life as *Guy Mannering, The Heart of Midlothian,* and *Rob Roy.* Favorites among the group with an English setting are *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* (see page 385), while *Quentin Durward,* laid in France, and *The Talisman,* picturing the Crusades in the Holy Land, carry the reader convincingly to foreign lands. To this master storyteller, a lover of simple people and of men of action, the

English novel is indebted for a long line of notable romantic characters and for the popularizing of the spirit of romanticism, still a leading quality of our literature.

THE VICTORIAN AGE PRODUCES MANY OUTSTANDING NOVELISTS

With the coming of the Victorian Age, novelists multiplied rapidly. Among them all no one has had a wider body of readers than Charles Dickens. Unsurpassed in English fiction as the creator of immortal characters that live in the reader's memory, he was both humorous and humane — drawing laughter and tears in quick succession. His first great success, *Pickwick Papers,* appeared serially in 1837; but his first real novel was *Oliver Twist,* a portrayal of the slum life of London he had experienced in his own boyhood. Dickens's human sympathy led him to portray existing evils in society such as the brutal and inefficient boys' school in *Nicholas Nickleby* and the debtors' prison in *Little Dorrit.* These novels with a purpose were highly influential in bringing about reform. In many others, such as *The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son,* and the universal favorite, *David Copperfield,* he interpreted life in his own inimitable way. In *A Tale of Two Cities* he ventured successfully into the field of the historical novel. His characters, though sometimes fantastic and exaggerated, are yet true to life, and no novelist has left such a multitude of highly individualized men and women who have become household names. His emotional nature, which could blend drollery and pathos so effectively, sometimes led to undue sentiment; but his spirit was high, and his purposes generous. Like Thackeray, we can be grateful for Dickens's gift of " innocent laughter " and " sweet, unsullied pages."

William Makepeace Thackeray, the second of the great trio of Victorian novelists, is a severe satirist, intent on exposing shams. A genial talker who loved humanity, he contributed, in addition to a number of excellent critical essays and travel sketches,



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Keen analyst of character and creator of Becky Sharp, the social climber of *Vanity Fair.* (Culver Service)

a notable group of novels. From both his own observations and his reflections on life, he presented the vagaries of his age in honest studies made from an outlook wider in scope and far more objective than Dickens's. A master of pure and simple style, and endowed with a vivid sense of the dramatic romance of past eras, he wove an exciting plot into a strong tale with a highly intellectual tone. Frequently in his historical fiction, like *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians,* the family is a central factor in the plot. While Dickens provided us with the moving narratives of human hardships, Thackeray was interested chiefly in the upper classes. His *Vanity Fair* (see page 494), with its clear-cut analysis of a social climber, Becky Sharp, is one of the world's masterpieces of fiction; *The Newcomes,* with its noble and lovable colonel, is another; *Pendennis* is an immortal picture of adolescent growing pains. A realist and a moralist,



GEORGE ELIOT. The masculine pseudonym and powerful style of Mary Ann Evans at first concealed her identity as a woman novelist. (Culver Service)

Thackeray still impresses a wide circle of thoughtful readers with his broad outlook and his sane, vigorous philosophy.

The philosophic George Eliot is the woman novelist of the first rank in this comprehensive Victorian period. She depicted with mingled humor and pathos the struggles of middle-class English country life against heredity and environment. While her works are thoroughly and sensitively feminine, they have emotional sturdiness and intellectual power. Her greatest strength lies in her character delineations. *Adam Bede*, considered her masterpiece, is a remarkable attempt to represent the inner struggle of a soul, while the familiar *Silas Marner* evidences her careful psychology. Her partly autobiographical *The Mill on the Floss* is a convincing "russet-coated epic" of the everyday life of the rural people whom she understood so well; *Romola*,[1] a detailed study of medieval Italy, demonstrates her able scholarship. Her later novels tend to overemphasize ethical discussions, which impede the progress of the story. But at her best George Eliot shows masterfully the sequence of cause and effect in human conduct, the growth or the decay of character. Her oft-repeated theme seems to be "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Besides these three powerful and prolific novelists, the middle decades of the nineteenth century produced a swarm of writers noted for one or two outstanding novels which are still widely read. The Brontë sisters are particularly interesting for their background and personality as well as for their writings. Charlotte Brontë reflected much of her own experience and emotional nature in the rather melodramatic but still popular *Jane Eyre*.[2] Stage versions of this novel have reappeared periodically up to the present time. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* reproduced the terrifying aspects of the wind-swept moors where they were both reared. Recent screen versions of these two novels have had a wide appeal.

HISTORICAL FICTION A POPULAR TREND

Scott's success with the historical novel resulted in a deluge of similar fiction. Edward Bulwer-Lytton, also a dramatist, is now best remembered for his great picture of the eruption of Vesuvius in *The Last Days of Pompeii*.[3] He also wrote a stirring account of a fourteenth-century Roman tribune, *Rienzi*, and a vivid narrative of the struggle between Saxons and Normans, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*. Later English history has been made thrilling to many generations by Charles Kingsley's book of Elizabethan adventure, *Westward Ho!* and Richard D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, a romance of the seventeenth century written in the poetic dialect of southwest England. Charles Reade's masterpiece, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, is a serious character study of medieval life on the Continent. Reade illustrates the tendency toward social reform which appeared in fiction of the mid-century; for he analyzed what was wrong with the world in *It's Never Too*

[1] **Romola** (rŏm'ō-lă).

[2] **Eyre** (air). [3] **Pompeii** (pŏm-pā'yē).

Late to Mend, immensely popular in its day but little read in ours.

While these writers were stirring the imagination with great events and romantic characters, Anthony Trollope, believing that ordinary men and women as he saw them were not receiving their due in fiction, worked steadily until he had produced more than thirty novels and numerous short tales. His *Barchester Towers* and other tales of cathedral towns and Parliament life are recognized as valuable pictures of phases of English society.

LATE VICTORIAN NOVELISTS OF IMPORTANCE

In the late Victorian period several authors rose to considerable fame as novelists, although their writings extended into other fields. Robert Louis Stevenson, the courageous Scottish essayist and weaver of yarns, has left us *Treasure Island,* an immortal adventure story, and other vivid narratives such as *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae.*[1] A powerful novelette of dual personality is *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll*[2] *and Mr. Hyde.*

Thomas Hardy produced graphic novels of countryfolk for nearly three decades before he devoted himself to verse. Notable for his minutely beautiful descriptions of nature, clear and rapid movement, and exceptionally careful construction of plot, this somber genius depicted the tragedy of man's struggle and passion in a hostile world. His stories all center around his native Dorsetshire. *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* re-create the villages near which he was born. A sterner and more powerful note is struck in *The Mayor of Casterbridge; The Return of the Native,* with its background of lonely moors; and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,*[3] a tragedy culminating at ancient Stonehenge.

Another realist and psychologist, George Meredith, has been described as one who "thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand." In his epigrammatic style he attacked vice, stupidity, and pretentiousness by holding them up to ridicule. He was slow to win a reputation because the average reader could not understand him. His appeal is to keen and mature minds. Three of his most admired and most thought-provoking novels are *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,*[4] *The Egoist,* and *Diana of the Crossways.*

It is hard to realize that two popular authors who have died so recently as Sir James Barrie and Rudyard Kipling did most of their novel writing back in the nineties. After Barrie had attained fame with his masterpieces of Scottish fiction, *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy,* he devoted himself almost exclusively to drama.

Kipling, an acknowledged master of short story and verse, wrote during the same decade *The Light That Failed,* a tragedy of blindness; two books of boy life, *Stalky and Co.,* with its stories of school days, and *Captains Courageous,* a vigorous tale of Labrador fishermen. His most distinctive novel, *Kim,* is an incomparable picture of East Indian life.

At this time Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was beginning his famous series of detective stories with *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of the Four,* though Sherlock Holmes is better remembered from Doyle's later short stories. His stirring historical romances, such as *The White Company* and *Sir Nigel,* are still popular.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SHOWS NEW TRENDS

Like the Victorian Age, the twentieth century has been so rich in able and versatile English novelists that it is hard to limit the discussion to a few names. Undoubtedly four men stand out for both the amount and the significance of their work — Conrad, Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy.

Joseph Conrad, a Pole who mastered the English language after the age of twenty-one, and became a captain in the British merchant service, used the terror and magic

[1] **Ballantrae** (băl'ăn-trē). [2] **Jekyll** (jĕk'ĭl). [3] **D'Ubervilles** (dûr'bĕ-vĭlz).

[4] **Feverel** (fĕv'ĕr-ĕl).

of the sea as a background for his studies of men. One of his best, *Lord Jim,* analyzes the mental anguish suffered throughout his life by a young sailor who failed to act courageously in a crisis. In *Typhoon* the great storm itself may be called the hero of the story. Outstanding in setting and character portrayal is his novelette, *The End of the Tether,* the tale of a heroic captain who, blind in his old age, piloted his vessel among the treacherous reefs of the Malayan shores. Just as Kipling has brought India close to us, so Conrad has shown us the beauty and mystery of the South Sea isles, remote places which World War II has made into household names.

H. G. Wells, a prolific journalist with enormous energy and industry, has written romances on nearly every phase of human life and thought, particularly narratives suggested by present-day science and his dreams of a future world state. Although this pseudoscientific romance is Wells's special field, critics usually think that he excels when handling other aspects of human experience. Judged best among his writings are *Tono-Bungay,* a masterful epic of quackery in big business; *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* one of the best novels about World War I; *The Soul of a Bishop,* concerned with religion; and *Joan and Peter,* dealing with modern education. His understanding of London characters is illustrated in the hilarious farce *The History of Mr. Polly,* one of his best-liked books. Truly his dynamic, brilliant mind has been like a searchlight sweeping over modern civilization.

Arnold Bennett was another industrious writer, but his subject matter was more restricted than Wells's. He was pre-eminently a realist with the knack of making ordinary people interesting, largely through a study of the motives underlying their actions. His best work pictures the pottery towns of Staffordshire. There are more than a dozen of these Five Towns novels, including the well-known *Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways,* and his generally accepted masterpiece, *The Old Wives' Tale,* which contrasts the lives of two sisters, one of whom accepts while the other escapes from small-town life.

The calm, restrained, examining John Galsworthy, equally outstanding as dramatist and novelist, was one of the most distinguished literary artists of his day. Foremost among his many novels is *The Forsyte Saga,*[1] a powerful and sympathetic chronicle of a wealthy middle-class family carried with admirable fidelity through three generations. Three later novels follow some of the third generation into the period of restlessness after World War I. In this long stretch of family history he has used a method common among Continental writers, but seldom found in English literature.

The list of contemporary writers grows as the years bring new accomplishments. W. G. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond* is an outstanding romantic novel of this century. John Buchan, renowned statesman and historian, has written well constructed, lively novels, like *Greenmantle* and *Castle Gay.* Outside of short stories and plays, W. Somerset Maugham[2] is known for his great ironic novel *Of Human Bondage,* the story of a cripple's quest for happiness. Thirty years later Maugham pursued this general theme further in *The Razor's Edge.* Warwick Deeping has a long list of popular novels to his credit. Hugh Walpole's work has always been highly regarded especially the three *Jeremy* stories, *The Dark Forest, the Green Mirror,* and *The Cathedral.* J. B. Priestley, besides his writing of other types, attained success with *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement.* In his recent volume, *Daylight on Saturday,* which shows democracy at war, the hero is an aircraft factory. James Hilton has won recognition with his delicately drawn novelette *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* and his unique *Lost Horizon* with its famous retreat at Shangri-la. A more recent success is *Random Harvest,* a subtle study of the aftermath of war. Dr. A. J. Cronin, a Scottish physician, has come to the front since the late thirties with *The Citadel* and *The Keys of the Kingdom.* His

[1] **Forsyte Saga** (fôr'sīt sâ'gâ). [2] **Maugham** (môm.)

MILESTONES OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

1740 Richardson's *Pamela*

1748 Fielding's *Tom Jones*

1766 Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*

1800

1813 Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*

1814 Scott's *Waverley*

1847 Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*

1847 Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*

1849 Dickens's *David Copperfield*

1859 Eliot's *Adam Bede*

1878 Hardy's *The Return of the Native*

1883 Stevenson's *Treasure Island*

1900

1900 Conrad's *Lord Jim*

1901 Kipling's *Kim*

1916 Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*

1922 Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*

1929 Priestley's *The Good Companions*

1933 Hilton's *Lost Horizon*

Many of you will wish to read widely from the best English novelists. This time chart of "Milestones of the English Novel" not only shows the chronological development of this phase of literature but lists many outstanding novels. The Reading Lists following each chapter and the Reference List for Fiction at the end of the book offer valuable additional suggestions. They bring you a vast opportunity for pleasure and recreation.

latest book, *The Green Years,* is the finely-wrought story of a young Scottish boy.

Women hold a leading place among the many successful novelists of today. In the twenties, Anne Sedgewick gained a wide reading public with *The Little French Girl,* but probably her masterpiece is *The Encounter,* distinguished for its spiritual quality. Rose Macaulay writes glittering cynical novels of modern life in *Potterism* and *Told by an Idiot.* Sheila Kaye-Smith draws remarkable portraits of men and women of the soil in *Sussex Gorse* and *Joanna Goddeu.* Her recent *Tambourine, Trumpet, and Drum* shows the effect of three modern wars upon the daughters of a British colonel. Virginia Woolf, with delicate sensibility and perfect artistry, experimented with new ways to tell a story in *Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse,* and *The Years.* Elizabeth Goudge has attractively caught the historic atmosphere and spirit of Oxford University in *The City of Bells,* while her recent success, *The Green Dolphin Street,* transports us to the Isle of Guernsey.

Many more men and women of our century who are writing able novels might well be named. It is hard to tell which ones will have a purely temporary reputation, and which will hold their place in the future. As we view in retrospect the progressive development of the English novel, we conclude that it is neither the fame of an author at the moment nor his purpose in writing that has determined the permanency of his work. It is his truth, sincerity, and vitality. As Robert Louis Stevenson says, "The life of man is not the subject of novels, but is the inexhaustible magazine from which subjects are to be selected; the name of these is legion; and with each new subject the true artist will vary his method and change the point of attack."

Consequently, if the novelist succeeds in telling a good tale unusually well it will live. Many of these novels have an assured future, for fiction has contributed as much as any other type of literature to broaden our "arch of experience." Indeed a great novel transports its reader into a vast world of new experiences, and brings him closer to an understanding of human nature than anyone could attain during his own brief lifetime.



THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE by J. M. W. Turner. This painting of the Temeraire, second ship in the line at Trafalgar, being towed to her last berth, expresses in glowing tones and resplendent colors the glory and the pride that Englishmen have always found in ships and the sea. Turner, "the Shakespeare of English painting," was a contemporary of Wordsworth. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Age of Romanticism

1800-1840

THE nineteenth century opens an Age of Romanticism. What does that mean? It means that the literature springs from two main sources: emotion and imagination. Emotion is a feeling of the human heart when intensely stirred by sad, beautiful, comic, or tragic happenings. Imagination is the ability of the mind to picture vividly scenes or happenings that either do not exist or have never actually been seen. When your heart easily sympathizes with others and is susceptible to feeling, and your mind can easily conjure up imaginary things or picture to itself scenes and happenings never actually witnessed — then you are a romanticist. Romanticism is a much more human state than that of mere sharp wit and intellectuality.

The eighteenth century was a so-called "Age of Reason" when any expression of the emotions was discouraged. Gradually, in the latter part of that century, the poets began to evince more and more strongly a desire to report nature and human life from direct observation, a wish to express their emotions as individuals, a sense of wonder concerning the past and awe concerning the mystery of the universe. In short, "the Natural Man" — never a creature of pure intellect but a creature, also, of emotions, of intuitions, of passions, griefs, longings, and of highly personal moods — began to reassert himself.

This was an awakening rather than a new development in that it was a return to the exuberance, the intensity, and the mental independence of the Elizabethans.

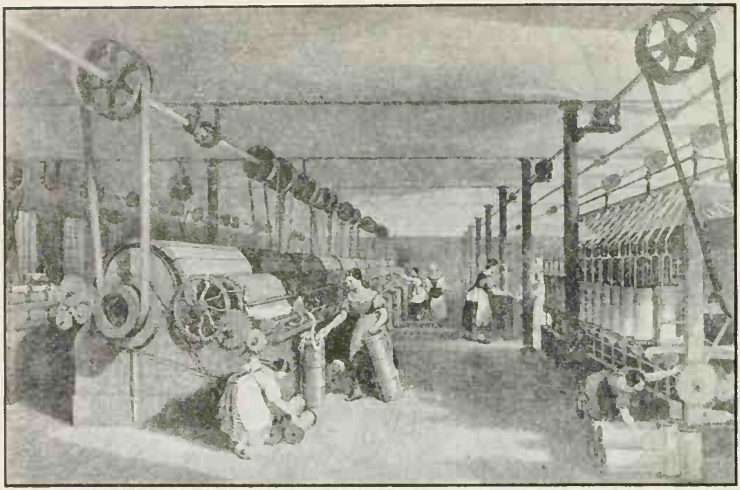
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AFFECTS ENGLAND'S POETS

The eruption of a chain of neighboring volcanoes would have had less effect upon England than that caused by the eruption of all the pent-up misery of France in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The French Revolution, coming in the young manhood of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and in the childhood of Byron and Shelley, put its stamp upon their mental attitudes and their expression. First the outworn conditions of society had to be plowed up through actual revolution. After that the ground was ready for the flowering of the poetry of rebellion against all those things in society that limit and hamper the individual, and of the poetry of idealism groping toward a new and better day.

Just as the principles of democracy played an important part in the American and French Revolutions, so the rising generation of England was on fire with democratic ideas. Wordsworth expressed the common feeling of the younger poets in these words:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!

But as time went on, and excesses in the name of Liberty increased, their attitudes changed. Some who had been radicals became conservatives as they grew older; other crops of young radicals sprang up, and these hinted darkly that the older ones had deserted the cause. The Napoleonic wars took the conflict out of the drawing room to the field of battle against the



A COTTON FACTORY. The other side of romantic England was a harsh industrialism with child labor and poor working conditions prevalent. (Culver)

threatening world conqueror. With the triumph at Waterloo came a national intoxication of victory, similar to that in the days of the Spanish Armada and the battle of Blenheim. England found an unexpected empire within her grasp — South Africa, New Zealand, " the complete conquest of India now a certainty, and with a chain of naval stations and calling ports that might well have been selected with the foreknowledge of steam and the Suez canal." Then England settled down to peace with foreign nations, only to find anything but peace industrially.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

The eighteenth century had seen the completion of the American and the French Revolutions; but it witnessed only the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, which reached a climax in the early nineteenth century. Less sensational than the other two, the Industrial Revolution was equally significant. Surprisingly the lower classes in England did not rise as they had in France, for the slow-moving wheel of this new revolution all but crushed them.

What were the results of those important eighteenth-century discoveries and inventions — iron smelting by coal, the steam engine, the spinning jenny, and the power loom? Machinery for many manufacturing processes developed rapidly, and the output of the spinning industries increased tremendously. For centuries England had raised wool, and had spun and woven it by slow hand processes. Early in the eighteenth century cotton cloth had been imported to England by the East India Company until the competing woolen manufacturers had persuaded the Government to prohibit those importations. But England wanted cotton cloth. Watt's engine could drive the new power loom. For this machinery the iron ore and the coal to smelt it lay adjacent in the central and northern parts of the country. Consequently spinning mills for linen, as well as wool and cotton, sprang up.

Meanwhile farming was shifting from a small community enterprise to an organized business. Little farms were being combined into large estates, with labor hired by a single manager. Peasants once free and prosperous became pauperized and landless. Many country people, therefore, flocked to the cities. Thus within fifty years England turned from a nation of small isolated farms and sturdy, independent farmers into a nation of smoking mills, and anemic factory hands crowded into ugly slums. The new manufacturers wished merely to make money as fast as possible. Housing conditions were bad for working people and they labored for long hours at starvation wages, which were often cut further to meet the expense of the community "Poor Relief" for those on the verge of starvation.

EFFECTS ON THE PEOPLE

One can hardly exaggerate the distress which the Industrial Revolution brought on the working people, for careful historians agree that conditions were appalling. These continued during the years when England and her allies were fighting to defeat Napoleon in his attempt to unite all Europe in his empire. Under these conditions every effort was bent toward supplying the sinews of war; the whole country was worked overtime and there was much profiteering by those who supplied war needs. Although Wellington finally defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, the working people of England had already met *their* Waterloo. Actually "droves of slaves, under the arbitrary tyranny of the parish overseer," could be seen "often harnessed, men and women together, to the parish cart. And yet the squires and big landowners were basking in the noontide of prosperity, trapping and transporting men to preserve pheasants, and spending long days on horseback in the pursuit of vermin."[1] The industrial system had been allowed to evolve without regard to consequences. "Booms" and "slumps" alternated in the financial system.

[1] **vermin:** animals like foxes, and birds which prey on game.

ECONOMIC THEORIES

This indifference resulted partly from the callousness of many leaders toward their less fortunate fellow beings, partly from selfishness and greed, and partly from prevailing economic theories. The early economists propounded theories that people came to regard as fixed laws — as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians. These laws maintained that a large percentage of unavoidable poverty was the fate of mankind. No wonder Carlyle called political economy "the dismal science"! However, modern economists believe that many improvements in management can be made, and that an era of prosperity need not necessarily be followed by a period of financial depression.

A PERIOD OF REFORM BEGINS

Yet the people of a hundred years ago thought that certain other evils could be remedied. A public school, as we understand it in America — open to children of all classes — was unknown. In England public school meant a private school for the sons of gentlemen. Instead of an education, thousands of children knew only labor — with long hours and unsanitary conditions which would not be tolerated for adults today. General illiteracy and the stunting of growth were the inevitable results. Prisons were crowded. Conditions cried for reform. Fortunately "a new spirit of tenderness and humanity, feeble at first, but gradually accumulating strength, began to melt the hard frost of the eighteenth century." Laws were enacted against child labor; the death penalty for small thefts and other minor crimes was abolished; education of the lower classes was begun. Restrictions on the freedom of the press were withdrawn. Prison reforms were led by Elizabeth Fry, a remarkable Quaker. The reform most striking, perhaps, to Americans, in the light of our Civil War, was Britain's peaceful abolition of the slave trade and the final emancipation of all slaves.

Political reform was another burning issue. The merchants and tradesmen, who controlled England, had little representa-

tion in Parliament, and they resented this limitation. Some of the newer large industrial centers were not represented at all. Because of vast shifts in the population, the whole country needed to be redistricted and the system of electing members to Parliament completely reorganized. But the Government, fearing the power of the mercantile groups, fought any readjustment. Nevertheless, despite the Duke of Wellington and the Tories, the Great Reform Bill became a law in 1832. It gave complete governmental control to the new middle classes, although it did not give the vote to agricultural laborers or workingmen in cities and towns. Its passage marks what has been called "the Bourgeois Revolution." Two years later followed a new Poor Law, little better, however, than the old one. Dickens in *Oliver Twist* pictures the miserable workhouses to which the poor were consigned!

EARLY ATTEMPTS AT LABOR REFORMS

In the decade of the 1830's new labor problems arose. Soon after the first locomotive was introduced on the Liverpool–Manchester Railway in 1830, railway transportation became general in England. Commerce was speeded up, and steam came into full triumph. The world was moving. Yet in some ways it moved very slowly. Ever since the French Revolution the Government had feared the working class; riots resulting from unemployment and bad working conditions had been treated with severity.

Labor unions were illegal until 1825, and not until eight years later was a real labor movement organized by Robert Owen. A self-made man, he became manager of the New Lanark mills, which he changed into a model working community. He did not prove that all industries could be run similarly under the competitive and profit systems; but he prevailed upon influential men to listen to him, and he tried other humane experiments. He also inaugurated the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union of 1833, which achieved little because the Government quickly dissolved it. Six years later the Chartists drafted a People's Charter, demanding that Parliament at all times represent the will of the majority of the people. Other stipulations were universal male suffrage, annual election of Parliament members, vote by secret ballot, no property qualification for members of Parliament, pay for members of Commons, and division of the country into equal electoral districts. These demands seem reasonable enough today — yet the Chartists were regarded as dangerous radicals! They continued their agitation for almost a decade; but the Government was obdurate, and the movement collapsed in 1848.

SCIENCE CONTINUES TO MAKE PRACTICAL INVENTIONS

Throughout this period science continued to make strides. The most notable names are Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829) and Michael Faraday (1791–1867). Davy furthered chemical studies and invented a miner's lamp which lessened underground accidents. As he refused to patent his device, he made no money from it. Faraday discovered the principle of a strong electric current used now in powerful dynamos for light and power. Less practical in nature, but of great value in its field, was Sir Charles Lyell's *The Principles of Geology*, a book which influenced a young man who became the outstanding scientist of the century — Charles Darwin.

HOW PEOPLE DRESSED

At the opening of the nineteenth century, styles in clothing changed greatly. Women discarded towering headdresses, hoop skirts, and high-heeled shoes, and became lissom and graceful in dresses of light, flowing material and low-heeled shoes. Turbans held brief vogue; later, poke bonnets. Toward the end of the period hoop skirts again reigned.

The men wore coats with high, deep-rolling collars and long tails, sometimes cut away from the waistcoat like the full-dress coat of today. Their necks were swathed in high bulky neckcloths or freed in open-



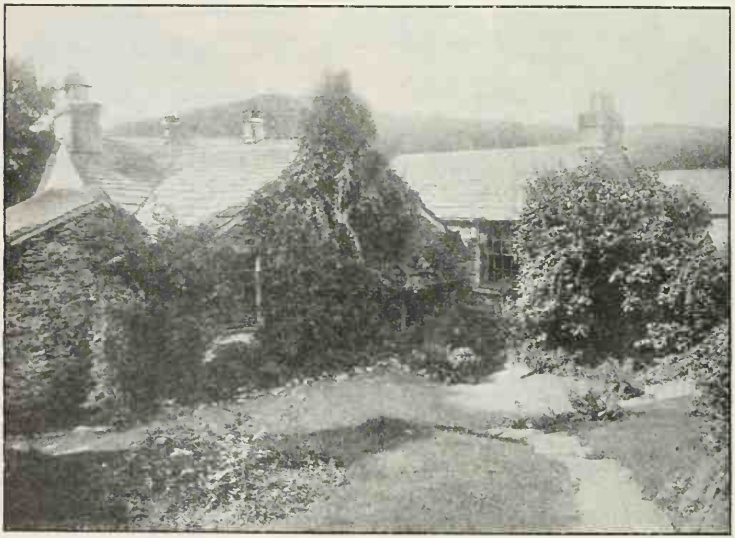
Eighteenth Century and Romantic Age

throated shirts, popularized by Lord Byron. Knickerbockers tied at the knee and silk stockings gave way to trousers of modern cut. The great leader of men's fashions was "Beau" Brummell, the central figure in several dramas and novels. Acknowledged as the best-dressed man of his time, George Bryan Brummell "made clean linen and washing daily a part of English life." Behold him in a high folded collar wrapped in a high stock; a blue coat; light breeches fitting the leg well; a light waistcoat over a waistcoat of some other color, never a startling contrast; Hessian boots, or top boots and buckskins. "Exquisite propriety!" exclaimed his admiring friend Lord Byron.

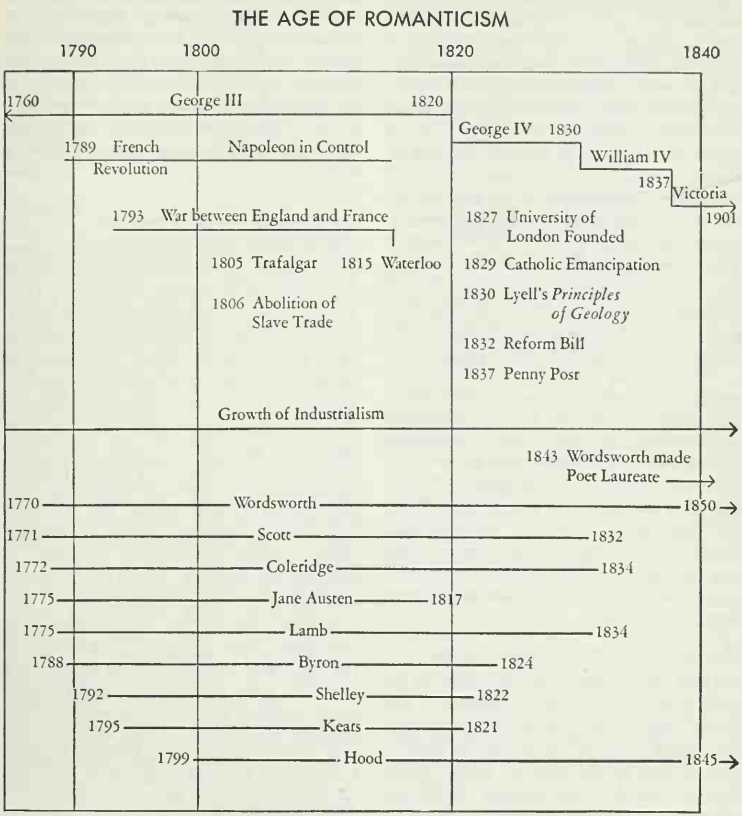
APPEARANCE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

At the beginning of this period town and country had changed little since the eighteenth century, but with the arrival of the locomotive the highroad life of coach and post horn became a thing of the past. Bankruptcy threatened many of the old country inns, and their trade was not restored until the day of the motorcar. The crowded factory towns of the industrial Midlands and the North, with their monotonous rows of dingy houses, have been called "towns without a soul," although today many of them have model flats and cottages for the workmen and their families. But such parts of England as the beautiful Lake district in the North and the counties of the South and West remained unaltered.

The Age of Romanticism glorified nature both in poetry and in painting. The very names of the pictures of John Constable (1776–1837), the greatest of the landscape artists, speak of a drowsy rural England — "A Cottage in a Cornfield," "The Haywain." A golden haze hung over the countryside, despite the rush and jostle of London



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE. Here, in the lovely hills of the Lake District, Wordsworth spent his early married life. (Culver)



and the smoke of the new commercial towns.

SOVEREIGNS PLAY A MINOR ROLE

During this period England was unfortunate in her sovereigns. Though George III was King until 1820, after 1788 he was subject to fits of temporary insanity, and his son acted intermittently as Prince Regent. This son, who finally succeeded as George IV, was extravagant and dissipated. He played no part in the great movements of his day. He was succeeded by his brother, William IV, a genial "sailor king," with somewhat liberal tendencies, but not a strong monarch. When his niece Victoria came to the throne, England entered the great Victorian era.

Literature of the Romantic Age

In the nineteenth century the concept of nature as an escape from the evils of human society brought a new note into poetry. Beyond the mere objective description of na-

ture or the subjective delight it aroused in the older poets, we find in the new romanticists a celebration of the "omnipresence of God" in nature. They had discovered a secret shrine for worship not only in the vastness of mountains, forests, and seas but in the smaller intimacies of birds hopping on branches, and in "the meanest flower that blows."

Though Wordsworth is the greatest exponent of this feeling for the sacredness of nature, the idea originated with Coleridge.[1] These two young men formed a literary partnership in poetry, similar to that of Addison and Steele in prose. During their twenties, while taking long walks in the rolling Somerset hills, they discussed poetry and finally evolved the idea of writing together a volume according to their differing talents. Coleridge was to contribute poems of supernatural incidents, describing dramatically the emotions that would naturally accompany such situations. Wordsworth's part was to be poems of ordinary life treating of characters and incidents found in every village and vicinity. This was the origin of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, which launched the romantic movement.

THE LAKE DISTRICT A LITERARY CENTER

Later these companion poets lived in the Lake district of northwest England. It was indeed fitting that, as classicism had its stronghold in the midst of London society, romanticism should have its center among incomparable hills and waters. To this notable literary center came also Coleridge's brother-in-law, Robert Southey,[2] poet laureate before Wordsworth, and Thomas de Quincey, a brilliant but erratic essayist, whose *Literary Reminiscences* give an intimate picture of this entire group. Many literary men, including Emerson, were attracted to this company of congenial spirits. Scott, who more than any other romanticist revived and glorified the life of the past, was a lifelong friend of Wordsworth. Another friend was Charles Lamb, whose style as a familiar essayist has been the despair of imitators ever since. Inasmuch as all these authors had long lives, they formed the older group of romantic writers; and some of them wrote far into the Victorian Age. In fact, Wordsworth became poet laureate in the sixth year of Queen Victoria's reign.

THE YOUNGER POETS OF THE DAY

Early in the century rose a group of poets who, because each died before forty, retain immortality as young men. These were Lord Byron, creator of stirring meters and cynical heroes; Percy B. Shelley, who soared to lyric heights and dropped to despairing depths; and John Keats, devotee of beauty. Among the seven poets already mentioned the only ones whose poetry gained wide popularity in their own day were Scott, Byron, and Southey. The other four received limited or belated recognition. The publisher of *Lyrical Ballads* lost the small sum of thirty guineas paid to its authors; Shelley envied the skylark its power to make the world listen; Keats died thinking that his name was "writ in water." Unrecognized though the finest poetry may have been, verse writing was the fashion of the day; and several popular minor poets have left some pleasant and easily understood poems. Thomas Moore was a melodious and patriotic Irish singer of lyrics; and Thomas Hood, who often brought laughter to the English world, also forced it to look squarely at the ugly side of life.

PROSE PRINCIPALLY ESSAY AND NOVEL

Because the Romantic Age was notably a period of poetry, its prose writers were comparatively few. Chief among its essayists were Lamb, De Quincey, and William Hazlitt, the incisive critic. Coleridge after his youth wrote more prose than poetry. He, with Hazlitt, criticized literature, not from the rigid standards of classicism, but as a reflection of life and the writer's personality. Under Scott, novel writing branched

[1] **Coleridge** (kōl′rĭj). [2] **Southey** (south′ĭ or sŭth′ĭ).

into the historical field; under Jane Austen, into the clever novel of manners. Both are discussed on page 328 of the chapter on the novel. The short story, developing rapidly in America during this period, scarcely touched England, though Scott wrote several short tales. The drama produced no great names to follow Goldsmith and Sheridan.

SUMMARY

The Age of Romanticism resulted from forces that were gathering during the eighteenth century as a reaction against the formality of the Classic Age. These new attitudes included emphasis on human emotions, sympathy with the humble classes and desire for social justice, appreciation of the individual, love for the romantic flavor of the past but eagerness to blaze new trails. The Industrial Revolution brought about many conditions detrimental to public welfare; these the prevailing spirit of reform attacked, and thereby improved labor conditions, education, tariff laws, slavery, and other aspects of society. Attempts to establish a people's charter were unsuccessful, but labor unions were slowly established. Science made strides, especially in practical inventions. During the first fifteen years of the century attention was focused on the Napoleonic wars, but after that England entered upon a long period of peace.

In literature the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge brought new emphasis to poetry, especially the spiritual interpretation of nature, the emotions of the common man, and the spell of the supernatural. The mood of romanticism prepared the country for a remarkable outburst of poetry, with prose somewhat overshadowed. Scott made a reputation in both fields. Byron, Shelley, and Keats, during their short lives, produced poetry excelling in lyric beauty. The chief prose types were the essay, represented by Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, and the novel, advanced by Scott and Jane Austen. The short story had not yet developed in England, and there was no great drama.

William Wordsworth 1770–1850

> Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
> But when will Europe's later hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
> — *Matthew Arnold, "Memorial Verses"*

The new romantic movement of the later eighteenth century found an ardent champion in Wordsworth. In the epoch-making *Lyrical Ballads*, written with Coleridge, Wordsworth tried to carry out his theories of poetry. Two of his beliefs were that the common life of the poor and the lowly affords suitable themes for poetry and that poets should use in their verse the actual words of everyday speech. Obviously these theories were a protest against the pompous language and conventional topics of the classicists.

Wordsworth occasionally carried his beliefs to the extreme and produced verses which seem commonplace, but in his best lyrics, sonnets, and blank verse he reaches supreme heights. He was pre-eminently a poet of reflection and an interpreter of nature. To him nature not only was beautiful to the eye but was animated by a living spirit, in which he found companionship throughout his long life.

In English literary history Coleridge and Wordsworth are inseparable, yet they were fundamentally different. Coleridge is Magic. Wordsworth is the Moral Teacher. Coleridge soared on the wings of imagination, as Icarus, the legendary Greek, was said to have flown on man-made wings till the heat of the sun melted the wax holding the feathers and he fell headlong from the sky. Wordsworth's spirit soared into the joy of sun and air with the simple ease of the skylark he described, and returned as unaffectedly to a home on the friendly earth.

Wordsworth has pictured the carefree outdoor life of his boyhood near the Cumberland Mountains in the long poem *The Prelude*. With college days at Cambridge, however, a new interest came into his life. The world was seething with the democratic principles which had so recently played an important part in the American Revolution and which were at the time showing themselves in France. Young Wordsworth in a burst of enthusiasm crossed the Channel to throw in his lot with the French Revolutionists. But when his family cut off his allowance and he saw the excesses of the French mob, he soon returned to England and



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. He wrote ardently in the cause of liberty for he was a devoted lover of humanity as well as of nature. (Culver)

resumed the peaceful life of his beloved Lake country.

Wordsworth lived near the village of Grasmere, at first in picturesque little Dove Cottage, now a Wordsworth museum, and later in a more beautiful home called Rydal Mount. He passed nearly fifty years in this secluded neighborhood with his wife, his sister Dorothy, and a circle of congenial literary friends who included Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and Dr. Arnold (the father of Matthew Arnold). His greatest public honor came in 1843, when, on the death of Southey, he was appointed poet laureate — an honor well merited. He was not, however, interred in Westminster Abbey but was laid to rest at Grasmere, near the people he had loved and the lakes and hills that had been his inspiration and joy.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

This short poem is a clear illustration of Wordsworth's close kinship with the world of beauty. Birds, flowers, trees, air — all spoke to him of the joy of nature; man alone among her creatures seemed to him to sound a note of discord.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THE TABLES TURNED

The familiar springtime wish expressed in this poem makes the reader feel that he might have written it himself. How often we have all longed to "quit the books" and "come forth into the light of things"! Many poets have expressed a belief — known as the "pathetic fallacy" — that nature shares human feelings and moods sympathetically. Wordsworth's belief, as expressed in the sixth stanza, goes further. To him Nature is more than a mere sympathizer; she is a moral teacher greater than all the sages. This and the preceding poem are from the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening luster mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things;
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore that Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things —
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

TO A SKYLARK

1805

With English poets from Shakespeare on, the skylark has been a favorite theme. The first of Wordsworth's two poems on the subject rings with the buoyant joy of morning.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And today my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loath
To be such a traveler as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

TO A SKYLARK

1825

The exuberant joy of twenty years earlier is not found in this poem; but there is a calm joy and an understanding of the habits of the bird, skillfully brought out in a symbolic way.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

This lyric, written in 1804, gives a sincere characterization of the poet's wife, Mary Hutchinson, a childhood companion, whom he married in 1802. Each of the stanzas represents a progressive stage in his acquaintance with her.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE[1]

Between Milton and Wordsworth there were no great sonnet writers in English literature, though Cowper and others occasionally used the form.

This admirable sonnet was written from the roof of a coach as Wordsworth was on his way to France in 1802. Stretched before him at dawn he saw the sleeping city of London, and he preserved in these compact lines his thoughts of "the religious aspect of a city about to awaken."

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

[1] Title: **Westminster Bridge:** a leading mid-city bridge across the Thames River in London, near the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

This sonnet is proof of Wordsworth's right to be called "the high priest of Nature." Here the poet says that he would rather be an early pagan feeling the divine meaning in Nature than a present-day materialist without a sense for beauty. In the octave he shows how we have put ourselves out of harmony with nature; in the sestet, he lauds the superiority of the ancient Greeks.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping
flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather
be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

13, 14. **Proteus** (prō'tūs), **Triton** (trī'tŏn): sea gods in Greek mythology.

LONDON, 1802

Although this sonnet is named for the place and time of its writing, its theme is really liberty. It was composed on the poet's return from France, where he had seen and sympathized with the Revolutionists. He invokes the spirit of Milton to arouse the English people from their indifference in the great national crisis faced by their neighbors.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this
hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

2. **fen:** a bog or marsh; here it refers to England's slowness in responding to the revolutionary ideas of the times.

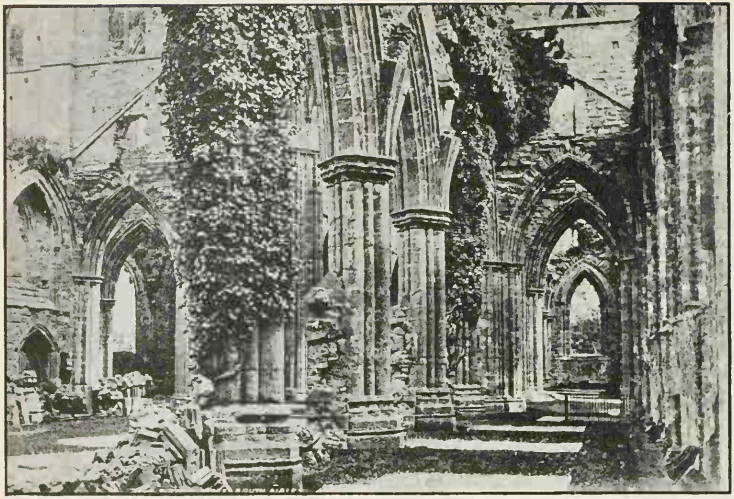
SCORN NOT THE SONNET

This sonnet is a famous tribute to the author's eminent fellow poets who, in their different countries and ages, have made this form the means of expressing their deepest personal emotions. Often it ranks among their best work.

"Composed, almost extempore," as the poet tells us, "in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake," this sonnet is perhaps the most notable of many poetic appreciations of this verse form. It appropriately concludes your study of Wordsworth's contribution to a poetic form of which he is an acknowledged master.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-
land
To struggle through dark ways; and when
a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he
blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

4. **Petrarch** (pē'trärk): Italian sonneteer (1304–1374), lover of Laura. 5. **Tasso:** an epic poet of Italy (1544–1595), author of *Jerusalem Delivered*. 6. **Camoëns** (käm'ō-ĕns): Portugal's epic poet (1524–1580), exiled for seventeen years. 8. **Dante** (dän'tā): the greatest Italian poet (1265–1321), author of *The Divine Comedy*.



TINTERN ABBEY. This majestic ruin is on the "sylvan Wye," a river whose beauty inspired Wordsworth's *Lines*. (Culver)

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

Tintern Abbey, now a picturesque ruin, is situated in the valley of the Wye River, a tributary of the Severn, in Monmouthshire, Wales. Wordsworth always felt himself a part of nature. In *The Prelude* he expressed his relationship to her as an active, sports-loving boy. This poem, written when he was twenty-eight, reveals the feeling of his youth and early manhood. Nature is now "the guide and guardian of my heart, and soul of all my moral being."

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines

10. **Here . . . sycamore:** The poet is standing on the cliff above the valley, which lies spread out below him.

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led — more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

116. **dear, dear Friend:** his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, his close companion from 1795 to 1802. Her journal gives an interesting and illuminating picture of their life at Grasmere, their long walking tours, and their conversations with friends and visitors.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

This short lyric, which expresses a wish that the poet may never lose his sense of reverent exultation in nature's beauty, forms an interesting introduction to the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Written a year earlier than the opening division of that poem, its last three lines were later used by the poet as a leader or motto for the "Ode." After you have studied that poem, it will be well to turn back to these lines and try to determine the connection between them. The poet's whole philosophy of life is epitomized in these few lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

9. **natural piety:** reverent regard for nature.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Emerson called this noble ode the high watermark of poetry in the nineteenth century. To his intimate feeling for nature in this poem, Wordsworth adds the alluring doctrine of preexistence — making human life continuous through past, present, and future existences.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
  The earth, and every common sight,
    To me did seem
  Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore —
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,
      By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

    The rainbow comes and goes,
    And lovely is the rose;
    The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
    Waters on a starry night
    Are beautiful and fair;
  The sunshine is a glorious birth;
  But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
  And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

21. **tabor:** a small drum used by a shepherd while playing his pipes. 28. **fields of sleep:** probably fields just awakening in early morning. 40. **coronal:** wreath or crown, referring to the floral wreaths worn by guests at ancient feasts. 58. **Our . . . forgetting:** Wordsworth believed in the Platonic idea of a previous existence. Birth is then a forgetting of a previous existence.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows.
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim.
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his newborn blisses,
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;

67. **prison house:** earth. 72. **priest:** an interpreter of nature to the world. 86. **six years' darling:** probably a reference to Hartley Coleridge — the son of his poet friend, Samuel T. Coleridge. 103. **humorous stage:** a stage representing the humors, moods, or whims of man. A similar description occurs in *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. 7, ll. 139–166.

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind —
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy, that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blessed —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;

110. **best philosopher:** A child, recently come from divine existence and retaining his memory of it, is the best seer and philosopher. 123. **provoke:** to call forth (the root meaning of the word). 134. **benediction:** here, thankfulness.

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a newborn day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

161. **calm weather:** quiet thought. 163. **immortal sea:** the sea of eternity.

Suggestions for Study of Wordsworth

LYRICS AND SONNETS

1. From these poems select lines and phrases which bring out Wordsworth's attitude toward nature; his theories about the emotions of birds and flowers, about human society compared with nature. Is nature always as harmonious as Wordsworth pictures it? From your own knowledge or observation give instances of warring elements and cruelty in nature.

2. Contrast the spirit of the two "skylark" poems and show how the verse form of each is suitable to the intended tone. Reread earlier poems and passages on the skylark, by Shakespeare (pages 122 and 124) and by Milton (page 213). What habits of the bird are emphasized by all these passages? In Wordsworth's poem of 1825 what habit of the lark is brought out which the others had not emphasized? Why does he contrast the lark with the nightingale? How does the poet parallel the life of the bird and of man?

3. In "She Was a Phantom of Delight" show what stage of acquaintance is represented by each stanza. Tell in your own words what type of woman Mrs. Wordsworth is shown to be. What does the poet consider are the characteristics of a perfect wife? Compare with the description from Proverbs (page 192).

4. In "London, 1802" why does Wordsworth think England needs Milton? Does he emphasize Milton's characteristics as a man or as a poet? What particular experiences in Milton's life do you think he had in mind? Do the conditions mentioned in this sonnet hold true today?

5. Review the forms of the sonnet (page 126). Study the form of each of Wordsworth's sonnets. Are they similar or varied in type? List the sonnet writers you have met thus far in your study of English literature.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

6. This poem shows four stages in the poet's growth: physical enjoyment of nature as a boy; passion for beauty and sublimity; understanding of nature's tranquil influence on the spirit; deep communion with her as a spiritual presence. Find the lines that show these divisions of thought.

7. Make a more detailed analysis of the thought of the poem as it falls into distinct divisions: (1) ll. 1–22, the poet's return after a long absence; (2) ll. 22–57, the influence of these scenes on him in absence; (3) ll. 58–65, the hope that this second visit will give him "life and food" for the future. Continue the analysis, expressing the thought briefly and clearly.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The thought of this ode divides into two parts. The first four stanzas, written in 1803 at Grasmere, raise the question "What has become of the experiences of childhood?" The last seven stanzas, written two years later, give the answer by explaining that the years have brought a rich compensation through the development of the philosophic mind. An outline of this ode traces the development of the poet's thought:

The Question. Stanzas 1, 2. Once a "celestial light" was cast on natural objects, but now it has disappeared from them.

Stanzas 3, 4. The poet regrets this loss amid the joys of May.

The Answer. Stanzas 5, 6. Man has his origin in a heavenly existence before birth, but the glory fades as the child grows to manhood.

Stanzas 7, 8. The child, by imitating man's affairs, prepares himself to lose this glory.

Stanza 9. This glory persists in manhood as mere feeling, but it has power to nourish man's insight into eternal things.

Stanza 10. The poet's joy is reborn amid the May scene; he determines to keep the strength and insight gained in manhood.

Stanza 11. His devotion to natural objects is persistent and deepened through experience of human emotions.

1. Using this suggestive outline or one of your own, complete it with suitable subheads for the thought of each stanza.

2. In what ways is "My Heart Leaps Up" a suitable motto for this ode? Where in "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey" is a similar thought expressed?

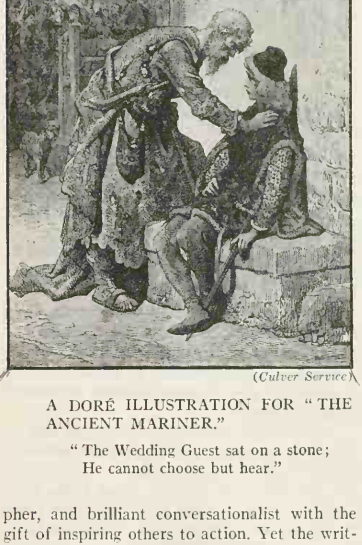
3. An ode is a poem characterized by elevation of thought and emotional intensity. It is irregular in stanza structure and shows much variation in its rhyme and length of lines. Where in this ode are meter and length of line admirably adapted to the thought? Where is rhyme used for emphasis and for linking of the thought? What other odes do you know?

4. Write a short nature poem, or put into verse some impression or recollection of your childhood.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772–1834

The power of his personality and the variety of his faculties made Coleridge one of the most influential men of his period. He was a poet, critic, journalist, theologian, lecturer, philosopher, and brilliant conversationalist with the gift of inspiring others to action. Yet the writing on which his fame now rests is singularly fragmentary. His best verse was composed in his early years, during his companionship with Wordsworth. In their *Lyrical Ballads* Coleridge chose the realm of the imagination, as is shown in his masterpiece, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." His best prose came twenty years later in *Biographia Literaria* (literary biographies).



(*Culver Service*)

A DORÉ ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

"The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear."

Born in romantic Devonshire amid scenes of great natural beauty, Coleridge, like Wordsworth, was a lover of nature throughout his life. In 1782, soon after the death of his father, a clergyman, he went to London to enter Christ's Hospital. At this famous free school he and Charles Lamb began an intimate and lifelong friendship.

Later, at Cambridge University, he formed an even closer friendship with Southey. These two poets dreamed, like Wordsworth, of a social revolution, and even planned to establish a socialist colony on the banks of the Susquehanna in America. They married two sisters, and prepared to migrate; but the project fell through. Later the hard-working Southey bore most of the brunt of supporting the Coleridge family.

Coleridge's third important friend was Wordsworth, with whom he would often talk with glowing eloquence far into the night, until both were stirred and eager to write. After a year on the Continent with William and Dorothy Wordsworth, studying the German language and philosophy, he settled in the Lake district. Unfortunately he contracted rheumatism, and the use of a quack medicine containing opium brought on a habit which he had to fight for the rest of his life.

Like Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge grew more conservative with age; but he was more restless than they. About a dozen years were spent in roaming, interspersed with some critical writing. During this time he lived in Malta for a year; then he went to Rome, where Napoleon ordered his arrest because of some newspaper articles he had published years before. Disguised as a steward, Coleridge escaped on an American vessel. Not improved in health, he returned to London; here he placed himself under the care of Dr. James Gillman, with whom he lived until his death eighteen years later. Although this period was not productive of literature, it was peaceful and valuable; for he was surrounded by a group of young men whom he inspired by his talk.

In his own literary age Coleridge was unsurpassed in native ability, but the early promise of his genius never reached complete fulfillment. His efforts were fitful, not sustained; so he never carried out his brilliant plans. Yet this dreamer threw such a spell of romance, mystery, and supernaturalism over words that his poetry has the power to make the unreal seem real. Glamour was his.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Besides its compelling story, this narrative, one of Coleridge's longest, gives you an opportunity to compare the old ballad form with this "literary ballad." After you have read and enjoyed the tale, reread it for its poetic beauty and haunting pictures.

PART I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding feast and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding Guest sát on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he–
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

12. **Eftsoons:** quickly. 23. **kirk:** church. 32. **bassoon:** a deep-toned wind instrument.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

" And now the Storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong.
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the South Pole.

" With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove past, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

" And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

" And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

" The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound!

" At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

" It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

55. **drifts:** mist. 55. **clifts:** icebergs. 57. **ken:** see. 62. **swound:** swoon or dream. 64. **Thorough:** through. 67. **eat:** pronounced ĕt, old form of eaten.

" And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

" In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

" God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so? " — " With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross! "

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II

" The Sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

" And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

" And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck.

" Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

" Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

75. **shroud:** rope of the rigging. 76. **vespers:** evenings. 98. **uprist:** arose. 104. **furrow:** wake of the ship.

" All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

" Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

" Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

" The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

" About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

" And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

" And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea bird round his neck.

" Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

" There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

127. **rout:** tumultuous crowd.

" At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! A sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

" See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

" The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

" And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

" Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

" Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Spectre-Woman and her Death mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

152. **wist:** knew. 164. **Gramercy** (grâ-mûr'sĭ): great thanks. 168. **work us weal:** help us. 184. **gossameres:** floating webs, usually in the woods.

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold.
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

" The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
' The game is done! I've won! I've won! '
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

" The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

" We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon,

" One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

" Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead.

" The souls did from their bodies fly —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow! "

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

The Wedding Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him.

" I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
" Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

209. **clomb:** climbed.

" Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

" The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

" I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

" I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

" I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

" The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

" An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

" The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth toward the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

" Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

245. or: ere.

" Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes.
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

" Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

" O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare.
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

" The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V

" O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

" The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

" My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

" I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

" And soon I heard a roaring wind.
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

297. **silly:** empty; useless. 302. **dank:** damp. 312. **sere:** dried up.

" The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

" And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

" The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

" The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

" They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

" The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

" The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner! "
" Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

" For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast:
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

314. **sheen:** here an adjective; bright. 319. **sedge:** tall rushes. 348. **corses:** corpses.

" Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

" Sometimes adropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

" And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

" It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

" Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

" Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

" The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backward and forward half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

" Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

362. **jargoning:** confused sound.

" How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

" ' Is it he? ' quoth one, ' Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

" ' The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

" The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honeydew:
Quoth he, ' The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.' "

PART VI

First Voice

" ' But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing? '

Second Voice

" ' Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

" ' If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First Voice

" ' But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind? '

Second Voice

" ' The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than humane life could endure.

" ' Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

" I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

" All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

" The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

" And now this spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

The curse is finally expiated.

" Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

" But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

" It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

" Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

" Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

435. **charnel dungeon:** burial vault.

" We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

" The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

" The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

" And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies

" A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ, what saw I there!

" Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

And appear in their own forms of light.

" This seraph band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

" This seraph band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

" But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

" The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

473. **strewn**: spread evenly. 489. **rood**: cross. 490. **seraph**: angel.

" I saw a third — I heard his voice;
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

" This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of the wood

" He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

" The skiff boat neared; I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now? '

" ' Strange, by my faith! ' the Hermit said —
' And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

" ' Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along,
When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

" ' Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look ' —
(The Pilot made reply)
' I am afeared ' — ' Push on, push on! '
Said the Hermit cheerily.

" The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

512. **shrieve:** absolve from sin. 524. **trow** (trō): think. 535. **ivy tod:** ivy bush.

" Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

" Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

" Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

" I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

" I took the oars; the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
' Ha! ha! ' quoth he, ' full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

" And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

" ' O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man! '
The Hermit crossed his brow.
' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou? '

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

" Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

" Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land

" I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

" What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

" O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

" Oh sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

" To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

" Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach by his own example love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

" He prayeth best, who lovest best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

KUBLA KHAN

This poem is but a fragment of a gorgeous oriental dream picture. In the summer of 1797, while the poet was reading in *Purchas' Pilgrimage* a description of the palace of Kubla Khan, he fell asleep and dreamed this beginning. On awakening he wrote hastily until he was interrupted by a visitor; then he found that the rest was forgotten. While the main features came from the book he had been reading, the incomparable imagery and music are his.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Title: **Kubla Khan** (kōō'blä kän'): a thirteenth century ruler; founder of the Mongol dynasty of China. "Khan," or cham, is equivalent to "King." 1. **Xanadu** (zä'nä-dū): a region of Tartary. 3 **Alph:** Perhaps this name is taken from Alpheus, a river god who loved and pursued Arethusa until Diana changed her into a stream. Their waters united in a fountain in Sicily.

41. **Mount Abora:** not positively identified; probably Amara, a mountain in Abyssinia. On it, according to tradition, was an earthly Paradise like Kubla Khan's.

Suggestions for Study of Coleridge

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

1. Put yourself fully into the imaginative mood while reading this poem. Be sure you visualize each scene no matter how improbable and fantastic it seems. Note the suggestive details by which the poet helps the supernatural story along, such as the ways of indicating the direction of the ship, lines 25–29 and 83–86; the surface of the sea, lines 125–126; the skele-

ton ship's appearance, lines 177–180. Find others.

2. At what points does the story have sudden, quick action? Where is the action slow or almost negligible? Where does the story suggest the confusion of a dream or a disordered mind?

3. Select words and phrases unusual in their descriptive power and in their appeal to sight, sound, and touch. Notice the simple words in this ballad. Why are so many words of one or two syllables used?

4. How important do you think the moral is to the story? Could it be an effective tale without a moral? Discuss. Where do you find the moral stated clearly and briefly? What part does the Wedding Guest play in the moral?

5. What lines in the poem are often quoted? Memorize those passages which make special appeal to you, as well as especially familiar passages.

6. Compare "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" with the ancient ballads as to metrical form, use of dialogue, use of description, and story interest. Has Coleridge improved on them?

7. Write a dream of your own or a supernatural tale to bring out strange inconsistencies or weird beauty.

8. Students who enjoy drawing in a grotesque or stylized manner will find stimulus for their imaginations in these two poems. See, if possible, the illustrations of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Gustave Doré. Especially good scenes for illustration are the Arctic Sea, the phantom ship against the sun; or, for facial expression, the mariner telling his tale to the guest or the rescuers seeing the ship sink at the end.

9. Assemble all the examples you can think of to show the great interest in the supernatural during the early nineteenth century. See page 328 and consider the American contemporaries of Coleridge, especially Poe.

KUBLA KAHN

10. Point out how this poem illustrates the strange inconsistencies and unreal qualities of a dream. Is there any connection in thought between the last two stanzas and the two preceding? What lines are notable for imagery and music? What effects are gained by variation in length of line? by variations in rhyme?

11. Compare this poem with the preceding as to general effectiveness, interest, picture qualities, and supernatural impressions.

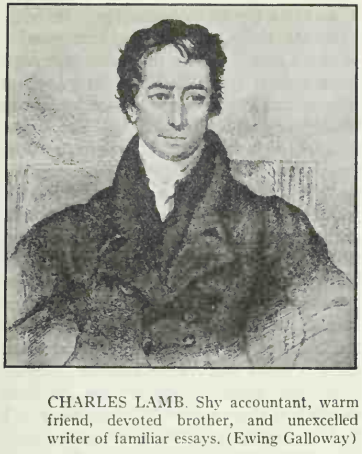
Charles Lamb 1775–1834

"To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears his brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. His jests add a new reverence to lovely and noble things or light up an unexpected 'soul of goodness in things evil.'"

So wrote Arthur Symons of Charles Lamb, the most beloved of English essayists and the leading exemplar of the familiar essay.

Throughout his life Lamb was thoroughly the Londoner. Marked with a tablet, the house where he was born stood in the heart of the city in Crown Office Row in the Temple. Poverty limited his early education; he attended Christ's Hospital, the famous charity school, where he began a lifelong friendship with Coleridge. Then in the South Sea House, and later in the East India House, he toiled at a clerk's desk for thirty-five years, a life of drudgery. Once, when asked what he had written, he pointed to the long row of yearly ledgers about his desk, jokingly adding that they were all manuscript copies of his work!

Disappointment and sadness were his companions, too. His talented sister Mary suffered from periodic insanity, and during one attack, when Charles was twenty-one, she killed her mother. Henceforth her brother devoted himself to her, although he had been looking forward to a happy marriage. Securing her release from an institution on his solemn promise to prevent any recurrence of such tragedy, he was untiringly watchful of her welfare. In their humble lodgings they enjoyed together the simplest pleasures — books, their writing, and their friends. When Mary felt the symptoms of her trouble returning, she would tell her brother. Then hand in hand they would go back to the sanitarium, where she would remain until she was well again. For forty years this rare companionship, comparable to that of Dorothy and William Wordsworth, continued, and one of its literary outcomes was their famous collaboration, *Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare*. Through a pension from his employers Lamb's last nine years were free and could be devoted to his writing; yet his most captivating essays were written during the few odd moments of leisure in his busy years.



CHARLES LAMB. Shy accountant, warm friend, devoted brother, and unexcelled writer of familiar essays. (Ewing Galloway)

Many of these essays are autobiographical. His father is Lovel, the Temple clerk; his sister is Bridget; he himself is Elia; we can trace most of his characters to their originals among his friends and acquaintances. Yet we read nothing of his own struggles. His observations are always kindly. He never made enemies, but grappled his friends to him "with hoops of steel"—and his friends included all his famous contemporaries.

Lamb was known also as a witty conversationalist and a clever letter writer. A keen observer, his comments on books, plays, and the theater were delightful and stimulating; but his fame rests mainly on his familiar essays—human, sympathetic, humorous, yet pathetic—through which his own heroism shines softly.

DREAM CHILDREN

Shortly after the death of his brother John, Lamb wrote "Dream Children," usually considered the most delicately wrought essay of "the gentle Elia." He was now nearing fifty; but though life confronted him with increasing loneliness, the never-failing gleam of his quaint humor pierced even the grayness.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,[1] who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene (so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country) of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the "Children in the Wood." Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterward came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and

[1] **great-grandmother Field:** Mary Field, Lamb's grandmother, a housekeeper at a country home in Hertfordshire.

some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery[1] by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she; and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and suchlike common baits for children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——,[2] because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most

[1] **Psaltery**: psalms of David, as used in the Book of Common Prayer.

[2] **John L——**: John Lamb, Charles Lamb's elder brother. His lameness (mentioned later) was due to an injury.

especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell acrying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n;[1] and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe[2] millions of ages before we have existence and a name" — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget[3] unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

[1] **Alice W——n:** Alice Winterton, probably Ann Simmons, whom Lamb loved when he was a young man. She married a Mr. Bartrum.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Just as "Dream Children" is regarded as Lamb's masterpiece for pathos, "Roast Pig" is his masterpiece for humor. The manuscript and the Chinese names, except Confucius, are Lamb's own invention, but the tradition is an ancient one. The finding of a manuscript that contains the story is a plan not unfamiliar to authors; Addison used it for his "Vision of Mirza," and Irving for his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. It is a matter of interest that the manuscript of this essay, from the pen of a clerk whose life was marked by toil and poverty, was sold in Philadelphia several years ago for $12,600.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius[4] in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting,

[2] **Lethe** (lē′thē): the river of forgetfulness. [3] **faithful Bridget:** his sister Mary. [4] **Confucius** (kŏn-fū′shĭ-ŭs): a famous Chinese philosopher (551–478 B.C.), founder of a religion named for him.

or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast [1] for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian [2] makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste — O Lord!" — with suchlike barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering

[1] **mast:** acorns or other nuts. [2] **antediluvian** (ăn-tē-dĭ-lū'vĭ-ăn): pertaining to the time before the flood; primitive.

whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; [1] and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,[2] who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, the pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,[3] I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.[4]

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbydehoys [5] — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*,[6] the hereditary failing of

[1] **winked . . . decision:** ignored the injustice of it. [2] **Locke:** John Locke (1632–1704), a celebrated English philosopher. [3] ***mundus edibilis*** (mŭn′dŭs ĕ-dĭb′ĭ-lĭs): world of edibles. [4] ***princeps obsoniorum*** (prĭn′kĕps ŏb-sōn-ĭ-ō′rŭm): the chief of dainties. [5] **hobbydehoys** (hŏb′ĭ-dē-hoiz): youths at the awkward age. [6] ***amor immunditiae*** (ă′môr ĭm-ŭn-dĭt′ĭ-ī): love of dirt; a reference to the habits of swine.

the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *praeludium,* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling,* as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna [1] — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing" [2] — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! [3] — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars.[4]

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away —

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care [5] —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors.[6] Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistency for a muttonchop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten [7] on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets.[8] He is all neighbors' fare.[9]

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants,

[1] **manna:** food sent miraculously to the Israelites while they wandered in the wilderness. [2] **"doing":** cooking. [3] **twirleth . . . string:** cooked on an old-fashioned crane before an open fire. [4] **radiant . . . stars:** refers to a once popular superstition that a shooting star that fell to the ground changed to a jellylike fungus.

[5] **Ere . . . care:** lines from Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant." [6] **sapors:** appetizing tastes. [7] **batten:** fatten. [8] **least . . . banquets:** causes no envy among persons because all parts of the pig are equally desirable. [9] **all neighbors' fare:** entirely suited for a meal for neighbors or visitors.

partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic[1] fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn,[2] barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear,[3] "give everything." I make my stand[4] upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboylike, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!! — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice[5] in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying[6] a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,[7] and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots,[8] stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

[1] **villatic** (vĭ-lăt'ĭk): relating to a villa or farmyard; a quotation from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. [2] **brawn:** pickled boar's flesh. [3] **Lear:** the leading character in Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*. He unwisely divided his kingdom among his three daughters. [4] **make my stand:** I halt here; or, I can never send it from my house.

[5] **nice:** fastidious. [6] **intenerating and dulcifying:** making tender and sweet. [7] **St. Omer's:** a French Jesuit college in London. Lamb did not attend it. [8] **shallot** (shă-lŏt'): a kind of onion.

Suggestions for Study of Lamb

DREAM CHILDREN

1. Which parts of this essay give actual facts of Lamb's life? Which are fictitious? What traits of Lamb's personality are revealed?

2. What details make John and Alice seem like real children? Which of their actions are amusing? Which pathetic?

3. Where does Lamb show restraint in suggesting but not bewailing some of the misfortunes of his life? How does this affect your feeling toward Lamb?

4. What adjectives would you apply to the general tone and style of this essay? Select passages to justify your adjectives. What is the effect of the parenthetical remarks on the style?

5. Why is the essay written in a single paragraph? Into what four parts might it be divided?

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

6. Into what two main divisions does this essay fall? Which of the two appeals to you as the more humorous?

7. By what devices does Lamb create the effect of a genuine document? By what details and anachronisms does he make the Bo-bo story ridiculous?

8. In the second part of the essay find high-sounding terms and Biblical language used with humorous effect. Why does Lamb introduce the incident of his aunt's gift of a plum cake?

9. Why call this essay a dissertation? Why is it not a short story?

IN GENERAL

10. Write a short description of Lamb's personality as revealed in his essays.

11. Imitating in part Lamb's method, write an original familiar essay, for instance, in praise of your favorite article of food, the way you feel when vacation begins, or conversations with dream characters.

12. A group of students might dramatize before the class Brighouse's *The Night of "Mr. H."*, a play about Lamb. (In Cohen's *More One-Act Plays*.)

13. Compare Brighouse's play with Alice Brown's full-length play *Charles Lamb* for its character portrayal.

Walter Scott 1771–1832

Scott, "the minstrel of the Scottish border," is a notable figure in the history of both prose and poetry. His narrative poetry opened up a new world of romance to an enthusiastic reading public, while his Waverley novels, the largest contribution of a single writer to English fiction, created the new field of the historical novel. Among the chief causes contributing to this success are his vigor, his freshness, the out-of-door atmosphere, his skill in telling a story, and his power to make past scenes come alive again and be a stage for living men and women.

A descendant of old Border families, Scott in childhood learned their legends and became a lifelong lover of Scottish history and tradition. Although he was educated at Edinburgh University for the law and followed it for some years, his thoughts were given to literature. His first important book was a collection of Scottish folk ballads with some imitations by himself, entitled *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802). Three years later *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, his first long poem, became so popular that he abandoned the law entirely. *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* brought him even greater fame; the second, with its "Ellen's Isle," has given a permanent halo of romance to Loch Katrine in Scotland. But a new literary star was arising — the dashing Lord Byron, whose long poems of foreign travel and adventure began to eclipse Scott's popularity. Wisely Scott turned to a new medium, the novel, and produced the amazing series of "Waverley Novels" described on page 328.

Meanwhile he had bought Abbotsford, a fine old manor house in the Scotch Lowlands, in which he made many improvements and where he entertained with the lavish hospitality of a "great laird." A baronetcy had been created for him, but financial reverses overtook him. An unfortunate business partnership with his publishers resulted in failure. Although not at all responsible for the losses, Scott refused the advantage of the bankruptcy law and assumed the full indebtedness himself — a sum exceeding $600,000. By heroic efforts and unstinting work he succeeded in two years in paying over one-half that debt by the efforts of his pen alone.

But in saving his business honor he sacrificed his health. The British government sent a naval



WALTER SCOTT. He is pictured here in his study at Abbotsford where most of his historical novels were written. (Culver)

vessel to convey him to Mediterranean warmth, but the trip was ineffectual. He longed for home. The sight of the "River Tweed, Scotch hills, his trees of Abbotsford, the joyous clamor of his dogs, brought forth the first exclamation of delight since he sailed away," and he died amid these beloved surroundings. In September, 1832, "The Wizard of the North" was buried with his ancestors in old Dryburgh Abbey in the heart of the Lowlands he had loved and described so well.

KENILWORTH

For the scene of *Kenilworth*, a brilliant historical novel of love and tragedy, Scott chose the court of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In this fascinating tale Sir Walter depicts the character of this masterful sovereign with all her regal dignity and strength mingled with the weakness of a furious temper and a marked susceptibility to flattery. How skillfully she plays one ambitious nobleman, the Earl of Sussex, against her favorite, the Earl of Leicester!

From these colorful scenes of royal splendor we select the story of Walter Raleigh's introduction to court life, and an account of the spectacular carnival at Kenilworth, the magnificent castle of the Earl of Leicester, with its pomp and pageantry, which concludes with the ceremony of knighthood. In completing the reading of this story of wonderful romance and intriguing plot, a treat awaits you.

WALTER RALEIGH CLIMBS TO KNIGHTHOOD

The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

At this moment the gates opened and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier [1] had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently and, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person — unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush today, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a footcloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's *old drab-de-bure*,[2] which despises all colors."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession." . . .

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think"

[1] **young cavalier:** Walter Raleigh, a young soldier from Devonshire, now attached with his companions, Nicholas Blount and Tracy, to the household of the Earl of Sussex.

[1] ***drab-de-bure:*** a thick, coarse, dark woolen cloth.

— addressing the younger cavalier — " are the man; you will please to follow me."

" He is in attendance on me," said Blount. ' On me, the noble Earl of Sussex's [1] master of horse."

" I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; " my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. . . .

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect — a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. . . .

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside; and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

" You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

" In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, " it is each liege man's duty to be bold."

" God's pity! That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. " Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

" May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, " it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose — "

" Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me? " said the Queen, interrupting him. " Fie, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, " or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

" How, boy! " said the Queen. " Neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then? "

" Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

" Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy! " said the Queen.

" It is no longer mine," said Walter; " when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed, and endeav-

[1] **Earl of Sussex:** a powerful English nobleman, ambitious to marry the Queen.

ored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Have you ever heard the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse."

"But what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen — the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh!" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. . . . So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power. . . .

The nobles and courtiers who had attended the Queen on her pleasure expedition were invited, with royal hospitality, to a splendid banquet in the hall of the palace. The table was not, indeed, graced by the presence of the sovereign; for, agreeable to her idea of what was at once modest and dignified, the Maiden Queen on such occasions was wont to take in private, or with one or two favorite ladies, her light and temperate meal. After a moderate interval the court again met in the splendid gardens of the palace, and it was while thus engaged that the Queen suddenly asked a lady, who was near to her both in place and favor, what had become of the young Squire Lack-Cloak.

The Lady Paget answered, "She had seen Master Raleigh but two or three minutes since, standing at the window of a small pavilion or pleasure house which looked out on the Thames and writing on the glass with a diamond ring."

"That ring," said the Queen, "was a small token I gave him, to make amends for his spoiled mantle. Come, Paget, let us see what use he has made of it, for I can see through him already. He is a marvelously sharp-witted spirit."

They went to the spot, within sight of which, but at some distance, the young cavalier still lingered, as the fowler watches the net which he has set. The Queen approached the window, on which Raleigh had used her gift to inscribe the following line:

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

The Queen smiled; read it over twice, once with deliberation to Lady Paget and once again to herself. "It is a pretty beginning," she said, after the consideration of a moment or two; "but methinks the Muse hath deserted the young wit at the very outset of his task. It were good-natured, were it not, Lady Paget, to complete it for him? Try your rhyming faculties."

Lady Paget, prosaic from her cradle up-

wards, as ever any lady of the bedchamber before or after her, disclaimed all possibility of assisting the young poet.

"Nay, then, we must sacrifice to the Muses ourselves," said Elizabeth.

"The incense of no one can be more acceptable," said Lady Paget; "and your Highness will impose such obligation on the ladies of Parnassus [1] —"

"Hush, Paget," said the Queen. "You speak sacrilege against the immortal Nine; [1] yet, virgins themselves, they should be exorable to a virgin queen; and, therefore, let me see how runs his verse —

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

Might not the answer, for fault of a better, run thus —

If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all?"

The dame of honor uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise at so happy a termination; and certainly a worse has been applauded, even when coming from a less distinguished author.

The Queen, thus encouraged, took off a diamond ring and, saying, "We will give this gallant some cause of marvel, when he finds his couplet perfected without his own interference," she wrote her own line beneath that of Raleigh.

The Queen left the pavilion; but, retiring slowly and often looking back, she could see the young cavalier steal, with the flight of a lapwing, toward the place where he had seen her make a pause. "She stayed but to observe," as she said, "that her train had taken"; and then, laughing at the circumstance with the Lady Paget, she took the way slowly toward the palace. Elizabeth, as they returned, cautioned her companion not to mention to anyone the aid which she had given to the young poet, and Lady Paget promised scrupulous secrecy. It is to be supposed that she made a mental reservation in favor of Leicester,[2] to whom her ladyship transmitted without delay an anecdote so little calculated to give him pleasure.

Raleigh, in the meanwhile, stole back to the window and read, with a feeling of intoxication, the encouragement thus given him by the Queen in person to follow out his ambitious career, and returned to Sussex and his retinue, then on the point of embarking to go up the river, his heart beating high with gratified pride and with hope of future distinction.

He had the good taste and judgment to conceal the decisive circumstance of the couplet, to which Elizabeth had deigned to find a rhyme; but other circumstances had transpired which plainly intimated that he had made some progress in the Queen's favor. All hastened to wish him joy on the mended appearance of his fortune — some from real regard; some, perhaps, from hopes that his preferment might hasten their own; and most from a mixture of these motives, and a sense that the countenance shown to any one of Sussex's household was, in fact, a triumph to the whole. Raleigh returned the kindest thanks to them all, disowning, with becoming modesty, that one day's fair reception made a favorite, any more than one swallow a summer.

At the summons of Queen Elizabeth, Sussex hastily approached her person; and, being asked on which of his followers, being a gentleman and of merit, he would wish the honor of knighthood to be conferred, he answered, with more sincerity than policy, that he would have ventured to speak for Tressilian, to whom he conceived he owed his own life, and who was a distinguished soldier and scholar, besides a man of unstained lineage, "only," he said, "he feared the events of that night —" and then he stopped.

"I am glad your lordship is thus considerate," said Elizabeth; "the events of this night would make us, in the eyes of our subjects, as mad as this poor brain-sick gen-

[1] **ladies of Parnassus:** the nine Muses, or goddesses, who presided over the arts and sciences. Their fabled home was on Mount Parnassus in Greece. Queen Elizabeth calls them **"the immortal Nine."**

[2] **Leicester** (lĕs'tēr): another ambitious and wealthy lord, whose avowals of love Queen Elizabeth encouraged.

tleman himself — for we ascribe his conduct to no malice — should we choose this moment to do him grace."

"In that case," said the Earl of Sussex, somewhat discountenanced, "your Majesty will allow me to name my master of the horse, Master Nicholas Blount, a gentleman of fair estate and ancient name, who has served your Majesty both in Scotland and Ireland and brought away bloody marks on his person, all honorably taken and requited."

The Queen could not help shrugging her shoulders slightly even at this second suggestion; and the Duchess of Rutland, who read in the Queen's manner that she had expected Sussex would have named Raleigh, and thus would have enabled her to gratify her own wish while she honored his recommendation, only waited the Queen's assent to what he had proposed, and then said that she hoped, since these two high nobles had been each permitted to suggest a candidate for the honors of chivalry, she, in behalf of the ladies in presence, might have a similar indulgence.

"I were no woman to refuse you such a boon," said the Queen, smiling.

"Then," pursued the duchess, "in the name of these fair ladies present, I request your Majesty to confer the rank of knighthood on Walter Raleigh, whose birth, deeds of arms, and promptitude to serve our sex with sword or pen deserve such distinction from us all."

"Gramercy,[1] fair ladies," said Elizabeth, smiling, "your boon is granted, and the gentle squire Lack-Cloak shall become the good knight Lack-Cloak at your desire. Let the two aspirants for the honor of chivalry step forward."

Blount was not as yet returned from seeing Tressilian, as he conceived, safely disposed of; but Raleigh came forth and, kneeling down, received at the hand of the Virgin Queen that title of honor, which was never conferred on a more distinguished or more illustrious object.

[1] **Gramercy** (grä mür'sĭ): great thanks; an emphatic expression of gratitude.

Shortly afterward Nicholas Blount entered and, hastily apprised by Sussex, who met him at the door of the hall, of the Queen's gracious purpose regarding him, he was desired to advance toward the throne. It is a sight sometimes seen, and it is both ludicrous and pitiable when an honest man of plain common sense is surprised, by the coquetry of a pretty woman or any other cause, into those frivolous fopperies which only sit well upon the youthful, the gay, and those to whom long practice has rendered them a second nature. Poor Blount was in this situation. His head was already giddy from a consciousness of unusual finery, and the supposed necessity of suiting his manners to the gaiety of his dress; and now this sudden view of promotion altogether completed the conquest of the newly inhaled spirit of foppery over his natural disposition, and converted a plain, honest, awkward man into a coxcomb of a new and most ridiculous kind.

The knight-expectant advanced up the hall, the whole length of which he had unfortunately to traverse, turning out his toes with so much zeal that he presented his leg at every step with its broad side foremost, so that it greatly resembled an old-fashioned table-knife with a curved point, when seen sideways. The rest of his gait was in proportion to this unhappy amble; and the implied mixture of bashful fear and self-satisfaction was so unutterably ridiculous that Leicester's friends did not suppress a titter, in which many of Sussex's partisans were unable to resist joining, though ready to eat their nails with mortification. Sussex himself lost all patience and could not forbear whispering into the ear of his friend, "Curse thee! Canst thou not walk like a man and a soldier?" — an interjection which only made honest Blount start and stop, until a glance at his yellow roses and crimson stockings restored his self-confidence, when on he went at the same pace as before.

The Queen conferred on poor Blount the honor of knighthood with a marked sense of reluctance. That wise princess was fully aware of the propriety of using great cir-

cumspection and economy in bestowing those titles of honor, which the Stewarts, who succeeded to her throne, distributed with an imprudent liberality which greatly diminished their value.

Blount had no sooner arisen and retired than she turned to the Duchess of Rutland. "Our woman wit," she said, "dear Rutland, is sharper than that of those proud things in doublet and hose. Seest thou, out of these three knights, thine is the only true metal to stamp chivalry's imprint upon?"

PROUD MAISIE

Scott, like Shakespeare, often scattered little bursts of song throughout his longer writings. He loved the minstrel tales and ballads and frequently introduced them as a feature of entertainment at feasts and celebrations. This song is from *The Heart of Midlothian,* Chapter XL.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

7. **braw:** fine; smartly dressed. 8. **kirkward:** churchward; toward the church.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

In this poem, as in the familiar "Lochinvar," Scott uses one of his favorite themes, the story of an elopement. Here he has rewritten an old folk song, retaining the Scotch dialect.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morningtide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'—
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

7. **aye . . . fa':** ever she continued to weep 19. **mettled hound:** a spirited hunting dog. 19. **managed hawk:** a hawk trained for hunting. 20. **palfrey:** a horse trained for ladies' use. 31. **Border:** the boundary between Scotland and England. She has fled into England to escape pursuit.

Suggestions for Study of Scott

WALTER RALEIGH

1. This selection is a portrayal of Queen Elizabeth as well as of Walter Raleigh. In what respects are they alike? How do they differ? What characteristics of the young courtier appealed to the Queen?

2. What purposes does Blount serve in the narrative?

3. In what ways was Raleigh "the true metal to stamp chivalry's imprint upon"?

4. Raleigh was later a familiar figure in early American history. Do you find here any of the qualities seen in his work as a colonizer?

THE BALLADS

5. What characteristics of the old medieval ballads are to be found in "Proud Maisie" (see page 70)? What is the prophecy of the bird, expressed in plain language? Who are the "six braw gentlemen"? Compare with the famous ninth stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

6. What ballad characteristics mark "Jock o' Hazeldean"? Who is the speaker in the first six lines of the first three stanzas? What effect is gained through the refrain?

George Gordon, Lord Byron
1788–1824

Byron's life was brief but meteoric. "I woke to find myself famous," he said soon after the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. His fame was more general and enthusiastic in England than was that of any other contemporary poet; and it was widespread on the Continent, where he is still ranked as the chief English poet of his age. In temperament as well as theme Byron was a revolutionist. Stormy, proud, sensitive, with a fascinating personality, boundless energy, and unflinching courage, his whole life was "tempest-tossed."

Byron came of a turbulent, high-spirited race, nobles who traced their lineage back to the Norman Conquest. His father, a captain in the English army, was a spendthrift who died when his son was six years old, and the boy was brought up in poverty in Aberdeen. When he was ten, he inherited his granduncle's title and estate, Newstead Abbey. He then went to Harrow and afterward to Cambridge, where he occupied himself with wide reading and sports, swimming and cricket, although he was lame in one foot.

When his first volume of verse, published at nineteen, was severely ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*, he retaliated with a biting satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." At twenty-one he took his seat in the House of Lords, but for the next two years traveled in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey. From his detailed journal of these impressions retold in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, we see crowded cities, Turkish chieftains, bullfights, Spanish ladies, mountain peaks, oceans, and historic scenes described in superb language, with intense feeling and refreshing vigor. Later he wrote many long poems or poetic dramas about mysteriously romantic heroes with whom he liked to be identified in the mind of the public. To our age he is better known for his stirring shorter poems, such as "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

A fascinating, handsome man — a biographer called him "Glorious Apollo" — Byron was much admired and sought by society. But his undisciplined ways aroused opposition and, when the English people learned that his wife had left him, his popularity died. Practically ostracized, he left his homeland, never to return. A wanderer for eight years, he traveled and lived in southern Europe, restless, unhappy, cynical, and always in revolt against society.

When Greece fought to gain her independence from Turkey, Byron's hatred of oppression sent him to aid the country whose ancient art he loved. Selling his yacht, he outfitted a ship, took all his money, and devoted his means, his time, and his life to liberty. He became an officer in the Greek army, worked hard, and despite sickness always refused to leave his post. He died not on the battlefield, but from fever. Byron had always loved a storm; the day of his death the most terrific thunderstorm known in years broke over the camp where his tumultuous, passionate, but courageous spirit lay stilled. His body was returned to England for burial with his ancestors near Newstead Abbey. He lives as a fighter for personal liberty, a brilliant teller of tales, and a poet of sweep, energy, and magnificence.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

This lyric, which has been set to music, was inspired by the poet's first meeting with his cousin by marriage, Mrs. Wilmot.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!



LORD BYRON. In him high powers of poetic genius struggled with deep faults of character.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

Sennacherib, king of Assyria in the seventh century B.C., led his army into Judea and besieged Jerusalem. According to the Bible story in II Kings 19:35–37, an angel of the Lord smote the Assyrians in camp during the night. With a mere remnant of his forces Sennacherib returned in haste to his own country. Byron's portrayal of this event is both stirring and beautiful.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold:
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

1. **The Assyrian:** Sennacherib (sĕn-ăk′ĕr-ĭb). It was a custom in early times to call the king by the name of the country he ruled.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

21. **Ashur:** Assyria. 22. **Baal** (bā′ăl): one of the Assyrian gods. 23. **Gentile:** Sennacherib; so called because he was a stranger to the Hebrew beliefs.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

In this lyric, Byron musically portrays the potent power of love. These lines were composed as he traveled on horseback along the scenic roadway which led to the Tuscan city.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story —
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but a dead flower with May dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from a head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh Fame! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Title: **Pisa** (pē′zä).

SONNET ON CHILLON

In this sonnet, dedicated to François Bonnivard, Byron expressed in a beautiful form his deep and sincere love of freedom. Of it Swinburne said, "Byron's sonnets are all good; the best is that on Bonnivard, one of his noblest and and completest poems." It may be considered an introduction to the longer poem on Chillon which follows it.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind:
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Title: **Chillon** (shē-yôn′): a Swiss castle first used as a prison and later as an arsenal. (See introduction to next poem.) 1 **Eternal . . . Mind:** This beautiful conception of freedom is in apposition with "Liberty" in line 2. 7. **country conquers:** Whenever patriots are made martyrs, they win followers to their cause.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

In Switzerland in June, 1816, Byron visited the castle of Chillon, where during the sixteenth century François Bonnivard was held as a prisoner for six years. This castle is built on a rock just off the northeastern shore of Lake Geneva (Leman), with the great peaks of the Alps towering behind it. Byron was impressed by the picturesque surroundings, the massive walls, and the underground dungeon with its romance of long-dead prisoners. Detained in the neighborhood by a storm, he wrote this poem in two days. He did not, however, adhere to historical fact; for Bonnivard was a political, not a religious, prisoner, and the brothers were released before he was. Byron's intense sympathy with the cause of liberty is reflected here. To him Bonnivard is not merely a single prisoner; he represents all martyrs in the onward march of freedom throughout the ages.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

10. **banned:** denied.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight.
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun;
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy — but not in chains to pine;
His spirit withered with their clank;
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

27. **Gothic:** a form of European architecture. Byron's description of this dungeon is exact; the rings that attached the prisoners' chains to the column and their footprints on the pavement are still to be seen. Byron carved his name on one of the pillars. 35. **marsh's meteor lamp:** the will-o'-the-wisp.

82. **polar day:** Near the poles the day lasts the whole season. 107. **Leman** (lē'măn): the Latin name for Lake Geneva. Its depth has been sounded to almost one thousand feet. 109. **massy:** massive or heavy.

Which round about the wave enthralls;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less;
I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished,

I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursèd breath of dungeon dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!
A light broke in upon my brain —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird; I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud —
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate;
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe

230. **selfish**: self-inflicted. His religion forbade his taking his own life.

But so it was — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me.
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.
I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle; it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,

And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days;
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own.
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home;
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

332–350. I . . . hue: an accurate description of the mountains, the Rhone River, and the isle with three trees seen from this dungeon.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

These stanzas (178–184 of Canto IV of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*), considered among Byron's most sublime lines, are a worthy tribute not only to the time-defying ocean but to its effects on the empires which border it. Four of the great empires of the past (Line 38) — all on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea — were the center of almost all the civilized arts, religion, and law. Byron's enduring love of the sea was both deeply British and personal.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,

27. **lay:** the most famous grammatical error (solecism) in English poetry. It was probably used by Byron on purpose, since his note on the galley proof shows that he knew the error was there. 31. **leviathans:** monstrous sea serpents, described several times in the Old Testament. Here the word means huge ships. 32. **clay creator:** man.

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime;
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

36. **Armada:** See page 106 for details of this battle. 36. **Trafalgar** (trà-fål'gàr, but here must be accented on the first syllable for the meter): Nelson's memorable victory over the French and Spanish fleets in 1815. 39. **washed them power:** The ocean brought power to these empires. 58. **I . . . breakers:** Byron was a famous swimmer. He succeeded in swimming across the Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles, to verify the possibility of the Greek myth that Leander had done so to meet Hero.

Suggestions for Study of Byron

LYRIC AND SHORT POEMS

1. Compare "She Walks in Beauty" with "She Was a Phantom of Delight" (page 346) as to both the physical and the spiritual qualities of the women described. Which is the more human? In the mind of each poet what constitutes a woman's chief beauty? Select phrases which you particularly like either for imagery or for sound.

2. In "The Destruction of Sennacherib" note the swift panorama of pictures. How many distinct pictures can you find? What sharp contrasts are there between some of them?

3. Compare the musical quality of "Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa" with that of the two preceding lyrics.

SONNET ON CHILLON

4. How is the thought of the first eight lines applied in the second part of the sonnet?

5. What words and phrases are repeated in these lines, and what do they add to the poetic effect and emphasis of the thought?

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

6. Recount the persecution of the Bonnivard family as given in stanza 1. How does this make you feel toward the prisoner at the outset? What details of the imprisonment increase this feeling?

7. Differentiate the personalities of the three brothers. Compare the speaker's emotions on the death of each brother. What lines show the climax of his despair?

8. How does Byron create a strong impression of the lapse of years? How does the bird affect the prisoner's mental state? What other living creatures are mentioned as being in the prison?

9. What changes come about in the prisoner's condition? Can you account for the change in the keepers even though the prisoner cannot?

10. How does the prisoner feel when released? Do you regard this as natural or unnatural under the circumstances?

11. Does the interest in this poem center in plot or characters?

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

12. What theme unifies these stanzas into a complete poem?

13. How do the historical references add to the effectiveness of the thought?

14. What is gained by the poet's references to his personal feelings?

15. Compare this poem with "Sea Fever" (page 19) and "The Seafarer" (page 20). Which of the three gives the best picture of the sea? the strongest personal reaction?

Percy Bysshe[1] Shelley 1792–1822

"Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever," wrote Browning of Shelley. Indeed his verse is like the sun and like life, rich in creative beauty. In some strange way Shelley almost seems to be his verse. Tameless, swift, proud, he is the "wild west wind"; like the "dissolving cloud," he is full of bright restlessness; "blithe spirit," lover of beauty and melody, he had the gift of enraptured song as spontaneous and undying as his own unseen "scorner of the ground." His is a beauty not of this earth, for his life on earth was a strange muddle. A poet and idealist rather than a systematic thinker, he tried to regenerate society. He ran up against powerful forces and his fragile strength did not long survive the struggle.

Shelley came of a wealthy Sussex family. His father, Sir Timothy Shelley, a member of Parliament, was a conservative, practical man who never understood his imaginative son. Young Percy, a handsome boy, intelligent but sensitive, nervous, delicate, and very hard to manage, became the natural prey of the boys at Eton, who often pursued him with mud balls just to arouse his temper. "Mad Shelley," as they called him, sought consolation in books, and began to write romantic novels and poems.

At eighteen he went to Oxford, where he read philosophy and developed theories for reforming the world. Within a year he was expelled for publishing a pamphlet, *On the Necessity of Atheism*. Then he went to London, where he shortly afterward entered into a runaway marriage with a young schoolgirl, Harriet Westbrook. Disinherited by his father, he spent a couple of years in the Lake region and in Ireland, where he distributed tracts on freedom. On his return to London he became the intimate friend of William Godwin, a prominent radical, who influenced Shelley in his revolutionary views. There he met Godwin's daughter Mary, whom he married two years later — after Harriet's tragic death. Scorned now by the public, he went to Italy to live. There he and Byron became fast friends; for they were kindred spirits, both being poets in revolt against existing conditions. The next four years were the most productive of Shelley's short life.

He died before he was thirty. Going out on the *Ariel*, a small sailboat, he was drowned in a terrific squall on the Gulf of Leghorn. In one of his pockets was found a volume of Sophocles; in the other, a volume of Keats with the page doubled back where he had left his reading unfinished. His ashes were placed in the Protestant cemetery at Rome not far from Keats, whom he had mourned in his "Adonais."

Among Shelley's many admirable qualities is

[1] **Bysshe** (bĭsh).



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Aptly called "Ariel," he belongs to the ethereal realms of poetry. (Underwood and Underwood)

his faith in the possibilities of mankind and in the power of love to regenerate the world. In his hatred of war and his ceaseless longing for intellectual freedom he was ahead of his time.

TO NIGHT

These exquisite lines show the poet's wizardry in the technique of verse. Notice how its almost perfect musical effects are achieved through a combination of vowel sounds, the swing of its verse, and its unusual cadences.

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out:
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

13. **opiate wand:** sleep-producing power.

THE CLOUD

"The poet," writes Mrs. Shelley, "marked the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames." The cloud, personified, is speaking throughout the poem; therefore Shelley's personal emotions are not in evidence as in the two following poems, which are often grouped with this one as his great trilogy. In all of them we feel the lift and rush of flight, the sense of breathing a purer element than air.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof —
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

31. **sanguine:** blood-red (the root meaning of the word). 33. **sailing rack:** broken clouds, floating through the air.

81. **cenotaph:** a monument erected in honor of the dead buried elsewhere; here, the cloud's cenotaph is the "blue dome of air."

TO A SKYLARK

Shelley here reveals himself as a poet of melody, responsive to the moods of nature which sing to his own spirit. Of the origin of this poem, Mrs. Shelley wrote: "It was a beautiful summer evening, while wandering along the lanes whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the caroling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

Notice how the verse form suggests the motion of the bird. The first four short lines represent the swift upward dart of the bird; the fifth long line corresponds to the long, steady, graceful sweep of the soaring bird.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

66. **Chorus Hymeneal** (hī-mĕ-nē′ăl): marriage chant. Hymen was the Greek god of marriage.
71. **fountains:** sources, or inspiration.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

"This poem," writes Shelley in his notes, "was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

This ode expresses not only the poet's love for swift, impulsive motion in nature, but his wish for a similar swift movement in society toward radical improvements, ushering in a new era of good will, brotherhood, justice, and liberty. The sweep of the verse is in full harmony with the onrush of a tempestuous wind. Especially emphatic is its close, with the poet's prayer for power to scatter his thoughts among men, and his triumphant recognition that the coming of winter is the promise of spring, the symbol of new life.

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

18. **Angels:** messengers (as in Greek). 21. **Maenad** (mē′năd): a priestess of Bacchus. 32. **pumice:** formed from lava. The region near Baiae's bay is close to extinct volcanoes which still rumble and burst out occasionally. 32. **Baiae's bay** (bā′yä): a bay near Naples; a famous resort of ancient Romans.

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

OZYMANDIAS

This sonnet, ranked among the finest in the English language, was written in friendly competition with Leigh Hunt, who wrote one on the Nile River. Shelley's sonnet has a historical theme, being based on a passage in which an old Greek historian tells of this gigantic statue and its inscription. Here Shelley expresses two ideas that occur frequently in his verse — the vainglory of kings and the inconstancy of life. Although the feeling of isolation, desert loneliness, and remote antiquity permeate the lines, human emotion is there also.

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: " Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear;
' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! '
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Title: **Ozymandias** (ō-zĭ-măn′dĭ-ăs): a corruption of a name of Rameses II (1324?–1258?) B.C., a famous Egyptian king, a great builder of palaces and temples. Many statues of him are found in Egypt; this is probably one of those in a temple near Thebes. 6–8. **Tell . . . fed:** These lines mean that the passions of the king, as shown on his face by the sculptor, have survived both the hand of the sculptor himself, who imitated ("mocked") them, and the heart of the king, which caused ("fed") those passions.

THREE POSTHUMOUS LYRICS

These poems were all written in the last two years of Shelley's life and published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), two years after his death. All of them suggest the troubled and tempestuous spirit of Shelley's last days. He seems even to have had a premonition of his early tragic death.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — oh, nevermore!
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more — oh, nevermore!

2. **last steps:** The poet compares life to a stairway, whose end he is nearing. 4. **prime:** the beginning of life.

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

Suggestions for Study of Shelley

THE CLOUD

1. Study this poem for its pictures. What different aspects of cloud life are described? Which of these pictures appeal to you especially? What is gained by having the cloud speak in the first person? What natural phenomenon is poetically described in the last four lines of the poem?

2. Throughout this poem many comparisons, both similes and metaphors, are used frequently. Find examples and discuss the details of these comparisons.

3. The light, airy meter and the stanza form are worthy of careful study. What differences do you note between the odd- and even-numbered lines as to number of accents and rhymes? Is the plan adhered to uniformly throughout the poem? Have you encountered this form in any other poem you have ever read?

TO A SKYLARK

4. The thought divisions of this poem are indicated by the following outline: (1) ll. 1–30, where and when the bird's song is heard; (2) ll. 31–60, description of the bird's song by a series of comparisons; (3) ll. 61–75, the sources and nature of its song; (4) ll. 76–105, the lark's superiority to the poet's song. What does each stanza contribute to these main ideas?

5. To what different things is the skylark compared? What quality do all these things have in common with the bird? Why is the bird lovelier to the poet than they are? Which of these seem to you the most effective comparisons?

6. Compare this poem with Wordsworth's two poems on the skylark (see page 345 for similar words used to describe the effect of the bird's song on the hearer). What is the effect which each poet emphasizes? In what way is Shelley's reaction to the skylark's song different from that of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth? What is there in his personality and life history that easily accounts for this difference?

7. Is it true that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"? Give some examples in both music and poetry. Has sad thought been often used in art? Give examples.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

8. Observe the careful outline of the five stanzas: (1) The autumn wind driving the leaves, (2) The autumn wind driving the clouds, (3) The autumn wind driving the waves, (4) The poet's characterization of himself in relation to the wind, (5) The poet's prayer to the wind for personal power to bring about world regeneration.

9. Select examples of powerful imagination shown in this ode.

10. How does Shelley describe himself? Does he understand his own nature? Discuss.

11. The pattern of threes worked out in this poem is incomparably handled. Note the first three topics in the outline above. How are the threads of this pattern caught up again in the fourth stanza? The rhyme scheme is also in threes, the old *terza rima*, derived from Dante's *The Divine Comedy*. Observe the interlocking of the rhyme from one triplet to the next: a-b-a, b-c-b, c-d-c, d-e-d, e-e. The couplet is Shelley's original addition to the old form.

12. What distinguishes this ode in tone and form from other odes in this book?

SONNET AND LYRICS

13. Compare Shelley's "To Night" with Longfellow's "Hymn to the Night" (in *Adventures in American Literature*), written several years later. What mood is common to both poems?

14. What in the situation of the statue of Ozymandias would especially appeal to a man of Shelley's temperament? Wherein lies the irony of the inscription?

15. Counting out the rhyme scheme of the sonnet by letters, you will discover how unusual it is. Even in this restricted form Shelley showed his love of freedom. Were you aware of the difference as you first read it?

16. Which of the three posthumous lyrics seems to you the most despairing? Why? Does the distress of Shelley's last years seem to be more physical or mental? What lines seem to foretell his own death?

17. Which of these three lyrics suggests certain passages of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"? Which has a similar note to the "Ode to the West Wind"?

18. Shelley's lilting lines are a pleasure to memorize. "The Cloud" and "To a Skylark" are especially recommended.

John Keats 1795–1821

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Among the many excellent lyric poets of the romantic age, Keats stands out as a worshiper of beauty. Believing that the quest of beauty in all its phases was the only worth-while adventure in life, he wrote with passionate devotion. When one remembers that his literary life was crowded into three brief years, the quality and quantity of his achievement seem remarkable.

The son of a London hostler and stable-keeper, Keats was left an orphan before he was fifteen, and then apprenticed to a surgeon with whom he studied and worked for five years. What an unpromising origin and training for a poet! But poetry was his life and his dream-world. Greek myths and Spenser's *Faerie Queene* carried him far from the day's toil, and literary friends like Leigh Hunt encouraged his poetic aspirations. His first volume was off press when he was twenty-two; *Endymion* followed within a year; his last volume came two years later. Then tuberculosis developed, and he sought a milder climate in Italy. Less than five months later he died in Rome, and his resting place in the Protestant cemetery is marked by his own epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Keats's name is often linked with Shelley's. Shelley wrote his famous elegy, "Adonais," on the death of Keats. The two men were decidedly different, however, in personality and social attitude. Keats had a genial, humorous side to his nature, which does not appear in his published poetry, but which comes out delightfully in his letters — especially those to his sister Fanny, eight years his junior. Then, too, he did not have Shelley's spirit of rebellion against society, but instead lived in his own dream-world.

Sad notes are heard in his poetry, but they were caused by his many personal sorrows. The critics would have none of his poetry. They wounded him with scathing reviews. He fell in love with a young neighbor, Fanny Brawne, whom he characterized on first meeting as "beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable, and strange." She proved to be a rather unsympathetic and self-centered girl, who throughout their engagement brought as much uneasiness and distress as happiness to her lover. Then his younger brother Tom, to whom John was devoted, died of tuberculosis, and the poet saw the shadow of the disease hovering over himself.

But Keats faced his troubles manfully, without the emotional overflow into his poetry which Shelley displays. His writing is poetical in the highest sense. It abounds in imagery and romantic charm, and breathes a subtle perfume. Perhaps his greatest gift to literature is abundant color. His felicity of phrase and rare sense of beauty make him indeed a poet-painter.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Although Keats knew no Greek, he was an intense lover of Greek mythology. When he was about twenty-one he borrowed Chapman's translation of Homer, and he and a lifelong friend, Charles C. Clarke, sat up till daylight reading it — "Keats shouting with delight as some passage of special energy struck his imagination." The next morning at ten o'clock his friend found this sonnet on his breakfast table.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

3. **western islands:** the British Isles. Here, British poetry. 4. **Apollo:** the Greek god of the sun, also of song and music. 6. **demesne** (dē-mēn′): domain; land over which one rules. 8. **Chapman:** George Chapman (1559?–1634), an Elizabethan poet and translator of Homer. 11. **Cortez** (kôr′tĕz): It was Balboa, not Cortez, who from a mountain in Central America discovered the Pacific Ocean. 14. **Darien** (dā-rĭ-ĕn′): the Isthmus of Panama.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

This impassioned heart-cry is an expression of Keats's own experiences. Written in 1817, toward the beginning of his literary career, it shows how long the dread of the disease which afflicted his family hung over him.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,

3. **charactery:** printed characters.



JOHN KEATS. Devoted to poetic beauty, he thought his name was "writ in water," but Fame has carved it in marble. (Culver)

Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

6. **romance:** wonders of the heavens, or of all creation. 8. **magic . . . chance:** the inspiration of a matured poet enabling him to find the exact word — not alway a certainty. 9. **fair creature:** probably woman idealized. This sonnet was written before he met Fanny Brawne.

THE MERMAID TAVERN

This poem is a playful tribute to the familiar haunt of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan poets and dramatists from whose writings

Keats learned much about poetic beauty and literary power.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

2. **Elysium** (ē-lĭzh'ĭ-ŭm): in Greek mythology the abode of the virtuous dead. To it winter never comes, and there the heroes live in repose forever. 10. **Robin Hood:** a legendary hero, the leader of a band of brave outlaw yeomen, celebrated in many ballads. 11. **maid Marian:** the sweetheart of Robin Hood. 12. **sup and bowse:** drink deeply. 22. **Zodiac:** an imaginary belt in the heavens divided into twelve parts, each with a constellation. The **Mermaid** is a jesting reference to one of these twelve called Virgo, or the Virgin.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Keats obtained the title of this poem, which means "the beautiful lady without mercy," from a medieval French court poem translated by Chaucer. The old legends and romances of chivalry often use the theme of a mortal beguiled into fairyland by some sorceress and unable to recover earthly happiness. But Keats has given more than a romantic tale; he has suggested the desolation of a life from which romance has fled. In this ballad the questioner speaks throughout the first three stanzas; the remaining stanzas give the reply of the knight at arms.

Title: **La Belle . . . Merci** (lä bĕl däm sän mĕr-sē').

O what can ail thee, knight at arms!
Alone and palely loitering!
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

26. **manna:** the food sent to the Israelites during their forty years' wandering in the wilderness (Exodus 16 : 15).

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed — ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

40. **thrall:** serfdom; bondage.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

In the British Museum, Keats had studied Greek art — especially the marble vases with scenes cut in low relief. No one could have been more in sympathy with the artistic spirit of the Greeks than was Keats, who loved "the principle of beauty in all things." With him it was a fundamental belief that beauty was just another name for truth and that beauty alone is imperishable. In this ode, the highest expression of Keats's art, he has caught his figures at a significant moment in the life of each, and so has made them live in lasting beauty.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!

7. **Tempe:** a lovely valley in Thessaly, Greece. 7. **Arcady:** a picturesque pastoral region of Greece, characterized by its beauty and the contentment of those who dwelt there.

Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty" — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

41. **Attic:** pertaining to Attica, a kingdom of ancient Greece. 41. **brede:** embroidery.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

In the spring of 1819 a nightingale built her nest next to the house where Keats was living. The poet took great pleasure in the song of the bird and composed this poem at that time. He repeated it to one of his friends during an evening walk, before he actually wrote it out. The death of Keats's younger brother Tom, which had occurred the previous December, is referred to in the third stanza.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk;
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness —
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

4. **Lethe-ward:** toward the Greek river of forgetfulness, whose waters prepared the good to enter the bliss of the Elysian Fields. 7. **Dryad:** a wood nymph.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs;
Where youth grows pale and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,

13. **Flora:** goddess of flowers. 14. **Provençal** (prō-vän'sȧl): pertaining to Provence in southern France, home of the medieval troubadours. 16. **Hippocrene** (hĭp'ō-crēn): a fountain on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses. 32. **Bacchus . . . pards:** The god of wine rode in a chariot drawn by leopards. 43. **embalmèd:** balmy.

Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades.
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music — Do I wake or sleep?

66. **Ruth:** heroine of the Book of Ruth in the Bible. For this part of her story, see the second chapter.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

In this metrical romance the poet uses as his setting a castle in medieval Italy. The chapel with its stone images of lords and ladies, the great hall, and the chamber of Madeline with its triple-arched casement are pictured in vivid detail. The medieval characters of beadsman, nurse, warrior guests, and romantic lovers combine with archaic language to weave a spell of rare, unearthly beauty. The theme, like that of *Romeo and Juliet,* is the flowering of young love out of age, death, and human intolerance.

St. Agnes was an early Christian martyr who, after her death, appeared to her parents in a vision with a lamb. Thereafter the white lamb, symbol of purity, was sacred to her. The legend on which this story is based is that a maiden, by observing certain rites on St. Agnes' Eve, January 20, may have a glimpse of her future husband.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was acold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows, haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive

15. **purgatorial rails:** burial robes.

Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not; her heart was otherwhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

70. **amort:** as if dead. 71. **lambs unshorn:** In honor of St. Agnes, the symbol of youth and innocence, two lambs are sacrificed annually on her eve in the church; and the wool is later spun and woven by the nuns into garments for the poor.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, " Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here tonight, the whole bloodthirsty race!

" Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." — " Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit
And tell me how " — " Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, " Wella — welladay! "
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
" Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
" O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

" St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days.
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

105. **Gossip**: godmother. 126. **mickle**: much (Scotch).

Sudden a thought came like a fullblown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.
"A cruel man and impious thou art.
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
Whose passing bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame;
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

171. **Merlin:** a magician, the offspring of demons, who was at last overpowered by means of one of his own spells reversed. 173. **cates:** dainty, choice food. 174. **tambour frame:** embroidery hoops, shaped like a tambour or drum.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable or woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

198. **frayed:** frightened. 218. **gules:** red; used in heraldry.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasped her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettledrum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone —
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

241. **missal:** Mass book. 241. **Paynims:** pagans. Her eyes were as tightly closed in sleep as a prayer book would be in pagan lands. 257. **Morphean:** pertaining to the god of dreams. 257. **amulet:** a charm to keep her asleep.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarkand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver; sumptuous they stand
In the retirèd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream;
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute —
Tumultuous — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci";
Close to her ear touching the melody;
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

270. **Samarkand:** a city of Turkestan, famous for its manufacture of silk. 270. **Lebanon:** a mountain range in southern Syria. From it came the timbers of cedar which were used in Solomon's Temple. 292. **"La belle . . . merci":** the beautiful lady without mercy. See Keats's poem thus entitled (page 414).

" Ah, Porphyro! " said she, " but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet —
Solution sweet; meantime the frost wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the windowpanes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet;
" This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline! "
'Tis dark; the icèd gusts still rave and beat.
" No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd wing."

" My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

" Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed.
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand —
The bloated wassailers will never heed —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see —
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,

At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found —
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side.
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one and one, the bolts full easy slide —
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones —
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone; ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
Were long benightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

BRIGHT STAR

The autumn before his death Keats sailed for Italy with a traveling companion, Joseph Severn. Becalmed off the eastern coast of England, the poet watched the evening star — pure, radiant, alone. It awakened in him the grief and yearning so beautifully expressed in these lines, one of the best of his sixty-three sonnets. He wrote it out for his friend in a copy of Shakespeare's poems, on a blank page facing "A Lover's Complaint."

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —
No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

4. **Eremite:** a hermit, or religious recluse. 6. **ablution:** washing; cleansing.

Suggestions for Study of Keats

SONNETS AND BALLADS

1. In the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" point out how Keats carries the comparison of literature and discovery through every line. Notice the dramatic close. How do its last lines reveal Keats's feeling for Homer? Have you read books that gave you the same feeling? If so, name them.

2. In "When I Have Fears" what two great longings of the poet are expressed? Where is the thought of the opening phrase repeated?

3. In "La Belle Dame sans Merci" notice how the romantic mood is conveyed through a combination of legendary subject matter, pathos, and weird intensity. Find specific examples of each. What characteristics of the medieval ballads appear in this poem? What details harmonize with the figure of the woeful knight and help to develop the suggestion of the title?

4. Which did Keats think the happier place for poets, the real Mermaid Tavern or the mythical Elysium? In what earlier poem in this volume was something playfully said to have been raised to a place among the stars?

5. In "Bright Star" how does Keats wish to resemble the star? How differ from it? What lines best reveal his love of nature, of his sweetheart, of universal beauty?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

6. Explain the significance of the various names Keats gives the urn in the first three lines. This urn evidently has two distinct scenes, one on either side. Be sure to visualize the two pictures. Have you seen similar examples of Greek figures?

7. What circumstances of Keats's own life help us to understand his emotion in the third stanza?

8. In Keats's mind what is the message of the urn? To whom does "ye" in the last line refer? Do you think he means to apply this message to all of life, or not? Discuss.

9. Quote the lines which best bring out the poet's theme: that human happiness is fleeting, but beauty is enduring.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

10. What emotions are aroused in the poet by the song of the nightingale? What similarities and what differences do you find between these and the emotions felt by Shelley at the song of the skylark?

11. What line refers to the death of Keats's brother Tom? What lines may refer to his feeling for Fanny Brawne, whom he met about this time?

12. By what details does the poet put the reader into the mood of a spring night?

13. Discuss the contrast made in this poem between the world of reality and the world of fancy. How does the word *forlorn* in stanza 8 serve to bring him back to the world of reality?

14. How does the seventh stanza recall the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"?

15. Notice the unique stanza form with its pattern of rhymes and varied line lengths, running constant throughout.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

16. By what details in the opening stanzas is the time of year defined? What striking contrast to the first three stanzas is presented by the fourth and fifth?

17. What scenes and characters are made especially vivid? Does the chief interest lie in the narrative or in the pictures?

18. Make a list of adjectives especially appropriate for color, sound, fragrance. Select lines notable for their musical quality.

19. In what ways is Madeline's absorption in the evening rites shown? What modern Halloween superstition is a humorous echo of the old belief about St. Agnes' Eve?

20. Notice the ending of the story. What becomes of the lovers, the beadsman, the nurse, the baron, and the guests? How is a veil of mystery thrown over the entire conclusion?

21. How does Keats's handling of an elopement story differ widely from Scott's in "Jock o' Hazeldean" and "Lochinvar"? In what way is this difference characteristic of the two men?

22. What stanza form is used here? Review other poems in this book which use the same stanza form.

THREE FAMOUS POEMS

Robert Southey 1774–1843

Southey, the minor third of the triumvirate of "Lake Poets," was the brother-in-law of Coleridge and the lifelong friend of both the Coleridge and Wordsworth families. In his own day Southey had a higher reputation as a poet than he holds in ours. Now he is remembered for a few vigorous short ballads and his excellent *Life of Nelson,* the English naval hero of the Napoleonic wars. For thirty years Southey was poet laureate of England, being succeeded by Wordsworth.

Addison had won a political position by his poem in celebration of the battle of Blenheim (1704). In that poem he glorified the victory, and likened the Duke of Marlborough to an angel who "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." Now, ninety-four years later, comes Southey to prick the bubble of fame by this ironical ballad. The spirit of human brotherhood was abroad in the land, and the wars, in which the innocent civilians bore the brunt of the hardship, were beginning to receive severe censure from the radicals of that day. This poem is one of the first to suggest the modern attitude toward war. Kaspar represents the attitude of the older generation, which accepted it; the children represent the feeling of the rising generation, which questioned it.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene ";
" Why, 'twas a very wicked thing! "
Said little Wilhelmine.
" Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
" It was a famous victory.

" And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
" But what good came of it at last? "
Quoth little Peterkin.
" Why that I cannot tell," said he,
" But 'twas a famous victory."

Thomas Moore 1779–1852

The fame of Tom Moore, the " sweet singer of Ireland," rests largely on a single volume, *Irish Melodies*. Singularly graceful and melodious, these songs have been sung wherever the Irish have wandered, sometimes set to traditional native airs, sometimes to the music of numerous modern composers.

Moore was born and educated in Dublin; but he lived most of his life in England, where he became a member of the literary set and a close friend of Byron, of whom he wrote a notable biography. Although " Lalla Rookh," an Oriental tale, brought him both fortune and fame, placing him for the moment on a par with Byron and Scott, he soon spent the fortune; and time has somewhat dimmed his fame. But his songs endure; they present the emotional life of the Irish as Burns with greater genius voiced that of the Scotch. Another poet of the day is reported to have said to him, " What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed! " Everyone knows " The Last Rose of Summer " and " Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Here is another song full of typical romantic melancholy.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Hood 1799–1845

It is strange that the best-known English humorist of the romantic period should have spent his life in a struggle against poverty and sickness while he wrote jokes and nonsense rhymes to keep himself alive and to support his family. But this was Hood's situation. He was a master of clever versification, and in the well-known " Faithless Nellie Gray " his punning is brilliant. On the other hand, he wrote a few serious poems like the following favorite, which has been translated into several European languages. Hood had read a newspaper account of the trial of a woman for pawning articles that belonged to her employer. Evidence pre-

sented at her trial showed that she had received seven shillings a week for making trousers at home. On this sum (about $1.75 in our money) she was supporting herself and her family. A deep, impassioned sympathy with suffering was an outstanding trait of Hood; and the timely appearance of this poem had a decided effect on labor legislation.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
  While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
  Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work,
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
  Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
  A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

15. **woman . . . save:** refers to a Mohammedan belief. 21. **gusset:** an extra strip inserted to strengthen or widen a garment.

"But why do I talk of Death?
  That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — this naked floor —
  A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
  From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work,
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
  In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
  When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
  And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
  And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
  A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
  But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the Rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Suggestions for Study of the Three Preceding Poems

1. Point out characteristics of romantic poetry in general which are to be found in each of these three poems by minor poets.

2. What modern poems can you find which show the cruelty and futility of war? See page 748 for collections of war verse.

3. Put on a program of Irish songs by Tom Moore, or a program of Irish and Scotch combining Moore and Burns (see pages 323 and 433 for sources).

4. Through what channel did Hood hope that he might "reach the rich"? Why did the seamstress still continue to sing? Do you see any reason for the translation of "The Song of the Shirt" into several foreign languages?

5. Compare "The Song of the Shirt" with Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children," with Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" and Margaret Widdemer's "Factories." Look up working conditions of women and children in England in the early nineteenth century, and reforms which followed. Compare with present working conditions.

Reading List for the Age of Romanticism

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Wordsworth, William: *short lyrics and sonnets; *"Michael," *The Prelude* (Book I), "Ode to Duty," *"Character of the Happy Warrior," "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited"

Coleridge, Samuel T.: "Christabel," "Youth and Age," "Hymn to Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," "Dejection: an Ode"

Lamb, Charles: *Essays of Elia,* especially "Christ's Hospital," *"A Chapter on Ears," *"The Praise of Chimney Sweeps"; *Last Essays of Elia,* especially *"Old China," *"The Superannuated Man," *"Poor Relations," *"Popular Fallacies"; *"The Old Familiar Faces" (poem), **Tales from Shakespeare,* Letters

Scott, Walter: *songs and short ballads; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, *Marmion, *The Lady of the Lake.* *Novels: *Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, The Talisman, Quentin Durward, The Heart of Midlothian.* For others, see lists of historical fiction at end of earlier sections.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord: *short lyrics and sonnets; *"The Isles of Greece" from *Don Juan, Canto III,* 82–100; *famous passages from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:* Waterloo, III, stanzas 21–28; Lake Leman, III, 68–75; Night, III, 86–92; The Coliseum, IV, 139–145; Venice, IX, 1–18; Rome, IV, 78–98; *"Mazeppa's Ride," "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year"

Shelley, Percy Bysshe: *short lyrics; "Adonais," "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills"

Keats, John: *short lyrics and sonnets; *"Ode to Autumn," "Ode to Melancholy," "Endymion" (especially the *Proem); "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil," *Letters (especially to Fanny Keats and Fanny Brawne)

De Quincey, Thomas: *Autobiographic Sketches, *Joan of Arc, *The English Mail Coach, Literary Reminiscences,* *"On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*," "On Charles Lamb"

Austen, Jane: **Pride and Prejudice, *Sense and Sensibility, *Northanger Abbey, Emma, Persuasion*

Minor Writers

Southey, Robert: *"Lodore," *"The Inchcape Rock," *"The Well of St. Keyne," "Auld Cloots," **The Life of Nelson*

Moore, Thomas: **Irish Melodies*

Hood, Thomas: *"The Bridge of Sighs," *"Faithless Nellie Gray"
Hunt, Leigh: *"Abou Ben Adhem"
Campbell, Thomas: *"Hohenlinden," *"Ye Mariners of England," *"Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream"
Wolfe, Charles: *"The Burial of Sir John Moore"

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

Barrington, E.: *Glorious Apollo* (Byron)
Brontë, Charlotte: *Shirley*
Craik, Mrs.: **John Halifax, Gentleman*
Eliot, George: **Adam Bede, Felix Holt, *Silas Marner*
Farnol, Jeffery: *The Amateur Gentleman, The Broad Highway*
Stevenson, R. L.: **St. Ives, Weir of Hermiston*
Thackeray, W. M.: **Vanity Fair*

Drama

Fitch, Clyde: **Beau Brummel*
Brighouse, Harold: **The Night of "Mr. H."*
Brown, Alice: *Charles Lamb*

Social and Historical Background

Ashton, J.: **Social England under the Regency*
Marriott, J. A. R.: **England since Waterloo*
Perris, G. H.: *The Industrial History of Modern England*
Robertson, C. G.: *England under the Hanoverians*
Sydney, W. C.: *The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century in England*
Usher, A. P.: *The Industrial History of England*

Biography and Criticism

Wordsworth, by F. W. Myers, W. A. Knight (3 vols.), G. M. Harper, W. Raleigh, C. H. Herford, H. E. Read
Coleridge, by H. D. Traill, H. Caine, J. D. Campbell
Scott, by J. G. Lockhart (5 vols.), R. H. Hutton, C. D. Young, A. Lang, G. E. Saintsbury, E. W. Grierson
Byron, by S. Nichols, R. Noel, E. Mayne, A. Maurois
Shelley, by E. Dowden (2 vols.), J. A. Symonds, W. Sharp, W. M. Rossetti, André Maurois (*Ariel*)
Keats, by S. Colvin, W. M. Rossetti, A. E. Hancock, A. Lowell
Lamb, by E. V. Lucas (2 vols.), A. Ainger, B. Cornwall
De Quincey, by D. Masson
Jane Austen, by C. Hill, G. Smith, O. Firkins, G. E. Mitton
Dorothy Wordsworth, by E. de Selincourt, C. M. Maclean

Essays by Other Famous Authors

On Wordsworth, by Coleridge, Hazlitt, De Quincey, M. Arnold, J. R. Lowell, Pater
On Coleridge, by Hazlitt, De Quincey, Swinburne, Lowell, Pater
On Scott, by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Swinburne, Stevenson
On Byron, by Hazlitt, Arnold, Macaulay, Swinburne
On Shelley, by Arnold, De Quincey
On Keats, by De Quincey, Arnold, Swinburne
On Lamb, by De Quincey, Pater

Art

Whitley, W. T.: *Art in England, 1821–1837*
On Constable, by *C. L. Hind (color plates), G. M. Arnold, C. J. Holmes, Lord Windsor
On Turner, by *C. L. Hind (color plates), *H. Townend, W. Armstrong, R. Chignell, W. L. Wyllie

For architecture and costume see books covering the eighteenth century (page 323).

Music

Hopkins, F.: **Thirty Songs*. Musical settings for the following poets: Wordsworth, one lyric; Scott, two; Byron, two; Shelley, three; Moore, six
Sheet Music: Scott: "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" (Schubert), "Pride of Youth," and others; Shelley: "Indian Serenade" (Hopkins, also Whelpley), "Love's Philosophy," "Music When Soft Voices Die," "Heart's Devotion," "My Coursers Are Fed by the Lightning"; Moore: "Paradise and the Peri" (words from *Lalla Rookh*, Schumann setting) and many of his lyrics. Collections containing Moore's lyrics: *Love Songs the Whole World Sings, Irish Melodies with New Symphonies* (M. W. Balfe), *Songs of Ireland*

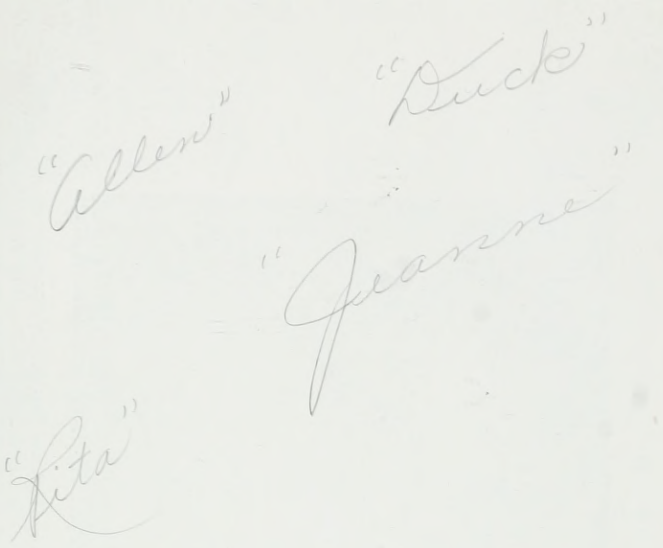
Many of these lyrics are on phonograph records.

* Starred titles are those most suitable for high-school students.

See also general references at the end of this volume.



The Counties of England


"Allen"
"Duck"
"Jeanne"
"Rita"



DEDHAM MILL, An English Landscape by John Constable. Poetry and painting find kinship here, for this landscape, simple in subject, serene in atmosphere, and faithful to nature in its color tones, might have been painted in words by William Wordsworth. Constable (1776–1837) was one of England's great landscape artists. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Victorian Age

1840-1890

CURIOUSLY enough, three women sovereigns of England — Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria — have given their names to periods of remarkable literary output. Queen Elizabeth died before the greatest writers of her period ceased producing, so that the dates of her literary age were extended beyond her reign. On the other hand, Queen Victoria (1837–1901) outlived the Victorian writers; and the dates of her literary age properly close about 1890, a decade before her death in 1901. The nineties were a period of intellectual unrest fostering the germ of our modern age.

The enthusiasm with which the reign of Victoria opened has been well pictured in Strachey's excellent biography *Queen Victoria* (page 715). The Queen seemed the culmination and the embodiment of the romantic ideals of the preceding half century.

"THE HUNGRY FORTIES"

The Victorian Age was, above all things, "respectable." It congratulated itself upon progress and reform. There is no doubt that the "frock-coated and bewhiskered" middle class accomplished much in both directions. Yet one cannot fairly say that the early forties showed much cause for optimism. The result of the Napoleonic wars had been such a huge national debt that crushing taxes were levied on the people. There was "chronic unemployment," and the decade was called "the hungry forties." In the country the poor people actually stole turnips out of the fields, while paupers practically starved in workhouses.

THE CORN LAWS

One group of laws, known as the "Corn Laws," caused enormous suffering. "Corn" is the British term for wheat. What we call corn, the English call "Indian maize." Corn laws therefore pertained to wheat and affected the price of bread, "the staff of life." For some time it had been to the interest and profit of the Tory landlords to keep up the price of wheat by putting a duty on it and restricting its importation from other countries. This made bread dear. Finally, after great effort, these taxes were repealed in 1846.

THE IRISH FAMINE

But the demand for cheap bread had been satisfied too late to prevent a dire catastrophe. The poor in England were close enough to starvation, but in Ireland the failure of the potato crop for two successive years brought on what was called "The Black Famine." This failure was caused by a blackening potato blight that had come over from the Continent. Though potatoes had long been the principal food of the Irish peasants, there was plenty of "corn" in Ireland to keep them from starvation, had they been able to pay for it. As it was, this "corn was carried past the dead and dying in great wagons to the coast," there to be shipped to the English and foreigners who could afford to pay for it. One-fourth of Ireland's population died within two years.



QUEEN VICTORIA, dressed for the Diamond Jubilee, 1897. Kipling wrote "Recessional" for Victoria's Jubilee. (Culver)

This was the darkest hour in Irish history.

Then followed tens of thousands of evictions of the starving peasants by landlords who could not collect their rents. Great numbers emigrated to America, many of them dying on shipboard. Thus began the large Irish population in America. "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant" by Lady Helen Dufferin shows the pathos of their situation in the New World:

> I'm very lonely now, Mary,
> For the poor make no new friends.

FURTHER HUMANITARIAN REFORMS MARK THE VICTORIAN AGE

Despite the squalor and misery underlying life in various parts of the British Isles, the governing class was unusually liberal and humane. Because of the opposition that always exists, time is needed to accomplish reforms; and during the reign of Victoria there was much to be done in following up the beginning made in the Age of Romanticism. The navy is a typical example. Formerly "press gangs" could kidnap an able-bodied man on shore and make him serve as a sailor in the fleet. When we think of the great sea tradition of England, and of the heroic men at Trafalgar under Lord Nelson, we are horrified at the other side of the picture. Nordhoff and Hall's novel *Mutiny on the Bounty* gives a vivid impression of "flogging round the fleet" and other villainous punishments often resorted to in the pre-Victorian days. Now impressment of sailors for the Royal Navy was stopped, flogging diminished greatly, and the lot of the British sailor improved in many other ways.

Then, too, labor was still suffering from the Industrial Revolution. During the first decade of Victoria's reign, attention was centered on the situation of workingwomen and children. In the coal mines women had been working eleven and twelve hours a day dragging heavy loads of coal through underground passageways. In 1842 all work by women and girls in coal mines was abolished. Two years later definite limitations were put on the long hours of children in factories.

VARIOUS REFORMS IN GOVERNMENT

Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, besides helping free trade, religious liberty, and humanitarian reforms, also brought about improvements in government administration, such as the establishment of a modern police force. In 1839 an entirely new post-office system was adopted. Previously there were no stamps, and the high rate of postage was paid by the receiver rather than the sender of a letter. This system was expensive and clumsy. A penny postage was therefore established, and letters were prepaid by stamps. Furthermore, restrictions in voting and holding office, which had been removed from Roman Catholics in 1829, were now also removed from Jews.

In the last half of Victoria's reign the reform spirit was largely concerned with ex-

tending the vote beyond the privileged classes. The earlier Reform Bill of 1832 had provided for a more just distribution of representatives to Parliament. Now a second Reform Bill of 1867 gave the vote to the laboring classes. Though the franchise was extended to only two-thirds of the men in England, yet to the conservative mind it was "a dangerous experiment, a leap in the dark." The final step, in 1885, was a third Reform Bill which added almost two million more voters by giving complete manhood suffrage. It had taken nearly fifty years to make England into a thorough democracy. These last two bills were largely the work of William Gladstone, leader of the Liberal party and Prime Minister during much of the later part of Queen Victoria's reign. A scholar and a great orator, though not of profound mind, he usually championed freedom (with glaring exceptions) and "got things done."

One of his most important accomplishments was the establishment of a system of universal state education. Before that, outside of the expensive private schools such as Eton, Harrow, and Rugby (which the English call "public" schools) and some "grammar" schools, which taught principally Latin and Greek, education was decidedly inadequate. Under Gladstone dawned the possibility of a real education for the average child.

PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

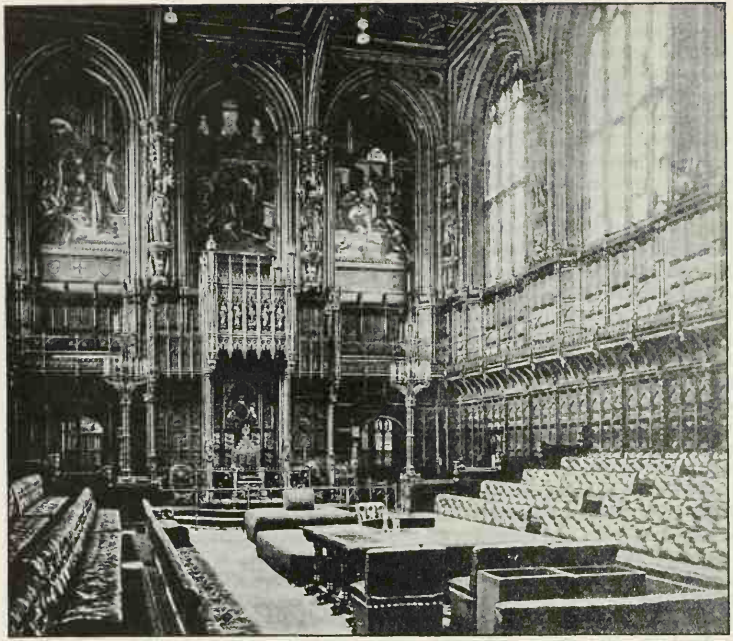
On the whole, progress and prosperity marked the Victorian era. Trade and manufactures developed wealth such as England had never known before. Railways increased greatly, and likewise the coal and steel industries. England, because of her natural resources and shipping, was "the workshop of the world," and her commerce at home and abroad was increased by the general use of the telegraph. As a great manufacturing country, England could now let the broad plains of her colonies raise the food and raw products, while she repaid them from her developed industries.

At the mid-point of the century, after forty years of uninterrupted peace, an immense International Exposition was opened in London to assemble and compare products and manufactures of the world. This was the first of those great advertising fairs later so popular in the United States. The enormous glass house designed to cover this great exposition, known as the Crystal Palace, remained one of the show places and musical centers of London until its destruction by fire in 1937.

The great "boom" period from 1850 to 1875 was followed by another stark "depression," and for some ten years England suffered greatly; but, in spite of this and other occasional financial crises, the era as a whole was one of pronounced prosperity.

ENGLAND AFFECTED BY WARS ON OTHER SHORES

Though the general tenor of Victoria's reign was peaceful, there were several conflicts on distant soil which affected the home islands. From 1854 to 1856 England, with France and Turkey, was fighting Russia over questions relating to the balance of power among these nations. From the needless horrors of this Crimean War emerged one remarkable figure, Florence Nightingale, "the Lady with the Lamp," a heroic volunteer nurse who reformed the "filth and mismanagement" of the field hospitals and made nursing a skilled profession. As a result of the Sepoy Rebellion in India in 1857, due partly to the British authorities' misunderstanding of the nature of Hindu and Indian tribes, Indian affairs were taken out of the hands of the East India Company and put under control of the Crown. These conflicts in which England was an actual party affected English life at home much less than did the American War of the States (1861–1865). At first this war helped England by removing our country as a trade competitor, but it later nearly ruined the prosperous cotton trade of Lancashire with its two thousand factories; for no cotton could be shipped from our Southern ports, under blockade by the North. Thus cotton workers in England were thrown out of em-



THE HOUSE OF LORDS. Lord Byron sat here by inherited title, but Lord Macaulay's title was earned through his work in the House of Commons. (Culver)

ployment in great numbers, and much suffering resulted.

During the Franco-German War of 1870 the strict neutrality of England enabled her to prosper and build up a large trade balance while her chief Continental rivals were at each other's throats. As a result of the defeat of France, Germany rose to greater military and economic power. An important link was thus forged in the chain of events that led to the two World Wars of the twentieth century. In a way little dreamed of at the time, England was to feel the ultimate consequences of the Franco-German War.

In general, then, we may say that through the middle years of the century England maintained a policy of peace.

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL EXPANSION FURTHERED BY DISRAELI

As time went on, England became more and more concerned with colonial expansion. Chiefly responsible for this policy was Benjamin Disraeli, the leader of the Conservative party. Disraeli, of Jewish birth though reared as a Christian, had a brilliant and complicated nature. He was a novelist as well as a statesman. On both stage and screen of our times he has been notably portrayed by the actor George Arliss.

Though Disraeli restored the privileges of unions and promoted factory laws, his greatest interest was in forming a closely knit British Empire. He looked romantically at

" the gorgeous East," and gave the Queen the new title of " Empress of India." His purchase of the Suez Canal from the Khedive of Egypt secured for England the Eastern Gate of the Mediterranean. But he so divided the Balkan countries that they have proved a powder mine to England ever since. Between 1880 and 1900 the countries of Europe competed for colonies, and England came out best — and the envy and jealousy then engendered helped to bring on the World Wars. Her Indian Empire has always seemed important to England, and in 1878, when Russia threatened it, the music-hall song arose:

We don't want to fight, but by *jingo* if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and
we've got the money too.

That is the origin of the word " jingo " or " jingoist " for a person who wants war.



ROTUNDA OF BANK OF ENGLAND. A typical London scene in the middle of the nineteenth century when Victorian England was increasingly prosperous. (Culver)

MANUFACTURING STIMULATES IMPERIALISM

Two great economic causes influenced England's expansion. One was the need of new raw material, chiefly rubber and oil from the tropics. The English manufacturers felt most secure if they could buy their materials from countries controlled by their own government. Also a system of lending to undeveloped countries for improvements, like new railroads and factories, brought several smaller countries under control of England, when they defaulted on their indebtedness.

How England's imperial policy in Africa led into the Boer War will be told in the next chapter.

RESTRAINT SOUNDS THE KEYNOTE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE

In the manners and morals of the Victorian Age, styles were largely set by the Queen's household. The excesses and overemotionalism of the earlier part of the century were now tempered by restraint, dignity, and sometimes a repression that has caused our modern age — in turn rebellious — to regard the word " mid-Victorian " as a synonym for stiff and prudish. Undoubtedly the age had these virtuous vices. Ponderous walnut furniture may be symbolical of somewhat ponderous thought; heavy carpets, of subdued spontaneity; tight waists and unwieldy hoop skirts, of restrictions and slow-moving dignities of social etiquette.

There also was the " latent domination of the young female, for whose eyes everything had got to be fit." Queen Victoria, of blameless private life, " unenlivened by one sparkle of humor," was the ideal of middle-class womanhood. Prince Albert, her consort, was actually seen by Tennyson as a sort of King Arthur. Family prayers were part of the daily routine, and the revered and successful " Papa " of the family dominated his large brood of children. The letters and conversation of that day sound sentimental and stilted to our ears. Although it is easy to make fun of many aspects of Victorian England, we cannot ignore the fact that against this background great individuals stand out in every aspect of intellectual and public life.

SCIENCE AROUSES THE QUESTIONING MIND

Some of the greatest questioning arose through science, which was at last coming

into its own. The Royal Society, inconspicuously founded in the days of the Restoration, had been experimenting ever since, and science had already produced many practical inventions. But the traditional school and university curriculum was slow to open its doors to new studies. Not till the middle of the nineteenth century did the general public become aware of the meaning of science — and then only through the work of Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley.

Charles Darwin cast a bombshell into British intellectual life, for his theories of evolution were felt to undermine religious belief. These questionings are reflected in Tennyson's superb threnody, "In Memoriam" (page 466), in the sections where he asks, "Are God and Nature then at strife?" — and declares, "I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope." Darwin's two great works, *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871), so determined the direction along which science thereafter proceeded that Darwinism is practically synonymous with evolution. In the storms aroused by these books Thomas Henry Huxley came to Darwin's assistance manfully. Not only was he a student of medicine, surgery, anatomy, physiology, and geology, but he also earned an established place in literature through his keen analysis of the place of science in education and human life, and through his autobiography.

On the whole, science was lifted from obscurity and freed from restraint so that the tremendous advance in sanitation, the development of machinery, and the discovery of latent forces in nature, which produced something like a new civilization in the twentieth century, were made possible. During Queen Victoria's long reign of sixty-four years there came into existence many modern conveniences that we now take for granted without realizing how remarkable they seemed when first introduced; namely, the match that lights by friction, photography, ether and chloroform for use in hospitals, antiseptic surgery, the X ray, the telegraph, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT AFFECTS RELIGIOUS LIFE

Another type of religious questioning resulted in the remarkable growth of the Oxford Movement, not to be confused with a development of our time which has used the same name. One of its leaders was a truly great cleric, John Henry Newman. Reacting against the materialism and spiritual indifference of the time, he longed for the mystic beauty and inspiration he found in the medieval church. Eventually he became a Roman Catholic, and rose to the position of cardinal. Though he has been called sentimental and emotional, he was in reality highly intellectual and governed by "remorseless logic" in his decisions. But the Oxford Movement not only turned some of its leaders toward Catholicism; it profoundly vitalized the practices of the Church of England.

CHALLENGES IN MANY FIELDS STARTLE CONSERVATIVES

The many reforms discussed at the beginning of this chapter indicate the nature of the social and political questioning of the day. More challenging writings, toward the end of the century, led into the sociological studies of our own time. A wealthy shipowner made known one undebatable and terrible finding: "In the wealthiest and most productive city in the world, a million and a quarter persons fall below 'The Poverty Line.'" This was something to shock the complacent Victorians!

Traditional education was jolted out of its complacency by forward-looking men. Matthew Arnold, as inspector of schools, disapproved of teaching by rote, and of crowding more than twenty-five or thirty into a class. Thomas Huxley showed how inadequately a purely classical course fitted the average student for life, and fought for the introduction of science into the schools. Many thinkers attacked the frothiness of the current education of girls, urging more solid intellectual subjects to develop their native mental ability. In fact, the whole "woman question" became a burning one

Victorian Age and Twentieth Century



during the nineteenth century. Certain daring spirits desired a college education; others tried to enter the business world; some went to war as nurses; others asked for property rights and, worst of all, declared that women should have the vote. "What's the world coming to!" was the cry of the conservatives.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES REVALUE ARTS AND CRAFTS

In the world of art, also, there was questioning and revaluing. Joseph William Turner (1775–1851) was the most individual painter of the early Victorian period. He was also the least understood until John Ruskin, the art critic, came to his defense with eloquent interpretations of his strange colors and technique. In 1848 a famous art movement was started when seven young painters formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They adopted the name which had been scornfully applied to them because they admired and took over in modified form many of the principles of medieval painting before the days of Raphael. Again Ruskin championed this derided group. In painting, three names stand pre-eminent: William Holman-Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and John Millais. But the movement embraced other arts as well. Rossetti was also an outstanding poet of his day and influenced others not officially in the brotherhood. William Morris was not only a poet but a master of many crafts. In furniture his designs tended toward simplicity and comfort, and the Morris chair perpetuates his name. He founded the Kelmscott Press for artistic bookbinding and printing. Both he and Burne-Jones, another disciple of Rossetti, excelled in making stained-glass windows. Morris had advanced views on the whole social order, and everything he created was deliberately wrought to draw people from the ugly and poor in their surroundings to a land of ideal beauty.

Thus it is evident that during the Victorian period art was closely allied with literature and with the movement for better living conditions.

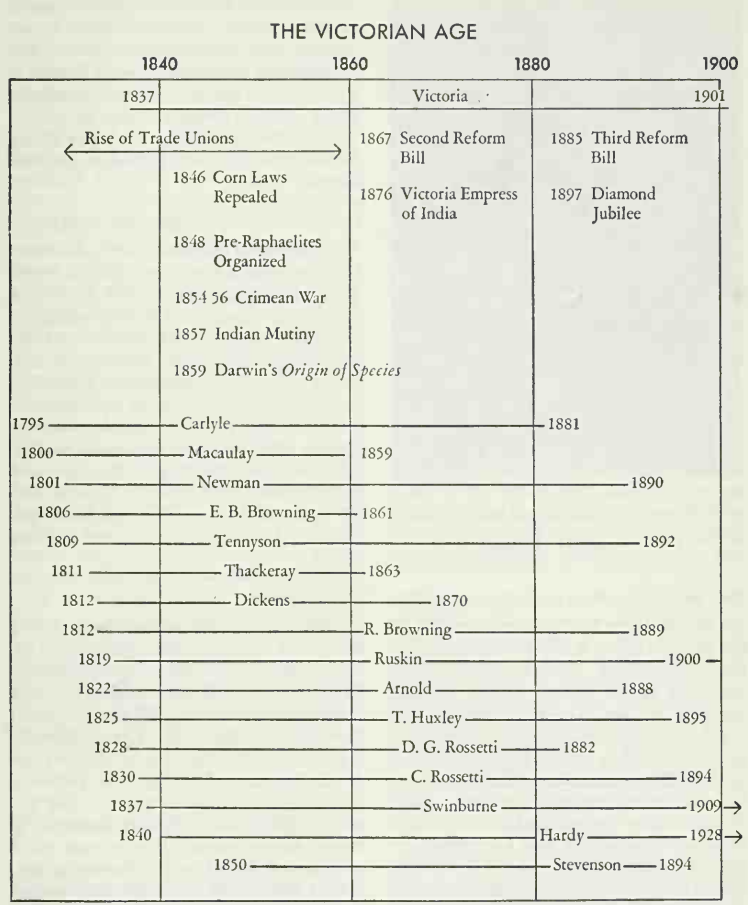
Literature of the Period

The changes in England from a constitutional monarchy to a democracy, from an agricultural to an industrial country, and from a European nation to a world-wide empire are all reflected in her literature. Two trends are conspicuous: (1) The literature of the period reflects nearly every phase of human thought. It does not show one definitely predominating influence as the literature of the seventeenth century reflects the conflict between Puritan and Royalist, and as the literature of the eighteenth century shows the dominance of classicism. (2) There is also a new tendency, the sociological — the desire to study clear-sightedly and solve reasonably the problems of a man-made society.

Consequently there is a marked development of the serious essay penetrating into fields of thought not emphasized by eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century essayists. Science, economics, history, education, art, and religion were discussed in a style which admits them to the realm of literature. The tendency toward serious study also introduced the problem novel and the novel of propaganda. For instance, the desire to remedy certain existing social evils motivates some of the novels of Charles Dickens, though in a strict sense his are not problem novels. This type of novel was to reach its full development early in the next century.

THE NOVEL THE PREDOMINANT TYPE

In the Victorian Age the novel took its place as *the* form of literature. In observing the brilliant trio of novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, we must not forget that surrounding them were countless minor novelists, some of whom reached permanent distinction (see pages 330–31.) The short story, then making rapid advances in America, was less prominent in England; in fact, it hardly started in England until the contributions of Robert Louis Stevenson toward the end of the age.



ESSAYISTS COVER A WIDE RANGE OF SUBJECTS

Stevenson, too, was the first to fill the gap left by Charles Lamb in the familiar-essay field. The great Victorian essayists preceding him were too concerned with weighty problems to have the requisite light touch. Thomas Carlyle was a thundering prophet against cant, materialism, and social injustice; Thomas Babington Macaulay wrote history and literary criticism with vividness and suavity; John Ruskin delved into both art and social problems. John Henry Newman's special field was religion; Matthew Arnold's, culture; Thomas



WHAT SHALL I BUY? The nineteenth century marked a tremendous increase in the reading public over the eighteenth. Note the typical school-boy's hat. (Culver)

Huxley's, science. Practically all of them in some way touched on problems of education and society. Two of them — Macaulay and Arnold — also won reputation as poets.

THE VICTORIAN AGE A GOLDMINE OF POETRY

Though poetry had yielded the center of the stage to prose, it still played an important role. Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning shared honors as the greatest poets of the age. Tennyson followed the footsteps of the romanticists; more than any other poet he expressed the Victorian spirit in his writings. Browning, while owning the romanticists as his masters, struck out into more original paths. His interest in human psychology and his rugged expression anticipated the poetry of our own day. The lesser poets were largely of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a band who, protesting against the ugly materialism of industrial civilization, withdrew to realms of sheer beauty.

THE DRAMA FAILS TO FLOURISH

Among these varied forms of intellectual and literary life, the drama alone waned. Though Browning developed his dramatic monologues with telling effect, and Tennyson wrote poetic dramas (usually unsuccessful), there was no great stage play and no important dramatist in Great Britain in the nineteenth century until the last decade, which is a part of the modern age.

The revival of interest in drama during the nineties will be discussed in the next chapter.

THE READING PUBLIC INCREASES VASTLY

Certain other Victorian trends are interesting as approaches to our present world. With the extension of education the reading public was constantly widening, magazines multiplied rapidly, and literary fortunes were being made — not through the subscriptions of a few aristocrats, as Pope's had been, but through the sale of large numbers to the middle classes. America, too, was opening up as a market for reading matter, and considerable pirating of literature went on back and forth across the Atlantic until the international copyright agreement was established to protect the rights of authors.

WOMEN WRITERS COME INTO THE FOREGROUND

Gradually women writers were taking their place beside the men. The path to literary fame so timorously investigated by Fanny Burney and Jane Austen was now confidently trodden by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Mary Ann Evans, although the latter at first concealed her identity under the pen name of George Eliot. In poetry Christina Rossetti took rank with her talented brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. No sooner was it proved that women could write than they did so with increasing zest, just as they began to invade other realms of the business and professional world which had hitherto been men's exclusively.

SUMMARY

The Victorian Age was, on the whole, one of peace and prosperity in spite of "the hungry forties," Irish unrest, the Crimean War, and the Sepoy Rebellion. The spirit of reform, begun in the previous age, continued

throughout the century and resulted in improved living conditions for sailors and industrial workers, in better educational facilities for the masses, and in an extension of the franchise. The two great prime ministers were Gladstone and Disraeli. Under Disraeli, England's imperial policy was emphasized and her possessions were greatly increased. England, France, and Germany were the three great European nations watching one another to maintain a balance of power. Science made tremendous advances during this period, and the theories of Darwin about evolution tended to unsettle religious thinking. On the other hand, the Oxford Movement emphasized the mystic and devotional aspects of religion. Art gained new prominence through the work of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Women demanded greater opportunities for higher education and better occupations, as well as the privilege of voting. Literature reflected, in its variety and thought content, the challenging ideas of the age. The novel and the essay were predominant and were usually concerned with the serious rather than the lighter aspects of life. Poetry centered in two great names — Tennyson and Browning — though many other poets did creditable work. The drama was practically nonexistent. The nineteenth century has left a rich and varied heritage of literature for us to enjoy for its own sake and to read for a better understanding of why we are as we are today.

Thomas Carlyle 1795–1881

Chief among the great Victorian prose writers was Thomas Carlyle, the pessimistic "sage of Chelsea." Like an Old Testament prophet, he descended upon London; and for nearly fifty years he scolded and rebuked the British, who at that period seemed content to accept the mere forms of religion so long as they did not interfere with the good things of life produced by the Industrial Age.

The eldest of nine children, Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, near Dumfries, Scotland. His parents were typical Scotch folk:



THOMAS CARLYLE, "The Sage of Chelsea" as seen by the portrait painter, James A. M. Whistler. (Culver)

honest, poor, prudent, hard-working, and bred on porridge, Burns, and the Bible. His father, a stonemason, decided that his unusual son should become a Presbyterian minister; so Thomas was sent to Edinburgh University, a distance of a hundred miles, which he walked, arriving there a month before his fifteenth birthday. Of his five years of painful economy there, he records: "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of sly humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia." This illness, which persisted throughout his life, largely caused his irritability and gloomy view of the world. While at the university, he made a special study of German literature, which opened up a new world for him. From this he acquired much of his philosophy and his individual, uneven, un-English style of writing, which has been called "Carlylese."

Having decided against entering the ministry, Carlyle nearly starved to death for two years on the meager returns from his writing. Finally he became a tutor in London, where he

met and married Jane Welsh, a beautiful and brilliant Scotch girl. The couple took refuge from the high cost of London by living on Jane's farm at Craigenputtock. Here Carlyle did much reading and writing, and began his thirty years' friendship with Emerson, through which each gained a reading public in the other's country.

To be nearer the publishers, the Carlyles moved back to London in 1834, and thereafter the narrow, three-story house on Cheyne Row with its bit of garden was thronged with admirers. Among these were Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, Kingsley; Tennyson, a lifelong friend; and Ruskin, an ardent disciple. To shut out distraction, Carlyle built himself a soundproof study, in which he devoted himself to producing essays on literary men, original pieces of philosophy, and his historical masterpiece, *The French Revolution*. A tragic circumstance connected with this history was the accidental burning of the manuscript by the stupid servant of a friend to whom Carlyle had given the manuscript to read. Carlyle had kept no notes, and could not recall any of his wording. So he sat down and read Marryat's novels for a week and then rewrote his famous book, which has been aptly called "history by lightning flashes."

The loss of his wife, upon whom he depended for literary criticism, was a blow from which Carlyle never recovered. He stoically endured his affliction, but lived a secluded life of no great productivity for his remaining fifteen years. After a funeral service in Westminster Abbey he was buried, according to his own wish, among his people at Ecclefechan, Scotland. Whistler's familiar portrait has adequately preserved for us the features of that rugged and sincere soul who strove "to bring dead things and dead people back to life, and to inspire the youth of the world to love the truth and to do righteous deeds."

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

This vivid account of the storming of the Bastille,[1] from *The French Revolution*, shows how intense was the conflict between the nobility and the oppressed classes. The Bastille prison, standing in the heart of the Saint-Antoine suburb, a working-class quarter, has become to them a symbol of the iniquities and oppressions of monarchical government. The day of its destruction, July 14, 1789, is the great French national festival, still celebrated by military reviews and dancing in the streets.

This selection illustrates Carlyle's unique style of broken exclamatory sentences and his method of writing history as romance, using in it the color, emotion, and vivid detail which Scott had introduced into historical fiction.

The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit, for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais,[2] old soldier of the Régiment Dauphiné; [3] smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles around thee! Never, over nave [4] or felloe,[5] did thy ax strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus; [6] let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guardroom, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère [7] (also an old soldier) seconding him. The chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious! and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their invalide [8] musketry, their paving stones and cannon mouths, still soar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* toward us; the Bastille is still to take! . . .

Paris, wholly, has got to the acme of its frenzy, whirled all ways by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls, simmering, a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play dis-

[1] **Bastille** (băs-tēl′).

[2] **Marais** (mă-rā′): a manufacturing quarter of Paris. [3] **Régiment Dauphiné** (rā-jē-măn′ dō-fē-nā′): regiment of the Dauphin, or King's Son. [4] **nave**: the hub of a wheel. [5] **felloe**: a segment of the rim of a wooden wheel. [6] **Orcus**: in Roman mythology, the home of the dead; the underworld. [7] **Bonnemère** (bŏn-mĕr′). [8] **invalide** (ăn-vă-lēd′): veteran (originally, wounded soldier).

tractedly into that grand fire maelstrom [1] which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and roars. Cholat,[2] the wine merchant, has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget,[3] of the marine service, fresh from Brest,[4] play the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like). Georget lay last night taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him* for a hundred years; yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music; for, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest diligence,[5] and ran. Gardes Françaises,[6] also, will be here with real artillery. Were not the walls so thick! Upward from the esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot, and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage of whatsoever is combustible! Guardrooms are burnt, invalides messrooms. A distracted "peruke [7] maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpeters of the arsenal," had not a woman run screaming, had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young, beautiful lady seized, escaping, in these outer courts, and thought, falsely, to be De Launay's [8] daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies, swooned, on a paillasse; [9] but, again, a patriot — it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier — dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled hither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole, the "gigantic haberdasher," another. Smoke as of Tophet,[10] confusion as of Babel,[11] noise as of the crack of doom!

Blood flows, the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; [12] the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas! how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville.[13] . . . These wave their town flag in the arched gateway, and stand, rolling their drum, but to no purpose. In such crack of doom De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire pumps on the invalides cannon to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired by "a mixture of phosphorous and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps." O Spinola-Santerre,[14] hast thou the mixture *ready?* Every man his own engineer! And still the fire deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks — at least one woman (with her sweetheart) and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin, rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court, there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began, and is now pointing

[1] **maelstrom**: a whirlpool off the northwest coast of Norway; used figuratively, any resistless movement or influence. [2] **Cholat** (shō-lä'). [3] **Georget** (zhôr-zhĕ'). [4] **Brest**: a naval station in northwest France. [5] **diligence** (dē-lē-jhäns'): a French stagecoach. [6] **Gardes Françaises** (gärd frän-sĕz'): French guards. [7] **peruke**: a wig. [8] **De Launay** (dē lō-nā'): governor of the Bastille; slain after its capture. [9] **paillasse** (pāl-yās'): a straw mattress.

[10] **Tophet** (tō'fĕt): a place near Jerusalem used for burning city refuse; here, hell. [11] **Babel** (bā'bĕl): a confusion of many tongues and voices; from the Tower of Babel (Genesis 11 : 9). [12] **Rue Cerisaie** (rü sĕr-ē-sā'): a street in Paris. [13] **Hôtel-de-Ville** (ō-tĕl-d'vēl'): City Hall. [14] **Spinola-Santerre** (spī-nō'lä-sän-târ'): Santerre, a leader of the Parisian Revolutionary mob, is likened to General Spinola, who captured a fortress in Holland in 1625.

toward five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred invalides! . . .

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done — what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder magazine; motionless, like an old Roman senator, or bronze lamp holder; coldly apprising Thuriot [1] and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should in nowise be surrendered, save to the king's messengers; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*,[2] how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward? In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, curé [3] of St. Stephen, and all the tagrag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. . . . Distracted he hovers between two — hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death agony of the Bastille and thee! Jail, jailoring, and jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the world bedlam roared; call it the world chimera,[4] blowing fire! The poor invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins, go beating the chamade,[5] or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis [6] look weary of firing, disheartened in the fire deluge; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stoned ditch, plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers perilous — such a dove toward such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher; one man already fell and lies smashed, far down there against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerringly, he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through the porthole; the shifty usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? "*Foi d'officier* [on the word of an officer]," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie — for men do not agree on it — "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen!

Victoire! La Bastille est prise! [7]

[1] **Thuriot** (tü-rĭ-ō'): a French Jacobin; voted for the death of the King and helped to overthrow Robespierre; died in 1829. [2] ***canaille*** (kȧ-nāl'): the vulgar multitude; the mob. [3] **curé** (kū-rā'): parish priest. [4] **chimera** (kī-mē'rä): a mythical fire-breathing animal. [5] **chamade** (shȧ-mäd'): a drum or trumpet signal for a parley.

[6] **Swiss . . . portcullis:** The French hired Swiss mercenaries as guards. The portcullis was an iron grating at the entrance. [7] ***Victoire . . . prise:*** "Victory! The Bastille is taken."

Suggestions for Study of Carlyle

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

1. Show by specific examples how Carlyle makes the scene vivid and dramatic.

2. What does he show of the revolutionists' attitude toward the aristocrats? How does excitement destroy their judgment? What do you learn about mob psychology? Does Carlyle show sympathy with either side? If so, which?

3. What is the significance of the fall of the Bastille in French history?

4. Dickens based his description of the fall of the Bastille in *A Tale of Two Cities* (Book II, Chapter 21) largely on Carlyle's account. It would be interesting to compare the two.

Read also an account from a more recent history such as Shailer Mathews' *The French Revolution.*

5. Write an account of a fire, flood, or some other exciting event you have experienced, trying to give it the surge, suspense, and climax of excitement that Carlyle gives his description.

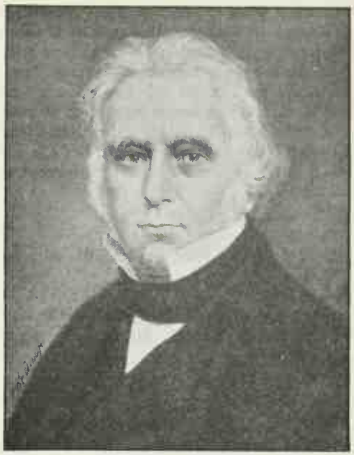
Thomas Babington Macaulay

1800–1859

Unlike Carlyle's long martyrdom Macaulay's life was passed in ease and comfort; in fact, his was one of the most successful and brilliant careers in the annals of literature. His father, a wealthy merchant of Scotch ancestry, was the distinguished leader of the band of humanitarians who secured the peaceful abolition of slavery in the British Empire. Thomas was a precocious child: at three he was able to read; at four he gave indications of a marvelous memory; at eight he wrote a theological discourse. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where with the single exception of mathematics, which he detested, he carried off all the prizes. His phenomenal memory (it is said he could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost*) enabled him to enrich his conversation, debates, and writings with apt allusions and accurate quotations. He was a great reader all his life and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.

From the publication at twenty-five of his essay on Milton, Macaulay's career was a series of literary and political triumphs. When he entered Parliament in 1830, he rose to immediate fame through his orations in support of the Reform Bill. But his father's loss of property compelled him to give up a promising career in Parliament and take a lucrative position as member of the Supreme Council in India for four years. Later he re-entered the House of Commons, held two cabinet positions in succession, and greatly increased his fame as an orator and statesman.

In addition to his official duties he wrote continuously. At thirty-nine he began his world-renowned *History of England*, in which he created a new form, the historical essay. So popular was his style that in ten weeks the third volume had the record-breaking sale of twenty-six thousand, five hundred copies. His royalties of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would have been trebled if he had received payment for the copies sold in the United States alone. "No work of any kind," wrote his American publishers, "has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm." The *History* was translated into many languages and brought him not only fame but a peerage. While working on his masterpiece during a period of twenty years, he published his popular *Lays of Ancient Rome* and his great essays on Bunyan, Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith, which entitle him to share honors with Carlyle as the greatest of English essayists. Because of his strong hold on the reading public, he has been called "the prince of popularizers."



THOMAS B. MACAULAY who, after a long and successful political career, retired to write his *History of England* which rivalled novels of the day in popularity. (Culver)

FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Macaulay has told us that he planned his *History of England* to "supersede the last fashionable novel upon the dressing table of young ladies." It is, indeed, as readable as a novel, with its vivid details and clear-cut, vigorous style. In his attempt to make the seventeenth

century a living experience to his readers, he succeeded so well that the book is a classic among literary histories. The work was originally designed to include the period from James II to William IV; but only five volumes were published, covering sixteen years up to the reign of Queen Anne. The following description from Chapter III is a graphic portrayal of life and manners in the English capital in the days of Charles II.

LONDON STREETS

The position of London, relatively to the other towns of the empire, was, in the time of Charles the Second, far higher than at present. For at present the population of London is little more than six times the population of Manchester [1] or of Liverpool.[2] In the days of Charles the Second the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or of Norwich. It may be doubted whether any other instance can be mentioned of a great kingdom in which the first city was more than seventeen times as large as the second. There is reason to believe that in 1685 London had been, during about half a century, the most populous capital in Europe. The inhabitants, who are now at least nineteen hundred thousand, were then probably little more than half a million. . . .

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden [3] a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The center of Lincoln's Inn Fields [4] was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper [5] was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighborhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.

Saint James's Square [6] was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster.[7] At one time a cudgel player [8] kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond, Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would

[1] **Manchester:** the great cotton-manufacturing center of Lancashire. [2] **Liverpool:** England's second shipping port; on the west coast. [3] **Covent Garden:** the largest fruit and flower market in London.

[4] **Lincoln's Inn Fields:** the largest square in London, surrounded by lawyers' offices and old mansions. [5] **mumper:** a beggar and impostor. [6] **Saint James's Square:** later a fashionable district. [7] **Westminster:** the section of London where the government houses are now located. [8] **cudgel player:** a man skilled in defending himself with cudgel or staff.

now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved toward the kennel.[1] If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.[2]

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen,[3] porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period rose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk. The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their homes; and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in alehouses than to pace the streets. . . .

LONDON COFFEEHOUSES

The coffeehouse must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffeehouses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth,

[1] **kennel:** street gutter. [2] **Montague House** (mŏn'tâ-gū): a government building in Whitehall. [3] **chairmen:** men who carried the sedan chairs.

by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffeehouse to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffeehouse had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's [1] administration, to close the coffeehouses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffeehouses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffeehouse was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffeehouse was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington,[2] to excite the mirth of theaters. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffeerooms reeked with tobacco like a guardroom; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault [3] and the moderns, a faction for Boileau [4] and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* [5] ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars,[6] sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Lau-

[1] **Danby:** Thomas Osborn, Lord Danby; Lord Treasurer under Charles II.

[2] **Foppington:** a character in *The Relapse*, by Vanbrugh; he pronounced "Lord" as "Lard."

[3] **Perrault** (pĕr-ō′): a French writer; member of the French Academy (1628–1703).

[4] **Boileau** (bwȧ-lō′): French satirist and critic (1636–1711); member of the French Academy. The two disputed the merits of ancient and modern literature.

[5] ***Venice Preserved***: a play by Thomas Otway (1652–1685).

[6] **Templars:** Lawyers and law students resided in the Temple.

reate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's[1] last tragedy or of Bossu's[2] treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuffbox was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffeehouses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garaway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffeehouses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffeehouses where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffeehouses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal[3] of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the Lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar.[4] His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the Lord Mayor's show. Money droppers, sore from the cart's tail,[5] introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to Saint James's,[6] his informants sent him to Mile End.[7] If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffeehouse, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

[1] **Racine** (rȧ-sēn′): a French dramatic poet (1639–1699). [2] **Bossu** (bôs-ü′): eminent French critic (1631–1680). [3] **Kraal** (krȧl): a stockaded village of South African natives. [4] **Lascar:** East Indian sailor.

[5] **Money droppers . . . tail:** cheats, who had been tied to a cart and whipped through the streets. [6] **Saint James's:** the fashionable residential district in the west side. [7] **Mile End:** a poor district in the East End of London.

Suggestions for Study of Macaulay

1. What are the most noticeable differences between London as Macaulay describes it and a modern American city? What difficulties were there for pedestrians? What problems of lawlessness do we still have?

2. What part did the coffeehouses play in the life of the day? What in modern life corresponds most closely to them? What light is thrown on the fashions of that day? on different classes of people in London? Do you think you would have enjoyed living in London in those days? Why, or why not?

3. Judging Carlyle and Macaulay by the selections in this book, what differences do you observe in their sentence structure, language, and manner of writing history? Which do you prefer?

4. All of Chapter III in Volume I of *The History of England* gives an interesting picture of general conditions in England. A particularly good oral report for the class would be on travel conditions, a passage which follows the selection from Chapter III given in this book. This report could be illustrated with pictures of old coaches.

5. Write an account of your own town or city either as it is today or as it was in the past.

John Henry Newman 1801–1890

Though born in London, John Henry Newman spent nearly half of his long life in Oxford, as student, teacher, and clergyman. From early manhood he seemed destined for some high office in the Church because of his extraordinary talents, gentle mien, and deeply religious nature. While he was rector of St. Mary's Church, a difference of opinion with some of the college authorities led him to resign his position and travel abroad. It was while he was returning from Sicily in 1833, still troubled about his future course of action, that he wrote his deathless hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Soon after his return to England, Newman, with other earnest Anglicans, launched the Oxford Movement — an attempt to regain the spirit and doctrine of early Christianity. For many years he was closely identified with this movement, which he sponsored in his tracts and powerful sermons.

In 1845, after much study and reflection, he joined the Roman Catholic Church, a step which caused Disraeli, England's famous prime minister and statesman, to say that "Anglicanism reeled under the shock." After serving as rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin for four years, he was created a cardinal. The rest of his life was spent at the Birmingham Oratory, where his Christian character and his intellectual and spiritual powers brought him the high regard of his countrymen of all religions.

Newman's prose, always clear, logical, and eloquent, is at its best in such essays as *The Idea of a University*, from which the following passages are taken, and in his autobiography, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Apology for His Life).

THE EDUCATED MAN

A university is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to get right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in

any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm.

THE GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast — all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion;

he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

Suggestions for Study of Newman

1. What, to the author's mind, is the intrinsic value of a college education? If you plan to go to college, how does your own idea of what you expect to get out of it compare with Newman's? Has your high-school training taught you any of the things mentioned by Newman? If so, which?

2. Give briefly his definition of a gentleman, listing the chief characteristics. Is the gentleman made attractive to you, or not? Can a person be a great man and yet not a gentleman? Discuss. Are gentlemen common or uncommon in your community?

3. Study the author's method of presenting an argument. How does he gain our interest in his statements? How does he impress them on our minds? Prove that he is scrupulous in his choice of words.

Thomas Henry Huxley 1825–1895

Among all the distinguished scientists who adorned the Victorian age, Thomas Huxley holds a unique position. An all-round man of spotless life, devoted unselfishly to the service of his fellow men and to the science to which he contributed so greatly, he had the happy gift of being able to share his investigations, both by tongue and pen, with the unscientific mind.

Because of the limited means of his parents, Huxley had to do without the higher education he craved. From boyhood he was interested in geology and engineering, but his parents thought he would be more successful in the medical profession. So he became a doctor and soon found himself, like Darwin, in service at sea.

Appointed assistant surgeon on H.M.S. *Battle Snake*, Huxley began to make original studies of life at sea, keeping in mind what Carlyle had said: "Make things clear, and get rid of cant and show of all sorts." One of the first papers reporting his research which he sent to England was published by the Royal Society. On his return home after four years of observation and calculation, he resigned from the navy, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and for the next thirty-one years served as professor of natural history with the Royal Society of Mines and also as professor of physiology at the Royal Institute.

During his remaining years Huxley suffered from wretched health, but with resolute courage he fulfilled the promise of his early discoveries by his epoch-making studies in biology, especially in paleontology (the study of fossils). By diligent toil he made himself one of the most effective writers and public speakers of his country. He had wit, eloquence, and lightning repartee.

His most important works include scientific writings on biology, comparative anatomy, physiology, and the relation between evolution and ethics. His value as a speaker and writer is best illustrated by his defense of his master, Darwin, whose thought-provoking book, *The Origin of Species*, was being torn to pieces by the critics. Huxley's lectures attracted large crowds of both rich and poor. One day when he offered his fare to the cabman who had driven him to the lecture hall, the cabman, to his surprise and delight, said, "No, Mr. Huxley; your lectures have done me too much good to let you pay your fare. It is an honor to have driven you, sir." The great biologist had not dreamed that he had been recognized.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Huxley was not a scientist in the sense that he was concerned only with experimentation in a narrow field, but rather in the broader sense of one interested in applying the laws of science to the whole of life. The following statement of his views is part of a long address delivered to the South London Working Men's College in

1868. This college, founded in 1854, was one of the evidences of the growing interest in popular education during the Victorian age. Compulsory education was not yet established, but it was on its way. In the first part of this address Huxley says: "I believe we should have compulsory education in the course of [the] next session [of Parliament] if there were the least probability that half a dozen leading statesmen of different parties would agree what that education should be." He then goes on to show what he believes to be the purpose and scope of a liberal education, in the extract given here. The last part of the address, concerned with a detailed criticism of educational practices of his day, most of which are now outmoded, is omitted.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education, which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might

seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members — Nature having no Test-Acts.[1]

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," [2] who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; [3] and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience — incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education — that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education — is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education, which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

[1] **Test-Acts:** acts which at that time excluded from English universities all those who did not profess the established religion. [2] **"Poll":** the poll degree at Cambridge was the common degree, without honors. The term was derived from a Greek word, *οἱ πολλοί* meaning "the common people." We still use this term, *hoi polloi*. [3] **plucked:** English college slang, same as "flunked" in America.

Suggestions for Study of Huxley

1. How does Huxley compare life to a game of chess? If you have never played chess, the terms he uses will mean nothing to you. Can you think of any plays in the game of life which would mean nothing to you because your education so far has not provided you with the necessary vocabulary and experience? Are there any of these which you expect to gain in college?

2. Discuss what studies you have had so far which you think will most definitely help you to play the game of life.

3. Why does Huxley think there is no such thing as an uneducated man? Do you think there can be such a thing as a "self-made" man?

4. Compare Huxley's definition of true education with Newman's (see page 454). Are there any differences? Which do you prefer?

5. Do you think Huxley would overemphasize science in planning the details of a young person's education? Discuss.

6. Students interested in science may well read on in Huxley. A special report on his famous lecture, "A Piece of Chalk," would interest the whole class. See the list on page 531 for other readings.

7. Huxley was a charming letter writer with a genuine sense of humor. Read also his short autobiography. For collections of letters, see page 321.

8. Read the remainder of "A Liberal Education" to find out what improvements in college courses have been made since his day. Select some of the most striking differences to report to the class.

Alfred Tennyson 1809–1892

The year 1809 has been called an *annus mirabilis* (marvelous year) of the English-speaking world, for in that year were born Darwin, Edward Fitzgerald, Gladstone, and Tennyson, as well as Lincoln and O. W. Holmes.

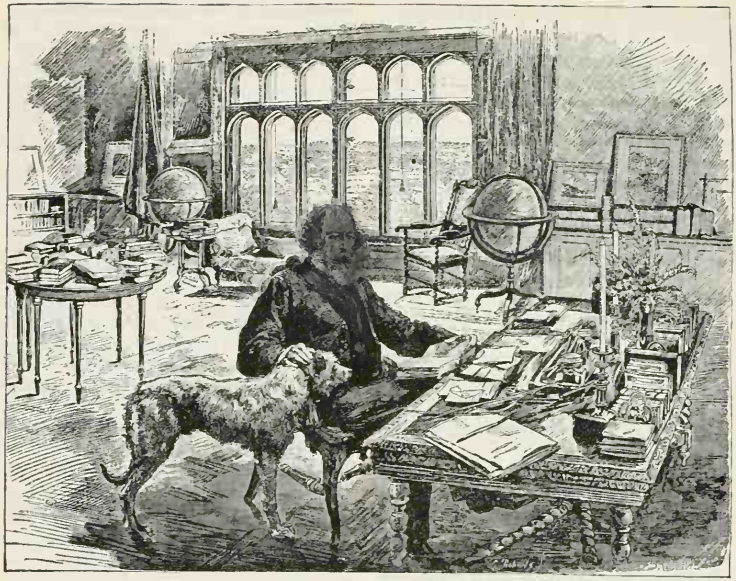
Tennyson's birthplace was Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, where his father was the rector. He was a man of energetic character, remarkable for his strength, his stature, and his various talents. Tennyson's mother was a "sweet, gentle, kindhearted, most imaginative woman." The fourth son in a happy family of twelve children, Alfred Tennyson passed his childhood mainly in the companionship of his brothers and sisters in an atmosphere of culture. In this quiet hamlet the Tennyson children lived in a world of their own making. "The boys played great games, like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap; or, again, they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. When dinnertime came, and they all sat around the table, each in turn put what he or she had written underneath the potato bowl." Even as a child, Tennyson was writing verse. When he was eighteen, he and his brother Charles published *Poems of Two Brothers*.

The following year both entered Cambridge University. Here Alfred won the Chancellor's medal for his "Timbuctoo" and published a second volume of verse. At college he formed many friendships which influenced him greatly. One member of his literary group was Arthur Hallam, the brilliant young son of the historian, Henry Hallam. The two students became close friends — with marked results both on Tennyson's life and on his verse — for Hallam's sudden death in Vienna in 1833 brought the poet the greatest sorrow of his life. Almost at once he began a series of poems which grew during the next seventeen years into the elegy, *In Memoriam*.

Meanwhile preceding volumes of verse had established his fame and, when the government awarded him a pension in 1850, he was able to marry Miss Emily Sellwood, whom he had loved for many years. That same year he was appointed poet laureate, successor to Wordsworth. He soon withdrew to the seclusion of Farringford on the Isle of Wight, but later built a beautiful home at Aldworth in Surrey, where his remaining years were spent in ease and happiness.

In 1884, after the publication of the collection of metrical stories which make up *The Idylls of the King*, he was given a peerage, an honor that he had refused twice previously. This was the first time an English poet had been so signally honored. He lies in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and beside his great contemporary Robert Browning.

One of the most interesting points of his long literary life is that, while he began writing good verse early and devoted his lifetime to his art, he maintained his skill throughout, for the verse of his eightieth year was not inferior to his earlier works.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. The poet laureate and spokesman of the Victorian age is here pictured in the study of his home at Aldworth in Surrey. (Culver)

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Sensitive and deeply responsive to contemporary thought, Tennyson was especially interested in science. In this short lyric he expresses the idea, familiar in science, that the secret of existence is to be found in all things.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

THE EAGLE

From this fragment we see not only that Tennyson was sympathetic with nature, but that he was a close, accurate observer.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE BUGLE SONG

This and the following lyric are from *The Princess*, a long narrative poem which champions woman's right to an education. These several lyrics, which are interspersed in and between its cantos, are among Tennyson's most melodious and popular songs. It is said that the echo of a bugle over the waters of Lake Killarney in Ireland suggested the theme of this song to the poet while he was visiting there with his bride, referred to in the closing stanza.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

9. **scar:** bare rock. 15, 16. **Our . . . forever:** The echo of the bugle dies soon, but the influence of one loved person on another continues long.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

This poem was written on a visit of Tennyson to Tintern Abbey. Of this visit Tennyson wrote, "The woods were all yellowing with autumn, seen through the ruined windows. . . . It is distance that charms the past."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

This ballad is Tennyson's first poem dealing with one of his favorite themes — the medieval romances of King Arthur and his Round Table. It was later elaborated into "Lancelot and Elaine," one of the romantic stories of *The Idylls of the King*.

The keynote of the poem is found in the Lady's comment, "I am half sick of shadows." Tennyson's explanation of the symbolism of the story is: "The newborn love for something, for someone in the wide world from which she has been so long excluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities."

In its perfection of form, its sweet and dreamy melancholy, and its exquisite adaptation of the verse to sounds, this poem is characteristic of Tennyson at his best.

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

3. **wold:** an open field. 5. **Camelot:** a mysterious city where King Arthur and his knights held court in medieval romances.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot.
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot:
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:

10. **whiten:** Leaves turned upside by the breeze show their underside, which is white. 20. **barges:** roomy, flat-bottomed freight boats; here drawn by horses along the canal borders. 22. **shallop:** a light pleasure boat.

52. **churls:** country folk. 56. **pad:** an easy-paced riding horse. 76. **greaves:** armor for the legs below the knees. 77. **Lancelot:** one of the most famous knights of the Round Table. 78. **red-cross knight:** a symbol of St. George, patron saint of England. He slew the dragon, and thus saved a maiden from sacrifice. 82. **gemmy:** studded with jewels. 84. **Galaxy:** the Milky Way, a pathway of myriad stars stretching across the middle heavens.

And from his blazoned baldric slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hoofs his war horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boathead wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the waterside,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

87. **baldric:** a decorated belt worn diagonally across the chest.

160. **burgher:** a citizen.

ULYSSES

Old Greek tales as well as the legends of chivalry engaged Tennyson's attention and supplied subjects for several of his well-known poems. Among these "Ulysses" is a favorite, not only because it shows the sturdy Greek wanderer faring forth in his old age to further accomplishment, but because it symbolizes the restless onward urge of civilization, which especially appealed to the Victorian world. It is said that when the question was hanging in the balance as to whether Tennyson or another man should receive a government pension, the decision in Tennyson's favor came about through the impression made by this poem.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known — cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all —
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

10. **Hyades** (hī'ā-dēz): stars in the constellation Taurus supposed to bring rain.

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though

We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

63. **Happy Isles:** the place where heroes went after death.

LOCKSLEY HALL

A PROPHECY

This remarkable prophecy is a selection from a dramatic monologue in which a disappointed lover visions the changes which the future will bring. The poem was written in 1842. Before a century had passed, air combats, begun in World War I, had rained their "ghastly dew" in unprecedented destruction on a world at war. But "the federation of the world" has yet to come.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Saw the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

3. **argosies:** fleets of ships laden with vast riches.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

This lyric is the poet's first expression of his profound personal grief on hearing of the death of Arthur Hallam. Tennyson said it was composed "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges." The actual scene of the poem is Clevedon Church, situated on a solitary hill overlooking the Bristol Channel. There Hallam is buried.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

IN MEMORIAM

Tennyson's long memorial poem, or elegy, for his friend Arthur Hallam, is the outcome of seventeen years of grief, memory, and thought. It consists of one hundred and thirty-one short poems, some of them complete in themselves, which reveal the poet's solution of the problems of life and death and immortality. This poem expresses a call of the heart, asking the reason for and the outcome of death.

PROEM

Although this is the introduction to Tennyson's great elegy, it was written after the completion of all the rest. In reality it is a prayer, with the heart of it expressed in the fifth and sixth stanzas. While the dominant note is the poet's faith in God and his certainty of the immortality of the soul, we find here also the poet's ideas on free will, moral systems, and wisdom. He believes that God is more than all our thoughts of Him, and that these thoughts are the product not of knowledge but of faith.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

19. **broken lights:** colored or prismatic lights; the partial truth obtainable in this world. 24. **a beam in darkness:** knowledge. 32. **light:** the perfect truth. 33. **sin:** mourning for the dead. 34. **worth:** devotion to the memory of Hallam. Tennyson asks forgiveness for both his grief and his devotion.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

LIV

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

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

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

CVI

This section, quite complete in itself, is a hymn to the New Year to bring in a new age of fulfillment of human hopes. Because of its "new stirring melody of faith, hope, high desire, and victorious trust," it has become the New Year song of the English-speaking nations.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die,

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

Tennyson wrote this poem in 1861 on his second visit to the beautiful valley of Cauteretz in the Pyrenees, where he had traveled with his great friend Arthur Hallam in 1830. The poignant note of memory echoes and re-echoes throughout these lines.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

CROSSING THE BAR

Tennyson tells us that this lyric, written in his eighty-first year, "came in a moment." That evening, when the poet read it aloud, his son said enthusiastically, "It is the crown of your life's work." A few days before his death Tennyson said to his son, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of my poems." The request has always been observed.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

3. **moaning:** It is a popular belief among some peoples that the tide moans in going out, whenever a death has occurred.

13. **bourne:** bounded territory, referring here to earthly life. Compare "the boundless deep" (of Eternity), line 7. 15. **Pilot:** in other words of Tennyson's own, "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

Suggestions for Study of Tennyson

THE SHORT LYRICS

1. For each of the short lyrics indicate the main idea or mood in a sentence. What conclusion do you draw from this summary as to Tennyson's prevailing mood?

2. How does the "singable" quality of these poems compare with that in other lyric writers, such as Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Moore, Shelley? Many of Tennyson's lyrics have been set to music. Obtain as many phonograph records of them as possible for class presentation, or use a group of singers for bringing the music to the class.

3. Memorize the lyrics of Tennyson which you especially like.

4. In "The Bugle Song" show how each stanza marks a stage in the life of an echo. What single word in each of the last two stanzas recalls the sunset glory of the first one? Select all words that heighten the mood of reflection, the musical effect.

5. In "Tears, Idle Tears," point out the differences in the refrain and show how the difference grows out of the thought of each stanza. Discuss the effect on the mood of the reader of the many images and the blank verse, an unusual form for a lyric.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

6. Each of the four parts of this poem advances a step of the main theme:

Part I. The mysterious lady in her isolated castle overlooking the highway to Camelot.

Part II. The weaving of the magic web, depicting the people and events which she sees only by reflection in her mirror.

Part III. The reflection of Lancelot brings her to the window to see him in reality. Her unrequited love for him, awakening her to real life, shatters the world of shadows (symbolized by the breaking of the mirror).

Part IV. Her voyage to Camelot and Lancelot's consequent emotions.

Characterize the mood of each part.

7. Analyze the character of the lady.

8. Select several archaic words and discuss their poetical use here.

9. Why is so much stress laid on the splendor of Lancelot and his equipment?

10. How do the vivid descriptions of each season and the unusual verse form enhance our interest in the story?

11. If the class has never studied *The Idylls of the King*, a day or more should be given to becoming acquainted with that great series. Have a group of special reports on the different *Idylls*, especially "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Passing of Arthur." Review the history of the Arthur legends given under Malory in this book (see page 95). Show copies of Edwin Abbey's Holy Grail pictures.

ULYSSES

12. Review the chief incidents in the career of Ulysses after the Trojan War was over. What was the name of the "aged wife"?

13. This conclusion to his life is not told in the old Greek stories, but it is suggested in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Is it in keeping with the character of Ulysses as given by the Greeks?

14. This poem was written after the death of Hallam. Find lines which echo this tragedy in Tennyson's life, and the spirit with which he was trying to live it down.

15. Discuss in what way the spirit of Ulysses represents all civilization.

16. Select the lines in the poem which best bring out these main ideas:

(1) Life is a series of experiences, each one of which leaves its mark.

(2) Life's possibilities are endless.

(3) No individual lives long enough to experience all that life has to offer.

(4) Life must be activity, not mere being. It must be met, in spite of its sorrows, with hope and courage.

A PROPHECY

17. List several recent efforts which have attempted to realize the visions pictured in these lines.

IN MEMORIAM

18. In reading these extracts from *In Memoriam*, be mindful of its universal note. Remember that it is not to be regarded only as an expression of personal grief or as accurate biography, but as a thoughtful analysis of one of life's greatest problems. In studying any philosophical writing, it is always well to trace the logical development of its thought. Use this outline to help you follow the beliefs expressed in "Proem."

Ll. 1–8. God in wisdom has made all things, including death.

Ll. 9–12. He will not let the soul perish.

Ll. 13–16. Human beings have the will to do right.

Ll. 17–20. Our systems and organizations are but imperfect reflections of God's spirit.

Ll. 21–32. Greater knowledge will bring greater reverence for life's mysteries.

Ll. 33–36. The poet prays for greater faith and for divine mercy.

19. In XXVII why does the poet not envy the captive bird and the beast without a conscience, even though they are spared his distress? What is the connection between the familiar closing couplet of this section and the rest of it? Do you agree that it is better to have had painful emotion than no emotion at all?

20. What in LIV suggests that Tennyson was troubled by the new scientific doctrines about life, such as the "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest"? Is his conclusion on the matter hopeful or despairing? What line here echoes a thought in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (page 407)?

21. In CVI what evils does the poet want to have disappear? What good things does he want to come in? How does he lead up to a climax? What wishes expressed here have been fulfilled in whole or in part? In what way is the mood of this section different from that of earlier sections? Show how the entire structure of the poem suggests the rhythm of bells. The poem in one of its many musical settings may be obtained on a phonograph record and played in class.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Upon Wordsworth's death in 1850 Mrs. Browning's name, with Tennyson's, was suggested for the laureateship. (Culver)

22. How do these sections show that the poem was written over a long period of years? Which parts do you like best? What is unusual about the form of the stanzas? Experiment by reversing lines 3 and 4 in some of the stanzas (such as the fourth in "Proem") and see if you can discover any effect Tennyson gained by this almost new form, which is now known as the *In Memoriam* stanza.

CROSSING THE BAR

23. Of "Crossing the Bar," Professor R. M. Alden wrote: "It is a pure lyrical allegory, in which every word has a double meaning, substance, and shadow, each contributing to and taking nothing from the other." Find examples of this "double meaning" in the details of setting out to sea.

24. Compare Tennyson's attitude toward approaching death in "Crossing the Bar" with that of other well-known poets, such as Keats in "When I Have Fears" (see page 413), Bryant in "Thanatopsis," Lanier in "The Stirrup Cup," and Whitman in "Darest Thou Now, O Soul." (The last three are in *Adventures in American Literature*.)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1806–1861

Elizabeth Barrett, one of the great women poets of the world, was born in Durham, in northern England. Her girlhood was not happy, for her father, a wealthy businessman, was stern and despotic. Elizabeth lived in a world of books. From her childhood she loved Latin and Greek. At sixteen years she became an invalid through an injury to her back, received while she was tightening the girth on her saddle horse. She then devoted herself to her studies. She learned Hebrew and acquired a fluent reading knowledge of several modern European languages and a wide acquaintance with the English poets. At thirteen she wrote an ambitious epic, *The Battle of Marathon*. This was followed by essays at seventeen, the translation of a Greek tragedy in her twenties, and two volumes of verse in her thirties.

Among the many letters of congratulation on the volumes of 1844, the most prized was a note which began: "I love your verse with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett — and this is no offhand compliment . . ." and closed: "Yours ever faithfully, Robert Browning." She was already familiar with Browning's poetry, which she valued highly, and in her reply to his unexpected compliment she wrote: "I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, for such a letter from such a hand." Her friend soon became her lover — through correspondence, for visitors found it most difficult to see her. Finding her father irreconcilable to the marriage (as he remained until his death), the two were quietly married and left for Italy.

The escape from her invalid life and the tyranny of her father brought Mrs. Browning not only happiness but advancement in poetic powers. Living in Florence in a medieval palace, called Casa Guidi, where their only child, Robert, was born, the Brownings wrote some of their outstanding works. After fifteen years in Italy a brief illness brought an unexpected end. "She lay smiling happily, and with a face like a girl's," wrote her husband; "and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek." In the English cemetery in Florence is a much-visited memorial inscribed simply E. B. B., with the date of her death; but her real memorial is her sonnets, in whose "scanty plot of ground" she found ample scope for her greatest literary contribution.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

Although this series of forty-four sonnets was written by Elizabeth Barrett during the months of her courtship by Robert Browning, he did not see them until after their marriage. One day his wife came into his study and slipped a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat, telling him to destroy them if he did not like them. He admired the poems so greatly that he urged their publication. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said later, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare." To conceal their personal nature they were named *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, a title derived from Browning's favorite pet name for his wife, "the little Portugee," given because of her admiration of Camoëns, the epic poet of Portugal.

SONNET I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove —
"Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang — "Not Death, but Love."

1. **Theocritus** (thē-ŏk'rĭ-tŭs): a Sicilian poet of the third century B.C.; the first writer of pastoral idyls. 8. **by turns:** refers to the loss of her mother and the tragic death of her brother by drowning. 10. **Shape:** Destiny or Fate.

SONNET VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

SONNET XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
" I love her for her smile — her look — her way
Of speaking gently — for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day " —
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee — and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry —
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

5. **certes:** certainly.

SONNET XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Suggestions for Study

1. In Sonnet I how has the poet applied the idea of Theocritus to her own life? How has she applied the guessing game?

2. What in Sonnet VI indicates a later stage of the courtship than the first?

3. In Sonnet XIV what possible reasons for loving are refuted? what reason is asked for? Why? What in this sonnet shows that it was written by a woman?

4. In Sonnet XLIII what are the different ways in which the poet says she loves her husband? How does she work up to a climax? Compare the close with the last lines of " Prospice " (see page 485).

5. Study the rhyme scheme of these sonnets. Is the form of the sestet constant or varied? What examples of imperfect rhyme do you find? Do you think this spoils the sound of the poem or not?

6. Compare these with some of Browning's poems written to his wife, such as " My Star," " Summum Bonum," " Two in the Campagna," " Lyric Love," and " One Word More."

7. For suggestions for reading on the lives of the two Brownings see page 531 and the selection from *Flush* on page 722.

Robert Browning 1812–1889

Browning, like his contemporary Tennyson, to whom he dedicated his *Poetical Works*, began to write verse at an early age, and for fifty years scarcely a week passed without his writing some poetry. Yet he did not gain Tennyson's early recognition, nor did he ever become so popular with the reading public.

Browning was a native of Camberwell, a village on the outskirts of London. His father, a well-to-do banker by profession, was an artist and a scholar; his mother, a Scottish gentlewoman, was musical and religious by nature. Tutored and encouraged by both parents, Browning lived a happy boyhood. He gathered up a small menagerie and became a close observer of nature, as his writings show. Educated for the most part privately, by tutors, books, and travel, he also studied at London University; but the poets, especially Byron and Shelley, were the chief influences of this period. His first known work, "Pauline," written when he was twenty, is really a tribute to Shelley.

Other works followed; but Browning was still comparatively unknown at the time of his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, the best-known literary woman of her period in England. The romance of this invalid — practically caged in her home by the will of a stern father — and the vigorous, determined Browning culminated in an elopement and a trip to Italy. There love worked miracles for Mrs. Browning. For the next fifteen years — a period of ideal happiness — until her death, the Brownings lived in Pisa and Florence. Mrs. Browning's part in this love story is disclosed in her *Sonnets from the Portuguese;* Browning wrote many poems to and about his wife. Recent biographers have used Mrs. Browning's *Letters* as a basis for retellings of this romance, notably *Flush* (see page 722). In Rudolf Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* the story is told again in play form, and the motion picture based on it has made the romance familiar to the present generation.

Browning always thought of himself as a dramatist rather than a poet. Unquestionably a strong dramatic element marks his work, whether play, narrative, monologue, or lyric. This is seen also in his greatest and longest narrative, *The Ring and the Book*. This masterpiece, twice as long as *Paradise Lost*, brought him great acclaim, so that, when he died in Venice, England claimed him for burial in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

From first to last Browning regarded life as an adventure of the soul, which falls only to rise again and, seeing the wrong, strives ever to triumph over it. He is joyous, valiant, optimistic — the embodiment of his own words:

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

This lyric, perhaps Browning's most perfect, is one of four songs of Pippa, a young worker in the silk mills at Asolo, Italy. On her one holiday in the year she passes around the town singing, and, unknown to herself, her songs — at morning, noon, evening, and night — help four important people of her city at a crisis in each of their lives. This short song gives the philosophy of the whole poem, which it introduces.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

CAVALIER TUNES

You are already familiar with the contrasting traits and mental attitudes of the Puritans and Cavaliers. In three ringing tunes Browning reflects the dashing loyalty of these Cavaliers to the Crown and their utter contempt for the Puritans or Roundheads. The first, a marching song, shows us a regiment of cavalry dashing off to a fight, fearless of opposition. The second, a cheer song, has a tavern for its scene. Apparently the tide of war has turned, and the speaker has lost both his estate and his son; yet he is still defiant of the Puritans, and his toast to King Charles is greeted with rousing cheers. In the third, a riding song, a Cavalier gallops manfully to the rescue of a besieged castle.

MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hand from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup,
Till you're —

CHORUS:

Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHORUS:

Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS:

March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

1. **Byng:** a notable Cavalier leader of part of Charles's army. 2. **crop-headed Parliament:** The Long Parliament, which defied Charles, was controlled by the Puritans, who wore their hair cut short, in contrast to long curls of the Cavaliers. 7. **Pym:** one of the Puritan leaders in the Long Parliament. 7. **carles:** rough fellows; here used contemptuously. 8. **parles:** speeches. *Parliament* is derived from the same root word. 14, 15. **Hampden, Hazelrig, Fiennes, Harry:** Harry is Harry Vane. These were all followers of Cromwell and leaders against Charles. 16. **Rupert:** Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I and leader of the Royalist cavalry. 17–19. **Kentish . . . song?** Notice that the chorus is part of a question: Don't we loyal Kentishmen keep marching along, etc.?

23. **Nottingham:** the city where Charles I raised his standard when the Civil War began in 1642.

GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!
Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

CHORUS:

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

CHORUS:

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

3. **rouse:** a cheer; a signal for the toast to the King. 5–8. The answer to these questions is found in the chorus. 16. **Noll:** an abbreviation for Oliver, a term of contempt for Oliver Cromwell.

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
" God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!* "

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array;
Who laughs, " Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!* "

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, " Nay!
I've better counselors; what counsel they?

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!* "

10. **Castle Brancepeth:** the castle to be rescued. 11. **fay:** faith.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Throughout this poem, written on shipboard off the northwest coast of Africa during Browning's first voyage to Italy in 1838, there rings a trumpet note of patriotism and gratitude.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
" Here and here did England help me: how can I help England? " — say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turns to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

1. **Cape St. Vincent:** a promontory on the southwest coast of Portugal. 2. **Cadiz** (kā'-dĭz) **Bay:** a 'gulf southeast of Cape St. Vincent, where in 1596 Essex and Raleigh destroyed the second Spanish fleet. 7. **Jove's planet:** Jupiter, the evening star, alternating with Venus.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

This lyric shows the poet's longing for his homeland, awakening in April and May with its sunshine, new leaves, and joyous bird songs. The last line refers to Italy.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush! he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

6. **bole:** tree trunk. 7. **chaffinch:** a common European songbird. 10. **whitethroat:** a European warbler.

MEMORABILIA

Browning became acquainted with Shelley's poetry about 1825, when his mother "brought back a present for her son, not only all the works of Shelley, but three volumes written by a Mr. John Keats." This verse had a tremendous effect on the young Browning. "The dust of the dead Keats and Shelley turned to flower seed in the brain of the young poet, and very soon wrought a change in the whole of his ambition." The first two stanzas of this tribute to Shelley refer to a conversation Browning overheard in a bookstore.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at —
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about;

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A molted feather, an eagle feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

Title: **Memorabilia** (mĕm-ō-rà-bĭl'ĭ-à): a record of things worthy to be remembered.

15. **eagle feather:** The feather dropped by the king of birds is a symbol of Browning's sudden feeling of contact with his king of poets through seeing a man who had seen him.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

Browning is particularly noted for his frequent use of the dramatic monologue and his skill in handling it. The term *dramatic monologue* means a piece in which there is only one speaker, not soliloquizing, but directly addressing another person or group, whose responses or gestures are often suggested by the words of the speaker.

The scene of this poem is in the castle of the Duke of Ferrara, an arrogant Italian nobleman of the Renaissance period. The Duke is showing a painting of his first wife to an envoy who has been sent to arrange the details of a second marriage. With keen dramatic skill, wherein every detail is significant, Browning shows us the true character of the Duke, revealed through his discussion of his artless young wife. The poem might well be called a life study in egoism. For an understanding of this poem you will need to watch the punctuation and other pauses. It is best understood when read aloud. The Duke is the sole speaker.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
" Fra Pandolf " by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, " Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or, " Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half flush that dies along her throat "; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-year-old name

3. **Fra Pandolf:** "Fra" means "Brother." An imaginary monk and painter of the Italian Renaissance period.

With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — which I have not — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss
Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse
— E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir! Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

53–54. **we'll . . . down:** The envoy, out of respect, has dropped behind the Duke, who calls him forward to a position of equality. 54. **Neptune:** the Greek god of the sea. 56. **Claus of Innsbruck:** an imaginary sculptor.

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY

Another Renaissance Italian reveals himself through his words — but what a different personality from the Duke of Ferrara! Lively, gossipy, inquisitive, and "financially embarrassed" — but let this "person of quality" speak for himself.

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
— I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh, the city — the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow have withered well off the heights.
You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills oversmoked behind by the faint gray olive trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam bows flash
On the horses with curling fishtails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem atingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons — I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in;
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post office such a scene-picture — the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero;

35. **cicala** (sĭ-kä′lä): a locust or grasshopper. 39. **diligence** (dē-lē-jhänsʹ): a public stagecoach. 42. **Pulcinello trumpet** (pûl-sĭ-nĕl′ō): a trumpet announcing a Punch and Judy show. 43. **scene-picture:** a poster to announce a new play. 44. **liberal thieves:** probably a reference to patriots working for the Italian government! 47. **Or . . . So-and-So:** refers to a custom of tacking up laudatory poems in public places. 48. **Dante, Boccaccio** (bō-kä′chō), **Petrarca** (pĕ-trär′kä): three of the greatest Italian poets. 48. **Saint Jerome** (here, jĕr′ŭm): one of the Fathers of the Church. 48. **Cicero** (sĭsʹĕ-rō): an early Roman orator.

"And moreover" — the sonnet goes riming — "The skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."
Noon strikes — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still — ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, aholding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals;
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

51. **our Lady:** an image of the Virgin Mary, carried through the street on Holy Thursday. 52. **seven swords:** These represent her seven sorrows. 56. **tax:** A tax was paid on everything entering the city.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

This monologue, one of Browning's most admirable love poems, is among his shorter masterpieces. Its scene is the Roman Campagna, the countryside surrounding the capital. Its chief character is a shepherd who eagerly anticipates his return to his young wife in their home in a ruined turret. In ancient days this lofty tower was the grandstand from which the king and his court watched the chariot races dashing by.

In the opening stanzas the quiet scene of today is contrasted with the tumult of the ruined metropolis. In the later section the temporary nature of all earthly things is in sharp contrast to the recognition that love is best.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
    Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
    Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
    As they crop —
Was the site once of a city great and gay
    (So they say),
Of our country's very capital, its prince
    Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
    Peace or war.

Now — the country does not even boast a tree,
    As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
    From the hills

8. **they say:** The archæologists alone can determine this fact; so the shepherd takes his data from them.

Intersect and give a name to (else they run
Into one),
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summertime, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone —

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

Now — the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks —
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

And I know — while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away —
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

39. **caper:** a Mediterranean shrub, abundant on old walls and rocks. Its flower buds are often used as a seasoning. 39–40. **gourd Overscored:** The climbing vine, overrunning the turret, has marked or scored it as if with lines. 41. **houseleek:** a common plant with thick, fleshy leaves and yellow or purple flowers, frequently found on old walls and roofs. 47. **minions:** attendants; more strictly, favorites.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts — and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force —
Gold, of course.
O heart! O blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

63–64. **glades' Colonnades:** The open spaces in the woods are enclosed by trees, just as a large building is often enclosed by a series of columns. 65. **causeys:** Ruins of old causeways, or raised sidewalks, and aqueducts may still be seen near the Roman Campagna. 80. **Earth's returns:** the rewards of temporal or earthly efforts.

RABBI BEN EZRA

This poem is challenging in both thought and phrasing. Browning said that he gave his thought roughness that it might make a deeper impression. Its central theme is: "Look forward triumphantly. Apparent failure may mean high success, for it is aspiration which counts rather than accomplishment." Its most striking feature, however, is its estimate of old age. Since the soul is eternal, completing only the first stage of its existence on this earth, the climax and full fruition of this life is reached, not in youth nor in middle life, but in old age.

Here the speaker is a renowned old scholar of the twelfth century; but the thoughts are largely Browning's own, put into the mouth of the earlier philosopher. They are perhaps the most quoted expression of his faith in life and in immortality.

Title: **Ben Ezra:** Aben-Ezra (1092–1167) was a distinguished Jewish writer, traveler, philosopher, mathematician, physician, and poet, who was born in Toledo, Spain, and died probably in Rome. Here he is represented as speaking with the sweet gravity of wise old age.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,

7–12. **Not . . . all!"** This stanza refers to the self-confidence of youth, which assumes that it can take what it wants from life.

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use;
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn;
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too;
Perfect I call thy plan;
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete — I trust what thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute — gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term;
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

24. **Irks . . . bird:** Read: Does care irk the crop-full bird? Such inversions as this are characteristic of Browning.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame;
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray;
A whisper from the west
Shoots — "Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth; here dies another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain;
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

87. **Leave . . . fire:** Read: If the fire leave . . .

124–125. Supply *whom* after *I* and *they*.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay —
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize today!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves

151. **Potter's wheel:** See Isaiah 64 : 8 and Jeremiah 18 : 1–6. Man, affixed to the wheel of Life, is the clay which God molds to his designs.

Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I — to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake thy thirst;

So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

PROSPICE

The title of this poem means "Look Forward." These intrepid lines, written in the autumn of 1861, seven months after the death of Mrs. Browning, express the poet's faith in immortality in a manner both dramatic and personal. The poem burns with the lyric fire of strong manhood. It may be said to be Browning's creed — a war cry of the soul in triumph over death, the last of his foes. Browning's wish, as expressed in this poem, was fulfilled twenty-eight years later. Conscious to the last, he met death manfully.

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;

Title: **Prospice** (prō-spĭk'ĭ).

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

23. **fiend-voices:** refers to a legend that fiends try to snatch the soul away from the powers of light as it leaves the body.

Suggestions for Study of Browning

EIGHT SHORT POEMS

1. Effective musical settings have been written of the "Song" from *Pippa Passes* by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and of the "Cavalier Tunes" by Sir C. Villiers Stanford. If possible have these songs presented to the class by good singers.

2. Notice the artistic construction of the first song — the pictures in descending series in the first three lines, followed by the details in the next three, and the assured conclusion in the last two. Notice also how the rhymes of the first four lines are answered in the last four. What effect is gained through the use of this unusual rhyme scheme?

3. Contrast the spirit of this song, especially the last line, with Shelley's "Dirge" (see page 411).

4. What general tone and attitude is common to all the "Cavalier Tunes"? Observe their differences in structure. How is the effect of marching cavalry brought out in the first, of cheering in the second, and of rapid riding in the third? Which has the roughest meter? Which the smoothest? In the second song there are some interesting examples of double rhyme at the end of the line. Find them and comment on their effectiveness.

5. What mood is common to the poems called "Home Thoughts"? Picture to yourself each of the scenes described in these poems. What happened at Trafalgar that would especially stir the heart of an Englishman of Browning's day? What details of an English spring differ from spring as you have experienced it? Where does the last line of "Home Thoughts from Abroad" suggest that Browning is at the time of writing? When you are homesick, for what sights and sounds do you long?

6. How old was Browning when Shelley died? In "Memorabilia" show the connection between the first two and the last two stanzas. By what vivid means does the poet suggest the difference between what is important and what

is nonessential in an experience? Compare his feelings with Keats's in the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (see page 413).

MY LAST DUCHESS

7. Contrast the characters of the husband and wife as Browning discloses both. Just what was it in his wife that annoyed the Duke?

8. What possible interpretations might be given to lines 45 and 46: "I gave commands; Then all smiles stopped together"? Which do you think most plausible?

9. What do you think was the purpose of the Duke's interview? What impression do you suppose the Duke made on the envoy?

10. Why does the Duke prize the painting of his wife? Do you think he is a true lover of art or a mere art collector?

11. This poem is written in heroic couplets; yet the rhyme is scarcely noticed. Contrast Browning's use of the run-on couplet in this form with Pope's use of the heroic couplet in "The Rape of the Lock" (see page 257).

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

12. Select the lines which best describe the villa. Why does the gentleman so dislike it? How would a romanticist have liked it? Why must the Italian stay up at the villa?

13. Discuss the taste of the speaker in architecture, politics, and music, and the meaning of religious processions to him. Why does he prefer the city? What personal traits are brought out in his comment on city life?

14. How many details can you find which suggest that this was a city of long ago rather than of modern times?

15. This poem has been called "a masterpiece of irony and description." Justify this comment.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

16. Compare the quiet, melodious opening scene of this poem with similar pictures from other poems which you know.

17. What is the beautiful and extended parallel of the second, third, and fourth stanzas?

18. How is the contrast between the past grandeur and the present desolation emphasized and made effective?

19. Compare the motives behind the sports, buildings, and wars of the vanished civilization and the present meeting of the two young people.

RABBI BEN EZRA

20. In studying this deeply philosophical poem, use this outline or make one of your own.

(1) Spiritual conflict is appropriate to youth.
(2) Life in the flesh is good, bringing gifts to both sense and brain.
(3) The measure of man's failure or success must be sought in the unseen life.
(4) Nothing which has truly been either dies or changes. The last impression is the best.

21. Why should we "welcome each rebuff," etc. (sixth stanza)? Is this a common attitude toward life's difficulties?

22. What do the potter's wheel and the clay stand for (ll. 151–174)? What does the cup symbolize (ll. 175–192)?

23. Youth generally regards youth as the best part of life. After studying this poem carefully, either justify this attitude of youth or give your reasons for conceding to Browning.

24. Compare Browning's attitude toward age as expressed here with Tennyson's in "Ulysses" (see page 464). How is Browning's idea of the best part of life the opposite of Wordsworth's in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (see page 352)?

PROSPICE

25. How is this title in harmony with Browning's philosophy, as judged from his poetry? How does the poem reveal his whole personality?

26. Compare this death hymn in movement, imagery, climax, and spirit with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (see page 468) and with the other poems mentioned for comparison on page 470). How does Browning differ from all the others in what he most eagerly anticipates in immortality?

27. Browning's private life is especially interesting. Read his biography by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Virginia Woolf's *Flush* (see page 722) gives the life of the Brownings as seen through a dog's eyes. Short scenes from Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and Firkins' *Turnpikes in Arcady* (in *The Bride of Quietness*) may be presented in class.



CHARLES DICKENS. Enjoyed by young people and adults alike, his novels are as popular today as in Victoria's time. (Culver)

Charles Dickens 1812–1870

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the great majority of public institutions in England, such as schools, courts, prisons, hospitals, and poorhouses, were in a deplorable condition. The spirit of reform aroused by these abuses found its most able and effective champion in Charles Dickens.

From experience he learned the need for these reforms. His father, an amiable but rather irresponsible pay clerk, became a bankrupt and was confined in the Debtors' Prison. He lives in literature as Wilkins Micawber in *David Copperfield*. The pathetic boyhood of Charles, while monotonously pasting labels on bottles in a shoe-blacking factory is reflected in that of David. From these bitter experiences, when he was often cold and hungry, Dickens learned the sympathy with the poor and unfortunate which all his novels and stories show.

Even in those early days, as he read the battered novels in his father's library, he dreamed of becoming an author. He loved to write, and he lived with his characters. While working as a newspaper reporter in London, when he was twenty-two, Dickens began his *Sketches by Boz*. For these he received seven hundred and fifty dollars; but later, when he was internationally famous, it cost him eighty-two hundred and fifty dollars to buy back the copyright from the publisher!

His *Pickwick Papers*, with its rollicking humor, issued at first in monthly parts, illustrated by "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), established Dickens's fame and fortune. Heralded as the most popular writer of the day, he succeeded Sir Walter Scott in the affection of the reading public in both Great Britain and the United States.

World-famous and prosperous, he was now able to purchase a fine house which he had admired as a boy. There, at Gadshill near Rochester, he spent the rest of his life, devoting himself to writing and to his friends. Some of his great novels, like *David Copperfield*, which he thought was his best, are partly autobiographical; others, like *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Little Dorrit*, were propaganda for social reform. *A Tale of Two Cities*, a general favorite, is a historical novel of the French Revolution; while others, like *Oliver Twist, Dombey and Son*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, depict in his most inimitable style the experiences of children. Not since Shakespeare has any English writer created such a gallery of characters interesting for their eccentricities, drawn from the common people, and presented in undying scenes of humor and pathos. Now a mere mention of their names, like Sam Weller, Little Nell, Uriah Heep, Sairey Gamp, and a host of others, conjures them into life.

Dickens lived a full and active life. The public was so eager and persistent to see and hear this famous writer that he began to give platform readings from his works. He was a born actor and orator, and his personality and dramatic powers made him a host of friends on both continents, although he had to overcome considerable prejudice in the United States because of his early satirical picture of Americans in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Dickens was a reformer at heart. Long before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been the means of causing the government and other organizations to remedy the pitiful conditions of the poor, which had been his chief incentive to writing. Today, just as Shakespeare clubs and Browning societies keep alive the works of these authors, so the Dickens Fellowship of the World reminds us of the achievements of this creator of fiction, whose characters are as real as actual people.

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

Some of Dickens's so-called novels are not novels in the strict sense of the word, but rather series of sketches unified by the characters running through them. Of these, *Pickwick Papers,* which established the author's reputation, is the funniest. London used to wait breathlessly for further installments of the ridiculous experiences of the Pickwick Club. This club consists of a leader, the benign Mr. Pickwick, and three members "distinguished" for their absurdities — Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle. The four set off on a journey of investigation and discovery through England. Accompanying Mr. Pickwick is Sam Weller, the inimitable Cockney servant. After many amusing adventures they become acquainted with Mr. Wardle, a hospitable old country squire, who invites them to spend Christmas with him at Manor Farm. The persons they meet there and the athletic catastrophes of the day form the subject of this favorite bit.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile; "I'm coming."

"Just agoin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily; "you needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted

over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, —

" Sam! "

" Sir? " said Mr. Weller.

" Here. I want you."

" Let go, sir," said Sam. " Don't you hear the governor acallin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

" Are you hurt? " inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

" Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

" I wish you'd let me bleed [1] you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

" No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

" I really think you had better," said Allen.

" Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, " I'd rather not."

" What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick? " inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said, in a stern voice, " Take his skates off."

" No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

[1] **bleed:** a common treatment by doctors in those days. Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer were young medical students.

" Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

" Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words —

" You're a humbug, sir."

" A what? " said Mr. Winkle, starting.

" A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated " knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

" It looks a nice, warm exercise that, doesn't it? " he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

" Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. " Do you slide? "

" I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

" Try it now," said Wardle.

" Oh. do, please, Mr. Pickwick! " cried all the ladies.

" I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick,



MR. PICKWICK SLIDES. Skating at Manor Farm, as portrayed by Phiz, who drew the illustrations for the first edition of *Pickwick Papers*.

"but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot abilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony:

to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor — his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming " Fire! " with all his might.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice — it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

" Keep yourself up for an instant — for only one instant! " bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

" Yes, do; let me implore you — for my sake! " roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary — the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

" Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow? " said Wardle.

" Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. " I fell upon my back, I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

" Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

" Dear old thing! " said Arabella. " Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

" Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; " and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller — presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping

wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire — a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterward, and a grand carouse held in honor of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in. And when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him; which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

Suggestions for Study of Dickens

1. Characterize Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, Bob Sawyer, Sam Weller.

2. On what does the fun in this narrative depend? Find some good examples of how Dickens adds to the humor by the use of long words.

3. Write a narrative in which you show yourself or someone else placed in an absurd predicament.

4. Read the remainder of *Pickwick Papers* and report another amusing adventure to the class.

5. Make a study of type characters from Dickens's novels, such as humorous characters or child characters.

6. Report on Dickens's novels in the recent film world.

William Makepeace Thackeray 1811–1863

Just as Dickens depicted the misfortunes of the poor and disclosed the evils of public institutions, his equally famous contemporary, Thackeray, revealed the shams and hypocrisies of the upper middle class and the aristocracy.

This contemporary of Dickens was his opposite in worldly position. Born in Calcutta, where both his father and grandfather had been officials of the East India Company, he had every advantage of position and education. When he was five years old, his father died, leaving him a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars; and his mother, noted for her beauty, soon afterward remarried. Then, as now, the children of Anglo-Indian officers were sent to England to be educated; so when Thackeray was eleven, he entered the famous Charterhouse School in London. An easygoing, good-natured, dreamy boy, he showed slight signs of genius during his six years there; but he did show a talent for making up comic verses and sketches. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he did little better, being "careless of university distinction"; but he made friends with Fitzgerald, later the translator of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, and with Tennyson, whose prize poem he burlesqued in his first contribution to the press.

Leaving the university at twenty-one, he traveled on the Continent. But this delightful manner of living was rudely cut short. Careless in money matters and unwise in investments, he soon let his inherited fortune slip from him, and had to go to work for a living. First he tried to become illustrator of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers;* failing in this, he turned to journalism and literature. There he made an outstanding success, but fame and fortune came to him more slowly than to Dickens. Not until 1847, with the publication of *Vanity Fair*, which he illustrated and subtitled "a novel without a hero," did he take his place among the world's great masters of fiction.

One great sorrow marred Thackeray's domestic life. His wife, a beautiful Irish woman, the mother of three lovable daughters, became insane and had to be placed in an asylum, where she outlived her famous husband by nearly half a century. This tragedy, similar to that of Charles Lamb, added tenderness to his pathos and sharpened his satire.

Pendennis, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*, masterpieces of portraiture marked by a careful, fastidious style with a rare mingling of humor and satire, followed *Vanity Fair* in rapid succession. With his literary reputation now firmly established, Thackeray was encouraged to follow Dickens's example of giving public readings. He lectured in London, Oxford, Edinburgh, and twice in the United States where he gathered material for the American background of *The Virginians*, a sequel to *Henry Esmond*.

As first editor of the now famous *Cornhill Magazine*, he not only amassed a fortune but proved, in his charming *Roundabout Papers*, that he could write excellent essays. In the midst of his growing popularity, he died suddenly on Christmas Eve, 1863. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, and a bust of him was placed in Westminster Abbey.

BECKY OPENS HER CAMPAIGN

Thackeray called *Vanity Fair*[1] "a novel without a hero" because he planned it as a protest against the overdrawn heroes of popular contemporary novels. In this picture of social life as the novelist himself saw it, the action revolves around two young women — Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp.

We meet them first at Miss Pinkerton's private school for young ladies, where Becky is an apprenticed pupil and a student-teacher of French. This witty, clever climber, unscrupulous but fascinating, is already beginning her attempts to break into society. The story develops a wealth of characters vividly and convincingly drawn. The pageant of their human struggles and hopes covers a vast canvas rich in memorable scenes. But it is told simply, naturally, and with sharp realism interspersed with Thackeray's characteristic shrewd and worldly-wise remarks.

[1] Thackeray's use of the title *Vanity Fair* is explained in the discussion of Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* (see page 230).

In the following selection Becky is engaged in one of her early social bombardments. If you cannot complete her adventures, at least read Chapters XXX, XXXI and XXXII, with their powerful picture of the Battle of Waterloo.

While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate and, as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium pots in the window of that lady's own drawing room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell, and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady, the friend of Doctor Johnson.

"The girls were up at four this morning packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; "we have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima; 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack; I have put up two bottles of the gilly-flower water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good — ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married — and, once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever — was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's "billet" was to the following effect:

THE MALL, CHISWICK, *June* 15, 18—.

MADAM, — After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

In music, in dancing, in orthography,[1] in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment* and *carriage*, so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

In the principles of religion and morality Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*.[2] In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself, madam, your most obliged humble servant,

BARBARA PINKERTON.

P.S. — Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible.

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the flyleaf of a Johnson's Dictionary — the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the Lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp; she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dictionary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton.

And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's Papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil, for whom

[1] **orthography:** spelling. [2] ***Lexicographer:*** compiler of a dictionary; refers here to Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough without conferring upon her at parting the high honor of the Dictionary.

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs, yet . . . Miss Amelia Sedley deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva [1] of a woman could not see, from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, or a Mrs. Billington, and dance like Hillisberg or Parisot; and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as a Dictionary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery and the one-eyed tart woman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall.

As we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most somber sort, that we are to have for a constant companion so guileless and good-natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person. Indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good humor except, indeed, when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often. For the silly thing would cry over a dead canary bird; or over a mouse that the cat haply had seized upon; or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any persons hardhearted enough to do so — why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and godlike woman, ceased scolding her after the first time and, though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did algebra, gave all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most woefully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents — to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week.

"Send my letters under cover to my Grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter," said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby).

"Never mind the postage; but write every day, you dear darling," said the impetuous and woolly-headed, but generous and affectionate, Miss Swartz.

And the orphan, little Laura Martin (who was just in round hand [2]), took her friend's hand and said, looking up in her face wistfully, "Amelia, when I write to you I shall call you Mamma." . . .

Well, then. The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer — the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. . . . A seedcake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing room, as on the solemn occasions of the visits of

[1] **Minerva:** the Greek goddess of wisdom; here used sarcastically for Miss Barbara Pinkerton.

[2] **round hand:** a simple style of writing with unconnected letters.

parents, and, these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and, the latter having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner and said in French, and with a perfect accent, "Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux."[1]

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French — she only directed those who did — but, biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning."

As she spoke she waved one hand, both by way of adieu and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor; on which Miss Pinkerton tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted.

"Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp.

"Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall — all the dear friends — all the young ladies — the dancing master, who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlor boarder,[2] from her room, as no pen can depict and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted — that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy legs slammed the carriage door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage.

"Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister — that is, I — Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Goodby. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. "Well, I never!" said she. "What an audacious — "

Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies, and so farewell to Chiswick Mall.

When Miss Sharp had performed the heroical act mentioned in the last chapter, and had seen the Dictionary, flying over the pavement of the little garden, fall at length at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima, the young lady's countenance, which had before worn an almost livid look of hatred, assumed a smile that perhaps was scarcely more agreeable, and she sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, "So much for the Dictionary; and, thank God, I'm out of Chiswick."

Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the

[1] **je .... adieux:** I come to tell you goodbye.

[2] **parlor boarder:** privileged pupil.

act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider, it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impressions of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons those awes and terrors of youth last forever and ever. . . . Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.

"How could you do so, Rebecca?" at last she said, after a pause.

"Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black hole?" said Rebecca, laughing.

"No; but —"

"I hate the whole house," continued Miss Sharp in a fury. "I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames. I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn't pick her out — that I wouldn't. Oh, how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry!"[1]

"Hush!" cried Miss Sedley.

"Why, will the black footman tell tales?" cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. "He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have never had a friend or a kind word, except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower schoolroom, and to talk French to the Misses until I grew sick of my mother tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn't it? She doesn't know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*"[2]

"O Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!" cried Miss Sedley, for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered; and in those days, in England, to say "Long live Bonaparte!" was as much as to say "Long live Lucifer!"[3] "How can you — how dare you have such wicked, revengeful thoughts?"

"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural," answered Miss Rebecca. "I'm no angel."

And, to say the truth, she certainly was not. . . .

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man, a pleasant companion, a careless student, with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. . . . As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho,[4] where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation who was by profession an opera girl. . . .

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For, her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of delirium tremens, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave. . . . Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost-free and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person, pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up they were very

[1] **wherry:** sailing boat or fishing vessel. [2] ***Vive .... Bonaparte:*** Long live France! Long live the Emperor! Long live Bonaparte! **Bonaparte** (bō'nä-pärt): family name of Napoleon I, Emperor of France, (1804–15).

[3] **Lucifer:** Satan, chief of the fallen rebel angels. [4] **Soho:** a well-known foreign district in London, famous for its narrow streets and its restaurants.

large, odd, and attractive — so attractive that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school pew to the reading desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his Mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp, but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions — often but ill suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of the ingénue; and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll. . . . How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter, and the young painters, when they came to take their gin and water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home — she was as well known to them, poor soul, as Mr. Lawrence [1] or President West! [2] Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back Jemima and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for, though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.

The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her; the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventional regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance, and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a

[1] **Mr. Lawrence:** a famous English portrait painter. [2] **President West:** an American painter living in England.

thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good humor of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her. And she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl; otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly entrusted, might have soothed and interested her, but she lived among them two years and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle, tenderhearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least. And who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness — the superior advantages of the young women round about her gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an earl's granddaughter!" she said to one. "How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet everyone passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?" She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself and, for the first time, to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practiced incessantly; and one day, when the girls were out and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well that Minerva thought wisely she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school.

"I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day.

"For five and thirty years," she said, and with great justice, "I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom."

"A viper — a fiddlestick," said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. "You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here but what I am obliged to do."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton. Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid, sarcastic, demoniacal laughter that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits.

"Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get rid of me — or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family — you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, "Get me a situation — we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the beforementioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and,

hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent as she was.

"I cannot, certainly," she said, "find fault with Miss Sharpe's conduct, except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment."

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were canceled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now in her seventeenth year, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp ("'Tis the only point in Amelia's behavior," said Minerva, "which has not been satisfactory to her mistress"), Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

Thus the world began for these two young ladies. For Amelia it was quite a new, fresh, brilliant world, with all the bloom upon it. It was not quite a new one for Rebecca. . . . At all events, if Rebecca was not beginning the world, she was beginning it over again.

By the time the young ladies reached Kensington turnpike, Amelia had not forgotten her companions, but had dried her tears, and had blushed very much and been delighted at a young officer of the Life Guards who spied her, as he was riding by, and said "Dem fine gal, egad!" And before the carriage arrived in Russell Square a great deal of conversation had taken place about the drawingroom, and whether or not young ladies wore powder as well as hoops when presented, and whether she was to have that honor; to the Lord Mayor's ball she knew she was to go. And, when at length home was reached, Miss Amelia Sedley skipped out on Sambo's arm, as happy and as handsome a girl as any in the whole big city of London. Both he and coachman agreed on this point, and so did her father and mother, and so did every one of the servants in the house as they stood bobbing, and curtsying, and smiling, in the hall to welcome their young mistress.

You may be sure that she showed Rebecca over every room of the house, and everything in every one of her drawers; and her books, and her piano, and her dresses, and all her necklaces, brooches, laces, and gimcracks. She insisted upon Rebecca accepting the white cornelian and the turquoise rings and a sweet sprigged muslin which was too small for her now, though it would fit her friend to a nicety; and she determined in her heart to ask her mother's permission to present her white Cashmere shawl to her friend. Could she not spare it? And had not her brother Joseph just brought her two from India?

When Rebecca saw the two magnificent Cashmere shawls which Joseph Sedley had brought home to his sister, she said, with perfect truth, that "it must be delightful to have a brother"; and easily got the pity of the tenderhearted Amelia for being alone in the world, an orphan without friends or kindred.

"Not alone," said Amelia; "you know, Rebecca, I shall always be your friend, and love you as a sister — indeed I will."

"Ah, but to have parents, as you have — kind, rich, affectionate parents, who give you everything you ask for; and their love, which is more precious than all! My poor Papa could give me nothing, and I had but two frocks in all the world! And then to have a brother, a dear brother! Oh, how you must love him!"

Amelia laughed.

"What! *Don't* you love him — you, who say you love everybody?"

"Yes, of course I do; only —"

"Only what?"

"Only Joseph doesn't seem to care much whether I love him or not. . . . I was but five years old when he went away."

"Isn't he very rich?" said Rebecca. "They say all Indian nabobs are enormously rich."

"I believe he has a very large income."

"And is your sister-in-law a nice pretty woman?"

"La! Joseph is not married," said Amelia, laughing again.

Perhaps she had mentioned the fact already to Rebecca; but that young lady did not appear to have remembered it, indeed vowed and protested that she expected to see a number of Amelia's nephews and nieces. She was quite disappointed that Mr. Sedley was not married; she was sure Amelia had said he was, and she doted so on little children.

"I think you must have had enough of them at Chiswick," said Amelia, rather wondering at the sudden tenderness of her friend's part.

And indeed, in later days Miss Sharp would never have committed herself so far as to advance opinions the untruth of which would have been so easily detected. But we must remember that she is but nineteen as yet, unused to the act of deceiving — poor innocent creature! — and making her own experience in her own person. The meaning of the above series of queries, as translated in the heart of this ingenious young woman, was simply this: "If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying." And she determined within herself to make this laudable attempt.

She redoubled her caresses to Amelia; she kissed the white cornelian necklace as she put it on, and vowed she would never, never part with it. When the dinner bell rang she went downstairs with her arm round her friend's waist, as is the habit of young ladies. She was so agitated at the drawing-room door that she could hardly find courage to enter.

"Feel my heart, how it beats, dear!" said she to her friend.

"No, it doesn't," said Amelia. "Come in; don't be frightened. Papa won't do you any harm."

A very stout, puffy man, in buckskins and Hessian boots, with several immense neckcloths that rose almost to his nose, with a red-striped waistcoat and an apple-green coat with steel buttons almost as large as crown pieces (it was the morning costume of a dandy or blood of those days), was reading the paper by the fire when the two girls entered, and bounced off his arm-chair, and blushed excessively, and hid his entire face almost in his neckcloths at this apparition.

"It's only your sister, Joseph," said Amelia, laughing and shaking the two fingers which he held out. "I've come home *for good,* you know; and this is my friend, Miss Sharp, whom you have heard me mention."

"No, never, upon my word," said the head under the neckcloth, shaking very much. "That is, yes — what abominably cold weather, Miss" — and herewith he fell to poking the fire with all his might, although it was in the middle of June.

"He's very handsome," whispered Rebecca to Amelia, rather loud.

"Do you think so?" said the latter. "I'll tell him."

"Darling, not for worlds!" said Miss Sharp, starting back as timid as a fawn.

She had previously made a respectful virginlike curtsy to the gentleman, and her modest eyes gazed so perseveringly on the carpet that it was a wonder how she should have found an opportunity to see him.

"Thank you for the beautiful shawls, brother," said Amelia to the fire poker. "Are they not beautiful, Rebecca?"

"Oh, heavenly!" said Miss Sharp, and her eyes went from the carpet straight to the chandelier.

Joseph still continued a huge clattering at the poker and tongs, puffing and blowing the while, and turning as red as his yellow face would allow him.

"I can't make you such handsome presents, Joseph," continued his sister, "but, while I was at school, I have embroidered for you a very beautiful pair of braces."

"Good Gad, Amelia!" cried the brother, in serious alarm. "What do you mean?" and, plunging with all his might at the bell

rope, that article of furniture came away in his hand and increased the honest fellow's confusion. "For heaven's sake see if my buggy's at the door! I *can't* wait. I must go. D—— that groom of mine! I must go."

At this minute the father of the family walked in, rattling his seals like a true British merchant.

"What's the matter, Emmy?" says he.

"Joseph wants me to see if his — his *buggy* is at the door. What is a buggy, Papa?"

"It is a one-horse palanquin," [1] said the old gentleman, who was a wag in his way.

Joseph, at this, burst out into a wild fit of laughter; in which, encountering the eye of Miss Sharp, he stopped all of a sudden, as if he had been shot.

"This young lady is your friend? Miss Sharp, I am very happy to see you. Have you and Emmy been quarreling already with Joseph, that he wants to be off?"

"I promised Bonamy, of our service, sir," said Joseph, "to dine with him."

"Oh, fie! Didn't you tell your mother you would dine here?"

"But in this dress it's impossible."

"Look at him — isn't he handsome enough to dine anywhere, Miss Sharp?"

On which, of course, Miss Sharp looked at her friend, and they both set off in a fit of laughter highly agreeable to the old gentleman.

"Did you ever see a pair of buckskins [2] like those at Miss Pinkerton's?" continued he, following up his advantage.

"Gracious heavens, Father!" cried Joseph.

"There now, I have hurt his feelings. Mrs. Sedley, my dear, I have hurt your son's feelings. I have alluded to his buckskins. Ask Miss Sharp if I haven't. Come, Joseph, be friends with Miss Sharp, and let us all go to dinner."

"There's a pilau,[3] Joseph, just as you like it, and Papa has brought home the best turbot [4] in Billingsgate." [5]

"Come, come, sir, walk downstairs with Miss Sharp, and I will follow with these two young women," said the father, and he took an arm of wife and daughter and walked merrily off.

If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined in her heart upon making the conquest of this big beau, I don't think we have any right to blame her. . . . Our beloved but unprotected Rebecca had determined to do her very best to secure the husband who was even more necessary for her than for her friend. She had a vivid imagination; she had, besides, read the *Arabian Nights* and *Guthrie's Geography;* and it is a fact that, while she was dressing for dinner, and after she had asked Amelia whether her brother was very rich, she had built for herself a most magnificent castle in the air, of which she was mistress, with a husband somewhere in the background (she had not seen him as yet, and his figure would not, therefore, be very distinct); she had arrayed herself in an infinity of shawls, turbans, and diamond necklaces, and had mounted upon an elephant, to the sound of the march in *Bluebeard,* in order to pay a visit of ceremony to the Grand Mogul.[6] Charming visions! it is the happy privilege of youth to construct you, and many a fanciful young creature besides Rebecca Sharp has indulged in these delightful daydreams ere now!

Joseph Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia. He was in the East India Company's Civil Service, and his name appeared, at the period of which we write, in the Bengal division of the East India Register, as collector of Boggley Wollah, an honorable and lucrative post, as everybody knows. . . .

Boggley Wollah is situated in a fine, lonely, marshy, jungle district famous for snipe shooting, and where not unfrequently you may flush a tiger. Ramgunge, where

[1] **palanquin:** in India and China a one-passenger conveyance carried by poles on the shoulders of two men. [2] **buckskins:** breeches of soft leather. [3] **pilau:** a dish of cooked rice, meat or fowl, and spices. It is called *curry* later.

[4] **turbot:** a large fish highly prized for food. [5] **Billingsgate:** a well-known fish market near London Bridge. [6] **Grand Mogul:** the sovereign of the former Mongol Empire in Hindustan.

there is a magistrate, is only forty miles off, and there is a cavalry station about thirty miles farther; so Joseph wrote home to his parents, when he took possession of his collectorship. He had lived for about eight years of his life, quite alone, at this charming place, scarcely seeing a Christian face except twice a year, when the detachment arrived to carry off the revenues which he had collected, to Calcutta.

Luckily, at this time, he caught a liver complaint, for the cure of which he returned to Europe, and which was the source of great comfort and amusement to him in his native country. He did not live with his family while in London, but had lodgings of his own like a gay young bachelor. Before he went to India he was too young to partake of the delightful pleasures of a man about town, and plunged into them on his return with considerable assiduity. He drove his horses in the Park; he dined at the fashionable taverns (for the Oriental Club was not as yet invented); he frequented the theaters, as the mode was in those days, or made his appearance at the opera, laboriously attired in tights and a cocked hat.

On returning to India, and ever after, he used to talk of the pleasure of this period of his existence with great enthusiasm, and give you to understand that he and Brummel[1] were the leading bucks of the day. But he was as lonely here as in his jungle at Boggley Wollah. He scarcely knew a single soul in the metropolis; and were it not for his doctor, and the society of his blue pill, and his liver complaint, he must have died of loneliness. He was lazy, peevish, and a *bon-vivant;* the appearance of a lady frightened him beyond measure; hence it was but seldom that he joined the paternal circle in Russell Square, where there was plenty of gaiety and where the jokes of his good-natured old father frightened his *amour-propre*.[2] His bulk caused Joseph much anxious thought and alarm; now and then he would make a desperate attempt to get rid of his superabundant fat; but his indolence and love of good living speedily got the better of these endeavors at reform, and he found himself again at his three meals a day. He never was well dressed; but he took the hugest pains to adorn his big person, and passed many hours daily in that occupation. His valet made a fortune out of his wardrobe; his toilet table was covered with as many pomatums and essences as ever were employed by an old beauty; he had tried, in order to give himself a waist, every girth, stay, and waistband then invented. Like most fat men he *would* have his clothes made too tight, and took care they should be of the most brilliant colors and youthful cut. When dressed at length, in the afternoon, he would issue forth to take a drive with nobody in the Park, and then would come back in order to dress again and go and dine with nobody at the Piazza Coffee-house. He was as vain as a girl, and perhaps his extreme shyness was one of the results of his extreme vanity. If Miss Rebecca can get the better of *him,* and at her first entrance into life, she is a young person of no ordinary cleverness.

The first move showed considerable skill. When she called Sedley a very handsome man she knew that Amelia would tell her mother, who would probably tell Joseph or who, at any rate, would be pleased by the compliment paid to her son. All mothers are. . . . Perhaps, too, Joseph Sedley would overhear the compliment — Rebecca spoke loud enough — and he *did* hear, and (thinking in his heart that he was a very fine man) the praise thrilled through every fiber of his big body, and made it tingle with pleasure. Then, however, came a recoil.

"Is the girl making fun of me?" he thought; and straightway he bounced toward the bell, and was for retreating, as we have seen, when his father's jokes and his mother's entreaties caused him to pause and stay where he was. He conducted the young lady down to dinner in a dubious and agitated frame of mind. "Does she really think I am handsome?" thought he. "Or is she only making game of me?"

[1] **Brummel:** Beau Brummel, an eighteenth-century English leader of society and of fashions in dress; a dandy. [2] ***amour-propre*** (ä-mōōr′-prō′pr): self-love; vanity.

We have talked of Joseph Sedley being as vain as a girl. Heaven help us! The girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of their own sex, "She is as vain as a man," and they will have perfect reason. The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over their toilettes, quite as proud of their personal advantages, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world.

Downstairs, then, they went, Joseph very red and blushing, Rebecca very modest and holding her green eyes downward. She was dressed in white, with bare shoulders as white as snow — the picture of youth, unprotected innocence, and humble virgin simplicity.

"I must be very quiet," thought Rebecca, "and very much interested about India."

Now we have heard how Mrs. Sedley had prepared a fine curry for her son, just as he liked it, and in the course of dinner a portion of this dish was offered to Rebecca.

"What is it?" said she, turning an appealing look to Mr. Joseph.

"Capital," said he. His mouth was full of it; his face, quite red with the delightful exercise of gobbling. "Mother, it's as good as my own curries in India."

"Oh, I must try some if it is an Indian dish," said Miss Rebecca. "I am sure everything must be good that comes from there."

"Give Miss Sharp some curry, my dear," said Mr. Sedley, laughing.

Rebecca had never tasted the dish before.

"Do you find it as good as everything else from India?" said Mr. Sedley.

"Oh, excellent!" said Rebecca, who was suffering tortures with the cayenne pepper.

"Try a chili with it, Miss Sharp," said Joseph, really interested.

"A chili," said Rebecca, gasping. "Oh, yes!" She thought a chili was something cool, as its name imported, and was served with some. "How fresh and green they look!" she said, and put one into her mouth. It was hotter than the curry; flesh and blood could bear it no longer. She laid down her fork. "Water, for heaven's sake, water!" she cried.

Mr. Sedley burst out laughing (he was a coarse man — from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes).

"They are real Indian, I assure you," said he. "Sambo, give Miss Sharp some water."

The paternal laugh was echoed by Joseph, who thought the joke capital. The ladies only smiled a little. They thought poor Rebecca suffered too much.

She would have liked to choke old Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and, as soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humored air, "I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream tarts in the *Arabian Nights*. Do you put cayenne into your cream tarts in India, sir?"

Old Sedley began to laugh and thought Rebecca was a good-humored girl.

Joseph simply said, "Cream tarts, Miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goat's milk; and, 'gad, do you know, I've got to prefer it!"

"You won't like *everything* from India now, Miss Sharp," said the old gentleman; but when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, "Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said Joe, highly flattered. "I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery and afterward married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year '04 — at me and Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner." . . .

A slight snore was the only reply; the honest stockbroker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph's story was lost for that day. . . .

Being an invalid, Joseph Sedley contented himself with a bottle of claret besides his Madeira at dinner; and he managed a couple of plates full of strawberries and cream, and twenty-four little rout cakes

that were lying neglected in a plate near him; and certainly (for novelists have the privilege of knowing everything) he thought a great deal about the girl upstairs.

"A nice, gay, merry young creature," thought he to himself. "How she looked at me when I picked up her handkerchief at dinner! She dropped it twice. Who's that singing in the drawing room! 'Gad! shall I go up and see?" But his modesty came rushing upon him with uncontrollable force. His father was asleep; his hat was in the hall; there was a hackney-coach stand hard by in Southhampton Row. "I'll go and see the *Forty Thieves*," said he, "and Miss Decamp's dance"; and he slipped away gently on the pointed toes of his boots, and disappeared without waking his worthy parent.

"There goes Joseph," said Amelia, who was looking from the open windows of the drawing room while Rebecca was singing at the piano.

"Miss Sharp has frightened him away," said Mrs. Sedley. "Poor Joe, why *will* he be so shy?"

Suggestions for Study of Vanity Fair

1. Compare the attitudes of Amelia and Becky toward their school life. On what was their friendship based?

2. In what ways did Miss Pinkerton's school differ from a modern school?

3. For what qualifications did Becky merit a recommendation as a governess?

4. In what ways is Becky clever in her campaign for Joe Sedley?

5. Thackeray wrote several novels which high-school seniors enjoy. *Henry Esmond* has Addison and Steele as two of its characters. *Pendennis*, a tale of youth and early manhood, interests boys. Colonel Newcome, in *The Newcomes*, is considered one of the most lovable characters of literature. Are you acquainted with them?

6. Compare Thackeray's humor with that of Dickens. In what ways are they alike and in what ways do they differ?

7. What differences do you find between Addison's and Thackeray's satires on society?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti 1828–1882

In the vanguard of the Victorians who protested against industrialism and the crowding of human beings into unsightly slums was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In the group of artists, authors, and craftsmen called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he was zealous to "enforce and encourage the simplicity of nature in all things."

The son of an exiled Italian painter and scholar and of a mother part English and part Italian, Rossetti was educated in an environment of art, with considerable study in the London galleries. Believing that painting was more important than poetry, he urged his colleagues to put their message to the world in pictures rather than words. Yet he distinguished himself in both fields, writing verses to accompany his pictures and painting figures and scenes to delineate his verse. His gift and his passion were all for color.

In 1860 he married the beautiful but delicate Elizabeth Siddal, the model whom he has immortalized in both his paintings and his poetry. From the shock of her death two years later Rossetti never fully recovered. Brokenhearted, he buried all his unpublished manuscripts with her; and only at the persistent demands of his friends were they exhumed years later. Then the publication of the first draft of his sequence of love poems created a literary sensation.

For the next twenty years Rossetti became more and more of a recluse. Stories are told of his strange garden, where he kept an extraordinary collection of animals, including armadillos, kangaroos, wombats, and a zebu. Among these he would stroll in his paint-bedaubed attire. Here he wrote many of his masterpieces, including colorful ballads, noteworthy sonnets, and his exquisite pen painting, "The Blessed Damozel," first drafted in his eighteenth year. He thought himself a greater painter than poet. While it is true that his paintings are now seen in the world's best collections, it is equally true that he is a great painter in words distinctive for color, warmth, and romantic imagery.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

This collection of one hundred and one sonnets, which ranks with Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* as the best series in mod-

ern English, was inspired by the poet's wife. Although Rossetti worked on the series from his twentieth year until just before his death, twenty years after hers, her charm gave the atmosphere to it. The title and the arrangement are drawn from the astrological division of the heavens into twelve houses, the first and greatest of them being "The House of Life." The series records the writer's own experiences "of the mysterious conjunctions and oppositions wrought by Love, Change, and Fate in the House of Life."

THE SONNET

A Sonnet is a moment's monument —
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fullness reverent.
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The Soul — its converse, to what Power 'tis due —
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

4. **lustral:** used for purification. 14. **Charon's** (kār'ŏn) **palm:** a reference to the Greek idea that the dead must pay Charon a coin to ferry them across the River Styx to the abode of the dead.

SILENT NOON

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms;
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky —
So this winged hour is dropped to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

7. **cow parsley:** a decorative flowering plant with its white blossoms growing in flat or rounded clusters.

SPRING

The English countryside in the lambing season evoked one of Rossetti's loveliest sonnets of nature's beauty.

Soft-littered is the new year's lambing fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wakeful-eyed
At the ewes' travailing call through the dark cold.
The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw o' the old:
And near unpeopled streamsides, on the ground,
By her spring-cry the moor hen's nest is found,
Where the drained floodlands flaunt their marigold.

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,
And chill the current where the young reeds stand
As green and close as the young wheat on land:
Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo flower
Plight to the heart Spring's perfect imminent hour
Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear one's hand.

4. **amass:** collect or accumulate.

THE SEA LIMITS

For a volume of his own poems Rossetti arranged a section of "Songs," in which he included "The Sea Limits" and "The Wood Spurge." He wrote only a few pure lyrics, but those he did write are so clear and graceful that they need no comment.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible —
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong farther. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's — it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is to the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods:
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man are all in each.

THE WOODSPURGE

It is a strange psychological fact that in a moment of intense despair some trivial impression may be made on the memory that becomes forever bound up with that experience. Such is the point of this poem.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will —
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was —
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learned remains to me,
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

12. **woodspurge:** a flowering plant with a milky stem and three-parted flowers borne on long single stalks.

Suggestions for Study of Rossetti

1. For what opposite purposes does the poet think the sonnet appropriate? Show how he carries the contrast throughout the poem. How do you like this compared with Wordsworth's sonnet on the sonnet (see page 347)?

2. How is Rossetti's passion for color evidenced in "Silent Noon"? Select details which emphasize silence.

3. In "Spring" note the delicate pastel touches fresh from the poet-painter's brush.

4. By what details does the poet suggest utter grief and despair in "The Wood Spurge"? Have you ever had the experience of having some trivial thing impress itself on your memory when you were very unhappy, and always thereafter associate itself with that experience?

5. Compare the descriptive phrases in Rossetti with those in "The Eve of St. Agnes" (see page 418).

6. If possible, obtain prints of some of Rossetti's paintings showing the faces of his wife and sister. Newne's Art Library has an inexpensive book of reproductions of Rossetti.

7. Read "The Blessed Damozel" for its pictures and poetic mood. What in it suggests a medieval painting?

8. Make a special study of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, and look up copies of paintings by members of the brotherhood.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

1830–1894

Christina, the gifted younger sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was, like her brother, born in London, where she passed practically all of her life, first at the home of her father and later in her brother William's home. Although she was endowed with great poetic genius, comparatively little of her time was given to literature; for she devoted her life to the care of an invalid mother and two elderly aunts. Like the beautiful Elizabeth Siddal, she was a model for her artist brother, who painted her in his picture "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." Deeply spiritual by nature, she wrote many short religious poems notable for faith and fervor; but she is most widely known for her lyrics and sonnets. Her most representative longer works include *Goblin Market*, a fairy tale, and *Monna Innominata*, a series of beautiful love sonnets. She ranks among the supreme woman poets of the world.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

6. **halcyon** (hăl'sĭ-ŭn) **sea:** calm, peaceful sea, when for fourteen days in the winter the kingfisher, or halcyon, was supposed to nest at sea.
10. **vair:** a kind of fur, probably squirrel, much used in the Middle Ages.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterward remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Suggestions for Study of Christina Rossetti

1. In what sense is the word "birthday" used in the first poem? Notice the parallel construction in the two stanzas. Contrast the pictures of natural beauty in the first with the scene of Oriental splendor in the second. There is a beautiful musical setting for this poem, by R. H. Woodman. If possible have it sung in class.

2. How is the mood of "Remember" in contrast with that of "A Birthday"? What do the two together suggest of the author's life history?

3. Compare Christina Rossetti with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Emily Dickinson, and modern American women poets you have read. (See *Adventures in American Literature.*)

Algernon Charles Swinburne

1837–1909

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, was born in London. The Swinburnes were an aristocratic Border family, and the poet himself has said that "Hotspur's lineal blood in direct descent" was his. His childhood was spent on his father's estate on the Isle of Wight. Even in age Swinburne retained "something of a beau-

tifully well-bred child. But he had the eyes of a god, and the smile of an elf." His neck was long and his shoulders sloping; his body was small, but his head was large and crowned in youth with tempestuous auburn hair.

At Oxford he began a lifelong friendship with William Morris, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones. A strange figure was this scholar of Greek and the Romance languages, this omnivorous reader of the classics, this passionate lover of the Elizabethan dramatists. During these college days he began to write poetry — his lifetime interest. He became one of the two greatest purely lyric poets that England has ever produced, the other being Shelley.

From early reading of Shelley and Victor Hugo, Swinburne imbibed his love of political liberty; but in the last analysis he was a conservative, except in religion. Formal Christianity represented to him the stifling of the independent spirit in man, and for this reason he opposed it; but he never entertained the radical ideas of Shelley. One has only to read his "Christmas Antiphonies" in *Songs before Sunrise* to realize with what ardor he desired the true brotherhood of man.

For his mastery of verse forms and rhythms and his skill in inventing new ones, he is without peer in our language. "Before the advent of Swinburne," writes Edmund Clarence Stedman, "we did not realize the full scope of English verse. In his hands it is like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasias, roulades, arias, new effects of measure and sound, is incomparable with anything hitherto known. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language — a softness that seemed Italian, a rugged strength we thought German, a blithe and debonair lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. Words in his hands are like the ivory balls of a juggler, and all words seem to be in his hands."

Swinburne's first published work was influenced by Shakespeare. His masterpiece of poetic drama, *Atalanta in Calydon*, which immediately established his fame, was based on the Greek dramatic form; but its famous choruses leaped to rhythms and cadences that established a new standard for English versification. His *Poems and Ballads*, full of vivid excitable imagination, shocked his time with their paganism — a fact which, considering their merits, seems strange to us today. He constantly celebrated the sea in his poetry, and during his later quiet life he wrote many verses in praise of young children.

The following selections give some slight idea of the range, depth, and power of this virtuoso of poetry.

A MATCH

Each word and phrase in this poem is carefully chosen for its delicate description of a love match. Notice especially the variation and advance in the individual refrain closing each stanza. This skill in verse structure, combined with adequate love-expression, creates a perfect lyric.

If love were what the rose is,
    And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
    Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
    And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
    And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
    That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
    And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
    And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
    And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
    And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
    And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
    And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
    And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

This exotic song of springtime is probably the best-known lyric by Swinburne, rich in its rhythms and redolent of awakening life. It is from *Atalanta in Calydon,* a tragedy on the Greek model. Only four of the seven verses are quoted here.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;

6. **Itylus** (ĭt'ĭ-lŭs): The Greek myth is that King Tereus of Thrace cut out the tongue of his wife's sister, Philomela. In revenge the two sisters killed the king's son, Itylus. The gods turned Philomela into a nightingale, forever mourning her tragedy. 10. **Maiden . . . light:** Diana, goddess of the moon and of the hunt, both alluded to in this stanza.

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins. . . .

Suggestions for Study of Swinburne

1. "A Match" illustrates Swinburne's delight in beautiful words, perfect rhyme, alliteration, and masterly repetitions. Select examples of each.

2. Swinburne not only used most of the existing English verse forms but created many others. Study the stanza form and the rhyme scheme of both these poems.

3. Select lines outstanding for rhythm, for their appeal to the senses. Compare Swinburne with Keats in this appeal. What American poets resemble Swinburne in their attention to the sound of their lines?

4. What do these two poems reveal of Swinburne's gift for writing? of his theory of poetry?

FOUR FAMOUS POEMS

Matthew Arnold 1822–1888

Chief among the many outspoken voices heard in England during the "Age of Liberalism" was Matthew Arnold. He was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Rugby headmaster immortalized in *Tom Brown's School Days*. In his youth Matthew studied at Winchester and Rugby, and then entered Oxford — where he won prizes in poetry and showed general excellence in the classics. More than any other Oxford poet, he reflects the spirit of his university.

Arnold left college with ambitions to become a poet; but circumstances made him a teacher in his father's school and afterward private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, who in 1851 appointed him government inspector of schools. For the next thirty-five years Arnold worked zealously and untiringly in this position, traveling about the country, visiting foreign schools, and reporting on different educational systems. He led a busy life not conducive to poetry, which he wrote at night after a long day of exacting toil. However, from 1857 to 1867 he was professor of poetry at Oxford, where he gave his famous lectures *On Translating Homer*. His two volumes of published verse received so little praise that Arnold abandoned poetry for critical essays and for lectures in Europe and America.

His chief influence on our life and literature came through his *Essays in Criticism*, in which English culture is seen at its height. He writes: "Culture is the study of perfection, and looks beyond machinery and coal; hates hatred and all sham; has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light." He made familiar such expressions as "Poetry is a criticism of life; the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things" and "Genius is mainly an affair of energy."

Because of the wide range of his prose and poetry, the keenness of his discernment, and the soundness of his judgments, Arnold held a high place among the Victorian writers.

DOVER BEACH

While a note of sadness, of questioning, and of despair underlies much of Arnold's verse, yet there is ever a hint of the patience, perseverance, and fortitude which man needs to bear his lot. He taught that help must come, not from governments or social betterment, but from the soul itself. In this poem the soft dirge of the sea is reflected not only in the ebb and flow of the lines but also in the deeply reflective mood.

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits — on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

Title: **Dover:** a seaport in Kent in southeast England. 3. **Straits:** the Strait of Dover, the shortest distance between England and the Continent. 15. **Sophocles** (sŏf'ō-klēz): an Athenian writer of tragedy (496?–406 B.C.), one of the three greatest in the golden age of Greek drama. 16. **Aegean** (ē-jē'ăn): an arm of the Mediterranean Sea, between Greece and Asia Minor.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

28. **shingles:** pebbly shores, common in England.

Lewis Carroll 1832–1898

Many, many persons who have known the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Tearful Walrus from childhood know well the name of their whimsical creator. But they do not know that Lewis Carroll is only the pseudonym for a scholarly clergyman and brilliant mathematician, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

This delightfully original English writer, after graduating from Oxford University and entering the Church, became a professor of mathematics at his own university. There he served from 1855 to 1881, making an enviable reputation for his many valuable contributions to the literature of mathematics. Meanwhile the other part of his nature was expressing itself in charming letters to his child friends, for whom, like Swinburne, he had the deepest affection, and in absurd imaginative rhymes and tales for children, which through their "glorified nonsense" have won the hearts of readers both old and young. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* are eternally fresh, and the unique characters have become an integral part of English literature.

A SEA DIRGE

The sea theme running through English literature is treated sometimes enthusiastically, sometimes seriously, sometimes tragically, but never has it been treated with more drollery than by Lewis Carroll, who dares to defy the nature lovers.

There are certain things — as, a spider, a ghost,
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three —
That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the Sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor —
Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be;
Suppose it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the Sea.

Beat a dog till he howls outright —
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;
Suppose that he did so day and night,
That would be like the Sea.

I had a vision of nurserymaids;
Tens of thousands passed by me —
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the Sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could —
Or one that loved the Sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free";

But, suppose you are very unwell in the boat —
How do you like the Sea?

There is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb " to flee ").
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the Sea.

If you like your coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs —
By all means choose the Sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then — I recommend the Sea.

For *I* have friends who dwell by the coast —
Pleasant friends they are to me!
It is when I am with them I wonder most
That anyone likes the Sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the Sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold Sea.

William Schwenk Gilbert

1836–1911

Like Lewis Carroll, William Schwenk Gilbert had a serious occupation in which he was highly successful, in addition to the avocation through which he attained wider distinction. A Londoner by birth, he received a diversified education at Boulogne, King's College, and the University of London. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-eight; became a magistrate at fifty-five; and was knighted at seventy-two, three years before his death.

During his twenties he began writing humorous verses, illustrated by his own sketches, which were later collected into successive volumes called *The Bab Ballads*. In 1875 he first collaborated with the musician Arthur Sullivan in the light opera *Trial by Jury*. From then on, the names of Gilbert and Sullivan were inseparable; and the remarkable succession of light operas which they produced has never been excelled. Schools, amateur clubs, and professional companies still delight in these merry, tuneful plays, of which the best known are *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, and *The Mikado*.

Gilbert is a master of swinging meter and unexpected rhyme, especially of mouth-filling polysyllables. His humor lies in the combination of these technical intricacies with delicious satire on the life of his day. He was almost a privileged character in his ability to ridicule the dignities of army, navy, court, and ultra-esthetic literature without giving offense. His verse has sparkle without sting, vivacity without vulgarity. The following selection is from *Iolanthe*.

A NIGHTMARE

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire — the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles — you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.

Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle!
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking.
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich,
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage,
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations —
They're a ravenous horde — and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the bye, the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:
And he and the crew are on bicycles too — which they've somehow or other invested in —
And he's telling the tars all the particu*lars* of a company he's interested in —
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough mixtures to cables
(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all vege*tables* —
You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot tree),
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit tree —
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,
While the pastry cook plant, cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and banberries —
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing —
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is acreep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long — ditto, ditto my song — and thank goodness they're both of them over!

11. **Harwich**: pronounced to rhyme with "carriage" in the next line. 29. **Rothschild and Baring**: noted bankers of that time.

William Ernest Henley 1849–1903

The life of William E. Henley was a veritable storm center. The greatest force in the transitional period following the Victorian Age, he had an outspoken nature and belligerent attitude that kept his work as a journalist, radical, and innovator seething with combat.

In youth he suffered from a tubercular infection of the bone; so, after the amputation of one foot, he went to Edinburgh for treatment to prevent further ravages. During his two years in the old Infirmary there, he occupied himself by writing a series of portrait sonnets showing hospital life with its nurses, doctors, and surgeons painted in a few realistic lines. Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to him there, began one of the most famous of modern literary friendships, which is perpetuated for us in their letters. The two collaborated on essays and several unsuccessful plays. Stevenson used Henley as his model for Long John Silver in *Treasure Island*, and Henley has described Stevenson vividly in his sonnet "Apparition."

On leaving the hospital, Henley became an editor. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* and Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* were first published in two of his papers. In his own verses Henley experimented with old French forms and also with free verse, then an untried field in England. Original and modern in his own writing, he discovered and encouraged many young writers, including Yeats, Barrie, Conrad, and Wells.

Though he produced a vast amount of literary work in spite of ill health, yet in some ways the man towers above his work. Large and muscular in build, he gloried in physical strength; and he had an iron will which would not be shaken or conquered by misfortune or disease. Believing that man should triumph over himself and fate, he scorned fear and oppression of circumstances. Henley said fearlessly in a new, swift way what he thought, and his thoughts were new in his day.

INVICTUS

This cry of indomitable courage was written while the author, in the Edinburgh hospital, was awaiting an operation of doubtful outcome. Because it shows the unconquerable spirit of the man and has given heart to many, it is his most popular poem.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this space of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Title: **Invictus:** unconquered.

2. **pit:** Hades, or hell. 10. **Horror of the shade:** Death. Compare the Valley of the Shadow of Death. 13. **strait:** narrow.

Suggestions for Study of the Four Preceding Poems

1. Into what two main divisions of thought does "Dover Beach" fall? What are the important divisions of the second part?

2. What is the thought connection between Sophocles and the poet? In what way does he compare his skeptical age to the sea? What hope does he find in the midst of "confused alarms"?

3. What aspects of the sea are unfolded in "A Sea Dirge"? Which ones are omitted? Why? If you have had experience with the sea, how does your own reaction compare with Carroll's?

4. Contrast the moods aroused by the sea in different men as shown in the two poems in this section and by others, such as "Sea Fever" (page 19), "The Seafarer" (page 20), "Break, Break, Break" (page 465), "Crossing the Bar" (page 468), "Home Thoughts from the Sea" (page 475), and poems that you may gather outside this book.

5. Write a humorous account of your prejudice against something which is supposed to be popular with most persons.

6. The original Alice for whom *Alice in Wonderland* was written, Mrs. Alice Liddell Hargreaves, died in 1934. What can you learn about her and the celebration of Carroll's centennial in 1932?

7. Pick out examples of Gilbert's amusing rhymes, especially where they run into three syllables. How does the internal rhyme contribute to the humor?

8. What details of the nightmare appeal to you as particularly ridiculous? How does he create the sense of confusion and distress characteristic of nightmare?

9. What words and allusions show that this was written by an Englishman, not an American?

10. Although the two poems are markedly different, what point does "A Nightmare" have in common with "Kubla Khan" (page 375)?

11. Write an account of some absurd predicament you have been in either in a dream or in actual life.

12. What spirit does "Invictus" express? How does it summarize the poet's experiences and his attitude toward life? The last two lines have often aroused differences of opinion. In what sense are they true and in what sense are they not always true?



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Romancer, essayist, and child's poet, he achieved literary greatness in spite of physical handicaps. (Underwood and Underwood)

Robert Louis Stevenson 1850–1894

Stevenson, the valiant poet, essayist, and novelist, was a native of Edinburgh. His father and grandfather were the most distinguished lighthouse builders of their day, and he might have followed in their steps had he been strong physically. But his childhood was so full of sickness that its record reads like a hospital report. Without the unselfish devotion of an old Scotch nurse, Alison Cunningham, to whom he later dedicated *A Child's Garden of Verse,* he would not have survived childhood.

As a boy Stevenson read voraciously. "We should gloat over a book," he said; "be rapt clean out of ourselves." The romantic novelists were his favorites. He went into ecstasies over *Robinson Crusoe,* which he first read in Welsh. On walking tours in Wales he had learned the language, the better to enjoy "Crusoeing," as he called it. The romantic gypsy strain in him prolonged his own life and also benefited the world of literature.

A natural poet and storyteller, like Scott in many ways, Stevenson published his first booklet when he was only sixteen. Satisfied with this literary venture, he formed the habit of jotting down his observations, especially during his winter trips on the Continent. These descriptive sketches soon grew into charming essays and novels. Among them are *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey,* in which he pictures a walking tour through France. On this trip he met Mrs. Osborne, an American whom he afterward married. Seeking health and sunshine, he traveled to California; but the hard-

ships of emigrant travel across the ocean and continent left him not only dangerously ill but also penniless. Only the devoted nursing of his wife, after his marriage in San Francisco, saved his life.

His honeymoon in the California mountains is described in *The Silverado Squatters*, for everywhere he went he found materials and incentives for writing. The Scotland of his boyhood reappears in his children's verse and his novels; France, Switzerland, and America appear in his travel books and a few of his stories; the story of his last days in the Samoan Islands is told in his letters.

While his verse and essays are both distinctive, his novels brought him his greatest fame. Such romances as *Treasure Island*, a pirate tale; *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, and *The Master of Ballantrae*, partly historical adventure tales of Scotland; and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a fantastic story of dual personality, suggested by a dream, show that Stevenson knew how to plan a good story and to tell it well.

After many wanderings in a vain search for health he finally settled at Vailima, Samoa. There, living like an island chieftain on his four-hundred-acre plantation, he gained greater energy; wrote much; and endeared himself to the natives, who affectionately named him Tusitala — "teller of tales." On his death sixty natives cut a path to the top of Mount Vailima, where they buried him. A bronze tablet on his isolated tomb bears the epitaph he had written for himself:

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

MY WIFE

Under the tropic skies of Samoa, Mrs. Stevenson now rests beside her husband; and on a bronze tablet inset on his granite memorial tomb is engraved the closing stanza of R.L.S.'s tribute to her.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

11. **tender**: an attendant or nurse.

EL DORADO

All Stevenson's writing, whatever its type, has the charm of his courageous spirit. To him life was a dangerous but thrilling adventure to be met with fortitude. This essay from *Virginibus Puerisque* sets forth the ideals toward which he himself ever strove.

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and dispatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an

Title: **El Dorado** (ĕl-dō-rä′dō): "The Golden," a name originally given to a fabulous king in a wealthy city, supposedly in South America. Later the name came to mean any visionary quest.

endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theater unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colors, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colors; it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience — would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlor; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten notebooks upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*,[1] he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labors.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and good will. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle toward an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; [2] and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to

[1] ***Decline and Fall:*** This work on the Roman Empire occupied Gibbon twenty-four years.
[2] **Preacher:** Ecclesiastes 12 : 12.

making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighborhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

MARKHEIM

The short story, which in America had reached such high development in the first half of the nineteenth century under Hawthorne and Poe, had no really great exponent in England until the latter half of the century. It is true that many of the Victorian novelists had written some short tales; but they were usually early or incidental works, quite overshadowed by their novels, and seldom met Poe's definition of compressed plot marked by a single dominant impression. Not until the eighties did Great Britain produce great short-story writers, beginning with Stevenson and continuing, in the nineties, with Hardy, Barrie, and Kipling. The last three authors have been placed under the twentieth century because their long period of productivity entitles their works to stand with modern rather than Victorian literature. Stevenson was on the threshold of the new period.

" Yes," said the dealer, " our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, " and in that case," he continued, " I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. " You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, " when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you today very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, " You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object? " he continued. " Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir! "

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over

the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand today is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady, now," he went on, "this hand glass — fifteenth-century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not."

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here — look in it — look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I — nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard-favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this — this damned reminder of years and sins and follies — this hand conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving; unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again with a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I!" cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time today for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure — no, not even from so mild a one

as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it — a cliff a mile high — high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends? "

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face — terror, horror, and resolve, fascination, and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age, others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draft; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion — there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead fish lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," [1] he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished — time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice — one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz — the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he con-

[1] For the exact quotation which Markheim had in mind see *Macbeth*, Act III, Sc. 4, ll. 78–79.

tinued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin. Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear — solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement — these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, " out for the day " written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house about him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing — he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious, of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And

presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence — his bed. One visitor had come; at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death grip of Thurtell; [1] and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw

[1] **Brownrigg, Mannings, Thurtell:** Elizabeth Brownrigg was a murderess of the eighteenth century; the Mannings and Thurtell were murderers of a later date. The pictures were probably to advertise waxworks of notorious criminals, which were formerly a popular form of side show at country fairs.

a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood carvings and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himelf for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four and twenty steps to the first floor were four and twenty agonies.

On that first story the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chessboard, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he got safe into the drawing room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton [1] sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing

[1] **Sheraton**: Thomas Sheraton (1751–1806), a famous English furniture maker.

case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door — even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; churchgoing children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kitefliers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high, genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall), and the painted Jacobean [1] tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened. Fear held Markheim in a vise. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles

[1] **Jacobean** (jăk-ō-bē'ăn): pertaining to the reign of the English kings named James in the seventeenth century.

them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; my self is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist — you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother — the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity — the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself were striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you — I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. I may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a deathbed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service — to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words; and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the

last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bondslave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But today, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six and thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil? — five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please

with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein? "

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money? "

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn? "

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the doorbell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up! " he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales: up, and act! "

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open — I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance medley — a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the farther side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

Suggestions for Study of Stevenson

MY WIFE

1. Compare this poem with Wordsworth's "She Was a Phantom of Delight." What similarity in the general structure of the two poems do you find? Observe the more condensed style of Stevenson's poems. Which seems to you the finer tribute?

EL DORADO

2. Explain the significance of the title in connection with the point the author makes in the essay.

3. Do you agree that the search or the process is more interesting than the completion? Discuss, giving concrete examples.

4. Select some especially quotable bits of Stevenson's philosophy.

MARKHEIM

5. By what details in the first page or two does the author gradually build up in the reader's mind a picture of the shop and the two characters involved?

6. Where and how is the idea of conscience first introduced? At what point does the working of conscience become the main part of the story?

7. Why is a secondhand shop a particularly appropriate place to create the atmosphere desired in this story? Point out details which contribute to the impression produced.

8. Discuss the various thoughts that pass through Markheim's mind while he is alone in the shop. What kind of man do they show him to be?

9. How do you interpret the stranger with whom Markheim carries on the long conversation? What changes Markheim's ideas as to his future course of action? Is the ending a surprise to you? Why, or why not?

10. Compare this story with Poe's "Telltale Heart," in which a murderer also gives himself up to the police. What noticeable differences are there in the situation? In what ways does this story resemble those of Hawthorne and Poe in general?

11. Almost everything that Stevenson wrote is interesting reading for high-school students. See the lists given on page 531.

12. "Stevenson through the Eyes of Those Who Knew Him" is an interesting subject to pursue. See Henley's sonnet "Apparition" and the biography, *This Life I've Loved,* by his stepdaughter, Isobel Field.

Reading List for the Victorian Age

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Practically everything in this section is suitable for high-school students.

Poetry

Tennyson, Alfred: "The Revenge," "Rizpah," "Locksley Hall," "Maud," "The Dream of Fair Women," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Sir Galahad," *The Idylls of the King*

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett: "The Forced Recruit," "The North and the South," "The Cry of the Children," "The Sleep," *Sonnets from the Portuguese*

Browning, Robert: "Evelyn Hope," "The Last Ride Together," "The Lost Leader," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "An Incident of the French Camp," "Hervé Riel," "Tray," "The Boy and the Angel," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Pheidippides"

Rossetti, D. G.: "The Cloud Confines," "The Blessed Damozel," "My Sister's Sleep," "Three Shadows," "Sister Helen," "The King's Tragedy," *Sonnets*

Rossetti, Christina: "Frost," "Abnegation," "Uphill," "A Christmas Carol," "Dream Land," "When I Am Dead"

Swinburne, A. C.: "A Child's Laughter," "Étude Réaliste," "On a Country Road," "To a Sea-Mew," "A Forsaken Garden," "The Garden of Proserpine"

Arnold, Matthew: "Growing Old," "East London," "Shakespeare," "Self-Dependence," "The Forsaken Merman," "Sohrab and Rustum" (See also History and Essay.)

Macaulay, Thomas B.: *The Lays of Ancient Rome* (See also History and Essay.)

Carroll, Lewis: "Jabberwocky," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "Father William," "The Crocodile," "The Baker's Tale"

Gilbert, W. S.: "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," "Gentle Alice Brown," "The Captain and the Mermaids," "To the Terrestrial Globe," *Songs of a Savoyard* (lyrics from his operas)

Henley, W. E.: *In Hospital, London Types,* "On the Way to Kew," "Apparition"

Stevenson, R. L.: *A Child's Garden of Verse* (See also History and Essay, and Fiction.)

Fitzgerald, Edward: *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*

History and Essay

Arnold, Matthew: *Culture and Anarchy,* "Wordsworth," "Emerson"

Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero Worship, Sartor Resartus, The French Revolution*

Macaulay, Thomas B.: *The History of England;* essays on Addison, Johnson, Milton, Bunyan

Ruskin, John: *Sesame and Lilies, Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps of Architecture, The Crown of Wild Olive,* "The King of the Golden River" (story), *Praeterita* (autobiography)

Huxley, Thomas: "A Piece of Chalk," "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge," "The Lobster," autobiography and letters.

Newman, John: *The Idea of a University,* "Lead, Kindly Light" (hymn)

Stevenson, R. L.: *Virginibus Puerisque, Memories and Portraits, Travels with a Donkey*

Fiction

Dickens, Charles: *Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickelby, A Tale of Two Cities, The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son, Martin Chuzzlewit, Great Expectations, Little Dorrit, Christmas Stories*

Thackeray, William M.: *Henry Esmond, Vanity Fair, Pendennis, The Newcomes;* essays and satire: *The English Humorists, The Book of Snobs, Roundabout Papers*

Eliot, George (Marian Evans): *Silas Marner, Romola, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Middlemarch*

Brontë, Charlotte: *Jane Eyre*

Brontë, Emily: *Wuthering Heights*

Trollope, Anthony: *Barchester Towers*

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward: *The Last Days of Pompeii*

Kingsley, Charles: *Westward Ho!*

Gaskell, Elizabeth: *Cranford*

Blackmore, R. D.: *Lorna Doone*

Meredith, George: *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The Egoist*

Stevenson, R. L.: *Treasure Island, Kidnapped, David Balfour, The Master of Ballantrae, St. Ives, Weir of Hermiston, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, New Arabian Nights* (short stories)

Wilde, Oscar: "The Birthday of the Infanta"

Hardy, Thomas: *Under the Greenwood Tree, Far from the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge;* short stories: *Wessex Tales, Life's Little Ironies.*

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Drama

Besier, Rudolf: *The Barrets of Wimpole Street*

Braun, Wilbur: *After Wimpole Street*

Firkins, Oscar: *Two Passengers for Chelsea* (the Carlyles); *Turnpikes in Aready* (the Brownings)

Housman, Laurence: *Victoria Regina*

A dramatization of the first two chapters of *Vanity Fair* appears under the title *The Departure in Play-Making and Plays* by John Merrill and Martha Fleming. Arranged by high school students, it is suitable for classroom presentation.

Biography and Criticism

Queen Victoria by L. Strachey, E. F. Benson, S. Lee, and E. Sitwell

Jane Welsh Carlyle by T. Scudder

The Brownings by O. Burdett and D. G. Loth. Also *Two Poets, a Dog, and a Boy* by Frances Theresa Russell

The Rossettis by Elizabeth F. Cary

Poor, Splendid Wings (the Rossetti group) by Frances Winwar

This Life I've Loved (about R. L. Stevenson) by his stepdaughter, Isobel Field

Biographies of individual authors are too numerous to include here.

Music

Many of Tennyson's and Browning's lyrics are available in both sheet music and phonograph records; also C. Rossetti's "A Birthday," Henley's "Invictus," "Stevenson's "Requiem," and other lyrics.

General Background

Benson, E. F.: *As We Were*

Chesterton, G. K.: *The Victorian Age in Literature*

M'Carthy, J.: *History of Our Own Times* (5 vols.)

Ward, T. H.: *The Reign of Queen Victoria*

Art, Architecture, and Costume

Bate, P. H.: *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*

Du Maurier, A.: *Social Pictorial Satire*

Everitt, G.: *English Caricaturists of the Nineteenth Century*

Quennell, C. H.: *Victorian Panorama*



THE CORONATION OF GEORGE VI IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY by Fortunino Matania. Rich ceremonials and hallowed traditions mark the coronation of the English sovereign, who today symbolizes, not the "divine right of Kings" to rule, but the vast power and enduring unity of the British Empire. Matania is a contemporary English artist. (Art Education, Inc., N. Y.)

The Twentieth Century

1890-

As the decade of the nineties recedes further into the past, we realize its significance as the beginning of a new ge. In recent books it has been labeled colrfully " the mauve decade," " the gay nineies." Politically it might have been called the sinister decade," for forces which led o World War I were slowly fermenting. There had been a wild scramble among nany nations for all of the globe that renained to be exploited. Trade was now an ndeavor to exclude all one's neighbors from he best markets of the world.

Old jealousies and wrongs still rankled nd new ones were added. Military establshments increased to appalling proporions, and the rapid development of science dded to the cost by outmoding equipment lmost as soon as it was provided. In 1887 he Triple Alliance was formed among Gerıany, Austria, and Italy. This danger sigal led to the final conclusion of the Triple Entente among England, France, and Russia. Thus, seven years before World War , Europe was lined up in two great opposing camps. There were minor wars, too, t the turn of the century: the Spanish-American War of 1898, the Boer War of 899, and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, which showed Japan as a growing power.

NDUSTRY AND SCIENCE TRANSFORM WAYS OF LIVING

Industrially, the nineties and the opening f the new century were sinister too. By peedier means of transportation, the marets for industrial products had been multiplied many times. Scientists also had invented new products and improved processes of manufacture. Commercial rivalry had reached the cutthroat stage, and it was the laborer who suffered. In Victorian days reforms in labor conditions had come from the governing classes through humanitarian sympathies. Now the laborer himself assumed leadership and began to claim rights. Workingmen in towns had had the vote since 1867, but workingmen in the country first gained it in 1885. Trade unions, through strikes, fought to improve their conditions. Early in the new century the Labor party established itself as an active force in politics. The wars between capital and labor, coming closer home to the average Englishman than the Boer War, led to the " social consciousness," or desire to improve standards of living for all classes, which has characterized the present century.

These standards were complicated by the very products of the scientific and industrial age. The average family needed so much more material equipment than formerly, and high wages so increased the cost of production, that the " high cost of living " became the bugaboo of modern life. Improved plumbing, heating, lighting, and electrical appliances transformed the construction of houses and led to higher standards of sanitation and health. The bicycle of the nineties gave place to the automobile, and the airplane aroused speculation as to the future air world (see Tennyson, page 465). Within a generation the whole mode of living was altered.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD. This is one of the colleges of Oxford University. Addison attended Magdalen. Other colleges in the University were attended by Johnson, Shelley, De Quincey, Ruskin, Swinburne, Noyes, and Galsworthy. (Ewing Galloway)

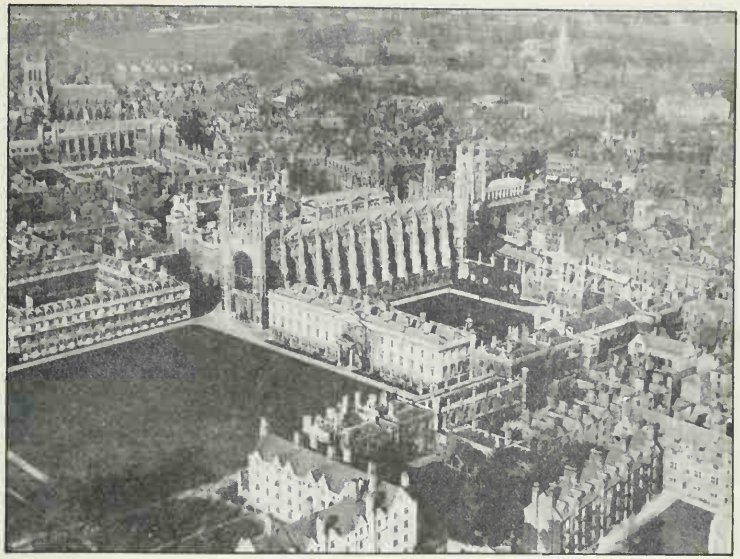
THE MODERN WOMAN APPEARS

One of the most significant changes came in the position of women. This movement had been germinating throughout the nineteenth century, sometimes called "the woman's century." Women had won high recognition in literature, gained admission to colleges, entered professions, and carried on valiant struggles for greater property rights and the suffrage. But the pioneers in these movements were rather scornfully termed "emancipated" and popularly dubbed "queer." It was not until the twentieth century that a college-bred woman, pursuing a career as independently as a man, became an accepted commonplace of social life. "The gay nineties" played an important part in this evolution. The shocking sport of riding bicycles was a halfway stage in the graduation of girls from croquet to Channel swimming. The early attempts at dress reform, ludicrous in retrospect, deserve gratitude for introducing the light, comfortable clothing of the present day. The long struggle for suffrage was apparently interrupted, but in reality consummated, by World War I. English women won the vote in 1918, two years before the Americans.

Today women are in the national governing bodies; women own and direct their own businesses; there are women aviators, and women in every kind of war work — in the machine shop and on the assembly line. They have come a long way, indeed, in their struggle for independence.

THE CELTIC REVIVAL FURTHERS IRISH INDEPENDENCE

All these conditions were not confined to England but were operative throughout Europe and America. England, however, had troubles of her own, not the least of which



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. This is the alma mater of Milton, Pepys, Gray, Byron, Macaulay, Tennyson, Brooke, and Sassoon. (Ewing Galloway)

was Ireland. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, misunderstanding between the two countries had flared into strife. In the seventeenth century Cromwell's army had laid waste the Irish countryside. In the eighteenth century the wrongs of the peasantry had been set forth by Swift and Goldsmith. In the nineteenth, Tom Moore had aroused sympathy by his patriotic lyrics. At the end of the century came the Celtic Renaissance under a group of Irish nationalists. This movement strove to build up national sentiment through revival of the ancient Celtic legends, and it even advocated the revival of the old Celtic language. It produced a body of poetry and drama notable for its imaginative quality on the one hand and for its humorous or tragic realism on the other. It was part of the last great drive for Irish independence, which ended finally in the creation of the present Republic of Eire.

ANGLO-INDIAN RELATIONS REFLECTED IN LITERATURE

India, too, has been a problem of long standing. India appeared in English literature in the vigorous presentation of English army life, as well as native life, by Rudyard Kipling. Kipling, however, represented the "ruling race" in India, which had no idea of "any social or spiritual communion" with the natives. Conditions are now changing. Beginning in 1909 more natives were appointed to executive and legislative office, and ten years later the government was remodeled with a two-house legislative body whose members were mainly elected, though the viceroy still held emergency powers. The Indian Nationalists have never been pleased with the reforms instituted, and still agitate for an entirely free India. In 1942 England offered India her independ-

ence *after* the war in return for active cooperation *in* the war. These terms were rejected. There is hope, however, that in the many readjustments following World War II some satisfactory understanding may soon be reached with this great and ancient land.

PROBLEMS WITH EGYPT AND ARABIA

Though not part of the British Empire, Egypt since the eighties had been a British protectorate. Disputes concerning the Sudan, and rebellions and quarrels among native factions, had kept Egypt in a state of ferment. One notable Consul-General, Lord Kitchener, had the Egyptian peasantry much at heart and had done a fine piece of constructive work before he was recalled to England to take command in World War I. After this war, Egypt passed through various stages on the road to complete independence, which was finally established in 1936.

In Arabia many troubles with native chiefs were avoided by the understanding of T. E. Lawrence, whose *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* gives us striking portraits of the Arabs.

WORLD WAR I DISRUPTS EUROPE

World War I was an unexpected tragedy to modern progress. It affected England more intensely than America. The human race had made gigantic strides in science, invention, and the control of disease. But there had also been a mad pursuit of power all over the world. Europe had become an intricate network of fears, alliances, counteralliances, and murderous competition in armaments. Tension was aggravated by the unceasing will-to-aggression manifested by Germany. In the nineteenth century Germany had been the aggressor in the Danish War of 1864, the Austrian War of 1866, and the Franco-German War of 1870.

The volcano was bound to belch forth again, and in 1914 the eruption came. For four years the war swept over Europe, leaving behind it the wreck of the younger generation — as war always does. President Wilson tried to keep the United States out of it. After the inevitable entrance of the United States he worked to build a permanent peace after the war, through his plan for the League of Nations. The United States, however, would not enter the League, which automatically came into existence in 1920. President Wilson prophesied before he died, "It will all have to be done over again in twenty years and at ten times the cost." The prophecy came true. Biographies of Wilson and an excellent moving picture have revivified these dramatic days of the war and its aftermath.

RUSSIA EMERGES AS A NEW NATION

Old governments had been destroyed in World War I. In Russia the Czarist rule, with its long history of tyrannies, was overthrown by a revolution. It gave way to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, set up in 1917. During the past quarter of a century the world has been watching this tremendous experiment in government. In World War II, after signing a nonaggression pact with Germany, Russia was suddenly and treacherously invaded by Hitler. Her amazing recovery from invasion and the overwhelming drive of her Red Army into Germany have proved that her people are united in defense of their own land. Today Russia stands as one of the strongest of the United Nations.

ENGLAND BETWEEN TWO WARS

The problems which England faced after World War I were not those of drastic changes in government. The attitude of her people has been well stated by an American woman writer:

> The English have ingrained in them two things: Respect for personality and a deep, probably unconscious sense of legitimacy in government. You can make any kind of change you like in government, provided you make it inside established principles. That's what legitimate government is. And the crown is the symbol of that legitimacy. And because they feel this so deeply there has been only one revolution in England in a thousand years, and that ended in restoration and compromise.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, on election night. Great crowds gather on the famous square to watch election results as they are projected on a huge screen from the roof of the Canadian Government Building. (Underwood-Stratton)

But England had many other problems, which she was trying to solve. The great depression started earlier in England than in the United States, and as a result nearly all her workers were brought under a system of unemployment insurance. Since the growing increase of town workers over country workers during the last century had resulted in congested living quarters and increasing slums in the large cities, great housing projects were carried on both by the government and by private concerns. The English disliked the large apartment buildings so popular for Continental housing projects; they preferred the individual small house and garden. Consequently one saw radiating from most of the cities interminable rows of "semidetached villas." [1] Many of the great estates were split up into small farms or suburban lots. Yet abject poverty and hardship still existed among such groups as the miners of South Wales and the shipyard workers of the Tyne.

Nevertheless, World War I had broken down some class distinctions. Many old aristocratic families lost estates and fortunes. Men from the lower classes rose to prominence with the growing power of the Labor party. In 1923 Ramsay MacDonald became Labor's first Prime Minister.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SPANISH WAR AGAINST FASCISM

At the end of World War I the Kaiser was exiled, and the new Republican government in Germany struggled with postwar problems. This went on for nearly a decade before the Nazi party gained control, and rapidly set up a dictatorship under Adolf Hitler. Even earlier the government of Italy had

[1] **semidetached villas:** small two-story houses arranged in pairs, with one wall in common.

come under a dictator, Mussolini. The formation of an Axis alliance between these two countries brought on World War II, which was first "tried out" in Spain — as a proving ground of men and matériel.

In 1931 King Alfonso XIII of Spain was forced to abdicate and was sent into exile. A republic was established, but within a few years it was evident that the Spanish people were not to be permitted to run their own affairs. The so-called Spanish "Civil War," which resulted in 1936, is highly significant as a forerunner of World War II. The Spanish people opposed exactly the same sort of totalitarianism that the United States and her allies later opposed in Europe and the South Pacific. During the Spanish War, France, England, and the United States remained neutral. Russia helped the Republican government; but Germany and Italy backed General Franco, head of the rebel forces, not only with money and munitions but also with troops and planes, until he was able to take Madrid and establish his dictatorship as the new government of the nation. During the two and a half years of this war Spain suffered intense hunger, poverty, and devastation.

THE CLOUDS OF WORLD WAR II GATHER

In 1935 Mussolini caused Italy to attack Ethiopia. The sanctions applied halfheartedly by the League of Nations failed, and England later recognized the conquest. Since 1931 Japanese armies had been overrunning China in an "undeclared war" that ravaged the country. When the British, with others in the League of Nations, condemned these aggressions, Japan's answer was merely to withdraw from the League. Then Hitler wished to annex western Czechoslovakia, on the pretext that several million Germans lived there. He had started on a skillful and double-faced campaign of aggression. England and France tried to thwart his designs and at the same time preserve the peace of Europe by signing away western Czechoslovakia at Munich in 1938. The unopposed seizure of the rest of Czechoslovakia in March, 1939, and the signature of a nonaggression pact with Russia in August, seemed to give Hitler a clear field to invade Poland. Then England could follow only one course. She declared war on Germany.

With the events of this war our generation is only too familiar — the invasion of one country after another by Hitler's army; the dark hour of Dunkirk, when the British army was almost cut off from the homeland; the gathering forces of the United Nations; America's entry into the war after the attack at Pearl Harbor; the long months of building up our armed forces, of armament making, and of actual combat; and the final pressing on to victory, with the unconditional surrender of Germany in May, 1945, and of Japan in September of the same year.

WHAT CONCERNS US NOW IN WORLD AFFAIRS

What concerns the United Nations now is the establishment of permanent peace in the world — a peace that must prevent for all time a repetition of warlike aggression on the part of any nation. The discovery of the atomic bomb has given mankind only one choice: peace and the preservation of civilization or war and universal catastrophe. It is a hopeful sign that the United Nations at their first formal meeting in San Francisco in the Spring of 1945 drafted a charter of international organization and thus laid the groundwork for the preservation of world peace. The obligation is now laid upon all nations to see that this be maintained. And the younger generations will play a great and creative part in insuring that the bells of the world

> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Twentieth-Century Literature

The literature of the twentieth century is, in many of its aspects, markedly different from that of the Victorian Age. While it reveals the creative spirit, untouched by



THE WESTMINSTER SECTION OF LONDON, as seen from the tower of Westminster Cathedral. (Hudson Historical Bureau)

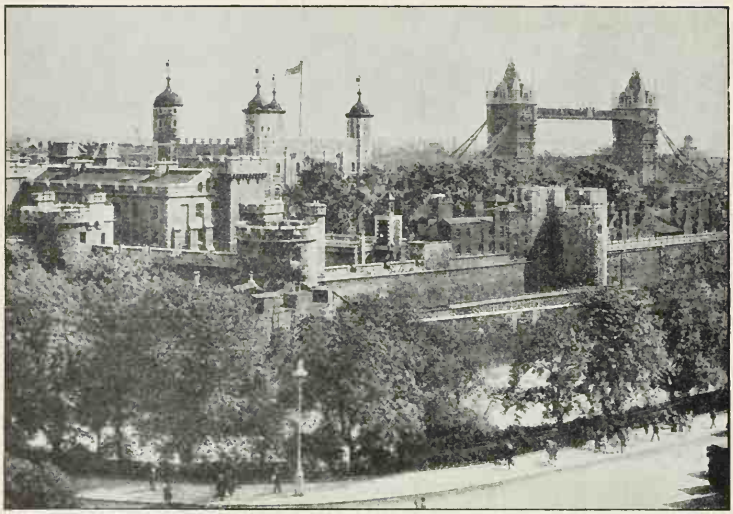
contemporary happenings, it also shows the influence of movements and events which shaped the history of the period. Twentieth-century literature, therefore, is complex and diverse in both form and content. Although the novel and the essay — predominant prose types of the nineteenth century — continue to be important, the drama, the biography, and the short story have come into prominence. Poetry, too, has enjoyed a marked renascence.

The optimistic spirit of much Victorian literature was carried into the early years of the twentieth century. But this spirit yielded, in large measure, to pessimism and even cynicism in the face of the overwhelming tragedy of two world wars and an economic depression of unprecedented severity — all occurring within a period of thirty years. These catastrophes served also to sharpen the realistic approach in writing, which began with the interest of Victorian novelists and essayists in social improvement.

But some of the literature of this period reflects the desire of many writers to escape from the distraught world of the twentieth century. They have turned for inspiration to the lives of simple folk in village and town, to the realm of pure fancy, and to the rich stores of myth and legend of their own and other lands. The fiction, drama, and poetry that they have thus created rank with the most artistically and emotionally satisfying literature of our times.

VARIED TRENDS IN POETRY

The poetry of the period reveals a number of trends. Some poets, notably Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman, looked at human experience and found in it little but despair and pessimism. Hardy, a great novelist who turned to poetry in his later years, was deeply sensitive to the injustice and irony of life, but glimpsed " some blessèd Hope " to bring order into the chaos of the world. Housman, writing verse of polished perfection, occasionally brings a heartening



THE TOWER OF LONDON. Modern London has engulfed this medieval fortress where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. The tops of the Tower Bridge are seen to the right. (Hudson Historical Bureau)

fortitude or a sudden, poignant twist to his attitude of bitter disillusionment.

Walter de la Mare creates in his verse a world of magic make-believe, some of which appeals only to children but much of which has a depth that attracts older readers as well. Francis Thompson best represents a group of poets who write with beauty about man's spiritual life and the world of the unseen.

POETS OF THE CELTIC RENAISSANCE

Another interesting group of poets is found in Ireland. Stimulated by the movement for Irish independence, these men created poetry that is expressive of the spirit of their country, using its folklore and legends, its hopes and fears, and the way of life of its people as their inspiration. This literary movement, known as the Celtic Renaissance, covers prose as well as verse and has among its distinguished representatives William Butler Yeats, James Stephens, and John Millington Synge.

POETS OF MARCHING METERS

In sharp contrast are such writers as Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, and G. K. Chesterton. Although they have written lyrics of power and beauty, these poets are chiefly famous for their stirring narratives. Kipling and Masefield exalt the humble and the lowly, the soldiers, the sailors, the laborers, the pioneers — those who carry out their duties regardless of difficulty and mindless of consequence. Alfred Noyes turns at times to England's medieval and Elizabethan days for material for his verse; while Chesterton, though primarily a writer of prose, splashed his poetic canvas with colorful historical pageantry.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON



WILL'S COFFEE SHOP (Russell St.)

Wimpole St. where Browning came to court Elizabeth Barrett.

BLOOMSBURY
Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf

BRITISH MUSEUM

COFFEE HOUSES

RUSSELL ST.

"Cheshire Cheese" (Frequented by Doctor Johnson & his circle)

DICKENS'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

BOW BELLS CHURCH

EAST INDIA HOUSE (Lamb worked as accountant here.)

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Elizabethan theaters

ROYAL ACADEMY

SOHO SQ.

SHELLEY & DE QUINCEY HOMES

FLEET ST.

THE TEMPLE

OLD CITY OF LONDON

BERKELEY SQ.

THE STRAND

TRAFALGAR SQ.

TOWER OF LONDON

HOLLAND HOUSE

KENSINGTON PALACE

Addison lived here & Thomas Moore was often a guest.

PALACE GARDENS

ST. JAMES'S PARK

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Thackeray's house 16 Young St., Kensington

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD

BLACKFRIARS RD.

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD

LONDON BRIDGE

THAMES RIVER



CHAUCER'S TABARD INN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

GLOBE THEATER



Carlyle's house, Cheyne Row



POET'S CORNER
Westminster Abbey



Carlyle and Tennyson in the garden

HERE LIES OLIVER GOLDSMITH

TOWER OF LONDON



Where Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World"

THE GEORGIANS AND THE NEW GENERATION OF POETS

Just before World War I a group of younger poets, issuing their verse together in pamphlets and anthologies, became known as the Georgians — the name being derived from the reigning British sovereign, George V. This generation served in the war, and some of its best poets were killed before they reached full maturity. Among them Rupert Brooke and Wilfrid Owen were the most promising. Of the survivors Siegfried Sassoon wrote with flaming sincerity of his hatred of war.

But a new generation of poets has grown to maturity since World War I. They were too young actually to experience this conflict, but they saw its tragic consequences that culminated in the outbreak of World War II in September, 1939. Their poetry expresses their attitude toward the world as they have seen it, with emphasis on its economic and political chaos and its spiritual stagnation. They are not content to diagnose the ills of the world; they offer remedies, which usually take the form of changes in the political organization of the state. Just as the content of their poetry breaks with tradition, so, too, does its form. They use words in strange ways and their rhythm suggests new and unusual patterns. The most influential of this group is T. S. Eliot, an American who became a naturalized British subject in 1927. Other outstanding new poets are W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender.

NEW TENDENCIES IN THE NOVEL

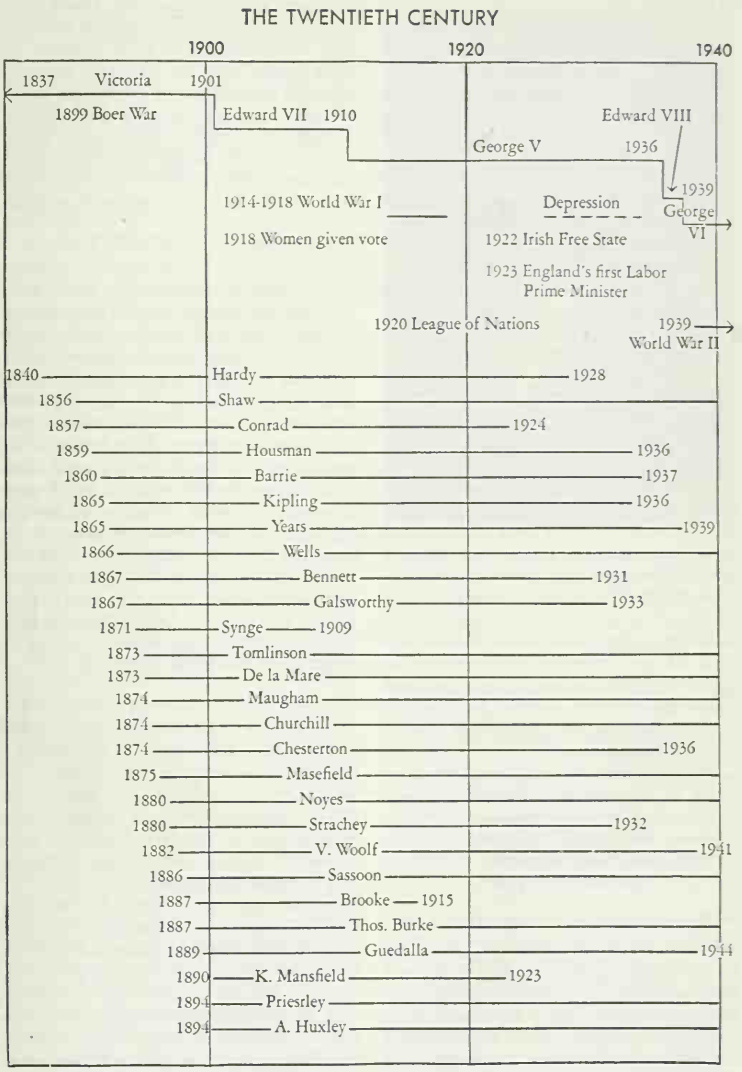
In fiction both the novel and the short story have flourished, although the short story is not proportionately so important in England as in America. The chapter on the novel (pages 325–334) has already emphasized the contribution of Hardy, Barrie, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Maugham, Priestley, and many other well-known authors of the twentieth century. The present-day novel is largely realistic; that is, it portrays life as it is actually lived by a given group of people. This realistic approach means that the contemporary writers of fiction generally deal with social, economic, and moral problems found in our complex civilization. On the other hand, many novelists devote their powers to an analysis of the mental processes of the characters they create. These writers are so convinced of the importance of what goes on within the mind of the individual that they have invented the "stream of consciousness" method; that is, they tell a story by means of the successive thoughts flowing through the mind of one or more of the characters.

VARIETY IN THE SHORT STORY

Many of England's great novelists also excel in the short story. The fiction writers mentioned in the discussion of the novel take first rank also in short stories. Although certain trends in the short story are clearly discernible, here, as in other literary forms, there is great variety. The early twentieth-century writers used local color and dialect to great advantage. Hardy set most of his short stories in Wessex, an ancient district in southwestern England. The name of J. M. Barrie is indissolubly linked with Scotland and Scotch dialect, as Kipling's is with British army life in India and the doings of the British soldier, "Tommy Atkins." Arnold Bennett confined himself largely to the five pottery towns of Staffordshire; H. G. Wells occasionally forgot his preoccupation with world events to write of the Cockney. Using largely the upper strata of English life, H. H. Munro ("Saki") enriched the short story with his brief narratives that are skillful in technique and refreshingly original in idea. Katherine Mansfield excelled in narratives that are distinctive for brevity and delicacy of character portrayal. Her emphasis on character irrespective of locality has greatly influenced the younger writer of today.

THE RETURN OF DRAMA TO POPULARITY

The type of literature which, more than any other, the twentieth century may claim for its own is the drama. Not since the days


THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
1900
1920
1940
1837 Victoria 1901
1899 Boer War
Edward VII 1910
George V
1936
Edward VIII
1939
George VI
1914-1918 World War I
Depression
1918 Women given vote
1922 Irish Free State
1923 England's first Labor Prime Minister
1920 League of Nations
1939 World War II
1840 Hardy 1928
1856 Shaw
1857 Conrad 1924
1859 Housman 1936
1860 Barrie 1937
1865 Kipling 1936
1865 Years 1939
1866 Wells
1867 Bennett 1931
1867 Galsworthy 1933
1871 Synge 1909
1873 Tomlinson
1873 De la Mare
1874 Maugham
1874 Churchill
1874 Chesterton 1936
1875 Masefield
1880 Noyes
1880 Strachey 1932
1882 V. Woolf 1941
1886 Sassoon
1887 Brooke 1915
1887 Thos. Burke
1889 Guedalla 1944
1890 K. Mansfield 1923
1894 Priestley
1894 A. Huxley

of Elizabeth has there been such an outburst of playwriting that may stand the test of time. A great impetus was given to this movement by the writings of Henrik Ibsen, a Norwegian of the nineteenth century, who chose for the subject of his plays many of the serious social and moral problems that were besetting contemporary life. His influence reached England in the 1890's and soon English dramatists by the score were writing serious plays on modern problems.

Outstanding among these playwrights is George Bernard Shaw. With his sharply satirical and witty comedies he began both to shock and to stimulate England at the turn of the century, and continued to do so in an amazing series of more than fifty plays. Equally concerned with the injustice and hypocrisy of modern society was John Galsworthy; his dramas, unrelieved by the humor and the rich characterization that mark much of Shaw's work, reveal an unswerving determination to present both sides of the problem of the play with an almost judicial impartiality. A third distinguished British playwright is Barrie. His engaging comedies — sometimes whimsical, sometimes fanciful, occasionally serious — have continued to delight readers and theater audiences on both sides of the Atlantic. Perhaps the best known of recent writers of comedy is Noel Coward. His portrayals of upper-class English life are characterized by a wit that, whether it sparkles or bites, is always sophisticated.

Notable among the Irish writers who have added to the wealth of English dramatic literature are Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Dunsany, and Sean O'Casey, whose dramas give expression to the same spirit that marks the Celtic Renaissance in poetry.

PROSE NONFICTION RICH AND VARIED

Today writers of nonfiction prose are highly diversified. Modern Britain does not seem to produce essayists who devote their whole time to that literary type as did Addison, Steele, and Lamb. Most of the authors who have won distinction as novelists and dramatists, and many others, have written countless volumes of essays, travel, comment, and both social and literary criticism. The subject matter of these volumes has been limited only by the rapid sweep of events in every aspect of our modern world: economic, political, social, moral, religious, literary, and artistic. Some essays are as short-lived as the weekly periodical in which they first appear; a few are serious attempts to get at the heart of a profound problem.

THE EMERGENCE OF A NEW TYPE OF BIOGRAPHY

The form of nonfiction in which there has been the greatest change is biography. Instead of the long, purely factual account of an individual's life that was often uninteresting, but usually complimentary, the new biography presents the subject without any hero worship, organizes material creatively, and uses many of the devices of the novelist to hold the reader's interest. As a result, biography has become a widely popular type of reading — instead of being a scholarly exercise. Lytton Strachey is regarded as the outstanding leader of the new biographical writing. His influence extended beyond the borders of his own land to both Europe and America. One of the most brilliantly successful of his followers, among his countrymen, was Philip Guedalla.

BRITISH ORATORY AND WINSTON CHURCHILL

World War II has brought an avalanche of volumes on every phase of the struggle: the aims of the war, the terms of the peace, eyewitness accounts of the bombings in Britain, and reports by war correspondents from all parts of the world where the British armed services were fighting. But probably the most significant contribution to war literature has been made by Winston Churchill. His name will inevitably be linked with those of Edmund Burke and William Gladstone in the great tradition of British oratory. But his orations are something new. In a world where the radio carries the voice of a statesman to an unseen audience of millions who are at least as important as the visible audience of hundreds, the long

oration on the Ciceronian model has no place. The speaker must select a few salient points, and convince his hearers in language that is at once simple but forceful and persuasive. This Churchill has done with consummate skill, and his speeches — vigorous, moving, and eloquent — are assured an enduring place in English literature.

A FORWARD LOOK

World War II, with its unprecedented violence and destruction, temporarily diverted the energies of English writers. Their energies, like those of all other Englishmen, were devoted completely to bringing this titanic struggle to a triumphant close. Nevertheless, despite paper shortages and other publishing difficulties, the wartime literary output of England has been remarkable. With the emergence of a world at peace, there is every reason to believe that the creative power of England's writers will again make a great contribution toward determining "not only the cultural aspect of the world, but the living shape of things to come."

PLAN OF PRESENTATION

The general plan of this chapter is to present major authors in groupings that will be most suitable for study, rather than to follow a strictly chronological order. Certain authors whose reputations rest almost equally on several types of literature have been placed first, so that the work of each may be viewed as a whole. These three authors are Hardy, Kipling, and Chesterton, represented by poetry and fiction selections. Although Galsworthy and Barrie belong to this versatile group, with both fiction and drama to their credit, they are placed in the section on drama — which follows the first three authors — since they are represented in this volume by plays only.Then come the short-story writers, the poets, and the writers of nonfiction prose. But remember that almost every author of this century has written something in a field outside his major type.



THOMAS HARDY. His powerful novels present a conception of life as somber as the desolate moors which are their setting. (Culver)

Thomas Hardy 1840–1928

More than any other author Hardy is a link between the Victorian Age and the twentieth century. His literary work is cut into two marked divisions almost with the turn of the century. As a novelist he was a late Victorian who, with George Meredith, carried on the great tradition of the English novel after Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. As a poet he stood with the poets of the early twentieth century. Equally great in both types of writing, Hardy was regarded toward the end of his life as "the grand old man of literature."

He was a native of "Wessex," which he used as the setting for almost all his writings. This is a general term (derived from "West Saxons") covering the six southwest counties of England, of which Dorset was Hardy's actual home. His father, a builder, apprenticed his son at seventeen to an ecclesiastical architect. In

this profession young Hardy worked with ability, winning several prizes for his designs and essays; but when he was thirty-one, he decided to abandon architecture for fiction. For twenty years Hardy devoted himself to novel writing (for a discussion of his novels see page 331). In his sixties Hardy returned to poetry, his first literary love. Besides his many lyrics he produced a long dramatic poem, *The Dynasts*, the story of Napoleon set forth in nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty-one scenes. In his boyhood on the south coast of England, Hardy had heard the tradition that Napoleon came reconnoitering across the Channel one dark night; and he developed an insatiable interest in that great military figure which culminated in this ambitious play-poem, the product of eleven years of thought.

The last forty-three years of his life were spent at Max Gate, the home which he designed and built for himself just outside Dorchester. A visitor who met him there in his sunset years describes him as "a little man with wisps of faded sandy hair on the back of the collar of his tweed jacket, blue-eyed, with a masterful nose — and questioning eyebrows that pushed furrows up his forehead to his bald and globular cranium."

Hardy's death was an occasion of national mourning. His ashes were buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, but his heart, by his own request, was placed in the churchyard on Egdon Heath.

Hardy has been called a pessimist because he so often represents his characters as the puppets of an unkind fate, and because his emphasis is largely on the inconstancy and injustice of man to man. The titles of two of his volumes — *Satires of Circumstance* (poetry) and *Life's Little Ironies* (short stories) — suggest his point of view. Nevertheless, both his prose and verse reflect a faith in human nature and a belief in man's power to endure disillusionment and suffering.

TONY KYTES, THE ARCH-DECEIVER

Hardy's short stories, as well as his novels, show his ability to portray intimately the lives of the people of rural England — especially those of the humble folk of his own countryside, Wessex. Not only in dialect, plot, and character portrayal is "Tony Kytes" representative of Hardy's best prose, but it also illustrates the striking use of coincidence — with the characters controlled largely by outward circumstances instead of by their own wills — which runs through most of Hardy's fiction. This story is part of a series in *Life's Little Ironies*, in which a native of a district in Wessex relates to a former resident revisiting his old home the things that have happened during his absence.

"I shall never forget Tony's face. 'Twas a little, round, firm, tight face, with a seam here and there left by the smallpox, but not enough to hurt his looks in a woman's eye, though he'd had it badish when he was a boy. So very serious-looking and unsmiling 'e was, that young man, that it really seemed as if he couldn't laugh at all without great pain to his conscience. He looked very hard at a small speck in your eye when talking to 'ee. And there was no more sign of a whisker or beard on Tony Kytes's face than on the palm of my hand. He used to sing 'The Tailor's Breeches' with a religious manner, as if it were a hymn. He was quite the women's favorite, and in return for their likings he loved 'em in shoals.

"But in course of time Tony got fixed down to one in particular, Milly Richards — a nice, light, small, tender little thing; and it was soon said that they were engaged to be married. One Saturday he had been to market to do business for his father, and was driving home the wagon in the afternoon. When he reached the foot of the very hill we shall be going over in ten minutes, who should he see waiting for him at the top but Unity Sallet, a handsome girl, one of the young women he'd been very tender toward before he'd got engaged to Milly.

"As soon as Tony came up to her she said, 'My dear Tony, will you give me a lift home?'

"'That I will, darling,' said Tony. 'You don't suppose I could refuse 'ee?'

"She smiled a smile, and up she hopped, and on drove Tony.

"'Tony,' she says, in a sort of tender

chide, ' why did ye desert me for that other one? In what is she better than I? I should have made 'ee a finer wife, and a more loving one, too. 'Tisn't girls that are so easily won at first that are the best. Think how long we've known each other — ever since we were children almost — now haven't we, Tony? '

" ' Yes, that we have,' says Tony, astruck with the truth o't.

" ' And you've never seen anything in me to complain of, have ye, Tony? Now tell the truth to me.'

" ' I never have, upon my life,' says Tony.

" ' And — can you say I'm not pretty, Tony? Now look at me! '

" He let his eyes light upon her for a long while. ' I really can't,' says he. ' In fact, I never knowed you was so pretty before! '

" ' Prettier than she? '

" What Tony would have said to that nobody knows, for before he could speak, what should he see ahead, over the hedge past the turning, but a feather he knew well — the feather in Milly's hat — she to whom he had been thinking of putting the question as to giving out the banns that very week.

" ' Unity,' says he, as mild as he could, ' here's Milly coming. Now I shall catch it mightily if she sees 'ee riding here with me; and if you get down she'll be turning the corner in a moment, and, seeing 'ee in the road, she'll know we've been coming on together. Now, dearest Unity, will ye, to avoid all unpleasantness, which I know ye can't bear any more than I, will ye lie down in the back part of the wagon, and let me cover you over with the tarpaulin till Milly has passed? It will all be done in a minute. Do! — and I'll think over what we've said; and perhaps I shall put a loving question to you after all, instead of to Milly. 'Tisn't true that it is all settled between her and me.'

" Well, Unity Sallet agreed, and lay down at the back end of the wagon, and Tony covered her over, so that the wagon seemed to be empty but for the loose tarpaulin; and then he drove on to meet Milly.

" ' My dear Tony! ' cries Milly, looking up with a little pout at him as he came near. ' How long you've been coming home! Just as if I didn't live at Upper Longpuddle at all! And I've come to meet you as you asked me to do, and to ride back with you, and talk over our future home — since you asked me, and I promised. But I shouldn't have come else, Mr. Tony! '

" ' Ay, my dear, I did ask ye — to be sure I did, now I think of it — but I had quite forgot it. To ride back with me, did you say, dear Milly? '

" ' Well, of course! What can I do else? Surely you don't want me to walk, now I've come all this way? '

" ' Oh, no, no! I was thinking you might be going on to town to meet your mother. I saw her there — and she looked as if she might be expecting 'ee.'

" ' Oh, no; she's just home. She came across the fields, and so got back before you.'

" ' Ah! I didn't know that,' says Tony. And there was no help for it but to take her up beside him.

" They talked on very pleasantly, and looked at the trees and beasts and birds and insects, and at the plowmen at work in the fields, till presently who should they see looking out of the upper window of a house that stood beside the road they were following but Hannah Jolliver, another young beauty of the place at that time, and the very first woman that Tony had fallen in love with — before Milly and before Unity, in fact — the one that he had almost arranged to marry instead of Milly. She was a much more dashing girl than Milly Richards, though he'd not thought much of her of late. The house Hannah was looking from was her aunt's.

" ' My dear Milly — my coming wife, as I may call 'ee,' says Tony in his modest way, and not so loud that Unity could overhear, ' I see a young woman looking out of window who I think may accost me. The fact is, Milly, she had a notion that I was wishing to marry her, and since she's discovered I've promised another, and prettier than she, I'm rather afeared of her temper

if she sees us together. Now, Milly, would you do me a favor — my coming wife, as I may say? '

" ' Certainly, dearest Tony,' says she.

" ' Then would ye creep under the tarpaulin just here in the front of the wagon, and hide there out of sight till we've passed the house? She hasn't seen us yet. You see, we ought to live in peace and good will since 'tis almost Christmas, and 'twill prevent angry passions rising, which we always should do.'

" ' I don't mind, to oblige you, Tony,' Milly said; and though she didn't care much about doing it, she crept under, and crouched down just behind the seat, Unity being snug at the other end. So they drove on till they got near the roadside cottage. Hannah had soon seen him coming, and waited at the window, looking down upon him. She tossed her head a little disdainful and smiled offhand.

" ' Well, aren't you going to be civil enough to ask me to ride home with you? ' she says, seeing that he was for driving past with a nod and a smile.

" ' Ah, to be sure! What was I thinking of? ' said Tony, in a flutter. ' But you seem as if you was staying at your aunt's? '

" ' No, I am not,' she said. ' Don't you see I have my bonnet and jacket on? I have only called to see her on my way home. How can you be so stupid, Tony? '

" ' In that case — ah — of course you must come along wi' me,' says Tony, feeling a dim sort of sweat rising up inside his clothes. And he reined in the horse, and waited till she'd come downstairs, and then helped her up beside him. He drove on again, his face as long as a face that was a round one by nature well could be.

" Hannah looked round sideways into his eyes. ' This is nice, isn't it, Tony? ' she says. ' I like riding with you.'

" Tony looked back into her eyes. ' And I with you,' he said, after a while. In short, having considered her, he warmed up, and the more he looked at her the more he liked her, till he couldn't for the life of him think why he had ever said a word about marriage to Milly or Unity while Hannah Jolliver was in question. So they sat a little closer and closer, their feet upon the footboard and their shoulders touching, and Tony thought over and over again how handsome Hannah was. He spoke tenderer and tenderer, and called her ' dear Hannah ' in a whisper at last.

" ' You've settled it with Milly by this time, I suppose,' said she.

" ' N — no, not exactly.'

" ' What? How low you talk, Tony.'

" ' Yes — I've a kind of hoarseness. I said, not exactly.'

" ' I suppose you mean to? '

" ' Well, as to that — ' His eyes rested on her face, and hers on his. He wondered how he could have been such a fool as not to follow up Hannah. ' My sweet Hannah! ' he bursts out, taking her hand, not being really able to help it, and forgetting Milly and Unity and all the world besides. ' Settled it? I don't think I have! '

" ' Hark! ' says Hannah.

" ' What? ' says Tony, letting go her hand.

" ' Surely I heard a sort of little screaming squeak under that tar cloth? Why, you've been carrying corn, and there's mice in this wagon, I declare! ' She began to haul up the tails of her gown.

" ' Oh, no; 'tis the axle,' said Tony, in an assuring way. ' It do go like that sometimes in dry weather.'

" ' Perhaps it was. . . . Well, now, to be quite honest, dear Tony, do you like her better than me? Because — because, although I've held off so independent, I'll own at last that I do like 'ee, Tony, to tell the truth; and I wouldn't say no if you asked me — you know what.'

" Tony was so won over by this pretty offering mood of a girl who had been quite the reverse (Hannah had a backward way with her at times, if you can mind) that he just glanced behind, and then whispered very soft, ' I haven't quite promised her, and I think I can get out of it, and ask you that question you speak of.'

" ' Throw over Milly? — all to marry me!

How delightful! ' broke out Hannah, quite loud, clapping her hands.

" At this there was a real squeak — an angry, spiteful squeak, and afterward a long moan, as if something had broke its heart, and a movement of the wagon cloth.

" ' Something's there! ' said Hannah, starting up.

" ' It's nothing, really,' says Tony, in a soothing voice, and praying inwardly for a way out of this ' I wouldn't tell 'ee at first, because I wouldn't frighten 'ee. But, Hannah, I've really a couple of ferrets in a bag under there, for rabbiting, and they quarrel sometimes. I don't wish it knowed, as 'twould be called poaching. Oh, they can't get out, bless ye! — you are quite safe. And — and — what a fine day it is, isn't it, Hannah, for this time of year? Be you going to market next Saturday? How is your aunt now? ' And so on, says Tony, to keep her from talking any more about love in Milly's hearing.

" But he found his work cut out for him, and wondering again how he should get out of this ticklish business, he looked about for a chance. Nearing home he saw his father in a field not far off, holding up his hands as if he wished to speak to Tony.

" ' Would you mind taking the reins a moment, Hannah,' he said, much relieved, ' while I go and find out what Father wants? '

" She consented, and away he hastened into the field, only too glad to get breathing time. He found that his father was looking at him with rather a stern eye.

" ' Come, come, Tony,' says old Mr. Kytes, as soon as his son was alongside him, ' this won't do, you know.'

" ' What? ' says Tony.

" ' Why, if you mean to marry Milly Richards, do it, and there's an end o't. But don't go driving about the country with Jolliver's daughter and making a scandal. I won't have such things done.'

" ' I only asked her — that is, she asked me — to ride home.'

" ' She? Why, now, if it had been Milly, 'twould have been quite proper; but you and Hannah Jolliver going about by yourselves — '

" ' Milly's there, too, Father.'

" ' Milly? Where? '

" ' Under the tarpaulin! Yes; the truth is, Father, I've got rather into a nunny-watch,[1] I'm afeard! Unity Sallet is there, too — yes, under the other end of the tarpaulin. All three are in that wagon, and what to do with 'em I know no more than the dead. The best plan is, as I'm thinking, to speak out loud and plain to one of 'em before the rest, and that will settle it; not but what 'twill cause 'em to kick up a bit of a miff, for certain. Now, which would you marry, Father, if you was in my place? '

" ' Whichever of 'em did *not* ask to ride with thee.'

" ' That was Milly, I'm bound to say, as she only mounted by my invitation. But Milly — '

" ' Then stick to Milly, she's the best — But look at that! '

" His father pointed toward the wagon. ' She can't hold that horse in. You shouldn't have left the reins in her hands. Run on and take the horse's head, or there'll be some accident to them maids! '

" Tony's horse, in fact, in spite of Hannah's tugging at the reins, had started on his way at a brisk walking pace, being very anxious to get back to the stable, for he had had a long day out. Without another word, Tony rushed away from his father to overtake the horse.

" Now, of all things that could have happened to wean him from Milly, there was nothing so powerful as his father's recommending her. No; it could not be Milly, after all. Hannah must be the one, since he could not marry all three. This he thought while running after the wagon. But queer things were happening inside it.

" It was, of course, Milly who had screamed under the tarpaulin, being obliged to let off her bitter rage and shame in that way at what Tony was saying, and never daring to show, for very pride and dread o' being laughed at, that she was in hiding. She

[1] **nunny-watch**: embarrassing situation.

became more and more restless, and in twisting herself about, what did she see but another woman's foot and white stocking close to her head. It quite frightened her, not knowing that Unity Sallet was in the wagon likewise. But after the fright was over she determined to get to the bottom of all this, and she crept and crept along the bed of the wagon, under the cloth, like a snake, when lo and behold, she came face to face with Unity.

" ' Well, if this isn't disgraceful! ' says Milly, in a raging whisper, to Unity.

" ' 'Tis,' says Unity, ' to see you hiding in a young man's wagon like this, and no great character belonging to either of ye! '

" ' Mind what you are saying! ' replied Milly, getting louder. ' I am engaged to be married to him, and haven't I a right to be here? What right have you, I should like to know? What has he been promising you? A pretty lot of nonsense, I expect! But what Tony says to other women is all mere wind, and no concern to me! '

" ' Don't you be too sure! ' says Unity. ' He's going to have Hannah, and not you, nor me either; I could hear that.'

" Now, at these strange voices sounding from under the cloth Hannah was thunderstruck a'most into a swound; and it was just at this time that the horse moved on. Hannah tugged away wildly, not knowing what she was doing; and as the quarrel rose louder and louder Hannah got so horrified that she let go the reins altogether. The horse went on at his own pace, and coming to the corner where we turn round to drop down the hill to Lower Longpuddle he turned too quick, the off-wheels went up the bank, the wagon rose sideways till it was quite on edge upon the near axles, and out rolled the three maidens into the road in a heap.

" When Tony came up, frightened and breathless, he was relieved enough to see that neither of his darlings was hurt, beyond a few scratches from the brambles of the hedge. But he was rather alarmed when he heard how they were going on at one another

" ' Don't ye quarrel, my dears — don't ye! ' says he, taking off his hat out of respect to 'em. And then he would have kissed them all round, as fair and square as a man could, but they were in too much of a taking to let him, and screeched and sobbed till they was quite spent.

" ' Now, I'll speak out honest, because I ought to,' says Tony, as soon as he could get heard. ' And this is the truth,' says he: ' I've asked Hannah to be mine, and she is willing, and we are going to put up the banns next — '

" Tony had not noticed that Hannah's father was coming up behind, nor had he noticed that Hannah's face was beginning to bleed from the scratch of a bramble. Hannah had seen her father, and had run to him, crying worse than ever.

" ' My daughter is *not* willing, sir,' says Mr. Jolliver, hot and strong. ' Be you willing, Hannah? I ask ye to have spirit enough to refuse him.'

" ' I have spirit, and I do refuse him! ' says Hannah, partly because her father was there, and partly, too, in a tantrum because of the discovery and the scratch on her face. ' Little did I think when I was so soft with him just now that I was talking to such a false deceiver! '

" ' What, you won't have me, Hannah? ' says Tony, his jaw hanging down like a dead man's.

" ' Never; I would sooner marry no — nobody at all! ' she gasped out, though with her heart in her throat, for she would not have refused Tony if he had asked her quietly, and her father had not been there, and her face had not been scratched by the bramble. And having said that, away she walked upon her father's arm, thinking and hoping he would ask her again.

" Tony didn't know what to say next. Milly was sobbing her heart out; but as his father had strongly recommended her he couldn't feel inclined that way. So he turned to Unity.

" ' Well, will you, Unity dear, be mine? ' he says.

" ' Take her leavings? Not I! ' says Unity.

' I'd scorn it! ' And away walks Unity Sallet likewise, though she looked back when she'd gone some way, to see if he was following her.

" So there at last were left Milly and Tony by themselves, she crying in watery streams, and Tony looking like a tree struck by lightning.

" ' Well, Milly,' he says at last, going up to her, ' it do seem as if fate had ordained that it should be you and I, or nobody. And what must be must be, I suppose. Hey, Milly? '

" ' If you like, Tony. You didn't really mean what you said to them? '

" ' Not a word of it,' declares Tony, bringing down his fist upon his palm.

" And then he kissed her, and put the wagon to rights, and they mounted together; and their banns were put up the very next Sunday."

WEATHERS

Someone has said that Hardy had " a genius for capturing the smell and color of the whole countryside in a single lyric." You will find this particular aspect of his powers in the poems below, and something of his concern with human destiny and the mysterious influences that determine it.

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly;
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside the Traveler's Rest,
And maids come forth sprig muslin dressed,
And citizens dream of the South and West,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

AFTERWARD

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbors say,
" He was a man who used to notice such things "?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
The dewfall hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
" To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
One may say, " He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
" He was one who had an eye for such mysteries "?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass:
Yet this will go onward the same
Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

9. **wight:** an archaic or jocose word for *man*.

THE DARKLING THRUSH

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was specter-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt and cloudy canopy,
The wind his death lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a fullhearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessèd Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Suggestions for Study of Hardy

TONY KYTES, THE ARCHDECEIVER

1. Analyze the structure of "Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver": opening, plot complications, climax, conclusion. What part does coincidence play in its development?

2. What evidences of Wessex local color can you discover?

3. What are the sources of humor in the story? Compare it with the humor in "Mr. Pickwick on the Ice" (page 489).

4. In what way does this story illustrate the title of the volume from which it is taken, *Life's Little Ironies*?

5. Read "The Three Strangers" or other stories from *Wessex Tales* and *Life's Little Ironies*. Compare them with "Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver" in this picture of country folk and their use of coincidence or fate.

6. Report to the class interesting bits from *Thomas Hardy's Wessex* by Herman Lea, or other books picturing southwest England. Assemble pictures of cottages and village streets in this district.

POETRY

7. What other poems have you read in which weather plays an important part?

8. In "Afterward" note the different phrases used to describe the coming of death. By what characteristic does the poet wish to be remembered after death? Select unusual and effective combinations of words in this poem.

9. In "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'" what universal experiences of man are contrasted with war? What is the nature of the contrast? This poem is notable for its simple language, which suggests far more than it actually says. Find examples of this. Look up the reference to the title in Jeremiah 51:20.

10. What is the tone of "The Darkling Thrush" and by what details does the poet build it up? What is the significance of the thrush in the development of the mood of the poem?



RUDYARD KIPLING. Travel took Kipling to all parts of the globe — Asia, Europe, South Africa — and it was in the United States that the well-loved stories in *Jungle Books* were written. (Culver)

Rudyard Kipling 1865–1936

Although literary critics do not agree in their judgment of Kipling's rank as poet and novelist, they are unanimous on one point: he has probably been more widely read in the four decades of the twentieth century than any other contemporary British author. Children and young persons, as well as adults, are included in his reading public, for the subject matter of his writings is broad and varied. There are whimsical stories of animal life, humorous stories of school life, tales of horror and the supernatural, and short stories and novels based on the life of the British ruling caste in India. His poetry has been as popular as his prose; for in it he has shown his sympathy with the British soldier in war and in peace and his great pride in the British Empire.

This vigorous man of letters was born in Bombay but educated in England. At seventeen he returned to India to become editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, where his father, a well-known designer and afterward illustrator of some of his son's novels, was director of the museum. Nine years later, after his *Departmental Ditties* had started his reputation as a poet, Kipling returned to England and devoted himself to literature, using his intimate knowledge of East Indian and Anglo-Indian life as material for many tales and ballads. After his marriage in 1892 to Miss Carolyn Balestier of Vermont, he lived in Brattleboro, Vermont, for five years, writing the *Jungle Books* and the *Just So Stories*.

Travel was one of Kipling's delights. There are few parts of the world that he did not visit and describe in verse or prose. Except when traveling he lived, after 1897, in England — first in London, later in Sussex. During World War I he was a correspondent with the fleet.

It is difficult to single out for special mention the most significant of Kipling's volumes. His short stories are masterpieces of originality and vigor. Of his novels, *Kim* is regarded by many as his greatest work; of his verse, the poems in *Departmental Ditties* and *Barrack-Room Ballads* originally won him fame and have continued to be read and enjoyed by English-speaking people everywhere. Kipling was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907 and the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature nineteen years later. His greatest honor is his wide and thoroughly deserved popularity.

MISS YOUGHAL'S SAIS

Most people today owe their knowledge of British army life in India to Kipling, who had firsthand experience of it. In this amusing and illuminating story from *Plain Tales from the Hills*, he reveals the white man's ingenuity in an East Indian atmosphere. It is a tale in which a dramatic situation and a study of racial traits as the author sees them are vividly combined.

When Man and Woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do? — *Mohammedan Proverb*

Some people say that there is no romance in India. Those people are wrong. Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more.

Strickland was in the police, and people did not understand him; so they said he was a doubtful sort of man and passed by on the other side. Strickland had himself to thank for this. He held the extraordinary theory that a policeman in India should try to know as much about the natives as the natives themselves. Now, in the whole of upper India, there is only *one* man who can pass for Hindu or Mohammedan, *chamar*[1] or *faquir*,[2] as he pleases. He is feared and respected by the natives from the Ghor Kathri to the Jamma Musjid; and he is supposed to have the gift of invisibility and executive control over many devils. But what good has this done him with the government? None in the world. He has never got Simla for his charge; and his name is almost unknown to Englishmen.

Strickland was foolish enough to take that man for his model; and, following out his absurd theory, dabbled in unsavory places no respectable man would think of exploring — all among the native riffraff. He educated himself in this peculiar way for seven years, and people could not appreciate it. He was perpetually "going Fantee" among natives, which, of course, no man with any sense believes in. He was initiated into the *Sat Bhai* at Allahabad [3] once, when he was on leave; he knew the Lizard Song of the Sansis, and the *Hálli-Hukk* dance, which is a religious cancan of a startling kind. When a man knows who dances the *Hálli-Hukk*, and how, and when, and where, he knows something to be proud of. He has gone deeper than the skin. But Strickland was not proud, though he had helped once, at Jagadhri, at the Painting of the Death Bull, which no Englishman must even look upon; had mastered the thieves' patter of the *chángars;* had taken a Eusufzai horse thief alone near Attock; and had stood under the *mimbar* board [4] of a Border mosque and conducted service in the manner of a Sunni Mollah.

His crowning achievement was spending eleven days as a *faquir* in the gardens of Baba Atal at Amritsar,[5] and there picking up the threads of the great Nasiban murder case. But people said, justly enough, "Why on earth can't Strickland sit in his office and write up his diary, and recruit, and keep quiet, instead of showing up the incapacity of his seniors?" So the Nasiban murder case did him no good departmentally; but, after his first feeling of wrath, he returned to his outlandish custom of prying into native life. By the way, when a man once acquires a taste for this particular amusement, it abides with him all his days. It is the most fascinating thing in the world; Love not excepted. Where other men took ten days to the Hills, Strickland took leave for what he called *shikar*,[6] put on the disguise that appealed to him at the time, stepped down into the brown crowd, and was swallowed up for a while. He was a quiet, dark young fellow — spare; black eyes — and, when he was not thinking of something else, a very interesting companion. Strickland on Native Progress as he had seen it was worth hearing. Natives hated Strickland; but they were afraid of him. He knew too much.

When the Youghals came into the station, Strickland — very gravely, as he did everything — fell in love with Miss Youghal; and

Title: **Youghal** (youl); **sais** (sīs): a native groom. [1] ***chamar*** (shä-mär'): skin dresser. [2] ***faquir*** (fä-kēr'): priest. [3] **Allahabad** (ăl-ä-hä-bäd'): an important city on the Ganges at the foot of the Himalayas. The other places mentioned in this paragraph are in northern India.

[4] ***mimbar*** **board:** sounding board. [5] **Amritsar** (ŭm-rit'sär): a city in the Punjab, the Northwest Province of India. [6] ***shikar*** (shē-kär'): hunting.

she, after a while, fell in love with him because she could not understand him. Then Strickland told the parents; but Mrs. Youghal said she was not going to throw her daughter into the worst-paid department in the Empire, and old Youghal said, in so many words, that he mistrusted Strickland's ways and works, and would thank him not to speak or write to his daughter any more. " Very well," said Strickland, for he did not wish to make his ladylove's life a burden. After one long talk with Miss Youghal he dropped the business entirely.

The Youghals went up to Simla [1] in April.

In July Strickland secured three months' leave on " urgent private affairs." He locked up his house — though not a native in the province would wittingly have touched " Estreekin Sahib's " gear for the world — and went down to see a friend of his, an old dyer, at Tarn Taran.

Here all trace of him was lost, until a *sais* met me on the Simla Mall with this extraordinary note:

Dear old Man,

Please give bearer a box of cheroots — Supers, No. 1, for preference. They are freshest at the Club. I'll repay when I reappear; but at present I'm out of society.

Yours,
E. Strickland.

I ordered two boxes, and handed them over to the *sais* with my love. That *sais* was Strickland, and he was in old Youghal's employ, attached to Miss Youghal's Arab. The poor fellow was suffering for an English smoke, and knew that, whatever happened, I should hold my tongue till the business was over.

Later on, Mrs. Youghal, who was wrapped up in her servants, began talking at houses where she called of her paragon among *saises* — the man who was never too busy to get up in the morning and pick flowers for the breakfast table, and who blacked — actually *blacked* — the hoofs of his horse like a London coachman! The turnout of Miss Youghal's Arab was a wonder and a delight. Strickland — Dulloo, I mean — found his reward in the pretty things that Miss Youghal said to him when she went out riding. Her parents were pleased to find she had forgotten all her foolishness for young Strickland and said she was a good girl.

Strickland vows that the two months of his service were the most rigid mental discipline he has ever gone through. Quite apart from the little fact that the wife of one of his fellow *saises* fell in love with him and then tried to poison him with arsenic because he would have nothing to do with her, he had to school himself into keeping quiet when Miss Youghal went out riding with some man who tried to flirt with her, and he was forced to trot behind, carrying the blanket and hearing every word! Also, he had to keep his temper when he was slanged in Benmore porch [2] by a policeman — especially once when he was abused by a Naik he had himself recruited from Isser Jang village — or, worse still, when a young subaltern called him a pig for not making way quickly enough.

But the life had its compensations. He obtained great insight into the ways and thefts of *saises* — enough, he says, to have summarily convicted half the *chamar* population of the Punjab if he had been on business. He became one of the leading players at knucklebones, which all jampanis [3] and many *saises* play while they are waiting outside the Government House or the Gaiety Theater of nights; he learned to smoke tobacco that was three-fourths cowdung; and he heard the wisdom of the grizzled Jemadar [4] of the Government House *saises,* whose words are valuable. He saw many things which amused him; and he states, on honor, that no man can appreciate Simla properly, till he has seen it from the *sais's* point of view. He also says

[1] **Simla:** the summer capital of India; situated in the Himalayas.

[2] **Benmore porch:** entrance to the recreation center. [3] **jampanis** (jăm-pā-nēz'): bearers of a jampan — like a sedan chair. [4] **Jemadar** (jĕm-ā-dăr'): a native sergeant.

that, if he chose to write all he saw, his head would be broken in several places.

Strickland's account of the agony he endured on wet nights, hearing the music and seeing the lights in " Benmore," with his toes tingling for a waltz and his head in a horse blanket, is rather amusing. One of these days, Strickland is going to write a little book on his experiences. That book will be worth buying; and even more worth suppressing.

Thus, he served faithfully as Jacob served for Rachel; [1] and his leave was nearly at an end when the explosion came. He had really done his best to keep his temper in the hearing of the flirtations I have mentioned; but he broke down at last. An old and very distinguished general took Miss Youghal for a ride, and began that specially offensive " you're-only-a-little-girl " sort of flirtation — most difficult for a woman to turn aside deftly, and most maddening to listen to. Miss Youghal was shaking with fear at the things he said in the hearing of her *sais*. Dulloo — Strickland — stood it as long as he could. Then he caught hold of the general's bridle, and, in most fluent English, invited him to step off and be heaved over the cliff. Next minute Miss Youghal began crying; and Strickland saw that he had hopelessly given himself away, and everything was over.

The general nearly had a fit, while Miss Youghal was sobbing out the story of the disguise and the engagement that was not recognized by the parents. Strickland was furiously angry with himself, and more angry with the general for forcing his hand; so he said nothing, but held the horse's head and prepared to thrash the general as some sort of satisfaction. But when the general had thoroughly grasped the story, and knew who Strickland was, he began to puff and blow in the saddle, and nearly rolled off with laughing. He said Strickland deserved a V. C.,[2] if it were only for putting on a *sais's* blanket. Then he called himself names, and vowed that he deserved a thrashing, but he was too old to take it from Strickland. Then he complimented Miss Youghal on her lover. The scandal of the business never struck him; for he was a nice old man, with a weakness for flirtations. Then he laughed again, and said that old Youghal was a fool. Strickland let go of the cob's head, and suggested that the general had better help them, if that was his opinion. Strickland knew Youghal's weakness for men with titles and letters after their names and high official position. " It's rather like a forty-minute farce," said the general, " but, begad, I *will* help, if it's only to escape that tremendous thrashing I deserve. Go along to your home, my *sais*-policeman, and change into decent kit, and I'll attack Mr. Youghal. Miss Youghal, may I ask you to canter home and wait? "

About seven minutes later, there was a wild hurroosh at the club. A *sais*, with blanket and headrobe, was asking all the men he knew: " For Heaven's sake lend me decent clothes! " As the men did not recognize him, there were some peculiar scenes before Strickland could get a hot bath, with soda in it, in one room, a shirt here, a collar there, a pair of trousers elsewhere, and so on. He galloped off, with half the club wardrobe on his back, and an utter stranger's pony under him, to the house of old Youghal. The general, arrayed in purple and fine linen, was before him. What the general had said Strickland never knew, but Youghal received Strickland with moderate civility; and Mrs. Youghal, touched by the devotion of the transformed Dulloo, was almost kind. The general beamed and chuckled, and Miss Youghal came in, and, almost before old Youghal knew where he was, the parental consent had been wrenched out, and Strickland had departed with Miss Youghal to the telegraph office to wire for his kit. The final embarrassment was when a stranger attacked him on the Mall and asked for the stolen pony.

So, in the end, Strickland and Miss Youghal were married, on the strict understanding that Strickland should drop his old

[1] **as . . . Rachel:** The story is in Genesis 29 : 15–30. [2] **V. C.:** Victoria Cross, the highest crown reward for military valor.

ways, and stick to departmental routine, which pays best and leads to Simla. Strickland was far too fond of his wife, just then, to break his word, but it was a sore trial to him; for the streets and the bazaars, and the sounds in them, were full of meaning to Strickland, and these called to him to come back and take up his wanderings and his discoveries. Someday I will tell you how he broke his promise to help a friend. That was long since, and he has, by this time, been nearly spoiled for what he would call *shikar*. He is forgetting the slang, and the beggar's cant, and the marks, and the signs, and the drift of the undercurrents, which, if a man would master, he must always continue to learn.

But he fills in his departmental returns beautifully.

RECESSIONAL

The hymn was written to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, June 22, 1897, which marked the sixtieth anniversary of her ascension to the throne. Majestic of mood, fervent in tone, rising to a great height in its closing personal prayer, it is scriptural in its simplicity and vigor.

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Title: **Recessional:** a hymn sung as the choir and clergy leave the chancel after a service.

14. **On . . . fire:** As a part of the opening ceremonies of the Jubilee, bonfires "on dune and headland" were lighted one by one on signal until the island of Great Britain was encircled with a wall of protecting fire, which the poet now sees fading away. 16. **Nineveh:** the ancient capital of Assyria. Its fall in 608 B.C. ended the power of the Assyrian Empire after twelve centuries of prestige. 16. **Tyre:** an ancient Phoenician city famous for its beauty, strength, and wealth. It lost its prestige after it was captured by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. 21. **Gentiles:** here used in the Biblical sense — not belonging to the chosen people of God. 26. **tube:** the barrel of a gun. 26. **shard:** destructive fragments of the bombshell.

TOMMY

From his years of residence in India and his journalistic work on the *Military Gazette*, Kipling knew the Anglo-Indian soldier from A to Z. In this characteristic poem from *Barrack-Room Ballads*, written long before World War I, a typical "Tommy Atkins" speaks his mind and presents the grievances of his lot.

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

1. **public 'ouse:** a tavern. 2. **publican:** the innkeeper.

Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, go away ";
But it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play —
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
Oh, it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music 'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, wait outside ";
But it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the tide —
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
Oh, it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, 'ow's yer soul? "
But it's " Thin red line of 'eroes " when the drums begin to roll —
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
Oh, it's " Thin red line of 'eroes " when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind —
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
Oh, it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all;
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cookroom slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Chuck him out, the brute! "
But it's " Savior of 'is country " when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool -- you bet that Tommy sees!

12. **stalls:** the best seats in English theaters. 14. **trooper:** troopship or transport. 20. **paradin' . . . kit:** marching with the heavy load of the infantry. 36. **The Widow's uniform:** After the death of Prince Albert, her consort, Queen Victoria was popularly called "the widow" by the soldiers.

BOOTS

Here " Tommy Atkins " is back at war again, the Boer War this time. Now the Londoners are undoubtedly calling him the savior of his country again; but that is little consolation for the monotony of the African march, as expressed in the incomparable rhythm of this poem.

We're foot — slog — slog — slog — sloggin' over Africa
Foot — foot — foot — foot — sloggin' over Africa —
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up and down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

Seven — six — eleven — five — nine-an'-twenty mile today —
Four — eleven — seventeen — thirty-two the day before —
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up and down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

Don't — don't — don't — don't — look at what's in front of you.
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again);
Men — men — men — men go mad with watchin' 'em,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something different —
Oh — my — God — keep — me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

Count — count — count — count — the bullets in the bandoliers.
If — your — eyes — drop — they will get atop o' you!
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!) —
There's no discharge in the war!

We — can — stick — out — 'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But — not — not — not — not the chronic sight of 'em —
Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Tain't — so — bad — by — day because o' company,
But — night — brings — long — strings — o' forty thousand million
Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again.
There's no discharge in the war!

I — 'ave — marched — six — weeks in 'Ell and certify
It — is — not — fire — devils, dark, or anything,
But boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE EXPLORER

Again in this ballad Kipling shows his fine understanding of another type of people, the restless, adventuresome Englishmen who throughout the past three hundred and fifty years have explored and made settlements in every part of the globe.

"There's no sense in going farther — it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it — broke my land and sowed my crop —
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
  On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated — so:
" Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —
  " Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go! "

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors —
  Stole away with pack and ponies — left 'em drinking in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labors
  As I faced the sheer main ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
  Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree line — drifted snow and naked boulders —
  Felt free air astir to windward — knew I'd stumbled on the pass.

Thought to name it for the finder; but that night the norther found me —
  Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap today, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me: —
  " Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder! Go you there! "

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
  Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of better men had died —
I could reach the township living, but — He knows what terrors tore me —
  But I didn't — but I didn't. I went down the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,
  And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn scrub, and the water drained to shallows,
  And I dropped again on desert — blasted earth, and blasting sky.

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by 'em;
  I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;
I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone to try 'em.
  " Something lost behind the Ranges " was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
  When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert; but my two legs took me through it —
  And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White Man's country past disputing —
  Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind —
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting.
  Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em —
  Week by week I pried and sampled — week by week my findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!
  But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

27. **dwined:** dwindled.

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow slide shivers —
  Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,
  And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
  Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;
Counted leagues of water frontage through the ax-ripe woods that screen 'em —
  Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever chaps that followed —
  Came, a dozen men together — never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed —
  They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the cities that I set there.
  They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
  By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
  Have I kept one single nugget — (barring samples)? No, not I!
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
  But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water transit sure and steady
  (That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
  Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your " Never-never country " — yes, your " edge of cultivation "
  And " no sense in going farther " — till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
  Anybody might have found it but — His Whisper came to Me!

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

This virile ballad recounts the meeting of two young heroes — the Englishman, representative of Western civilization, and the Afghan, representing the Eastern civilization — on the northwest frontier of India, where the British troops in the border forts were constantly fighting against the depredations of the native outlaws. Published in 1890, this poem with its swinging meter, vivid imagery and powerful diction brought Kipling immediate and well-deserved acclaim.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,

5. **Kamal** (kä'mäl): the leader of the Afghans.

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
" Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides? "
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
" If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
" Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. " Show now if ye can ride! "
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,
" 'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, " ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row.
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

8. **calkins** (kôk'ĭnz): bent metal pieces on a horseshoe to prevent slipping. 9. **Guides:** trusted native troops, who served with the English as guides and interpreters. 11. **Ressaldar** (rĕs-ăl-där'): a native Indian commander of a troop of native irregular cavalry. 13. **Abazai** (á-bá-zī') . . . **Bonair** (bō-nâr'): settlements about forty miles apart on the frontier of the Punjab district. 34. **snaffle-bars:** a jointed bridle without a curb.

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn — howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back! "
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
" No talk shall be of dogs," said he, " when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death? "
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: " I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God, she has carried a man! "
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
" We be two strong men," said Kamal then, " but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle end,
" Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he. " Will ye take the mate from a friend? "
" A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; " a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him! "
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest —
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
" Now here is thy master," Kamal said, " who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line.
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power —
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur! "

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there have found no fault.
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
" Ha' done! ha' done! " said the Colonel's son. " Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — tonight 'tis a man of the Guides! "

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

54. **byres:** cow barns. 74. **ling:** heather. 82. **Peshawur** (pĕ-shä'wŭr): the seat of the British government in Northwest Frontier Province. 86. **Khyber knife** (kī'bŭr): a knife used in Khyber Pass, a narrow road between India and Afghanistan. 86. **Wondrous . . . God:** one hundred names given to God, one revealed only to the priests, the others given in the Koran.

L'ENVOI

Originally these matchless stanzas, often called "When Earth's Last Picture Is Painted," appeared as the closing poem in the volume *The Seven Seas*. They present the poet's gospel of work carried on in the hereafter. The word "l'envoi" means a postscript to a poem, essay, or book.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

Suggestions for Study of Kipling

MISS YOUGHAL'S SAIS

1. What problem does Strickland face? What qualities of character does he reveal in solving it? What past experiences enable him to carry out his plans?

2. What Indian customs and superstitions are woven into this tale?

3. What characteristics of life among the English ruling class in India are found in this story?

4. Read additional Kipling stories. The following are among his best: ".007," "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Brushwood Boy," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "William the Conqueror."

POETRY

5. What great fear and what fervent prayer are expressed in "Recessional"? What do you judge was Kipling's purpose in writing it? Why do you think it has become so widely known? Why is the title appropriate? In what ways may the life of a nation be compared with that of an individual?

6. What reasons are suggested for Tommy's being refused service at the public house, being denied admission to the theater, and being poorly paid? Explain the indifference of nations to their soldiers during times of peace.

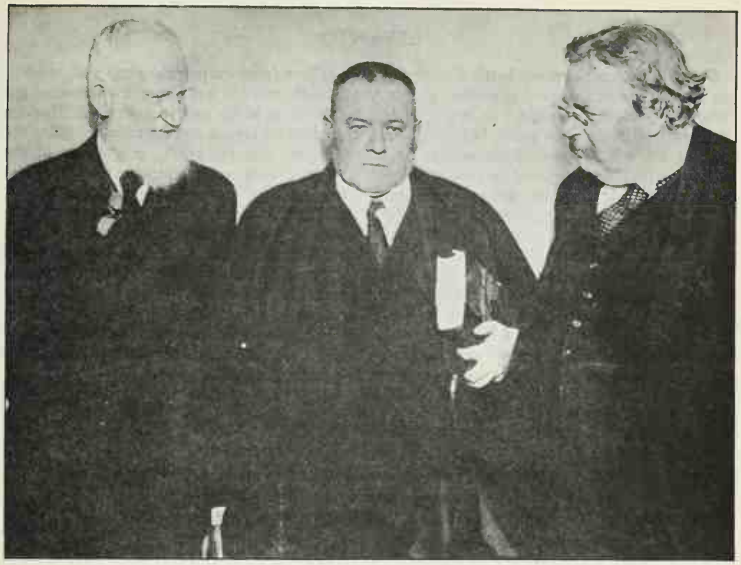
7. In "The Explorer" picture the speaker, the listeners, and the place. What other characters are brought into this dramatic monologue? How did the explorer know when he had reached the pass? Describe his struggles and his decisions there. What devices similar to those in "Boots" are used? In what way is the effect entirely different?

8. By what details does the author give the setting of "The Ballad of East and West"? How does the story illustrate the theme of the poem? Do you agree with the theme? Discuss.

9. In "L'Envoi," how does Kipling picture Heaven? What ideals of art, work, and life are realized here?

10. Read Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself*, and report on what he considered the salient facts of his life.

11. Prepare a program on Kipling including musical settings of his poems, with either records or actual singers.



G. K. CHESTERTON (right) is here pictured with his close friend and frequent collaborator, Hilaire Belloc (center), and Bernard Shaw (left) author of essays and plays considered among the most brilliant and challenging of our times. (Underwood-Stratton)

Gilbert K. Chesterton 1874–1936

One of the most brilliant and prolific of modern writers was the versatile G. K. Chesterton —active journalist, essayist, novelist, critic, dramatist, parodist, lecturer, historian, and poet.

He was born in Kensington, London, of Scotch and French ancestry. He attended St. Paul's School and the famous Slade School of Art, London, for he intended to be a painter. His literary work began with reviews of books about art written for the London *Bookman;* and painting was soon set aside for writing, although he illustrated several of his books with cartoons.

He became known as one of the three cleverest young men in London, Hilaire Belloc and Max Beerbohm being the other two. A man of marked conversational ability, he was throughout his life a conspicuous London figure with his massive frame, tousled hair, and total indifference to appearances.

His poetry, swinging and colorful, tends toward the historic and romantic. His first volume of verse, in 1900, was entitled *The Wild Knight and Other Poems.* "The Ballad of the White Horse" (see page 31) is illustrative of the Anglo-Saxon Age, while "Lepanto" pictures the end of the Crusades and the passing of medievalism. His *New and Collected Poems* was published in 1929.

He is even better known as a writer of prose than as a poet. Here his versatility is clearly apparent. He wrote sparkling essays, and brilliant literary biographies of Browning, Dickens Stevenson, and G. B. Shaw. His greatest popular success came with the publication of several volumes of detective stories. In these the character Father Brown, like Sherlock Holmes, appears in a long series of tales. In whatever type of writing he attempted he showed vigor of spirit and keenness of analytical power.

LEPANTO

Out of a sixteenth-century battle Chesterton has created one of the finest of modern chants. "Banging, clanging, colorful," its music beats until we feel in our own pulses the marching song of the mighty host of Crusaders. This battle was fought in the Gulf of Lepanto (between central and southern Greece), on October 7, 1571. Because the capture of Cyprus by the Turks threatened the destruction of Venetian trade and even the stability of Spain, Pope Pius V had called for the gathering of a fleet from all the Christian nations. Don John of Austria, a brilliant strategist, was in command of the two hundred and eight vessels of the Christian powers which opposed two hundred and seventy-three small and more poorly equipped Turkish vessels. Both sides depended on galleys (manned by prisoners) and, incidentally, this was the last important historical engagement in which galleys were used. Through their heavier vessels and superior discipline the Christians won the battle, only a few of the Turkish vessels escaping capture or destruction. The Christians lost some eight thousand men; the Turks, more than twenty thousand. Moreover, the Turkish naval power was so broken that it never again threatened the peace and safety of Christian Europe. While these historical details are of interest and the poem abounds in other historical allusions, they are insignificant in comparison with the vigor and rapid movement which the poet has packed into the virile lines of this poem.

White founts falling in the Courts of the Sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard;
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips;
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics on the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war;
Stiff flags straining in the night blasts cold

2. **Soldan of Byzantium** (sōl'dăn . . . bĭ-zăn'shĭ-ŭm): Sultan of Constantinople. 6. **inmost sea:** the Mediterranean. 8. **Lion . . . Sea:** The winged lion of St. Mark is the emblem of Venice. 11. **cold queen:** Elizabeth of England did not take part in this expedition. 12. **shadow . . . Valois** (vă-lwä'): Charles IX was nominally King of France, but actually he was in the power of Catherine de' Medici, the Duchess of Valois. 14. **Lord . . . Horn:** The Sultan's palace in Constantinople overlooks an arm of the Bosporus called the Golden Horn. 16. **crownless prince:** Don John of Austria.

In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettledrums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love light of Spain — hurrah!
Death light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star;
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease.
And he strides among the treetops and is taller than the trees;
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From the temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be,
On them the sea valves cluster and the gray sea forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground —
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, " Break up the mountains where the hermitfolk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done.
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces — four hundred years ago:
It is he that saith not ' Kismet '; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey at the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,

28. **tuckets:** a flourish of trumpets. 36. **Mahound** (mȧ-hound'): Mohammed. 38. **timeless houri** (hōō'rĭ): In the Mohammedan paradise, the faithful were rewarded with the companionship of beautiful women throughout eternity. 43. **Azrael** (ăz'rȧ-ĕl): the angel of death. 43. **Ariel:** the spirit of the air. 43. **Ammon:** the highest god of the Egyptians. 47. **Solomon:** According to Mohammedan legend, Solomon had a ring inscribed with the name of God which gave him control over demons and genii of the underworld. 58. **Giaours** (jourz): unbelievers; an insulting name used by Mohammedans for anyone not of their faith. 63. **four . . . ago:** at the time of the early Crusades. 64. **Kismet:** Fate. 65. **Richard, Raymond, Godfrey:** These three were leaders in early Crusades.

Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still — hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea roads of the north
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the gray seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the seafolk labor and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes,
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee —
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth *ha!*
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark;
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a laboring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,

71. **Iberia:** Spain. 74. **St. Michael's . . . Mountain:** Mont St. Michel, a rocky islet off the coast of France sacred to St. Michael. 80. ***Domino gloria*** (dŏ′mĭ-nō glō′rĭ-a): God be thanked! Glory be to God! 98. **Cross and Castle:** the arms of Aragon and of Castile. 99. **galleys of St. Mark:** the Venetian ships. Mark is the patron saint of Venice. 102. **Christian captives:** galley slaves in the Turkish fleet. 104. **swat:** obsolete form of *sweated.*

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign —
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

118. ***Vivat Hispania:*** Long live Spain! 122. **Cervantes** (sēr-vän'tēz, English pro.): Miguel de Cervantes (1547–1616), the author of *Don Quixote* (dŏn kwĭk'sŏt, English pro.), Spain's great satirical classic. 125. **a . . . knight:** Don Quixote.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Chesterton's famous "Father Brown" mystery stories appeared over a period of sixteen years. In these stories the determining clue often lies in some bit of philosophy or some original observation of life which quiet little Father Brown contributes. Watch for it in the following story — one of the best of the series, and frequently found in collections of great short stories.

In the cool blue twilight of two steep streets in Camden Town, the shop at the corner, a confectioner's, glowed like the butt of a cigar. One should rather say, perhaps, like the butt of a firework; for the light was of many colors and some complexity, broken up by many mirrors and dancing on many lit and gaily colored cakes and sweetmeats. Against this one fiery glass were glued the noses of many guttersnipes, for the chocolates were all wrapped in those red and gold and green metallic colors which are almost better than chocolate itself; and the huge white wedding cake in the window was somehow at once remote and satisfying, just as if the whole North Pole were good to eat. Such rainbow provocations could naturally collect the youth of the neighborhood up to the ages of ten or twelve. But this corner was also attractive to youth at a later stage; and a young man, not less than twenty-four, was staring into the same shopwindow. To him, also, the shop was of fiery charm; but this attraction was not wholly to be explained by chocolates, which, however, he was far from despising.

He was a tall, burly, red-haired young man, with a resolute face but a listless manner. He carried under his arm a flat, gray portfolio of black-and-white sketches, which he had sold with more or less success to publishers ever since his uncle (who was an admiral) had disinherited him for socialism, because of a lecture which he had delivered against that economic theory. His name was John Turnbull Angus.

Entering at last, he walked through the confectioner's shop to the back room, which was a sort of pastry-cook restaurant, merely raising his hat to the young lady who was

serving there. She was a dark, elegant, alert girl in black, with a high color and very quick, dark eyes; and after the ordinary interval she followed him into the inner room to take his order.

His order was evidently a usual one. " I want, please," he said with precision, " one halfpenny bun and a small cup of black coffee." An instant before the girl could turn away he added, " Also I want you to marry me."

The young lady of the shop stiffened suddenly and said, " Those are jokes I don't allow."

The red-haired young man lifted gray eyes of an unexpected gravity.

" Really and truly," he said, " it's as serious — as serious as the halfpenny bun. It is expensive, like the bun; one pays for it. It is indigestible, like the bun. It hurts."

The dark young lady had never taken her dark eyes off him, but seemed to be studying him with almost tragic exactitude. At the end of her scrutiny she had somethink like the shadow of a smile, and she sat down in a chair.

" Don't you think," observed Angus absently, " that's it's rather cruel to eat these halfpenny buns? They might grow up into penny buns. I shall give up these brutal sports when we are married."

The dark young lady rose from her chair and walked to the window, evidently in a state of strong but not unsympathetic cogitation. When at last she swung around again with an air of resolution she was bewildered to observe that the young man was carefully laying out on the table various objects from the shopwindow. They included a pyramid of highly colored sweets, several plates of sandwiches, and the two decanters containing that mysterious port and sherry which are peculiar to pastry cooks. In the middle of this neat arrangement he had carefully let down the enormous load of white sugared cake which had been the huge ornament of the window.

" What on earth are you doing? " she asked.

" Duty, my dear Laura," he began.

" Oh, for the Lord's sake, stop a minute," she cried, " and don't talk to me in that way. I mean, what is all that? "

" A ceremonial meal, Miss Hope."

" And what is *that?* " she asked impatiently, pointing to the mountain of sugar.

" The wedding cake, Mrs. Angus," he said.

The girl marched to that article, removed it with some clatter, and put it back in the shopwindow; she then returned and, putting her elegant elbows on the table, regarded the young man not unfavorably but with considerable exasperation.

" You don't give me any time to think," she said.

" I'm not such a fool," he answered; " that's my Christian humility."

She was still looking at him, but she had grown considerably graver behind the smile.

" Mr. Angus," she said steadily, " before there is a minute more of this nonsense I must tell you something about myself as shortly as I can."

" Delighted," replied Angus gravely. " You might tell me something about myself, too, while you are about it."

" Oh, do hold your tongue and listen," she said. " It's nothing that I'm ashamed of, and it isn't even anything that I'm specially sorry about. But what would you say if there were something that is no business of mine and yet is my nightmare? "

" In that case," said the man seriously, " I should suggest that you bring back the cake."

" Well, you must listen to the story first," said Laura persistently. " To begin with, I must tell you that my father owned the inn called the ' Red Fish ' at Ludbury, and I used to serve people in the bar."

" I have often wondered," he said, " why there was a kind of a Christian air about this one confectioner's shop."

" Ludbury is a sleepy, grassy little hole in the Eastern Counties, and the only kind of people who ever came to the Red Fish were occasional commercial travelers and, for the rest, the most awful people you can see, only you've never seen them. I mean

little, loungy men, who had just enough to live on and had nothing to do but lean about in barrooms and bet on horses, in bad clothes that were just too good for them. Even these wretched young rotters were not very common at our house, but there were two of them that were a lot too common — common in every sort of way. They both lived on money of their own, and were wearisomely idle and overdressed. But yet I was a bit sorry for them, because I half believe they slunk into our little empty bar because each of them had a slight deformity — the sort of thing that some yokels laugh at. It wasn't exactly a deformity either; it was more an oddity.

"One of them was a surprisingly small man — something like a dwarf, or at least like a jockey. He was not at all jockeyish to look at, though; he had a round black head and a well-trimmed black beard, bright eyes like a bird's; he jingled money in his pockets; he jangled a great gold watch chain; and he never turned up except dressed just too much like a gentleman to be one. He was no fool though, though a futile idler; he was curiously clever at all kinds of things that couldn't be the slightest use — a sort of impromptu conjuring, making fifteen matches set fire to each other like a regular firework, or cutting a banana or some such thing into a dancing doll. His name was Isidore Smythe; and I can see him still, with his little dark face, just coming up to the counter, making a jumping kangaroo out of five cigars.

"The other fellow was more silent and more ordinary, but somehow he alarmed me much more than poor little Smythe. He was very tall and slight; and light-haired; his nose had a high bridge, and he might almost have been handsome in a spectral sort of way; but he had one of the most appalling squints I have ever seen or heard of. When he looked straight at you, you didn't know where you were yourself — let alone what he was looking at. I fancy this sort of disfigurement embittered the poor chap a little; for, while Smythe was ready to show off his monkey tricks anywhere, James Welkin (that was the squinting man's name) never did anything except soak in our bar parlor, and go for great walks by himself in the flat, gray country all around. All the same, I think Smythe, too, was a little sensitive about being so small, though he carried it off more smartly. And so it was that I was really puzzled, as well as startled, and very sorry, when they both offered to marry me in the same week.

"Well, I did what I've since thought was perhaps a silly thing. But, after all, these freaks were my friends in a way; and I had a horror of their thinking I refused them for the real reason, which was that they were so impossibly ugly. So I made up some gas of another sort, about never meaning to marry anyone who hadn't carved his way in the world. I said it was a point of principle with me not to live on money that was just inherited like theirs. Two days after I had talked in this well-meaning sort of way, the whole trouble began. The first thing I heard was that both of them had gone off to seek their fortunes, as if they were in some silly fairy tale.

"Well, I've never seen either of them from that day to this. But I've had two letters from the little man called Smythe, and really they were rather exciting."

"Ever heard of the other man?" asked Angus.

"No, he never wrote," said the girl after an instant's hesitation. "Smythe's first letter was simply to say that he had started out walking with Welkin to London; but Welkin was such a good walker that the little man dropped out of it, and took a rest by the roadside. He happened to be picked up by some traveling show and, partly because he was nearly a dwarf and partly because he was really a clever little wretch, he got on quite well in the show business, and was soon sent up to the Aquarium to do some tricks that I forget. That was his first letter. His second was much more of a startler, and I only got it last week."

The man called Angus emptied his coffee-cup and regarded her with mild and patient eyes.

Her own mouth took a slight twist of laughter as she resumed, " I suppose you've seen on the hoardings[1] all about this Smythe's Silent Service? Or you must be the only person that hasn't. Oh, I don't know much about it; it's some clockwork invention for doing all the housework by machinery. You know the sort of thing: ' Press a Button — A Butler Who Never Drinks.' ' Turn a Handle — Ten Housemaids Who Never Flirt.' You must have seen the advertisements. Well, whatever these machines are, they are making pots of money, and they are making it all for that little imp whom I knew down in Ludbury. I can't help feeling pleased the poor little chap has fallen on his feet; but the plain fact is, I'm in terror of his turning up any minute and telling me he's carved his way in the world — as he certainly has."

" And the other man? " repeated Angus with a sort of obstinate quietude.

Laura Hope got to her feet suddenly. " My friend," she said, " I think you are a witch. Yes, you are quite right. I have not seen a line of the other man's writing, and I have no more notion than the dead of what or where he is. But it is of him that I am frightened. It is he who is all about my path. It is he who has half driven me mad. Indeed, I think he has driven me mad; for I have felt him where he could not have been, and I have heard his voice when he could not have spoken."

" Well, my dear," said the young man cheerfully, " if he were Satan himself, he is done for — now you have told somebody. One goes mad all alone, old girl. But when was it you fancied you felt and heard our squinting friend? "

" I heard James Welkin laugh as plainly as I hear you speak," said the girl steadily. " There was nobody there; for I stood just outside the shop at the corner, and could see down both streets at once. I had forgotten how he laughed, though his laugh was as odd as his squint. I had not thought of him for nearly a year. But it's a solemn truth that a few seconds later the first letter came from his rival."

" Did you ever make the specter speak or squeak, or anything? " asked Angus with some interest.

Laura suddenly shuddered, and then said, with an unshaken voice, " Yes. Just when I had finished reading the second letter from Isidore Smythe announcing his success, just then, I heard Welkin say, ' He shan't have you, though.' It was quite plain, as if he were in the room. It is awful; I think I must be mad."

" If you really were mad," said the young man, " you would think you must be sane. But certainly there seems to me to be something a little rum about this unseen gentleman. Two heads are better than one — I spare you allusions to any other organs — and, really, if you would allow me, as a sturdy, practical man, to bring back the wedding cake out of the window — "

Even as he spoke, there was a sort of steely shriek in the street outside, and a small motor, driven at devilish speed, shot up to the door of the shop and stuck there. In the same flash of time a small man in a shiny top hat stood stamping in the outer room.

Angus, who had hitherto maintained hilarious ease from motives of mental hygiene, revealed the strain of his soul by striding abruptly out of the inner room and confronting the newcomer. A glance at him was quite sufficient to confirm the savage guesswork of a man in love. This very dapper but dwarfish figure, with the spike of black beard carried insolently forward, the clever unrestful eyes, the neat but very nervous fingers, could be none other than the man just described to him: Isidore Smythe, who made dolls out of banana skins and matchboxes; Isidore Smythe, who made millions out of undrinking butlers and unflirting housemaids of metal. For a moment the two men, instinctively understanding each other's air of possession, looked at each other with that curious cold generosity which is the soul of rivalry.

Mr. Smythe, however, made no allusion

[1] **hoardings:** billboards.

to the ultimate ground of their antagonism, but said simply and explosively, " Has Miss Hope seen that thing on the window? "

" On the window? " repeated the staring Angus.

" There's no time to explain other things," said the small millionaire shortly. " There's some tomfoolery going on here that has to be investigated."

He pointed his polished walking stick at the window, recently depleted by the bridal preparations of Mr. Angus; and that gentleman was astonished to see along the front of the glass a long strip of paper pasted, which had certainly not been on the window when he had looked through it some time before. Following the energetic Smythe outside into the street, he found that some yard and a half of stamp paper had been carefully gummed along the glass outside; and on this was written in straggly characters, " If you marry Smythe, he will die."

" Laura," said Angus, putting his big red head into the shop, " you're not mad."

" It's the writing of that fellow Welkin," said Smythe gruffly. " I haven't seen him for years, but he's always bothering me. Five times in the last fortnight he's had threatening letters left at my flat; and I can't even find out who leaves them, let alone if it is Welkin himself. The porter of the flats swears that no suspicious characters have been seen; and here he has pasted up a sort of dado on a public shopwindow, while the people in the shop — "

" Quite so," said Angus modestly, " while the people in the shop were having tea. Well, sir, I can assure you I appreciate your common sense in dealing so directly with the matter. We can talk about other things afterward. The fellow cannot be very far off yet; for I swear there was no paper there when I went last to the window, ten or fifteen minutes ago. On the other hand, he's too far off to be chased — as we don't even know the direction. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Smythe, you'll put this at once in the hands of some energetic inquiry man, private rather than public. I know an extremely clever fellow who has set up in business five minutes from here in your car. His name's Flambeau and, though his youth was a bit stormy, he's a strictly honest man now, and his brains are worth money. He lives in Lucknow Mansions, Hampstead."

" That is odd," said the little man, arching his black eyebrows. " I live, myself, in Himylaya Mansions, round the corner. Perhaps you might care to come with me; I can go to my rooms and sort out these queer Welkin documents, while you run round and get your friend the detective."

" You are very good," said Angus politely. " Well, the sooner we act the better."

Both men, with a queer kind of impromptu fairness, took the same sort of formal farewell of the lady, and both jumped into the brisk little car. As Smythe took the handles and they turned the great corner of the street, Angus was amused to see a gigantesque poster of Smythe's Silent Service, with a picture of a huge headless iron doll carrying a saucepan with the legend " A Cook Who is Never Cross."

" I use them in my own flat," said the little black-bearded man, laughing, " partly for advertisements and partly for real convenience. Honestly, and all aboveboard, those big clockwork dolls of mine do bring you coals or claret or a timetable quicker than any live servants I've ever known, if you know which knob to press. But I'll never deny, between ourselves, that such servants have their disadvantages, too."

" Indeed? " said Angus. " Is there something they can't do? "

" Yes," replied Smythe coolly. " They can't tell me who left those threatening letters at my flat."

The man's motor was small and swift like himself; in fact, like his domestic service, it was of his own invention. If he was an advertising quack, he was one who believed in his own wares. The sense of something tiny and flying was accentuated as they swept up long white curves of road in the dead but open daylight of evening. Soon the white curves came sharper and dizzier; they were upon ascending spirals, as they say in the modern religions. For, indeed, they were

cresting a corner of London which is almost as precipitous as Edinburgh, if not quite so picturesque. Terrace rose above terrace; and the special tower of flats they sought rose above them all to almost Egyptian height, gilt by the level sunset. The change, as they turned the corner and entered the crescent known as Himylaya Mansions, was as abrupt as the opening of a window, for they found that pile of flats sitting above London as above a green sea of slate. Opposite to the mansions, on the other side of the gravel crescent, was a bushy enclosure more like a steep hedge or dyke than a garden, and some way below that ran a strip of artificial water, a sort of canal, like the moat of that embowered fortress. As the car swept round the crescent it passed, at one corner, the stray stall of a man selling chestnuts, and right away, at the other end of the curve, Angus could see a dim blue policeman walking slowly. These were the only human shapes in that high suburban solitude, but he had an irrational sense that they expressed the speechless poetry of London. He felt as if they were figures in a story.

The little car shot up to the right house like a bullet, and shot out its owner like a bombshell. He was immediately inquiring of a tall commissionaire in shining braid, and a short porter in shirt sleeves, whether anybody or anything had been seeking his apartments. He was assured that nobody and nothing had passed these officials since his last inquiries; whereupon he and the slightly bewildered Angus were shot up in the lift like a rocket, till they reached the top floor.

" Just come in for a minute," said the breathless Smythe. " I want to show you those Welkin letters. Then you might run round the corner and fetch your friend." He pressed a button concealed in the wall, and the door opened of itself.

It opened on a long, commodious anteroom, of which the only arresting features, ordinarily speaking, were the rows of tall half-human mechanical figures that stood up on both sides like tailor's dummies. Like tailors' dummies they were headless; and like tailors' dummies they had a handsome unnecessary humpiness in the shoulders, and a pigeon-breasted protuberance of chest; but, barring this, they were not much more like a human figure than any automatic machine at a station that is about the human height. They had two great hooks like arms, for carrying trays; and they were painted pea-green, or vermilion, or black, for convenience of distinction; in every other way they were only automatic machines and nobody would have looked twice at them. On this occasion, at least, nobody did; for between the two rows of these domestic dummies lay something more interesting than most of the mechanics of the world. It was a white, tattered scrap of paper scrawled with red ink, and the agile inventor had snatched it up almost as soon as the door flew open. He handed it to Angus without a word. The red ink on it actually was not dry, and the message ran, " If you have been to see her today, I shall kill you."

There was a short silence, and then Isidore Smythe said quietly. " Would you like a little whisky? I rather feel as if I should."

" Thank you; I should like a little Flambeau," said Angus gloomily. " This business seems to me to be getting rather grave. I'm going round at once to fetch him."

" Right you are," said the other with admirable cheerfulness. " Bring him round here as quick as you can."

But as Angus closed the front door behind him he saw Smythe push back a button, and one of the clockwork images glided from its place and slid along a groove in the floor carrying a tray with syphon and decanter. There did seem something a trifle weird about leaving the little man alone among those dead servants, who were coming to life as the door closed!

Six steps down from Smythe's landing the man in shirt sleeves was doing something with a pail. Angus stopped to extract a promise, fortified with a prospective bribe, that he would remain in that place until the return with the detective, and would keep count of any kind of stranger coming up

those stairs. Dashing down to the front hall he then laid similar charges of vigilance on the commissionaire at the front door, from whom he learned the simplifying circumstances that there was no back door. Not content with this, he captured the floating policeman and induced him to stand opposite the entrance and watch it; and finally paused an instant for a pennyworth of chestnuts, and an inquiry as to the probable length of the merchant's stay in the neighborhood.

The chestnut seller, turning up the collar of his coat, told him he should probably be moving shortly, as he thought it was going to snow. Indeed, the evening was growing gray and bitter; but Angus, with all his eloquence, proceeded to nail the chestnutman to his post.

" Keep yourself warm on your own chestnuts," he said earnestly. " Eat up your whole stock; I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you a sovereign if you'll wait here till I come back, and then tell me whether any man, woman, or child has gone into that house where the commissionaire is standing."

He then walked away smartly, with a last look at the besieged tower.

" I've made a ring around that room, anyhow," he said. " They can't all four of them be Mr. Welkin's accomplices."

Lucknow Mansions were, so to speak, on a lower platform of that hill of houses of which Himylaya Mansions might be called the peak. Mr. Flambeau's semiofficial flat was on the ground floor, and presented in every way a marked contrast to the American machinery and cold hotel-like luxury of the flat of the Silent Service. Flambeau, who was a friend of Angus, received him in a rococo artistic den behind his office, of which the ornaments were sabers, harquebuses, Eastern curiosities, flasks of Italian wine, savage cooking pots, a plumy Persian cat, and a small dusty-looking Roman Catholic priest — who looked particularly out of place.

" This is my friend Father Brown," said Flambeau. " I've often wanted you to meet him. Splendid weather, this; a little cold for Southerners like me."

" Yes, I think it will keep clear," said Angus, sitting down on a violet-striped Eastern ottoman.

" No," said the priest quietly, " it has begun to snow."

And indeed, as he spoke, the first few flakes, foreseen by the man of chestnuts, began to drift across the darkening windowpane.

" Well," said Angus heavily, " I'm afraid I've come on business, and rather jumpy business at that. The fact is, Flambeau, within a stone's throw of your house is a fellow who badly wants your help; he's perpetually being haunted and threatened by an invisible enemy — a scoundrel whom nobody has even seen."

As Angus proceeded to tell the whole tale of Smythe and Welkin, beginning with Laura's story and going on with his own, the supernatural laugh at the corner of two empty streets, the strange distinct words spoken in an empty room, Flambeau grew more and more vividly concerned; and the little priest seemed to be left out of it, like a piece of furniture. When it came to the scribbled stamp paper pasted on the window, Flambeau rose — seeming to fill the room with his huge shoulders.

" If you don't mind," he said, " I think you had better tell me the rest on the nearest road to this man's house. It strikes me, somehow, that there is no time to be lost."

" Delighted," said Angus, rising also, " though he's safe enough for the present, for I've set four men to watch the only hole to his burrow."

They turned out into the street, the small priest trundling after them with the docility of a small dog.

He merely said, in a cheerful way, like one making conversation, " How quick the snow gets thick on the ground! "

As they threaded the steep side streets already powdered with silver, Angus finished his story; and by the time they reached the crescent with the towering flats, he had leisure to turn his attention to the

four sentinels. The chestnut seller, both before and after receiving a sovereign, swore stubbornly that he had watched the door and seen no visitor enter. The policeman was even more emphatic. He said he had had experience of crooks of all kinds, in top hats and in rags; he wasn't so green as to expect suspicious characters to look suspicious; he looked out for anybody and, so help him, there had been nobody. And when all three men gathered round the gilded commissionaire, who still stood smiling astride of the porch, the verdict was more final still.

"I've got a right to ask any man, duke or dustman, what he wants in these flats," said the genial and gold-laced giant, "and I'll swear there's been nobody to ask since this gentleman went away."

The unimportant Father Brown, who stood back, looking modestly at the pavement, here ventured to say meekly, "Has nobody been up and downstairs, then, since the snow began to fall? It began while we were all round at Flambeau's."

"Nobody's been in here, sir; you can take it from me," said the official, with beaming authority.

"Then I wonder what that is," said the priest, and stared at the ground blandly like a fish.

The others all looked down also, and Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture. For it was unquestionably true that down the middle of the entrance guarded by the man in gold lace, actually between the arrogant, stretched legs of that colossus, ran a stringy pattern of gray footprints stamped upon the white snow.

"God!" cried Angus involuntarily. "The Invisible Man!"

Without another word he turned and dashed up the stairs, with Flambeau following; but Father Brown still stood looking about him in the snow-clad street as if he had lost interest in his query.

Flambeau was plainly in a mood to break down the door with his big shoulders; but the Scotchman, with more reason, if less intuition, fumbled about on the frame of the door till he found the invisible button, and the door swung slowly open.

It showed substantially the same serried interior. The hall had grown darker, though it was still struck here and there with the last crimson shafts of sunset; and one or two of the headless machines had been moved from their places for this or that purpose, and stood here and there about the twilit place. The green and red of their coats were all darkened in the dusk, and their likeness to human shapes slightly increased by their very shapelessness. But in the middle of them all, exactly where the paper with the red ink had lain, there lay something that looked like red ink spilt out of its bottle. But it was not red ink.

With a French combination of reason and violence Flambeau simply said "Murder!" and, plunging into the flat, had explored every corner and cupboard of it in five minutes. But if he expected to find a corpse he found none. Isidore Smythe was not in the place, either dead or alive. After the most tearing search the two men met each other in the outer hall, with steaming faces and staring eyes.

"My friend," said Flambeau, talking French in his excitement, "not only is your murderer invisible, but he makes invisible also the murdered man."

Angus looked round at the dim room full of dummies, and in some Celtic corner of his Scotch soul a shudder started. One of the life-size dolls stood immediately overshadowing the bloodstain, summoned, perhaps, by the slain man an instant before he fell. One of the high-shouldered hooks that served the thing for arms was a little lifted, and Angus had suddenly the horrid fancy that poor Smythe's own iron child had struck him down. Matter had rebelled, and these machines had killed their master. But, even so, what had they done with him?

"Eaten him?" said the nightmare at his ear, and he sickened for an instant at the idea of rent, human remains absorbed and crushed into all that acephalous[1] clockwork.

[1] **acephalous** (ā-sĕf'ā-lŭs): headless.

He recovered his mental health by an emphatic effort, and said to Flambeau, "Well, there it is. The poor fellow has evaporated like a cloud and left a red streak on the floor. The tale does not belong to this world."

"There is only one thing to be done," said Flambeau, "whether it belongs to this world or the other. I must go down and talk to my friend."

They descended, passing the man with the pail, who again asseverated that he had let no intruder pass, down to the commissionaire and the hovering chestnutman, who rigidly reasserted their own watchfulness.

But when Angus looked round for his fourth confirmation he could not see it, and called out with some nervousness, "Where is the policeman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Father Brown; "that is my fault. I just sent him down the road to investigate something — that I just thought worth investigating."

"Well, we want him back pretty soon," said Angus abruptly, "for the wretched man upstairs has not only been murdered, but wiped out."

"How?" asked the priest.

"Father," said Flambeau after a pause, "upon my soul I believe it is more in your department than mine. No friend or foe has entered the house; but Smythe is gone, as if stolen by the fairies. If that is not supernatural, I — "

As he spoke they were all checked by an unusual sight; the big blue policeman came round the corner of the crescent, running. He came straight up to Brown.

"You're right, sir," he panted. "They've just found poor Mr. Smythe's body in the canal down below."

Angus put his hand wildly to his head. "Did he run down and drown himself?" he asked.

"He never came down, I'll swear," said the constable, "and he wasn't drowned either, for he died of a great stab over the heart."

"And yet you saw no one enter?" said Flambeau in a grave voice.

"Let us walk down the road a little," said the priest.

As they reached the other end of the crescent he observed abruptly, "Stupid of me! I forgot to ask the policeman something. I wonder if they found a light brown sack."

"Why a light brown sack?" asked Angus, astonished.

"Because if it was any other colored sack, the case must begin over again," said Father Brown; "but if it was a light brown sack, why, the case is finished."

"I am pleased to hear it," said Angus with hearty irony. "It hasn't begun, so far as I am concerned."

"You must tell us all about it," said Flambeau with a strange heavy simplicity, like a child.

Unconsciously they were walking with quickening steps down the long sweep of road on the other side of the high crescent — Father Brown leading briskly, though in silence.

At last he said with an almost touching vagueness, "Well, I'm afraid you'll think it so prosy. We always begin at the abstract end of things, and you can't begin this story anywhere else.

"Have you ever noticed this — that people never answer what you say? They answer what you mean — or what they think you mean. Suppose one lady says to another in a country house, 'Is anybody staying with you?' The lady doesn't answer, 'Yes; the butler, the three footmen, the parlormaid, and so on' — though the parlormaid may be in the room, or the butler behind her chair. She says, 'There is *nobody* staying with us' — meaning nobody of the sort you mean. But suppose a doctor inquiring into an epidemic asks, 'Who is staying in the house?' Then the lady will remember the butler, parlormaid, and the rest. All language is used like that; you never get a question answered literally, even when you get it answered truly. When those four quite honest men said that no man had gone

into the Mansions, they did not really mean that *no man* had gone into them. They meant no man whom they could suspect of being your man. A man did go into the house, and did come out of it; but they never noticed him."

"An invisible man?" inquired Angus, raising his red eyebrows.

"A mentally invisible man," said Father Brown.

A minute or two after, he resumed in the same unassuming voice, like a man thinking his way, "Of course you can't think of such a man, until you do think of him. That's where his cleverness comes in. But I came to think of him through two or three little things in the tale Mr. Angus told us. First, there was the fact that this Welkin went for long walks. And then there was the vast lot of stamp paper on the window. And then, most of all, there were the two things the young lady said — things that couldn't be true. Don't get annoyed," he added hastily, noting a sudden movement of the Scotchman's head. "She thought they were true. A person *can't* be quite alone in a street a second before she receives a letter. She can't be quite alone in a street when she starts reading a letter just received. There must be somebody pretty near her; he must be mentally invisible."

"Why must there be somebody near her?" asked Angus.

"Because," said Father Brown, "barring carrier pigeons, somebody must have brought her the letter."

"Do you really mean to say," asked Flambeau with energy, "that Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady?"

"Yes," said the priest. "Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady. You see, he had to."

"Oh, I can't stand much more of this!" exploded Flambeau. "Who is this fellow? What does he look like? What is the usual getup of a mentally invisible man?"

"He is dressed rather handsomely in red, blue, and gold," replied the priest promptly, with precision, "and in this striking, and even showy, costume he entered Himylaya Mansions under eight human eyes; he killed Smythe in cold blood, and came down into the street again carrying the dead body in his arms — "

"Reverend sir," cried Angus, standing still, "are you raving mad, or am I?"

"You are not mad," said Brown, "only a little unobservant. You have not noticed such a man as this, for example."

He took three quick strides forward, and put his hand on the shoulder of an ordinary passing postman who had bustled by them unnoticed under the shade of the trees.

"Nobody ever notices postmen somehow," he said thoughtfully; "yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily."

The postman, instead of turning naturally, had ducked and tumbled against the garden fence. He was a lean fair-bearded man of very ordinary apearance; but as he turned an alarmed face over his shoulder, all three men were fixed with an almost fiendish squint.

Flambeau went back to his sabers, purple rugs, and Persian cat, having many things to attend to. John Turnbull Angus went back to the lady at the shop, with whom that imprudent young man contrives to be extremely comfortable. But Father Brown walked those snow-covered hills under the stars for many hours with a murderer, and what they said to each other will never be known.

Suggestions for Study of Chesterton

LEPANTO

1. The very dash and surge of this colorful ballad tend to obscure the logical progress of the thought, which might be analyzed as follows:

   (1) The Soldan's arrogant laughter;
   (2) Rumors of the gathering of the Christian hosts;

(3) Mohammed's summons to his helpers;
(4) Their arrival and Mohammed's orders to them;
(5) The rally of the Christians, forgetful of internal strifes, to the call;
(6) The Pope's scrutiny of the battle of the galleys;
(7) The thoughts of one combatant — Cervantes.

Complete each picture for color and detail.

2. Report on the battle of Lepanto as described in a history book. How closely does Chesterton follow actual occurrences?

3. Report some anecdotes of the "lean and foolish knight" from *Don Quixote*.

4. Compare this poem with Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse" (see page 31), in style, interest, and historical value.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

5. Compare this story with the usual murder mystery tale. Note similarities and differences.

6. After you have finished the story, read it a second time to trace the subtly placed clues.

7. If you have read Poe's "The Purloined Letter," point out its similarity to this story in the underlying idea which solves the mystery.

8. Read further in *The Father Brown Omnibus*. Compare the stories with those in the Sherlock Holmes series as to the use of reasoning from clues.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY DRAMA

The twentieth century has been a great century of drama, and it is difficult to select an adequate representation within limited pages. However, the three following plays give a well-balanced miniature of the whole. One important dramatist each of Ireland, England, and Scotland has been included. Of the two short plays, one is a tragedy, the other a semi-comedy; the full-length play is a problem drama of intense struggle. Each of these plays, while dealing with universal human traits, is associated with some movement or situation typical of this century: the Celtic Revival, the Labor Movement, and World War I. Each play is a masterpiece of its kind.

John Millington Synge[1] 1871–1909

One of the most significant outlets for the spirit of the Celtic Revival was the drama. The Irish National Theater Society founded its own playhouse, the Abbey Theater of Dublin. Since 1904 this theater has given first production to the plays of many writers now internationally known, such as William Butler Yeats, Lady Augusta Gregory, Padraic Colum, St. John Ervine, and others.

[1] **Synge** (sing).

The most powerful playwright of this group was John Millington Synge. Born at Rathfarnham, a small village near Dublin, he knew from childhood the rhythmic speech and the folklore of the Irish peasantry. After completing his course at Trinity College, Dublin, he traveled on foot through France, Bavaria, and Italy, and studied music in Germany, and ancient Irish and other languages in Paris, where he also wrote book reviews and literary criticisms. He returned home at the suggestion of William Butler Yeats: "Go to the Aran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression." In that practically unknown region off the west coast of Ireland, Synge found the peasants and fisherfolk living in a primitive condition and still using the original tongue of Erin. The vivid result of this experience is ably recorded in *The Aran Islands*. The experiment was then repeated in Wicklow, West Kerry, Galway, and Mayo. From these contacts came four of the finest poetic dramas in Irish literature.

In the Shadow of the Glen, a one-act play published in 1903, is built on a story he heard while living in Aran, but the scene is laid in "the last cottage at the head of a long glen in

County Wicklow." In the following year came *Riders to the Sea,* a one-act tragedy, also based on his observations in the Aran Islands. Three years later a full-length comedy, *The Playboy of the Western World,* won wide recognition because of its rich imagery, intensity of feeling, and skillful characterization. In *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* his last play, he returned to the world of Irish legend; in Deirdre, the Helen of Ireland, he pictured a living woman possessed of deathless love and of power over death.

His own death came suddenly in Dublin just as he reached the zenith of his fame. His work is remarkable for its tragic intensity as well as its emotion, imagery, and music. Although prose, in many places almost a translation of Gaelic into English, it is often as rhythmic and imaginative as poetry.

RIDERS TO THE SEA

Against a background of life in the Aran Islands, Synge unfolds in this one-act play the stark tragedy that the treacherous sea brings to a simple peasant family.

CHARACTERS

MAURYA, an old woman
BARTLEY, her son
CATHLEEN, her daughter
NORA, a younger daughter
MEN AND WOMEN

SCENE. *An island off the west of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oilskins, spinning wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc.* CATHLEEN, *a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel.* NORA, *a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

Nora (in a low voice). Where is she?

Cathleen. She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping, if she's able.

[NORA *comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.*]

Cathleen (spinning the wheel rapidly). What is it you have?

Nora. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[CATHLEEN *stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen.*]

Nora. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are; sometime herself will be down looking by the sea.

Cathleen. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

Nora. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[*The door which* NORA *half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.*]

Cathleen (looking out anxiously). Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

Nora. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

Cathleen. Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

Nora. Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind.

[*She goes over to the table with the bundle.*]

Shall I open it now?

Cathleen. Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done. (*Coming to the table*) It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

Nora (goes to the inner door and listens). She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

Cathleen. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

[*They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney;* CATHLEEN *goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf loft.* MAURYA *comes from the inner room.*]

Maurya (*looking up at* CATHLEEN *and speaking querulously*). Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

Cathleen. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space (*throwing down the turf*) and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[NORA *picks up the turf and puts it round the pot oven.*]

Maurya (*sitting down on a stool at the fire*). He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

Nora. He'll not stop him, Mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

Maurya. Where is he itself?

Nora. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

Cathleen. I hear someone passing the big stones.

Nora (*looking out*). He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

Bartley (*comes in and looks round the room; speaking sadly and quietly*). Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

Cathleen (*coming down*). Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

Nora (*giving him a rope*). Is that it, Bartley?

Maurya. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. (BARTLEY takes the rope.) It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

Bartley (*beginning to work with the rope*). I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses, I heard them saying below.

Maurya. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara.

[*She looks round at the boards.*]

Bartley. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?

Maurya. If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

Bartley (*working at the halter, to* CATHLEEN). Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

Maurya. How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

Bartley (*to* CATHLEEN). If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp.[1] It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

Maurya. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drownd'd with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

[BARTLEY *lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel.*]

Bartley (*to* NORA). Is she coming to the pier?

[1] **another . . . kelp:** another pile of seaweed. The sale of seaweed for chemical purposes was one of their sources of income.

Nora (*looking out*). She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

Bartley (*getting his purse and tobacco*). I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

Maurya (*turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head*). Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

Cathleen. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

Bartley (*taking the halter*). I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. The blessing of God on you.

[*He goes out.*]

Maurya (*crying out as he is in the door*). He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

Cathleen. Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on everyone in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

[MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round.*]

Nora (*turning toward her*). You're taking away the turf from the cake.

Cathleen (*crying out*). The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread.

[*She comes over to the fire.*]

Nora. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

Cathleen (*turning the cake out of the oven*). It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever.

[MAURYA *sways herself on her stool.*]

Cathleen (*cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth, to* MAURYA). Let you go down now to the spring-well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say, "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

Maurya (*taking the bread*). Will I be in it as soon as himself?

Cathleen. If you go now quickly.

Maurya (*standing up unsteadily*). It's hard set I am to walk.

Cathleen (*looking at her anxiously*). Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

Nora. What stick?

Cathleen. The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

Maurya (*taking a stick* NORA *gives her*). In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

[*She goes out slowly.* NORA *goes over to the ladder.*]

Cathleen. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

Nora. Is she gone round by the bush?

Cathleen (*looking out*). She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

Nora (*getting the bundle from the loft*). The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

Cathleen (*taking the bundle*). Did he say what way they were found?

Nora (*coming down*). "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen [1] before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

Cathleen (*trying to open the bundle*). Give me a knife, Nora; the string's perished

[1] **poteen:** whisky manufactured illegally.

with the salt water, and there's a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

Nora (*giving her a knife*). I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

Cathleen (*cutting the string*). It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago — the man sold us that knife — and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond it, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

Nora. And what time would a man take, and he floating?

[CATHLEEN *opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.*]

Cathleen (*in a low voice*). The Lord spare us, Nora! isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

Nora. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. (*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner.*) It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

Cathleen. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it. (*Pointing to the corner*) There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do.

[NORA *brings it to her and they compare the flannel.*]

Cathleen. It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself, aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

Nora (*who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out*). It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

Cathleen (*taking the stocking*). It's a plain stocking.

Nora. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

Cathleen (*counts the stitches*). It's that number is in it. (*Crying out*) Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen[1] him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

Nora (*swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes*). And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

Cathleen (*after an instant*). Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

Nora (*looking out*). She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

Cathleen. Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

Nora (*helping* CATHLEEN *to close the bundle*). We'll put them here in the corner.

[*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner.* CATHLEEN *goes back to the spinning wheel.*]

Nora. Will she see it was crying I was?

Cathleen. Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

[NORA *sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door.* MAURYA *comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to the stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and* NORA *points to the bundle of bread.*]

Cathleen (*after spinning for a moment*). You didn't give him his bit of bread?

[MAURYA *begins to keen softly, without turning round.*]

Cathleen. Did you see him riding down?

[MAURYA *goes on keening.*]

Cathleen (*a little impatiently*). God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

[1] **keen:** mourn; wail.

Maurya (*with a weak voice*). My heart's broken from this day.

Cathleen (*as before*). Did you see Bartley?

Maurya. I seen the fearfulest thing.

Cathleen (*leaves her wheel and looks out*). God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

Maurya (*starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair; with a frightened voice*). The gray pony behind him.

Cathleen (*coming to the fire*). What is it ails you, at all?

Maurya (*speaking very slowly*). I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

Cathleen and Nora. Uah.

[*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.*]

Nora. Tell us what it is you seen.

Maurya. I went down to the spring-well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. (*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*) The Son of God spare us, Nora!

Cathleen. What is it you seen?

Maurya. I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen (*speaking softly*). You did not, Mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

Maurya (*a little defiantly*). I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and, "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it — with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen (*begins to keen*). It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

Nora. Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

Maurya (*in a low voice, but clearly*). It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house — six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world — and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now, the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen, and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[*She pauses for a moment, the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.*]

Nora (*in a whisper*). Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

Cathleen (*in a whisper*). There's someone after crying out by the seashore.

Maurya (*continues without hearing anything*). There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh [1] that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it — it was a dry day, Nora — and leaving a track to the door.

[*She pauses again with her hand stretched out toward the door. It opens softly and*

[1] **curagh** (kŭr'ăk): a small boat.

old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads.]

Maurya (*half in a dream, to* CATHLEEN). Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

Cathleen. Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

Maurya. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

Cathleen. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

[*She reaches out and hands* MAURYA *the clothes that belonged to* MICHAEL. MAURYA *stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands.* NORA *looks out.*]

Nora. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

Cathleen (*in a whisper to the women who have come in*). Is it Bartley it is?

One of the Women. It is surely, God rest his soul.

[*Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of* BARTLEY, *laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table.*]

Cathleen (*to the women, as they are doing so*). What way was he drowned?

One of the Women. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[MAURYA *has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement.* CATHLEEN *and* NORA *kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.*]

Maurya (*raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her*). They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting holy water in the dark nights after Samhain,[1] and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. (*To* NORA) Give me the holy water, Nora; there's a small sup still on the dresser.

[NORA *gives it to her.*]

Maurya (*drops* MICHAEL'S *clothes across* BARTLEY'S *feet, and sprinkles the holy water over him*). It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[*She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath.*]

Cathleen (*to an old man*). Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

The Old Man (*looking at the boards*). Are there nails with them?

Cathleen. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

Another Man. It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

Cathleen. It's getting old she is, and broken.

[1] **Samhain** (săm′hĭn): a Celtic feast.

[MAURYA *stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of* MICHAEL'S *clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the holy water.*]

Nora (*in a whisper to* CATHLEEN). She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring-well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

Cathleen (*slowly and clearly*). An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

Maurya (*puts the empty cup mouth downward on the table, and lays her hands together on* BARTLEY'S *feet*). They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (*bending her head*); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world.

[*She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.*]

Maurya (*continuing*). Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[*She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly.*]

Suggestions for Study of Synge

1. What is the significance of the title?

2. Select examples of Irish local color. Study the dialect and pick out phrases and odd constructions that seem characteristic. Where does the dialect create a poetic effect?

3. This play is notable for the intensity of its emotional tone. What elements in plot, characterization, and setting contribute to it? Be specific.

4. Foreshadowing, suspense, and the supernatural are all used with good effect in this play. Point out examples of each.

5. What point in the play brings the climax of tragedy? Which character experiences it?

6. What is the emotional tone at the end of the play? Is it convincing? Give reasons for your answer.

7. This play may be dramatized if there are actors in the class who can preserve its tragic intensity. If there is danger of its becoming a burlesque, it is better not to attempt dramatization.

8. Read Eugene O'Neill's one-act tragedy *Ile* and compare it with this as to the effect of the sea on a woman's life. Which is the more tragic? the more appealing to you as an effective play?

9. Read Synge's *The Tinker's Wedding* and *In the Shadow of the Glen* for contrasts to *Riders to the Sea*. In which type of play do you think Synge gives you the greatest feeling of Irish characteristics?

John Galsworthy 1867–1933

John Galsworthy, one of the most able of modern English writers, was famous for his passionate love of justice and peace. Born of a cultured and distinguished family of Surrey, he had every advantage that position and wealth can bring to a talented son. He was educated at Harrow and later at Oxford University and in 1890 was called to the bar. He did not, however, follow his profession, but decided to become a writer. As a preparation he traveled for two years through Russia, the Orient, Australia, and North and South America.

His first volume appeared in 1898, and his works now include novels, short stories, poems, plays, essays, and sketches. Most of these show their author's interest in human beings and their problems. Always judicial and dignified in his approach, he examined each situation calmly and was careful to present both sides of a question.

While he wrote excellent essays and sketches, his place in literature will probably be determined by his novels and dramas. *The Forsyte*

Saga, the chronicles of a well-to-do family through several generations, is his ablest contribution to prose fiction, and one of the outstanding novels of the twentieth century. He wrote almost thirty plays, usually serious in tone and realistic in method. He was one of the first to use in his dialogue ordinary conversational English as it is spoken in our twentieth century, rather than the theatrical style of the nineteenth century. His legal training is evident in the subject matter of several of his plays. *Justice* shows the results of a legal sentence upon a weak character. *Escape* reveals the emotional experience of an escaped convict. This play experiments with dramatic technique, borrowing some of the shifting-scene method from the moving picture. Two of his strongest plays are *Strife*, included in this volume, and *Loyalties*, which shows how various loyalties, to family, friends, profession, and nationality, come into conflict with one another.

Galsworthy's power in telling a story and in presenting artistically the social problems that result from present industrial conditions, added to his understanding of life and its problems, has won for him a permanent place in English literature. International recognition came with the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932.

STRIFE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

The crosscurrents of opinion, the inequalities, the injustices, and the human tragedies in our modern society are the recurrent themes of Galsworthy's many dramas. His legal training gave him remarkable clarity of vision and impartiality of judgment. Never do we feel him to be a mere propagandist rushing us into an emotional excess to prove this or that theory. He is always the student of human nature who points out the disastrous results of prejudice, greed, obstinacy, or purely conventional thinking.

Strife, one of his early plays, was written in 1909, but its theme, a labor strike, is as pertinent as if it came from today's newspaper. Galsworthy takes no sides between labor and capital. He makes evident exactly *why* each character feels and acts as he does. He also brings out with great force the tragedy that results from such unyielding conflict.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JOHN ANTHONY, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works
EDGAR ANTHONY, his son
FREDERICK H. WILDER
WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY
OLIVER WANKLIN
(EDGAR ANTHONY, FREDERICK H. WILDER, WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY, OLIVER WANKLIN: Directors of the same)
HENRY TENCH, Secretary of the same
FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, C. E., Manager of the same
SIMON HARNESS, a Trades Union official
DAVID ROBERTS
JAMES GREEN
JOHN BULGIN
HENRY THOMAS
GEORGE ROUS
(DAVID ROBERTS, JAMES GREEN, JOHN BULGIN, HENRY THOMAS, GEORGE ROUS: the workmen's committee)
HENRY ROUS
LEWIS
JAGO
EVANS
A BLACKSMITH
DAVIES
A RED-HAIRED YOUTH
BROWN
(HENRY ROUS, LEWIS, JAGO, EVANS, A BLACKSMITH, DAVIES, A RED-HAIRED YOUTH, BROWN: workmen at the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works)
FROST, valet to John Anthony
ENID UNDERWOOD, wife of Francis Underwood, daughter of John Anthony
ANNIE ROBERTS, wife of David Roberts
MADGE THOMAS, daughter of Henry Thomas
MRS. ROUS, mother of George and Henry Rous
MRS. BULGIN, wife of John Bulgin
MRS. YEO, wife of a workman
A PARLORMAID to the Underwoods
JAN, Madge's brother, a boy of ten
A CROWD OF MEN ON STRIKE

SCENE: *The action takes place on February 7 between the hours of noon and six in the afternoon, close to the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales, where a strike has been in progress throughout the winter.*

ACT I

SCENE: *It is noon. In the Underwoods' dining room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double doors leading to the drawing room, on the other side a door leading to the hall. In the center of the*

room a long dining table without a cloth is set out as a Board table. At the head of it, in the Chairman's seat, sits JOHN ANTHONY, *an old man, big, clean-shaven, and high-colored, with thick white hair and thick dark eyebrows. His movements are rather slow and feeble, but his eyes are very much alive. There is a glass of water by his side. On his right sits his son* EDGAR, *an earnest-looking man of thirty, reading a newspaper. Next him* WANKLIN, *a man with jutting eyebrows, and silver-streaked light hair, is bending over transfer papers.* TENCH, *the Secretary, a short and rather humble, nervous man, with side whiskers, stands helping him. On* WANKLIN'S *right sits* UNDERWOOD, *the Manager, a quiet man, with a long, stiff jaw and steady eyes. Back to the fire is* SCANTLEBURY, *a very large, pale, sleepy man, with gray hair, rather bald. Between him and the Chairman are two empty chairs.*

Wilder (*who is lean, cadaverous, and complaining, with drooping gray mustaches stands before the fire*). I say, this fire's the devil! Can I have a screen, Tench?

Scantlebury. A screen, ah!

Tench. Certainly, Mr. Wilder. (*He looks at* UNDERWOOD.) That is — perhaps the Manager — perhaps Mr. Underwood —

Scantlebury. These fireplaces of yours, Underwood —

Underwood (*roused from studying some papers*). A screen? Rather! I'm sorry. (*He goes to the door with a little smile.*) We're not accustomed to complaints of too much fire down here just now.

[*He speaks as though he holds a pipe between his teeth, slowly, ironically.*]

Wilder (*in an injured voice*). You mean the men. H'm!

[UNDERWOOD *goes out.*]

Scantlebury. Poor devils!

Wilder. It's their own fault, Scantlebury.

Edgar (*holding out his paper*). There's great distress among them, according to the *Trenartha News.*

Wilder. Oh, that rag! Give it to Wanklin. Suit his radical views. They call us monsters, I suppose. The editor of that rubbish ought to be shot.

Edgar (*reading*). " If the Board of worthy gentlemen who control the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works from their armchairs in London would condescend to come and see for themselves the conditions prevailing among their workpeople during this strike — "

Wilder. Well, we *have* come.

Edgar (*continuing*). " We cannot believe that even their leg-of-mutton hearts would remain untouched."

[WANKLIN *takes the paper from him.*]

Wilder. Ruffian! I remember that fellow when he hadn't a penny to his name; little snivel of a chap that's made his way by blackguarding everybody who takes a different view to himself.

[ANTHONY *says something that is not heard.*]

What does your father say?

Edgar. He says, " The kettle and the pot."

Wilder. H'm!

[*He sits down next to* SCANTLEBURY.]

Scantlebury (*blowing out his cheeks*). I shall boil if I don't get that screen.

[UNDERWOOD *and* ENID *enter with a screen, which they place before the fire.* ENID *is tall; she has a small, decided face, and is twenty-eight years old.*]

Enid. Put it closer, Frank. Will that do, Mr. Wilder? It's the highest we've got.

Wilder. Thanks, capitally.

Scantlebury (*turning, with a sigh of pleasure*). Ah! Merci,[1] Madame!

Enid. Is there anything else you want, Father? (ANTHONY *shakes his head.*) Edgar — anything?

Edgar. You might give me a " J " nib, old girl.

Enid. There are some down there by Mr. Scantlebury.

Scantlebury (*handing a little box of nibs*). Ah! your brother uses " J's." What does the

[1] **Merci** (měr-sē'): French for "Thank you."

manager use? (*With expansive politeness*) What does your husband use, Mrs. Underwood?

Underwood. A quill!

Scantlebury. The homely product of the goose.

[*He holds out quills.*]

Underwood (*dryly*). Thanks, if you can spare me one. (*He takes a quill.*) What about lunch, Enid?

Enid (*stopping at the double doors and looking back*). We're going to have lunch here, in the drawing room, so you needn't hurry with your meeting.

[WANKLIN *and* WILDER *bow, and she goes out.*]

Scantlebury (*rousing himself, suddenly*). Ah! Lunch! That hotel — Dreadful! Did you try the whitebait last night? Fried fat!

Wilder. Past twelve! Aren't you going to read the minutes, Tench?

Tench (*looking for the Chairman's assent, reads in a rapid and monotonous voice*). "At a Board meeting held the thirty-first of January at the company's offices, 512 Cannon Street, E. C. Present — Mr. Anthony in the chair, Messrs. F. H. Wilder, William Scantlebury, Oliver Wanklin, and Edgar Anthony. Read letters from the Manager dated January 20, 23, 25, 28, relative to the strike at the company's works. Read letters to the Manager of January 21, 24, 26, 29. Read letter from Mr. Simon Harness, of the central union, asking for an interview with the Board. Read letters from the Men's Committee, signed David Roberts, James Green, John Bulgin, Henry Thomas, George Rous, desiring conference with the Board; and it was resolved that a special Board meeting be called for February 7 at the house of the Manager, for the purpose of discussing the situation with Mr. Simon Harness and the Men's Committee on the spot. Passed twelve transfers, signed and sealed nine certificates and one balance certificate."

[*He pushes the book over to the Chairman.*]

Anthony (*with a heavy sigh*). If it's your pleasure, sign the same.

[*He signs, moving the pen with difficulty.*]

Wanklin. What's the union's game, Tench? They haven't made up their split with the men. What does Harness want this interview for?

Tench. Hoping we shall come to a compromise, I think, sir; he's having a meeting with the men this afternoon.

Wilder. Harness! Ah! He's one of those cold-blooded, cool-headed chaps. I distrust them. I don't know that we didn't make a mistake to come down. What time'll the men be here?

Underwood. Anytime now.

Wilder. Well, if we're not ready, they'll have to wait — won't do them any harm to cool their heels a bit.

Scantlebury (*slowly*). Poor devils! It's snowing. *What* weather!

Underwood (*with meaning slowness*). This house'll be the warmest place they've been in this winter.

Wilder. Well, I hope we're going to settle this business in time for me to catch the six-thirty. I've got to take my wife to Spain tomorrow. (*Chattily*) My old father had a strike at his works in '69; just such a February as this. They wanted to shoot him.

Wanklin. What! In the close season?

Wilder. By George, there was no close season for employers then! He used to go down to his office with a pistol in his pocket.

Scantlebury (*faintly alarmed*). Not seriously?

Wilder (*with finality*). Ended in his shootin' one of 'em in the legs.

Scantlebury (*unavoidably feeling his thigh*). No? Which?

Anthony (*lifting the agenda paper*). To consider the policy of the Board in relation to the strike.

[*There is a silence.*]

Wilder. It's this infernal three-cornered duel — the union, the men, and ourselves.

Wanklin. We needn't consider the union.

Wilder. It's my experience that you've always got to consider the union, confound them! If the union were going to withdraw their support from the men, as they've done, why did they ever allow them to strike at all?

Edgar. We've had that over a dozen times.

Wilder. Well, I've never understood it! It's beyond me. They talk of the engineers' and furnacemen's demands being excessive — so they are — but that's not enough to make the union withdraw their support. What's behind it?

Underwood. Fear of strikes at Harper's and Tinewell's.

Wilder (*with triumph*). Afraid of other strikes — now, that's a reason! Why couldn't we have been told that before?

Underwood. You were.

Tench. You were absent from the Board that day, sir.

Scantlebury. The men must have seen they had no chance when the union gave them up. It's madness.

Underwood. It's Roberts!

Wilder. Just our luck, the men finding a fanatical firebrand like Roberts for leader.

[*A pause.*]

Wanklin (*looking at* ANTHONY). Well?

Wilder (*breaking in fussily*). It's a regular mess. I don't like the position we're in; I don't like it; I've said so for a long time. (*Looking at* WANKLIN) When Wanklin and I came down here before Christmas it looked as if the men must collapse. You thought so too, Underwood.

Underwood. Yes.

Wilder. Well, they haven't! Here we are, going from bad to worse — losing our customers — shares going down!

Scantlebury (*shaking his head*). M'm! M'm!

Wanklin. What loss have we made by this strike, Tench?

Tench. Over fifty thousand, sir!

Scantlebury (*pained*). You don't say!

Wilder. We shall never get it back.

Tench. No, sir.

Wilder. Who'd have supposed the men were going to stick out like this — nobody suggested that.

[*Looking angrily at* TENCH.]

Scantlebury (*shaking his head*). I've never liked a fight — never shall.

Anthony. No surrender!

[*All look at him.*]

Wilder. Who wants to surrender? (ANTHONY *looks at him.*) I — I want to act reasonably. When the men sent Roberts up to the Board in December — then was the time. We ought to have humored him; instead of that the Chairman (*dropping his eyes before* ANTHONY'S) — er — we snapped his head off. We could have got them in then by a little tact.

Anthony. No compromise!

Wilder. There we are! This strike's been going on now since October, and as far as I can see it may last another six months. Pretty mess we shall be in by then. The only comfort is, the men'll be in a worse!

Edgar (*to* UNDERWOOD). What sort of state are they really in, Frank?

Underwood (*without expression*). Damnable!

Wilder. Well, who on earth would have thought they'd have held on like this without support!

Underwood. Those who know them.

Wilder. I defy anyone to know them! And what about tin? Price going up daily. When we do get started we shall have to work off our contracts at the top of the market.

Wanklin. What do you say to that, Chairman?

Anthony. Can't be helped!

Wilder. Shan't pay a dividend till goodness knows when!

Scantlebury (*with emphasis*). We ought to think of the shareholders. (*Turning heavily*) Chairman, I say we ought to think of the shareholders.

[ANTHONY *mutters.*]

What's that?

Tench. The Chairman says he *is* thinking of you, sir.

Scantlebury (*sinking back into torpor*). Cynic!

Wilder. It's past a joke. *I* don't want to go without a dividend for years if the Chairman does. We can't go on playing ducks and drakes with the company's prosperity.

Edgar (*rather ashamedly*). I think we ought to consider the men.

[*All but* ANTHONY *fidget in their seats.*]

Scantlebury (*with a sigh*). We mustn't think of our private feelings, young man. That'll never do.

Edgar (*ironically*). I'm not thinking of our feelings. I'm thinking of the men's.

Wilder. As to that — we're men of business.

Wanklin. That *is* the little trouble.

Edgar. There's no necessity for pushing things so far in the face of all this suffering — it's — it's cruel.

[*No one speaks, as though* EDGAR *had uncovered something whose existence no man prizing his self-respect could afford to recognize.*]

Wanklin (*with an ironical smile*). I'm afraid we mustn't base our policy on luxuries like sentiment.

Edgar. I detest this state of things.

Anthony. We didn't seek the quarrel.

Edgar. I know that, sir, but surely we've gone far enough.

Anthony. No.

[*All look at one another.*]

Wanklin. Luxuries apart, Chairman, we must look out what we're doing.

Anthony. Give way to the men once and there'll be no end to it.

Wanklin. I quite agree, but —

[ANTHONY *shakes his head.*]

You make it a question of bedrock principle?

[ANTHONY *nods.*]

Luxuries again, Chairman! The shares are below par.

Wilder. Yes, and they'll drop to a half when we pass the next dividend.

Scantlebury (*with alarm*). Come, come! Not so bad as that.

Wilder (*grimly*). You'll see! (*Craning forward to catch* ANTHONY'S *speech*) I didn't catch —

Tench (*hesitating*). The Chairman says, sir, "Fais que — que — devra —"

Edgar (*sharply*). My father says: "Do what we ought — and let things rip."

Wilder. Tcha!

Scantlebury (*throwing up his hands*). The Chairman's a Stoic [1] — I always said the Chairman was a Stoic.

Wilder. Much good that'll do us.

Wanklin (*suavely*). Seriously, Chairman, are you going to let the ship sink under you, for the sake of — a principle?

Anthony. She won't sink.

Scantlebury (*with alarm*). Not while I'm on the Board I hope.

Anthony (*with a twinkle*). Better rat,[2] Scantlebury.

Scantlebury. What a man!

Anthony. I've always fought them; I've never been beaten yet.

Wanklin. We're with you in theory, Chairman. But we're not all made of cast iron.

Anthony. We're only to hold on.

Wilder (*rising and going to the fire*). And go to the devil as fast as we can!

Anthony. Better go to the devil than give in!

Wilder (*fretfully*). That may suit you, sir, but it doesn't suit me, or anyone else I should think.

[ANTHONY *looks him in the face — a silence.*]

Edgar. I don't see how we can get over it that to go on like this means starvation to the men's wives and families.

[WILDER *turns abruptly to the fire, and* SCANTLEBURY *puts out a hand to push the idea away.*]

[1] **Stoic** (stō'ĭk): a follower of an ancient Greek philosophy of repression of emotion and indifference to pain. [2] **rat**: referring to the saying that rats desert a sinking ship.

Wanklin. I'm afraid again that sounds a little sentimental.

Edgar. Men of business are excused from decency, you think?

Wilder. Nobody's more sorry for the men than I am, but if they (*lashing himself*) choose to be such a pig-headed lot, it's nothing to do with us; we've quite enough on *our* hands to think of ourselves and the shareholders.

Edgar (*irritably*). It won't kill the shareholders to miss a dividend or two; I don't see that *that's* reason enough for knuckling under.

Scantlebury (*with grave discomfort*). You talk very lightly of your dividends, young man; I don't know where we are.

Wilder. There's only one sound way of looking at it. We can't go on ruining *ourselves* with this strike.

Anthony. No caving in!

Scantlebury (*with a gesture of despair*). Look at him!

[ANTHONY *is leaning back in his chair. They do look at him.*]

Wilder (*returning to his seat*). Well, all I can say is, if that's the Chairman's view, I don't know what we've come down here for.

Anthony. To tell the men that we've got nothing for them — (*Grimly*) They won't believe it till they hear it spoken in plain English.

Wilder. H'm! Shouldn't be a bit surprised if that brute Roberts hadn't got us down here with the very same idea. I hate a man with a grievance.

Edgar (*resentfully*). We didn't pay him enough for his discovery. I always said that at the time.

Wilder. We paid him five hundred and a bonus of two hundred three years later. If that's not enough! What does he want, for goodness' sake?

Tench (*complainingly*). Company made a hundred thousand out of his brains, and paid him seven hundred — that's the way he goes on, sir.

Wilder. The man's a rank agitator! Look here, I hate the unions. But now we've got Harness here let's get him to settle the whole thing.

Anthony. No!

[*Again they look at him.*]

Underwood. Roberts won't let the men assent to that.

Scantlebury. Fanatic! Fanatic!

Wilder (*looking at* ANTHONY). And not the only one!

[FROST *enters from the hall.*]

Frost (*to* ANTHONY). Mr. Harness from the union, waiting, sir. The men are here too, sir.

[ANTHONY *nods.* UNDERWOOD *goes to the door, returning with* HARNESS, *a pale, clean-shaven man with hollow cheeks, quick eyes, and lantern jaw* — FROST *has retired.*]

Underwood (*pointing to* TENCH'S *chair*). Sit there next to the Chairman, Harness, won't you?

[*At* HARNESS'S *appearance, the Board have drawn together, as it were, and turned a little to him, like cattle at a dog.*]

Harness (*with a sharp look around, and a bow.*) Thanks! (*He sits — his accent is slightly nasal.*) Well, gentlemen, we're going to do business at last, I hope.

Wilder. Depends on what you *call* business, Harness. Why don't you make the men come in?

Harness (*sardonically*). The men are far more in the right than you are. The question with us is whether we shan't begin to support them again.

[*He ignores them all, except* ANTHONY, *to whom he turns in speaking.*]

Anthony. Support them if you like; we'll put in free labor and have done with it.

Harness. That won't do, Mr. Anthony. You can't get free labor, and you know it.

Anthony. We shall see that.

Harness. I'm quite frank with you. We were forced to withhold our support from your men because some of their demands are in excess of current rates. I expect to

make them withdraw those demands today; if they do, take it straight from me, gentlemen, we shall back them again at once. Now, I want to see something fixed upon before I go back tonight. Can't we have done with this old-fashioned tug-of-war business? What good's it doing you? Why don't you recognize once for all that these people are men like yourselves, and want what's good for them just as you want what's good for you — (*bitterly*) Your motorcars, and champagne, and eight-course dinners.

Anthony. If the men will come in, we'll do something for them.

Harness (*ironically*). Is that your opinion too, sir — and yours — and yours? (*The directors do not answer.*) Well, all I can say is: It's a kind of high and mighty aristocratic tone I thought we'd grown out of — seems I was mistaken.

Anthony. It's the tone the men use. Remains to be seen which can hold out longest — they without us, or we without them.

Harness. As businessmen, I wonder you're not ashamed of this waste of force, gentlemen. You know what it'll all end in.

Anthony. What?

Harness. Compromise — it always does.

Scantlebury. Can't you persuade the men that their interests are the same as ours?

Harness (*turning, ironically*). I could persuade them of that, sir, if they were.

Wilder. Come, Harness, you're a clever man, you don't believe all the socialistic claptrap that's talked nowadays. There's no real difference between their interests and ours.

Harness. There's just one very simple question I'd like to put to you. Will you pay your men one penny more than they force you to pay them?

[WILDER *is silent.*]

Wanklin (*chiming in*). I humbly thought that not to pay more than was necessary was the A B C of commerce.

Harness (*with irony*). Yes, that seems to be the A B C of commerce, sir; and the A B C of commerce is between your interests and the men's.

Scantlebury (*whispering*). We ought to arrange something.

Harness (*dryly*). Am I to understand then, gentlemen, that your Board is going to make no concessions?

[WANKLIN *and* WILDER *bend forward as if to speak, but stop.*]

Anthony (*nodding*). None.

[WANKLIN *and* WILDER *again bend forward, and* SCANTLEBURY *gives an unexpected grunt.*]

Harness. You were about to say something, I believe?

[*But* SCANTLEBURY *says nothing.*]

Edgar (*looking up suddenly*). We're sorry for the state of the men.

Harness (*icily*). The men have no use for your pity, sir. What they want is justice.

Anthony. Then let *them* be just.

Harness. For that word "just" read "humble," Mr. Anthony. Why should they be humble? Barring the accident of money, aren't they as good men as you?

Anthony. Cant!

Harness. Well, I've been five years in America. It colors a man's notions.

Scantlebury (*suddenly, as though avenging his uncompleted grunt*). Let's have the men in and hear what they've got to say!

[ANTHONY *nods, and* UNDERWOOD *goes out by the single door.*]

Harness (*dryly*). As I'm to have an interview with them this afternoon, gentlemen, I'll ask you to postpone your final decision till that's over.

[*Again* ANTHONY *nods, and taking up his glass, drinks.* UNDERWOOD *comes in again, followed by* ROBERTS, GREEN, BULGIN, THOMAS, ROUS. *They file in, hat in hand, and stand silent in a row.* ROBERTS *is lean, of middle height, with a slight stoop. He has a little rat-gnawed, brown-gray beard, mustaches, high cheekbones, hollow cheeks, small fiery eyes. He wears an old and grease-stained blue serge suit, and carries an old bowler hat. He stands nearest the Chairman.* GREEN, *next to him, has*

a clean, worn face, with a small gray goatee beard and drooping mustaches, iron spectacles, and mild, straightforward eyes. He wears an overcoat, green with age, and a linen collar. Next to him is BULGIN, *a tall, strong man, with a dark mustache and fighting jaw, wearing a red muffler, who keeps changing his cap from one hand to the other. Next to him is* THOMAS, *an old man with a gray mustache, full beard, and weatherbeaten, bony face, whose overcoat discloses a lean, plucky-looking neck. On his right,* ROUS, *the youngest of the five, looks like a soldier; he has a glitter in his eyes.*]

Underwood (*pointing*). There are some chairs there against the wall, Roberts; won't you draw them up and sit down?

Roberts. Thank you, Mr. Underwood — we'll stand — in the presence of the Board. (*He speaks in a biting and staccato voice, rolling his r's, pronouncing his a's like an Italian a, and his consonants short and crisp.*) How are you, Mr. Harness? Didn't expect t' have the pleasure of seeing you till this afternoon.

Harness (*steadily*). We shall meet again then, Roberts.

Roberts. Glad to hear that; we shall have some news for you to take to your people.

Anthony. What do the men want?

Roberts (*acidly*). Beg pardon, I don't quite catch the Chairman's remark.

Tench (*from behind the Chairman's chair*). The Chairman wishes to know what the men have to say.

Roberts. It's what the Board has to say we've come to hear. It's for the Board to speak first.

Anthony. The Board has nothing to say.

Roberts (*looking along the line of men*). In that case we're wasting the directors' time. We'll be taking our feet off this pretty carpet.

[*He turns, the men move slowly, as though hypnotically influenced.*]

Wanklin (*suavely*). Come, Roberts, you didn't give us this long cold journey for the pleasure of saying that.

Thomas (*a pure Welshman*). No, sir, an' what I say iss —

Roberts (*bitingly*). Go on, Henry Thomas, go on. You're better able to speak to the — directors than me.

[THOMAS *is silent.*]

Tench. The Chairman means, Roberts, that it was the men who asked for the conference, the Board wish to hear what they have to say.

Roberts. Gad! If I was to begin to tell ye all they have to say, I wouldn't be finished today. And there'd be some that'd wish they'd never left their London palaces.

Harness. What's your proposition, man? Be reasonable.

Roberts. You want reason, Mr. Harness? Take a look around this afternoon before the meeting. (*He looks at the men; no sound escapes them.*) You'll see some very pretty scenery.

Harness. All right, my friend; you won't put me off.

Roberts (*to the men*). We shan't put Mr. Harness off. Have some champagne with your lunch, Mr. Harness; you'll want it, sir.

Harness. Come, get to business, man!

Thomas. What we're asking, look you, is just simple justice.

Roberts (*venomously*). Justice from London? What are you talking about, Henry Thomas? Have you gone silly? (THOMAS *is silent.*) We know very well what we are — discontented dogs — never satisfied. What did the Chairman tell me up in London? That I didn't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for.

Edgar. Do please keep to the point.

Anthony (*holding up his hand*). There can only be one master, Roberts.

Roberts. Then, be Gad, it'll be us.

[*There is a silence;* ANTHONY *and* ROBERTS *stare at one another.*]

Underwood. If you've nothing to say to the directors, Roberts, perhaps you'll let Green or Thomas speak for the men.

[GREEN *and* THOMAS *look anxiously at* ROBERTS, *at each other, and the other men.*]

Green (*an Englishman*). If I'd been listened to, gentlemen —

Thomas. What I'fe got to say iss what we'fe all got to say —

Roberts. Speak for yourself, Henry Thomas.

Scantlebury (*with a gesture of deep spiritual discomfort*). Let the poor men call their souls their own!

Roberts. Aye, they shall keep their souls, for it's not much body that you've left them, Mr. (*with biting emphasis, as though the word were an offense*) Scantlebury! (*To the men*) Well, will you speak, or shall I speak for you?

Rous (*suddenly*). Speak out, Roberts, or leave it to others.

Roberts (*ironically*). Thank you, George Rous. (*Addressing himself to* ANTHONY) The Chairman and Board of Directors have honored us by leaving London and coming all this way to hear what we've got to say; it would not be polite to keep them any longer waiting.

Wilder. Well, thank God for that!

Roberts. Ye will not dare to thank Him when I have done, Mr. Wilder, for all your piety. May be your God up in London has no time to listen to the workingman. I'm told He is a wealthy God; but if He listens to what I tell Him, He will know more than ever He learned in Kensington.

Harness. Come, Roberts, you have your own God. Respect the God of other men.

Roberts. That's right, sir. We have another God down here; I doubt He is rather different to Mr. Wilder's. Ask Henry Thomas; he will tell you whether his God and Mr. Wilder's are the same.

[THOMAS *lifts his hand, and cranes his head as though to prophesy.*]

Wanklin. For goodness' sake, let's keep to the point, Roberts.

Roberts. I rather think it is the point, Mr. Wanklin. If you can get the God of Capital to walk through the streets of Labor, and pay attention to what He sees, you're a brighter man than I take you for, for all that you're a radical.

Anthony. Attend to me, Roberts! (ROBERTS *is silent.*) You are here to speak for the men, as I am here to speak for the Board. (*He looks slowly round.*)

[WILDER, WANKLIN, *and* SCANTLEBURY *make movements of uneasiness, and* EDGAR *gazes at the floor. A faint smile comes on* HARNESS'S *face.*]

Now then, what is it?

Roberts. Right, sir!

[*Throughout all that follows, he and* ANTHONY *look fixedly upon each other. Men and directors show in their various ways suppressed uneasiness, as though listening to words that they themselves would not have spoken.*]

The men can't afford to travel up to London; and they don't trust you to believe what they say in black and white. They know what the post is (*he darts a look at* UNDERWOOD *and* TENCH), and what directors' meetings are: " Refer it to the manager — let the manager advise us on the men's condition. Can we squeeze them a little more? "

Underwood (*in a low voice*). Don't hit below the belt, Roberts!

Roberts. Is it below the belt, Mr. Underwood? The men know. When I came up to London, I told you the position straight. An' what came of it? I was told I didn't know what I was talkin' about. I can't afford to travel up to London to be told that again.

Anthony. What have you to say for the men?

Roberts. I have this to say — and first as to their condition. Ye shall 'ave no need to go and ask your manager. Ye can't squeeze them any more. Every man of us is well-nigh starving. (*A surprised murmur rises from the men.* ROBERTS *looks round.*) Ye wonder why I tell ye that? Every man of us is going short. We can't be no worse off than we've been these weeks past. Ye needn't think that by waiting ye'll drive us

to come in. We'll die first, the whole lot of us. The men have sent for ye to know, once and for all, whether ye are going to grant them their demands. I see the sheet of paper in the Secretary's hand. (TENCH *moves nervously.*) That's it, I think, Mr. Tench. It's not very large.

Tench (*nodding*). Yes.

Roberts. There's not one sentence of writing on that paper that we can do without.

[*A movement among the men.* ROBERTS *turns on them sharply.*]

Isn't that so?

[*The men assent reluctantly.* ANTHONY *takes from* TENCH *the paper and peruses it.*]

Not one single sentence. All those demands are fair. We have not asked anything that we are not entitled to ask. What I said up in London, I say again now: there is not anything on that piece of paper that a just man should not ask, and a just man give.

[*A pause.*]

Anthony. There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant.

[*In the stir that follows on these words,* ROBERTS *watches the directors and* ANTHONY *the men.* WILDER *gets up abruptly and goes over to the fire.*]

Roberts. D' ye mean that?

Anthony. I do.

[WILDER *at the fire makes an emphatic movement of disgust.*]

Roberts (*noting it, with dry intensity*). Ye best know whether the condition of the company is any better than the condition of the men. (*Scanning the directors' faces*) Ye best know whether you can afford your tyranny — but this I tell ye: If ye think the men will give way the least part of an inch, ye're making the worst mistake ye ever made. (*He fixes his eyes on* SCANTLEBURY.) Ye think because the union is not supporting us — more shame to it! — that we'll be coming on our knees to you one fine morning. Ye think because the men have got their wives an' families to think of — that it's just a question of a week or two —

Anthony. It would be better if you did not speculate so much on what we think.

Roberts. Aye! It's not much profit to us! I will say this for you, Mr. Anthony — ye know your own mind! (*Staring at* ANTHONY) I can reckon on ye!

Anthony (*ironically*). I am obliged to you!

Roberts. And I know mine. I tell ye this: The men will send their wives and families where the country will have to keep them; an' they will starve sooner than give way. I advise ye, Mr. Anthony, to prepare yourself for the worst that can happen to your company. We are not so ignorant as you might suppose. We know the way the cat is jumping. Your position is not all that it might be — not exactly!

Anthony. Be good enough to allow us to judge of our position for ourselves. Go back, and reconsider your own.

Roberts (*stepping forward*). Mr. Anthony, you are not a young man now; from the time I remember anything ye have been an enemy to every man that has come into your works. I don't say that ye're a mean man, or a cruel man, but ye've grudged them the say of any word in their own fate. Ye've fought them down four times. I've heard ye say ye love a fight — mark my words — ye're fighting the last fight ye'll ever fight —

[TENCH *touches* ROBERTS'S *sleeve.*]

Underwood. Roberts! Roberts!

Roberts. " Roberts! Roberts! " I musn't speak my mind to the Chairman, but the Chairman may speak his mind to me!

Wilder. What are things coming to?

Anthony (*with a grim smile at* WILDER). Go on, Roberts; say what you like!

Roberts (*after a pause*). I have no more to say.

Anthony. The meeting stands adjourned to five o'clock.

Wanklin (*in a low voice to* UNDERWOOD). We shall never settle anything like this.

Roberts (*bitingly*). We thank the Chair-

man and Board of Directors for their gracious hearing.

[*He moves toward the door; the men cluster together stupefied; then* ROUS, *throwing up his head, passes* ROBERTS *and goes out. The others follow.*]

(*With his hand on the door — maliciously*) Good day, gentlemen!

[*He goes out.*]

Harness (*ironically*). I congratulate you on the conciliatory spirit that's been displayed. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll be with you again at half-past five. Good morning!

[*He bows slightly, rests his eyes on* ANTHONY, *who returns his stare unmoved, and, followed by* UNDERWOOD, *goes out. There is a movement of uneasy silence.* UNDERWOOD *reappears in the doorway.*]

Wilder (*with emphatic disgust*). Well!

[*The double doors are opened.*]

Enid (*standing in the doorway*). Lunch is ready.

[EDGAR, *getting up abruptly, walks out past his sister.*]

Wilder. Coming to lunch, Scantlebury?

Scantlebury (*rising heavily*). I suppose so. I suppose so. It's the only thing we can do.

[*They go out through the double doors.*]

Wanklin (*in a low voice*). Do you really mean to fight to a finish, Chairman?

[ANTHONY *nods.*]

Take care! The essence of things is to know when to stop.

[ANTHONY *does not answer.*]

(*Very gravely*) This way disaster lies. The ancient Trojans were fools to your father, Mrs. Underwood.

[*He goes out through the double doors.*]

Enid. I want to speak to Father, Frank.

[UNDERWOOD *follows* WANKLIN *out.* TENCH, *passing round the table, is restoring order to the scattered pens and papers.*]

Aren't you coming, Dad?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head.* ENID *looks meaningly at* TENCH.]

Won't you go and have some lunch, Mr. Tench?

Tench (*with papers in his hand.*) Thank you, ma'am, thank you!

[*He goes slowly, looking back.*]

Enid (*shutting the doors*). I do hope it's settled, Father!

Anthony. No!

Enid (*very disappointed*). Oh! Haven't you done anything?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head.*]

Frank says they all want to come to a compromise, really, except that man Roberts.

Anthony. I don't.

Enid. It's such a horrid position for us. If you were the wife of the manager, and lived down here, and saw it all. You can't realize, Dad!

Anthony. Indeed?

Enid. We see *all* the distress. You remember my maid Annie, who married Roberts? (ANTHONY *nods.*) It's so wretched, her heart's weak: since the strike began, she hasn't even been getting proper food. I know it for a fact, Father.

Anthony. Give her what she wants, poor woman!

Enid. Roberts won't let her take anything from *us.*

Anthony (*staring before him*). I can't be answerable for the men's obstinacy.

Enid. They're all suffering, Father! Do stop it, for my sake!

Anthony (*with a keen look at her*). You don't understand, my dear.

Enid. If I were on the Board, I'd do something.

Anthony. What would you do?

Enid. It's because you can't bear to give way. It's so —

Anthony. Well?

Enid. So unnecessary.

Anthony. What do *you* know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell *me* what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.

Enid. I live down here, and see it.

Anthony. What d' you imagine stands between you and your class and these men that you're so sorry for?

Enid (*coldly*). I don't know what you mean, Father.

Anthony. In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.

Enid. You don't know the state the men are in.

Anthony. I know it well enough.

Enid. You don't, Father; if you did, you wouldn't —

Anthony. It's you who don't know the simple facts of the position. What sort of mercy do you suppose you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labor? This sort of mercy — (*He puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.*) First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time!

Enid. I don't believe in barriers between classes.

Anthony. You — don't — believe — in — barriers — between the classes?

Enid (*coldly*). And I don't know what that has to do with this question.

Anthony. It will take a generation or two for you to understand.

Enid. It's only you and Roberts, Father, and you know it! (ANTHONY *thrusts out his lower lip*). It'll ruin the company.

Anthony. Allow me to judge of that.

Enid (*resentfully*). I won't stand by and let poor Annie Roberts suffer like this! And think of the children, Father! I warn you.

Anthony (*with a grim smile*). What do you propose to do?

Enid. That's my affair.

[ANTHONY *only looks at her.*]

(*In a changed voice, stroking his sleeve*) Father, you *know* you oughtn't to have this strain on you — you know what Dr. Fisher said!

Anthony. No old man can afford to listen to old women.

Enid. But you *have* done enough, even if it really is such a matter of principle with you.

Anthony. Do you think so?

Enid. Don't, Dad! (*Her face works.*) You — you might think of *us!*

Anthony. I am.

Enid. It'll break you down.

Anthony (*slowly*). My dear, I am not going to funk; on that you may rely.

[*Re-enter* TENCH *with papers; he glances at them; then plucking up courage.*]

Tench. Beg pardon, Madam, I think I'd rather see these papers were disposed of before I get my lunch.

[ENID, *after an impatient glance at him, looks at her father, turns suddenly, and goes into the drawing room.*]

Tench (*holding the papers and a pen to* ANTHONY, *very nervously*). Would you sign these for me, please, sir? "

[ANTHONY *takes the pen and signs.*]

Tench (*standing with a sheet of blotting paper behind* EDGAR'S *chair, begins speaking nervously*). I owe my position to you, sir.

Anthony. Well?

Tench. I'm obliged to see everything that's going on, sir; I — I depend upon the company entirely. If anything were to happen to it, it'd be disastrous for me. (ANTHONY *nods.*) And, of course, my wife's just had another; and so it makes me doubly anxious just now. And the rates are really terrible down our way.

Anthony (*with grim amusement*). Not more terrible than they are up mine.

Tench. No, sir? (*Very nervously*) I know the company means a great deal to you, sir.

Anthony. It does, I founded it.

Tench. Yes, sir. If the strike goes on it'll be very serious. I think the directors are beginning to realize that, sir.

Anthony (*ironically*). Indeed?

Tench. I know you hold very strong views, sir, and it's always your habit to look things in the face; but I don't think

the directors — like it, sir, now they — they see it.

Anthony (*grimly*). Nor you, it seems.

Tench (*with a ghost of a smile*). No, sir; of course I've got my children, and my wife's delicate; in my position I *have* to think of these things. (ANTHONY *nods.*) It wasn't *that* I was going to say, sir, if you'll excuse me (*hesitates*) —

Anthony. Out with it, then!

Tench. I know — from my own father, sir, that when you get on in life you do feel things dreadfully —

Anthony (*almost paternally*). Come, out with it, Tench!

Tench. I don't like to say it, sir.

Anthony (*stonily*). You must.

Tench (*after a pause, desperately bolting it out*). I think the directors are going to throw you over, sir.

Anthony (*sits in silence*). Ring the bell!

[TENCH *nervously rings the bell and stands by the fire.*]

Tench. Excuse me for saying such a thing. I was *only* thinking of you, sir.

[FROST *enters from the hall, he comes to the foot of the table, and looks at* ANTHONY; TENCH *covers his nervousness by arranging papers.*]

Anthony. Bring me a whisky and soda.

Frost. Anything to eat, sir?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head.* FROST *goes to the sideboard, and prepares the drink.*]

Tench (*in a low voice, almost supplicating*). If you *could* see your way, sir, it would be a great relief to my mind, it would indeed. (*He looks up at* ANTHONY, *who has not moved.*) It does make me so very anxious. I haven't slept properly for weeks, sir, and that's a fact.

[ANTHONY *looks in his face, then slowly shakes his head.*]

(*Disheartened*) No, sir? (*He goes on arranging papers.* FROST *places the whisky and soda on a salver and puts it down by* ANTHONY'S *right hand. He stands away, looking gravely at* ANTHONY.)

Frost. *Nothing* I can get you, sir?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head.*]

You're aware, sir, of what the doctor said, sir?

Anthony. I am.

[*A pause.* FROST *suddenly moves closer to him, and speaks in a low voice.*]

Frost. This strike, sir; puttin' all this strain on you. Excuse me, sir, is it — is it worth it, sir?

[ANTHONY *mutters some words that are inaudible.*]

Very good, sir!

[*He turns and goes out into the hall.* TENCH *makes two attempts to speak; but meeting his Chairman's gaze he drops his eyes, and, turning dismally, he too goes out.* ANTHONY *is left alone. He grips the glass, tilts it, and drinks deeply; then sets it down with a deep and rumbling sigh, and leans back in his chair.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE: *It is half-past three. In the kitchen of* ROBERTS'S *cottage a meager little fire is burning. The room is clean and tidy, very barely furnished, with a brick floor and whitewashed walls, much stained with smoke. There is a kettle on the fire. A door opposite the fireplace opens inward from a snowy street. On the wooden table are a cup and saucer, a teapot, knife, and plate of bread and cheese. Close to the fireplace in an old armchair, wrapped in a rug, sits* MRS. ROBERTS, *a thin and dark-haired woman about thirty-five, with patient eyes. Her hair is not done up, but tied back with a piece of ribbon. By the fire, too, is* MRS. YEO, *a red-haired, broad-faced person. Sitting near the table is* MRS. ROUS, *an old lady, ashen-white, with silver hair; by the door, standing, as if about to go, is* MRS. BULGIN, *a little pale, pinched-up woman. In a chair,*

with her elbows resting on the table, and her face resting in her hands, sits MADGE THOMAS, *a good-looking girl, of twenty-two, with high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, and dark untidy hair. She is listening to the talk, but she neither speaks nor moves.*

Mrs. Yeo. So he give me a sixpence, and that's the first bit o' money *I* seen this week. There ain't much 'eat to this fire. Come and warm yerself, Mrs. Rous, you're lookin' as white as the snow, you are.

Mrs. Rous (*shivering — placidly*). Ah! but the winter my old man was took was the proper winter. Seventy-nine that was, when none of you was hardly born — not Madge Thomas, nor Sue Bulgin. (*Looking at them in turn*) Annie Roberts, 'ow old were you, dear?

Mrs. Roberts. Seven, Mrs. Rous.

Mrs. Rous. Seven — well, ther'! A tiny little thing!

Mrs. Yeo (*aggressively*). Well, I was ten myself, I remembers it.

Mrs. Rous (*placidly*). The company hadn't been started three years. Father was workin' on the acid, that's 'ow he got 'is pisoned leg. I kep' sayin' to 'im, " Father, you've got a pisoned leg." " Well," 'e says, " Mother, pison or no pison, I can't afford to go alayin' up." An' two days after, he was on 'is back, and never got up again. It was Providence! There wasn't none o' these compensation acts then.

Mrs. Yeo. Ye hadn't no strike that winter. (*With grim humor*) This winter's 'ard enough for me. Mrs. Roberts, you don't want no 'arder winter, do you? Wouldn't seem natural to 'ave a dinner, would it, Mrs. Bulgin?

Mrs. Bulgin. We've had no bread and tea last four days.

Mrs. Yeo. You got that Friday's laundry job?

Mrs. Bulgin (*dispiritedly*). They said they'd give it me, but when I went last Friday, they were full up. I got to go again next week.

Mrs. Yeo. Ah! There's too many after that. I send Yeo out on the ice to put on the gentry's skates an' pick up what 'e can. Stops 'im from broodin' about the 'ouse.

Mrs. Bulgin (*in a desolate, matter-of-fact voice*). Leavin' out the men — it's bad enough with the children. I keep 'em in bed, they don't get so hungry when they're not running about; but they're that restless in bed they worry your life out.

Mrs. Yeo. You're lucky they're all so small. It's the goin' to school that makes 'em 'ungry. Don't Bulgin give you *any*thin'?

Mrs. Bulgin (*shakes her head, then, as though by afterthought*). Would if he could, I s'pose.

Mrs. Yeo (*sardonically*). What! Aven't 'e got no shares in the company?

Mrs. Rous (*rising with tremulous cheerful*). Well, good-by, Annie Roberts, I'm going along home.

Mrs. Roberts. Stay an' have a cup of tea, Mrs. Rous?

Mrs. Rous (*with the faintest smile*). Roberts'll want 'is tea when he comes in. I'll just go an' get to bed; it's warmer there than anywhere.

[*She moves very shakily toward the door.*]

Mrs. Yeo (*rising and giving her an arm*). Come on, Mother, take my arm; we're all goin' the same way.

Mrs. Rous (*taking the arm*). Thank you, my dearies!

[*They go out, followed by* MRS. BULGIN.]

Madge (*moving for the first time*). There, Annie, you see that! I told George Rous, " Don't think to have my company till you've made an end of all this trouble. You ought to be ashamed," I said, " with your own mother looking like a ghost, and not a stick to put on the fire. So long as you're able to fill your pipes, you'll let us starve." " I'll take my oath, Madge," he said, " I've not had smoke nor drink these three weeks! " " Well, then, why do you go on with it? " " I can't go back on Roberts! " . . . That's it! Roberts, always Roberts! They'd all drop it but for him. When *he* talks it's the devil that comes into them.

[*A silence.* MRS. ROBERTS *makes a movement of pain.*]

Ah! *You* don't want him beaten! He's your man. With everybody like their own shadows! (*She makes a gesture toward* MRS. ROBERTS.) If Rous wants me he must give up Roberts. If *he* gave him up — they all would. They're only waiting for a lead. Father's against him — they're all against him in their hearts.

Mrs. Roberts. You won't beat Roberts!

[*They look silently at each other.*]

Madge. Won't I? The cowards — when their own mothers and their own children don't know where to turn.

Mrs. Roberts. Madge!

Madge (*looking searchingly at* MRS. ROBERTS). I wonder he can look *you* in the face. (*She squats before the fire, with her hands out to the flame.*) Harness is here again. They'll have to make up their minds today.

Mrs. Roberts (*in a soft, slow voice, with a slight West-country burr*). Roberts will never give up the furnacemen and engineers. 'Twouldn't be right.

Madge. You can't deceive me. It's just his pride.

[*A tapping at the door is heard, the women turn as* ENID *enters. She wears a round fur cap, and a jacket of squirrel's fur. She closes the door behind her.*]

Enid. Can I come in, Annie?

Mrs. Roberts (*flinching*). Miss Enid! Give Mrs. Underwood a chair, Madge!

[MADGE *gives* ENID *the chair she has been sitting on.*]

Enid. Thank you! Are you any better?

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm; thank you, M'm.

Enid (*looking at the sullen* MADGE *as though requesting her departure*). Why did you send back the jelly? I call that really wicked of you!

Mrs. Roberts. Thank you, M'm, I'd no need for it.

Enid. Of course! It was Roberts's doing, wasn't it? How can he let all this suffering go on among you?

Madge (*suddenly*). What suffering?

Enid (*surprised*). I beg your pardon!

Madge. Who said there was suffering?

Mrs. Roberts. Madge!

Madge (*throwing her shawl over her head*). Please to let us keep ourselves to ourselves. We don't want you coming here and spying on us.

Enid (*confronting her, but without rising*). I didn't speak to *you.*

Madge (*in a low, fierce voice*). Keep your kind feelings to yourself. You think you can come among us, but you're mistaken. Go back and tell the Manager that.

Enid (*stonily*). This is not your house.

Madge (*turning to the door*). No, it is not my house; keep clear of my house, Mrs. Underwood.

[*She goes out.* ENID *taps her fingers on the table.*]

Mrs. Roberts. Please to forgive Madge Thomas, M'm; she's a bit upset today.

[*A pause*]

Enid (*looking at her*). Oh, I think they're so *stupid,* all of them.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a faint smile*). Yes, M'm.

Enid. Is Roberts out?

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm.

Enid. It is *his doing,* that they don't come to an agreement. Now isn't it, Annie?

Mrs. Roberts (*softly, with her eyes on* ENID, *and moving the fingers of one hand continually on her breast*). They do say that your father, M'm —

Enid. My father's getting an old man, and you know what old men are.

Mrs. Roberts. I am sorry, M'm.

Enid (*more softly*). I don't expect *you* to feel sorry, Annie. I know it's his fault as well as Roberts's.

Mrs. Roberts. I'm sorry for anyone that gets old, M'm; it's dreadful to get old, and Mr. Anthony was such a fine old man I always used to think.

Enid (*impulsively*). He always liked you, don't you remember? Look here, Annie,

what can I do? I do so want to know. You don't get what you ought to have. (*Going to the fire, she takes the kettle off, and looks for coals.*) And you're so naughty sending back the soup and things!

Mrs. Roberts (*with a faint smile*). Yes, M'm?

Enid (*resentfully*). Why, you haven't even got coals?

Mrs. Roberts. If you please, M'm, to put the kettle on again; Roberts won't have long for his tea when he comes in. He's got to meet the men at four.

Enid (*putting the kettle on*). That means he'll lash them into a fury again. Can't you stop his going, Annie? (MRS. ROBERTS *smiles ironically.*) Have you tried? (*A silence*) Does he know how ill you are?

Mrs. Roberts. It's only my weak 'eart, M'm.

Enid. You used to be so well when you were with us.

Mrs. Roberts (*stiffening*). Roberts is always good to me.

Enid. But you ought to have everything you want, and you have nothing!

Mrs. Roberts (*appealingly*). They tell me I don't look like a dyin' woman?

Enid. Of course you don't; if you could only have proper — Will you see my doctor if I send him to you? I'm sure he'd do you good.

Mrs. Roberts (*with faint questioning*). Yes, M'm.

Enid. Madge Thomas oughtn't to come here; she only excites you. As if I didn't know what suffering there is among the men! I do feel for them dreadfully, but you know they *have* gone too far.

Mrs. Roberts (*continually moving her fingers*). They say there's no other way to get better wages, M'm.

Enid (*earnestly*). But, Annie, that's why the union won't help them. My husband's very sympathetic with the men, but he says they're not underpaid.

Mrs. Roberts. No, M'm?

Enid. They never think how the company could go on if we paid the wages they want.

Mrs. Roberts (*with an effort*). But the dividends having been so big, M'm.

Enid (*taken aback*). You all seem to think the shareholders are rich men, but they're not — most of them are really no better off than workingmen. (MRS. ROBERTS *smiles.*) They have to keep up appearances.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm?

Enid. You don't have to pay rates and taxes, and a hundred other things that they do. If the men didn't spend such a lot in drink and betting they'd be quite well off!

Mrs. Roberts. They say, workin' so hard, they must have some pleasure.

Enid. But surely not low pleasure like that.

Mrs. Roberts (*a little resentfully*). Roberts never touches a drop; and he's never had a bet in his life.

Enid. Oh! but he's not a com — I mean he's an engineer — a superior man.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm. Roberts says they've no chance of other pleasures.

Enid (*musing*). Of course, I know it's hard.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a spice of malice*). And they say gentlefolk's just as bad.

Enid (*with a smile*). I go as far as most people, Annie, but you know, yourself, that's nonsense.

Mrs. Roberts (*with painful effort*). A lot o' the men never go near the Public; [1] but even they don't save but very little, and that goes if there's illness.

Enid. But they've got their clubs, haven't they?

Mrs. Roberts. The clubs only give up to eighteen shillin's a week, M'm, and it's not much amongst a family. Roberts says workin' folk have always lived from hand to mouth. Sixpence today is worth more than a shillin' tomorrow, that's what they say.

Enid. But that's the spirit of gambling.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a sort of excitement*). Roberts says a workin' man's life is all a gamble, from the time 'e's born to the time 'e dies.

[1] **Public**: British term for saloon or drinking place

[ENID *leans forward, interested.* MRS. ROBERTS *goes on with a growing excitement that culminates in the personal feeling of the last words.*]

He says, M'm, that when a workin' man's baby is born, it's a toss-up from breath to breath whether it ever draws another, and so on all 'is life; and when he comes to be old, it's the workhouse or the grave. He says that without a man is very near, and pinches and stints 'imself and 'is children to save, there can't be neither surplus nor security. That's why he wouldn't have no children (*she sinks back*), not though I *wanted* them.

Enid. Yes, yes, I know!

Mrs. Roberts. No, you don't, M'm. You've got your children, and you'll never need to trouble for them.

Enid (*gently*). You oughtn't to be talking so much, Annie. (*Then, in spite of herself*) But Roberts was paid a lot of money, wasn't he, for discovering that process?

Mrs. Roberts (*on the defensive*). All Roberts's savin's have gone. He's always looked forward to this strike. He says he's no right to a farthing when the others are suffering. 'Tisn't so with all o' them! Some don't seem to care no more than that — so long as they get their own.

Enid. I don't see how they can be expected to when they're suffering like this. (*In a changed voice*) But Roberts ought to think of you! It's all terrible! The kettle's boiling. Shall I make the tea? (*She takes the teapot and, seeing tea there, pours water into it.*) Won't you have a cup?

Mrs. Roberts. No, thank you, M'm. (*She is listening, as though for footsteps.*) I'd sooner you didn't see Roberts, M'm. He gets so wild.

Enid. Oh! but I must, Annie; I'll be quite calm, I promise.

Mrs. Roberts. It's life an' death to him, M'm.

Enid (*very gently*). I'll get him to talk to me outside; we won't excite you.

Mrs. Roberts (*faintly*). No, M'm.

[*She gives a violent start.* ROBERTS *has come in, unseen.*]

Roberts (*removing his hat — with subtle mockery*). Beg pardon for coming in; you're engaged with a lady, I see.

Enid. Can I speak to you, Mr. Roberts?

Roberts. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing, Ma'am?

Enid. But surely you know me! I'm Mrs. Underwood.

Roberts (*with a bow of malice.*) The daughter of our Chairman.

Enid (*earnestly*). I've come on purpose to speak to you; will you come outside a minute?

[*She looks at* MRS. ROBERTS.]

Roberts (*hanging up his hat*). I have nothing to say, Ma'am.

Enid. But I *must* speak to you, please.

[*She moves toward the door.*]

Roberts (*with sudden venom*). I have not the time to listen!

Mrs. Roberts. David!

Enid. Mr. Roberts, please!

Roberts (*taking off his overcoat*). I am sorry to disoblige a lady — Mr. Anthony's daughter.

Enid (*wavering, then with sudden decision*). Mr. Roberts, I know you've another meeting of the men.

[ROBERTS *bows.*]

I came to appeal to you. Please, please, try to come to some compromise; give way a little, if it's only for your own sakes!

Roberts (*speaking to himself*). The daughter of Mr. Anthony begs me to give way a little, if it's only for our own sakes!

Enid. For everybody's sake; for your wife's sake.

Roberts. For my wife's sake, for everybody's sake — for the sake of Mr. Anthony.

Enid. Why are you so bitter against my father? He has never done anything to you.

Roberts. Has he not?

Enid. He can't help his views, any more than you can help yours.

Roberts. I really didn't know that I had a right to views!

Enid. He's an old man, and you —

[*Seeing his eyes fixed on her, she stops.*]

Roberts (*without raising his voice*). If I saw Mr. Anthony going to die, and I could save him by lifting my hand, I would not lift the little finger of it.

Enid. You — you —

[*She stops again, biting her lips.*]

Roberts. I would not, and that's flat!

Enid (*coldly*). You don't mean what you say, and you know it!

Roberts. I mean every word of it.

Enid. But why?

Roberts (*with a flash*). Mr. Anthony stands for tyranny! That's why!

Enid. Nonsense.

[MRS. ROBERTS *makes a movement as if to rise, but sinks back in her chair.*]

(*With an impetuous movement*) Annie!

Roberts. Please not to touch my wife!

Enid (*recoiling with a sort of horror*). I believe — you are mad.

Roberts. The house of a madman then is not the fit place for a lady.

Enid. I'm not afraid of you.

Roberts (*bowing*). I would not expect the daughter of Mr. Anthony to be afraid. Mr. Anthony is not a coward like the rest of them.

Enid (*suddenly*). I suppose you think it brave, then, to go on with the struggle.

Roberts. Does Mr. Anthony think it brave to fight against women and children? Mr. Anthony is a rich man, I believe; does he think it brave to fight against those who haven't a penny? Does he think it brave to set children crying with hunger, an' women shivering with cold?

Enid (*putting up her hand, as though warding off a blow*). My father is acting on his principles, and you know it!

Roberts. And so am I!

Enid. You hate us; and you can't bear to be beaten!

Roberts. Neither can Mr. Anthony, for all that he may say.

Enid. At any rate you might have pity on your wife.

[MRS. ROBERTS, *who has her hand pressed to her breast, takes it away, and tries to calm her breathing.*]

Roberts. Madam, I have no more to say.

[*He takes up the loaf. There is a knock at the door, and* UNDERWOOD *comes in. He stands looking at them,* ENID *turns to him, then seems undecided.*]

Underwood. Enid!

Roberts (*ironically*). Ye were not needing to come for your wife, Mr. Underwood. We are not rowdies.

Underwood. I know that, Roberts. I hope Mrs. Roberts is better.

[ROBERTS *turns away without answering.*]

Come, Enid!

Enid. I make one more appeal to you, Mr. Roberts, for the sake of your wife.

Roberts (*with polite malice*). If I might advise ye, Ma'am — make it for the sake of your husband and your father.

[ENID, *suppressing a retort, goes out.* UNDERWOOD *opens the door for her and follows.* ROBERTS, *going to the fire, holds out his hands to the dying glow.*]

How goes it, my girl? Feeling better, are you?

[MRS. ROBERTS *smiles faintly. He brings his overcoat and wraps it round her.*]

(*Looking at his watch*) Ten minutes to four! (*As though inspired*) I've seen their faces, there's no fight in them, except for that one old robber.

Mrs. Roberts. Won't you stop and eat, David? You've 'ad nothing all day!

Roberts (*putting his hand to his throat*). Can't swallow till those old sharks are out o' the town. (*He walks up and down*). I shall have a bother with the men — there's no heart in them, the cowards. Blind as bats, they are — can't see a day before their noses.

Mrs. Roberts. It's the women, David.

Roberts. Ah! So they say! They can remember the women when their own bellies speak! The women never stop them from the drink; but from a little suffering to

themselves in a sacred cause, the women stop them fast enough.

Mrs. Roberts. But think o' the children, David.

Roberts. Ah! If they will go breeding themselves for slaves, without a thought o' the future o' them they breed —

Mrs. Roberts (*gasping*). That's enough, David; don't begin to talk of that — I won't — I can't —

Roberts (*staring at her*). Now, now, my girl!

Mrs. Roberts (*breathlessly*). No, no, David — I won't!

Roberts. There, there! Come, come! That's right! (*Bitterly*) Not one penny will they put by for a day like this. Not they! Hand to mouth — Gad! — I know them! They've broke my heart. There was no holdin' them at the start, but now the pinch 'as come.

Mrs. Roberts. How can you expect it, David? They're not made of iron.

Roberts. Expect it? Wouldn't I expect what I would do meself? Wouldn't I starve an' rot rather than give in? What one man can do, another can.

Mrs. Roberts. And the women?

Roberts. This is not women's work.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a flash of malice*). No, the women may die for all you care. That's their work.

Roberts (*averting his eyes*). Who talks of dying? No one will die till we have eaten these —

[*He meets her eyes again, and again turns his away.*]

(*Excitedly*) This is what I've been waiting for all these months. To get the old robbers down, and send them home again without a farthin's worth o' change. I've seen their faces, I tell you, in the valley of the shadow of defeat.

[*He goes to the peg and takes down his hat.*]

Mrs. Roberts (*following with her eyes — softly*). Take your overcoat, David; it must be bitter cold.

Roberts (*coming up to her — his eyes are furtive*). No, no! There, stay quiet and warm. I won't be long, my girl.

Mrs. Roberts (*with soft bitterness*). You'd better take it.

[*She lifts the coat. But* ROBERTS *puts it back, and wraps it round her. He tries to meet her eyes, but cannot.* MRS. ROBERTS *stays huddled in the coat; her eyes, that follow him about, are half malicious, half yearning. He looks at his watch again, and turns to go. In the doorway he meets* JAN THOMAS, *a boy of ten in clothes too big for him, carrying a penny whistle.*]

Roberts. Hallo, boy!

[*He goes.* JAN *stops within a yard of* MRS. ROBERTS, *and stares at her without a word.*]

Mrs. Roberts. Well, Jan!

Jan. Father's coming; sister Madge is coming.

[*He sits at the table, and fidgets with his whistle; he blows three vague notes; then imitates a cuckoo. There is a tap on the door. Old* THOMAS *comes in.*]

Thomas. A very coot tay to you, Ma'am. It is petter that you are.

Mrs. Roberts. Thank you, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas (*nervously*). Roberts in?

Mrs. Roberts. Just gone on to the meeting, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas (*with relief, becoming talkative*). This is fery unfortunate, look you! I came to tell him that we must make terms with London. It is a fery great pity he is gone to the meeting. He will be kicking against the pricks, I am thinking.

Mrs. Roberts (*half rising*). He'll never give in, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas. You must not be fretting, that is very pat for you. Look you, there iss hartly any mans for supporting him now, but the engineers and George Rous. (*Solemnly*) This strike is no longer coing with Chapel,[1] look you! I have listened carefully,

[1] **Chapel:** the particular religious sect to which he belonged. In England *church* applies to the Church of England and *chapel* to the dissenting denominations.

an' I have talked with her. (JAN *blows.*) Sst! I don't care what th' others say, I say that *Chapel means us* to be stopping the trouple, that is what I make of her; and it is my opinion that this is the fery best thing for all of us. If it wasn't my opinion, I ton't say — but it is my opinion, look you.

Mrs. Roberts (*trying to suppress her excitement*). I don't know what'll come to Roberts, if you give in.

Thomas. It is no disgrace whateffer! All that a mortal man coult do he hass tone. It iss against human nature he hass gone; fery natural — any man may do that; but Chapel has spoken and he must not go against her. (JAN *imitates the cuckoo.*) Ton't make that squeaking! (*Going to the door*) Here iss my daughter come to sit with you. A fery goot day, Ma'am — no fretting — rememper!

[MADGE *comes in and stands at the open door, watching the street.*]

Madge. You'll be late, Father; they're beginning. (*She catches him by the sleeve.*) For the love of God, stand up to him, Father — this time!

Thomas (*detaching his sleeve with dignity*). Leave me to do what's proper, girl!

[*He goes out.* MADGE, *in the center of the open doorway, slowly moves in, as though before the approach of someone.*]

Rous (*appearing in the doorway*). Madge!

[MADGE *stands with her back to* MRS. ROBERTS, *staring at him with her head up and her hands behind her.*]

(ROUS *has a fierce distracted look.*) Madge! I'm going to the meeting.

[MADGE, *without moving, smiles contemptuously.*]

D'ye hear me?

[*They speak in quick low voices.*]

Madge. I hear! Go, and kill your own mother, if you must.

[ROUS *seizes her by both her arms. She stands rigid, with her head bent back. He releases her, and he too stands motionless.*]

Rous. I swore to stand by Roberts. I swore that! Ye want me to go back on what I've sworn.

Madge (*with slow soft mockery*). You are a pretty lover!

Rous. Madge!

Madge (*smiling*). I've heard that lovers do what their girls ask them — (JAN *sounds the cuckoo's notes.*) — but that's not true, it seems!

Rous. You'd make a blackleg [1] of me!

Madge (*with her eyes half closed*). Do it for me!

Rous (*dashing his hand across his brow*). Damn! I can't!

Madge (*swiftly*). Do it for me!

Rous (*through his teeth*). Don't play the wanton with me!

Madge (*with a movement of her hand toward* JAN — *quick and low*). I would be *that* for the children's sake!

Rous (*in a fierce whisper*). Madge! Oh, Madge!

Madge (*with soft mockery*). But *you* can't break your word for me!

Rous (*with a choke*). Then, Begod, I can!

[*He turns and rushes off.* MADGE *stands, with a faint smile on her face, looking after him. She turns to* MRS. ROBERTS.]

Madge. I have done for Roberts!

Mrs. Roberts (*scornfully*). Done for my man, with that —

[*She sinks back.*]

Madge (*running to her, and feeling her hands*). You're as cold as a stone! You want a drop of brandy. Jan, run to the Lion; say, I sent you for Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a feeble movement*). I'll just sit quiet, Madge. Give Jan — his — tea.

Madge (*giving* JAN *a slice of bread*). There, ye little rascal. Hold your piping. (*Going to the fire, she kneels.*) It's going out.

[1] **blackleg**: strike breaker, like American *scab.*

Mrs. Roberts (*with a faint smile*). 'Tis all the same!

[JAN *begins to blow his whistle.*]

Madge. Tsht! Tsht! — you —

[JAN *stops.*]

Mrs. Roberts (*smiling*). Let 'im play, Madge.

Madge (*on her knees at the fire, listening*). Waiting an' waiting. I've no patience with it; waiting an' waiting — that's what a woman has to do! Can you hear them at it — I can!

[JAN *begins again to play his whistle;* MADGE *gets up; half tenderly she ruffles his hair; then, sitting, leans her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands. Behind her, on* MRS. ROBERTS'S *face the smile has changed to horrified surprise. She makes a sudden movement, sitting forward, pressing her hands against her breast. Then slowly she sinks back; slowly her face loses the look of pain, the smile returns. She fixes her eyes again on* JAN, *and moves her lips and finger to the tune.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

SCENE II

SCENE: *It is past four. In a gray, failing light, an open muddy space is crowded with workmen. Beyond, divided from it by a barbed-wire fence, is the raised towing path of a canal, on which is moored a barge. In the distance are marshes and snow-covered hills. The "Works" high wall runs from the canal across the open space, and in the angle of this wall is a rude platform of barrels and boards. On it,* HARNESS *is standing.* ROBERTS, *a little apart from the crowd, leans his back against the wall. On the raised towing path two bargemen lounge and smoke indifferently.*

Harness (*holding out his hand*). Well, I've spoken to you straight. If I speak till tomorrow I can't say more.

Jago (*a dark, sallow, Spanish-looking man with a short, thin beard*). Mister, want to ask you! Can they get blacklegs?

Bulgin (*menacing*). Let 'em try.

[*There are savage murmurs from the crowd.*]

Brown (*a round-faced man*). Where could they get 'em then?

Evans (*a small, restless, harassed man, with a fighting face*). There's always blacklegs; it's the nature of 'em. There's always men that'll save their own skins.

[*Another savage murmur. There is a movement, and old* THOMAS, *joining the crowd, takes his stand in front.*]

Harness (*holding up his hand*). They can't get them. But that won't help you. Now men, be reasonable. Your demands would have brought on us the burden of a dozen strikes at a time when we were not prepared for them. The unions live by justice, not to one, but all. Any fair man will tell you — you were ill advised! I don't say you go too far for that which you're entitled to, but you're going too far for the moment; you've dug a pit for yourselves. Are you to stay there, or are you to climb out? Come!

Lewis (*a clean-cut Welshman with a dark mustache*). You've hit it, Mister! Which is it to be?

[*Another movement in the crowd, and* ROUS, *coming quickly, takes his stand next* THOMAS.]

Harness. Cut your demands to the right pattern, and we'll see you through; refuse, and don't expect me to waste my time coming down here again. I'm not the sort that speaks at random, as you ought to know by this time. If you're the sound men I take you for — no matter who advises you against it (*He fixes his eyes on* ROBERTS) you'll make up your minds to come in, and trust to us to get your terms. Which is it to be? Hands together, and victory — or — the starvation you've got now?

[*A prolonged murmur from the crowd.*]

Jago (*sullenly*). Talk about what you know.

Harness (*lifting his voice above the murmur*). Know? (*With cold passion*) All that you've been through, my friend, I've been through — I was through it when I was no bigger than (*pointing to a youth*) that shaver there; the unions then weren't what they are now. What's made them strong? It's hands together that's made them strong. I've been through it all, I tell you; the brand's on my soul yet. I know what you've suffered — there's nothing you can tell me that I don't know; but the whole is greater than the part, and you are only the part. Stand by us, and we will stand by you.

[*Quartering them with his eyes, he waits. The murmuring swells; the men form little groups,* GREEN, BULGIN, *and* LEWIS *talk together.*]

Lewis. Speaks very sensible, the union chap.

Green (*quietly*). Ah! if I'd been *listened* to, you'd 'ave 'eard sense these two months past.

[*The bargemen are seen laughing.*]

Lewis (*pointing*). Look at those two blanks over the fence there!

Bulgin (*with gloomy violence*). They'd best stop their cackle, or I'll break their jaws.

Jago (*suddenly*). You say the furnacemen's paid enough?

Harness. I did not say they were paid enough; I said they were paid as much as the furnacemen in similar works elsewhere.

Evans. That's a lie! (*Hubbub*) What about Harper's?

Harness (*with cold irony*). You may look at home for lies, my man. Harper's shifts are longer, the pay works out the same.

Henry Rous (*a dark edition of his brother George*). Will ye support us in double pay overtime Saterdays?

Harness. Yes, we will.

Jago. What have ye done with our subscriptions?

Harness (*coldly*). I have told you what we *will* do with them.

Evans. Ah, *will!* It's always will! Ye'd have our mates desert us.

[*Hubbub*]

Bulgin (*shouting*). Hold your row!

[EVANS *looks round angrily.*]

Harness (*lifting his voice*). Those who know their right hands from their lefts know that the unions are neither thieves nor traitors. I've said my say. Figure it out, my lads; when you want me you know where I shall be.

[*He jumps down, the crowd gives way, he passes through them, and goes away. A bargeman looks after him, jerking his pipe with a derisive gesture. The men close up in groups, and many looks are cast at* ROBERTS, *who stands alone against the wall.*]

Evans. He wants you to turn blacklegs, that's what he wants. He wants ye to go back on us. Sooner than turn blackleg — I'd starve, I would.

Bulgin. Who's talkin' o' blacklegs — mind what you're saying, will you?

Blacksmith (*a youth with yellow hair and huge arms*). What about the women?

Evans. They can stand what we can stand, I suppose, can't they?

Blacksmith. Ye've no wife?

Evans. An' don't want one.

Thomas (*raising his voice*). Aye! Give us the power to come to terms with London, lads.

Davies (*a dark, slow-fly, gloomy man*). Go up the platform, if you got anything to say, go up an' say it.

[*There are cries of "Thomas!" He is pushed toward the platform; he ascends it with difficulty, and bares his head, waiting for silence. A hush.*]

Red-Haired Youth (*suddenly*). Coot old Thomas!

[*A hoarse laugh; the bargemen exchange remarks; a hush again, and* THOMAS *begins speaking.*]

Thomas. We are all in the tepth together, and it iss Nature that has put us there.

Henry Rous. It's London put us there!

Evans. It's the union.

Thomas. It iss not Lonton; nor it iss not the union— it iss Nature. It iss no disgrace whateffer to a potty to give in to Nature. For this Nature iss a fery pig thing; it is pigger than what a man is. There iss more years to my hett than to the hett of anyone here. It is fery pat, look you, this coing against Nature. It is pat to make other potties suffer, when there is nothing to pe cot py it.

[*A laugh.* THOMAS *angrily goes on.*]

What are ye laughing at? It is pat, I say! We are fighting for principle; there is no potty that shall say I am not a peliever in principle. Putt when Nature says " No further," then it is no coot snapping your fingers in her face.

[*A laugh from* ROBERTS, *and murmurs of approval.*]

This Nature must pe humort. It is a man's pisiness to be pure, honest, just, and merciful. That's what Chapel tells you. (*To* ROBERTS, *angrily*) And, look you, David Roberts, Chapel tells you ye can do that without coing against Nature.

Jago. What about the union?

Thomas. I ton't trust the union; they haf treated us like tirt. " Do what we tell you," said they. I haf peen captain of the furnacemen twenty years, and I say to the union (*excitedly*), " Can you tell me then, as well as I can tell you, what iss the right wages for the work that these men do? " For fife and twenty years I haf paid my moneys to the union and (*with great excitement*) for nothings! What iss that but roguery, for all that this Mr. Harness says!

[*Murmurs*]

Evans. Hear, hear.

Henry Rous. Get on with you! Cut on with it then!

Thomas. Look you, if a man toes not trust me, am I coing to trust him?

Jago. That's right.

Thomas. Let them alone for rogues, and act for ourselves.

[*Murmurs*]

Blacksmith. That's what we been doin', haven't we?

Thomas (*with increased excitement*). I wass brought up to do for meself. I wass brought up to go without a thing, if I hat not moneys to puy it. There iss too much, look you, of doing things with other people's moneys. We haf fought fair, and if we haf peen beaten, it iss no fault of ours. Gif us the power to make terms with London for ourself; if we ton't succeed, I say it is petter to take our peating like men, than to tie like togs, or hang on to others' coattails to make them do our pisiness for us!

Evans (*muttering*). Who wants to?

Thomas (*craning*). What's that? If I stand up to a potty, and he knocks me town, I am not to go hollering to other potties to help me; I am to stand up again; and if he knocks me town properly, I am to stay there, isn't that right?

[*Laughter*]

Jago. No union!

Henry Rous. Union!

[*Others take up the shout.*]

Evans. Blacklegs!

[BULGIN *and the* BLACKSMITH *shake their fists at* EVANS.]

Thomas (*with a gesture*). I am an olt man, look you.

[*A sudden silence, then murmurs again.*]

Lewis. Olt fool, with his " No union! "

Bulgin. Them furnace chaps! For twopence I'd smash the faces o' the lot of them.

Green. If I'd a been listened to at the first —

Thomas (*wiping his brow*). I'm comin' now to what I was coing to say —

Davies (*muttering*). An' time too!

Thomas (*solemnly*). Chapel says: Ton't carry on this strife! Put an end to it!

Jago. That's a lie! Chapel says go on!

Thomas (*scornfully*). Inteet! I haf ears to my head.

Red-Haired Youth. Ah, long ones!

[*A laugh*]

Jago. Your ears has misbeled you then.

Thomas (*excitedly*). Yo cannot be right if I am, ye cannot haf it both ways.

Red-Haired Youth. Chapel can though!

[*"The Shaver" laughs; there are murmurs from the crowd.*]

Thomas (*fixing his eyes on "The Shaver"*). Ah! ye're coing the roat to tamnation. An' so I say to all of you. If ye co against Chapel I will not pe with you, nor will any other Got-fearing man.

[*He steps down from the platform.* JAGO *makes his way toward it. There are cries of "Don't let 'im go up!"*]

Jago. Don't let him go up? That's free speech, that is. (*He goes up.*) I ain't got much to say to you. Look at the matter plain; ye've come the road this far, and now you want to chuck the journey. We've all been in one boat; and now you want to pull in two. We engineers have stood by you; ye're ready now, are ye, to give us the go-by? If we'd aknown that before, we'd not astarted out with you so early one bright morning! That's all as I've got to say. Old man Thomas a'n't got his Bible lesson right. If you give up to London, or to Harness, now, it's givin' us the chuck — to save your skins — you won't get over that, my boys; it's a dirty thing to do.

[*He gets down; during his little speech, which is ironically spoken, there is a restless discomfort in the crowd.* ROUS, *stepping forward, jumps on the platform. He has an air of fierce distraction. Sullen murmurs of disapproval from the crowd.*]

Rous (*speaking with great excitement*). I'm no blanky orator, mates, but wot I say is drove from me. What I say is yuman nature. Can a man set an' see 'is mother starve? Can 'e now?

Roberts (*starting forward*). Rous!

Rous (*staring at him fiercely*). Sim 'Arness said fair! I've changed my mind!

Roberts. Ah. Turned your coat, you mean!

[*The crowd manifests a great surprise.*]

Lewis (*apostrophizing* ROUS). Hallo! What's turned him round?

Rous (*speaking with intense excitement*). 'E said fair. "Stand by us," 'e said, "and we'll stand by you." That's where we've been makin' our mistake this long time past; and who's to blame for 't? (*He points at* ROBERTS.) That man there! "No," 'e said, "fight the robbers," 'e said, "squeeze the breath out o' them!" But it's not the breath out o' them that's being squeezed; it's the breath out of *us* and *ours*, and that's the book of truth. I'm no orator, mates, it's the flesh and blood in me that's speakin', it's the heart o' me. (*With a menacing, yet half-ashamed movement toward* ROBERTS) He'll speak to you again, mark my words, but don't ye listen. (*The crowd groans.*) It's hell fire that's on the man's tongue. (ROBERTS *is seen laughing.*) Sim 'Arness is right. What are we without the union — handful o' parched leaves — a puff o' smoke. I'm no orator, but I say: Chuck it up! Sooner than go on starving the women and the children.

[*The murmurs of acquiescence almost drown the murmurs of dissent.*]

Evans. What's turned you to blackleging?

Rous (*with a furious look*). Sim 'Arness knows what he's talking about. Give us power to come to terms with London; I'm no orator, but I say — have done wi' this black misery!

[*He gives his muffler a twist, jerks his head back, and jumps off the platform. The crowd applauds and surges forward. Amid cries of "That's enough!" "Up union!" "Up, Harness!"* ROBERTS *quietly ascends the platform. There is a moment of silence.*]

Blacksmith. We don't want to hear you. Shut it!

Henry Rous. Get down!

[*Amid such cries they surge toward the platform.*]

Evans (*fiercely*). Let 'im speak! Roberts! Roberts!

Bulgin (*muttering*). He'd better look out that I don't crack his skull.

[ROBERTS *faces the crowd, probing them with his eyes till they gradually become silent. He begins speaking. One of the bargemen rises and stands.*]

Roberts. You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the union that's treated you *so fair;* maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! you groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? (*Then as* BULGIN *elbows his way toward the platform, with calm pathos*) You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. (BULGIN *stands motionless and sullen.*) Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor! If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure. (*The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence.*) Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up — ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle (*with biting irony*), but when Nature says 'No further, 'tis going against Nature.'" *I* tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if you can!" (*with a sort of exaltation*) his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" *I* tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night — don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'Tis only by that (*He strikes a blow with his clenched fist*) in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago. Never!

Evans. Curse them!

Thomas. I nefer said that.

Roberts (*bitingly*). If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there (*pointing to* ROUS) said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

Henry Rous (*as* GEORGE ROUS *moves forward*). Go for him, George — don't stand his lip!

Roberts (*flinging out his finger*). Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters.

[ROUS *stops.*]

But there was one other spoke to you — Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the union for. They said to us, "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

Evans. They did.

Roberts. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. (*With intense conviction*) For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say — *we've won the fight!*

[*The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up.*]

(*With withering scorn*) You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies. You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have

told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a bloodsucker. The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. *Don't* I know that? Wasn't the work o' *my* brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's *Capital!* A thing that will say — "I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows — you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk, is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the income tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there — Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends — a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid* — afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid — like children that go into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men —

[*He pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence.*]

give me a free hand to tell them: "Go back to London. The men have nothing for you!"

[*A murmuring*]

Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

Evans, Jago, and *Others.* A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo — bravo!

Roberts. 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting (*the murmuring dies*), not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. (*With intense sadness*) Oh! men — for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they — aren't they? If we can shake (*passionately*) that white-faced monster with the bloody lips that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives, and children, since the world began (*dropping the note of passion, but with utmost weight and intensity*), if we have not the hearts of men to stand up against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay forever what we are (*in almost a whisper*), less than the very dogs.

[*An utter stillness, and* ROBERTS *stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.*]

Evans and *Jago* (*suddenly*). Roberts!

[*The shout is taken up. There is a slight movement in the crowd, and* MADGE, *passing below the towing path, stops by the platform, looking up at* ROBERTS. *A sudden doubting silence.*]

Roberts. "Nature," says that old man, "give in to nature." I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face — an' let it do its worst!

[*He catches sight of* MADGE, *his brows contract, he looks away.*]

Madge (*in a low voice — close to the platform*). Your wife's dying!

[ROBERTS *glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation.*]

Roberts (*trying to stammer on*). I say to you — answer them — answer them —

[*He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd.*]

Thomas (*stepping forward*). Ton't you hear her, then?

Roberts. What is it?

[*A dead silence*]

Thomas. Your wife, man!

[ROBERTS *hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing path, the men making way for him. The standing bargeman opens and prepares to light a lantern. Daylight is fast failing.*]

Madge. He needn't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead. (*Then in the silence, passionately*) You pack of blinded hounds! How many more women are you going to let to die?

[*The crowd shrinks back from her, and breaks up in groups, with a confused, uneasy movement.* MADGE *goes quickly away below the towing path. There is a hush as they look after her.*]

Lewis. There's a spitfire, for ye!

Bulgin (*growling*). I'll smash 'er jaw.

Green. If I'd abeen listened to, that poor woman —

Thomas. It's a judgment on him for coing against Chapel. I tolt him how 'twould be!

Evans. All the more reason for sticking by 'im.

[*A cheer*]

Are you goin' to desert him now 'e's down? Are you going to chuck him over, now 'e's lost 'is wife?

[*The crowd is murmuring and cheering all at once.*]

Rous (*stepping in front of platform*). Lost his wife! Aye! Can't ye see? Look at home, look at your own wives! What's to save them? Ye'll have the same in all your houses before long!

Lewis. Aye, aye!

Henry Rous. Right! George, right!

[*There are murmurs of assent.*]

Rous. It's not us that's blind, it's Roberts. How long will ye put up with 'im!

Henry Rous, Bulgin, Davies. Give 'im the chuck!

[*The cry is taken up.*]

Evans (*fiercely*). Kick a man that's down? Down?

Henry Rous. Stop his jaw there!

[EVANS *throws up his arm at a threat from* BULGIN. *The bargeman, who has lighted the lantern, holds it high above his head.*]

Rous (*springing on to the platform*). What brought him down then, but 'is own black obstinacy? Are ye goin' to follow a man that can't see better than that where he's goin'?

Evans. 'E's lost 'is wife.

Rous. An' who's fault's that but his own. 'Ave done with 'im, I say, before he's killed your own wives and mothers.

Davies. Down 'im!

Henry Rous. He's finished!

Brown. We've had enough of 'im!

Blacksmith. Too much!

[*The crowd takes up these cries, excepting only* EVANS, JAGO, *and* GREEN, *who is seen to argue mildly with the* BLACKSMITH.]

Rous (*above the hubbub*). We'll make terms with the union, lads.

[*Cheers*]

Evans (*fiercely*). Ye blacklegs!

Bulgin (*savagely — squaring up to him*). Who are ye callin' blacklegs, Rat?

[EVANS *throws up his fists, parries the blow, and returns it. They fight. The bargemen are seen holding up the lantern and enjoying the sight. Old* THOMAS *steps forward and holds out his hands.*]

Thomas. Shame on your strife!

[*The* BLACKSMITH, BROWN, LEWIS, *and the* RED-HAIRED YOUTH *pull* EVANS *and* BULGIN *apart. The stage is almost dark.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

ACT III

SCENE: *It is five o'clock. In the* UNDERWOODS' *drawing room, which is artistically furnished,* ENID *is sitting on the sofa working at a baby's frock.* EDGAR, *by a little spindle-legged table in the center of the room, is fingering a china box. His eyes are fixed on the double doors that lead into the dining room.*

Edgar (*putting down the china box, and glancing at his watch*). Just on five, they're all in there waiting, except Frank. Where's he?

Enid. He's had to go down to Gasgoyne's about a contract. Will you want him?

Edgar. He can't help us. This is a director's job. (*Motioning toward a single door half hidden by a curtain*) Father in his room?

Enid. Yes.

Edgar. I wish he'd stay there, Enid.

[ENID *looks up at him.*]

This is a beastly business, old girl?

[*He takes up the little box again and turns it over and over.*]

Enid. I went to the Roberts's this afternoon, Ted.

Edgar. That wasn't very wise.

Enid. He's simply killing his wife.

Edgar. We are, you mean.

Enid (*suddenly*). Roberts *ought* to give way!

Edgar. There's a lot to be said on the men's side.

Enid. I don't feel half so sympathetic with them as I did before I went. They just set up class feeling against you. Poor Annie was looking dreadfully bad — fire going out, and nothing fit for her to eat.

[EDGAR *walks to and fro.*]

But she would stand up for Roberts. When you see all this wretchedness going on and feel you can do nothing, you have to shut your eyes to the whole thing.

Edgar. If you can.

Enid. When I went I was all on their side, but as soon as I got there I began to feel quite different at once. People talk about sympathy with the working classes; they don't know what it means to try and put it into practice. It seems hopeless.

Edgar. Ah, well!

Enid. It's dreadful going on with the men in this state. I do hope that Dad will make concessions.

Edgar. He won't. (*Gloomily*) It's a sort of religion with him. Curse it! I know what's coming! He'll be voted down.

Enid. They wouldn't dare!

Edgar. They will — they're in a funk.

Enid (*indignantly*). He'd never stand it!

Edgar (*with a shrug*). My dear girl, if you're beaten in a vote, you've got to stand it.

Enid. Oh! (*She gets up in alarm.*) But would he resign?

Edgar. Of course! It goes to the roots of his beliefs.

Enid. But he's so *wrapped up in this company,* Ted! There'd be nothing left for him! It'd be dreadful!

[EDGAR *shrugs his shoulders.*]

Oh, Ted, he's so old now! You mustn't let them!

Edgar (*hiding his feelings in an outburst*). My sympathies in this strike are all on the side of the men.

Enid. He's been Chairman for more than thirty years! He made the whole thing! And think of the bad times they've had; it's always been he who pulled them through. Oh, Ted, you must —

Edgar. What is it you want? You said just now you hoped he'd make concessions. Now you want me to back him in not making them. This isn't a game, Enid!

Enid (*hotly*). It isn't a game to *me* that the Dad's in danger of losing all he cares about in life. If he won't give way, and he's beaten, it'll simply break him down!

Edgar. Didn't you say it was dreadful going on with the men in this state?

Enid. But you can't see, Ted. Father'll never get over it! You must stop them some-

how. The others are afraid of him. If you back him up —

Edgar (*putting his hand to his head*). Against my convictions — against yours! The moment it begins to pinch one personally —

Enid. It isn't personal, it's the Dad!

Edgar. Your family or yourself, and over goes the show!

Enid (*resentfully*). If you don't take it seriously, I do.

Edgar. I am as fond of him as you are; that's nothing to do with it.

Enid. We can't tell about the men; it's all guesswork. But we know the Dad might have a stroke any day. D'you mean to say that he isn't more to you than —

Edgar. Of course he is.

Enid. I don't understand you then.

Edgar. H'm!

Enid. If it were for oneself it would be different, but for our own father! You don't seem to realize.

Edgar. I realize perfectly.

Enid. It's your first duty to save him.

Edgar. I wonder.

Enid (*imploring*). Oh, Ted! It's the only interest he's got left; it'll be like a deathblow to him!

Edgar (*restraining his emotion*). I know.

Enid. Promise!

Edgar. I'll do what I can.

[*He turns to the double doors. The curtained door is opened, and* ANTHONY *appears.* EDGAR *opens the double doors, and passes through.* SCANTLEBURY'S *voice is faintly heard: "Past five; we shall never get through — have to eat another dinner at that hotel!" The doors are shut.* ANTHONY *walks forward.*]

Anthony. You've been seeing Roberts, I hear.

Enid. Yes.

Anthony. Do you know what trying to bridge such a gulf as this is like?

[ENID *puts her work on the little table, and faces him.*]

Filling a sieve with sand!

Enid. Don't!

Anthony. You think with your gloved hands you can cure the trouble of the century.

[*He passes on.*]

Enid. Father!

[ANTHONY *stops at the double doors.*]

I'm only thinking of you!

Anthony (*more softly*). I can take care of myself, my dear.

Enid. Have you thought what'll happen if you're beaten [*She points.*] in there?

Anthony. I don't mean to be.

Enid. Oh! Father, don't give them a chance. You're not well; need you go to the meeting at all?

Anthony (*with a grim smile*). Cut and run?

Enid. But they'll outvote you!

Anthony (*putting his hand on the doors*). We shall see!

Enid. I beg you, Dad!

[ANTHONY *looks at her softly.*]

Won't you?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head. He opens the doors. A buzz of voices comes in.*]

Scantlebury. Can one get dinner on that six-thirty train up?

Tench. No, sir, I believe not, sir.

Wilder. Well, I shall speak out; I've had enough of this.

Edgar (*sharply*). What?

[*The talk ceases instantly.* ANTHONY *passes through, closing the doors behind him.* ENID *springs to them with a gesture of dismay. She puts her hand on the knob, and begins turning it; then goes to the fireplace, and taps her foot on the fender. Suddenly she rings the bell.* FROST *comes in by the door that leads into the hall.*]

Frost. Yes, M'm?

Enid. When the men come, Frost, please show them in here; the hall's cold.

Frost. I could put them in the pantry, M'm.

Enid. No. I don't want to — to offend them; they're so touchy.

Frost. Yes, M'm. (*Pause*) Excuse me, Mr. Anthony's 'ad nothing to eat all day.

Enid. I know, Frost.

Frost. Nothin' but two whiskies and sodas, M'm.

Enid. Oh! you oughn't to have let him have those.

Frost (*gravely*). Mr. Anthony is a little difficult, M'm. It's not as if he were a younger man, an' knew what was good for 'im; he will have his own way.

Enid. I suppose we all want that.

Frost. Yes, M'm. (*Quietly*) Excuse me speakin' about the strike. I'm sure if the other gentlemen were to give up to Mr. Anthony, and quietly let the men 'ave what what they want, afterward, that'd be the best way. I find that very useful with him at times, M'm.

[ENID *shakes her head.*]

If he's crossed, it makes him violent (*with an air of discovery*), and I've noticed in my own case, when I'm violent I'm always sorry for it afterward.

Enid (*with a smile*). Are *you* ever violent, Frost?

Frost. Yes M'm; oh! sometimes very violent.

Enid. I've never seen you.

Frost (*impersonally*). No, M'm; that is so.

[ENID *fidgets toward the back of the door.*]

(*With feeling*) Bein' with Mr. Anthony, as you know, M'm, ever since I was fifteen, it worries me to see him crossed like this at his age. I've taken the liberty to speak to Mr. Wanklin (*dropping his voice*) — seems to be the most sensible of the gentlemen — but 'e said to me: " That's all very well, Frost, but this strike's a very serious thing," 'e said. " Serious for all parties, no doubt," I said, " but yumor 'im, sir," I said, " yumor 'im. It's like this, if a man comes to a stone wall, 'e doesn't drive 'is 'ead against it, 'e gets over it." " Yes," 'e said, " you'd *better tell your master that.*" (FROST *looks at his nails.*) That's where it is, M'm. I said to Mr. Anthony this morning: " Is it worth it, sir? " " Damn it," he said to me, " Frost! Mind your own business, or take a month's notice! " Beg pardon, M'm, for using such a word.

Enid (*moving to the double doors, and listening*). Do you know that man Roberts, Frost?

Frost. Yes, M'm; that's to say, not to speak to. But to *look* at 'im you can tell what *he's* like.

Enid (*stopping*). Yes?

Frost. He's not one of these 'ere ordinary 'armless Socialists. 'E's violent; got a fire inside 'im. What I call " personal." A man may 'ave what opinions 'e likes, so long as 'e's not personal; when 'e's that 'e's *not* safe.

Enid. I think that's what my father feels about Roberts.

Frost. No doubt, M'm, Mr. Anthony has a feeling against him.

[ENID *glances at him sharply, but finding him in perfect earnest, stands biting her lips, and looking at the double doors.*]

It's a regular right-down struggle between the two. I've no patience with this Roberts; from what I 'ear, he's just an ordinary workin' man like the rest of 'em. If he did invent a thing he's no worse off than 'undreds of others. My brother invented a new kind o' dumb-waiter — nobody gave *him* anything for it, an' there it is, bein' used all over the place.

[ENID *moves closer to the double doors.*]

There's a kind o' man that never forgives the world, because 'e wasn't born a gentleman. What I say is — no man that's a gentleman looks down on another because 'e' 'appens to be a class or two above 'im, no more than if 'e 'appens to be a class or two below.

Enid (*with slight impatience*). Yes, I know, Frost, of course. Will you please go in and ask if they'll have some tea; say I sent you.

Frost. Yes, M'm.

[*He opens the doors gently and goes in. There is a momentary sound of earnest, rather angry talk.*]

Wilder. I don't agree with you.

Wanklin. We've had this over a dozen times.

Edgar (*impatiently*). Well, what's the proposition?

Scantlebury. Yes, what does your father say? Tea? Not for me, not for me!

Wanklin. What I understand the Chairman to say is this —

[FROST *re-enters, closing the door behind him.*]

Enid (*moving from the door*). Won't they have any tea, Frost?

[*She goes to the little table, and remains motionless, looking at the baby's frock. A* PARLORMAID *enters from the hall.*]

Parlormaid. A Miss Thomas, M'm.

Enid (*raising her head*). Thomas? What Miss Thomas — d' you mean a —

Parlormaid. Yes, M'm.

Enid (*blankly*). Oh! Where is she?

Parlormaid. In the porch.

Enid. I don't want — [*She hesitates.*]

Frost. Shall I dispose of her, M'm?

Enid. I'll come out. No, show her in here, Ellen.

[*The* PARLORMAID *and* FROST *go out.* ENID, *pursing her lips, sits at the little table, taking up the baby's frock. The* PARLORMAID *ushers in* MADGE THOMAS *and goes out;* MADGE *stands by the door.*]

Enid. Come in. What is it? What have you come for, please?

Madge. Brought a message from Mrs. Roberts.

Enid. A message? Yes.

Madge. She asks you to look after her mother.

Enid. I don't understand.

Madge (*sullenly*). That's the message.

Enid. But — what — why?

Madge. Annie Roberts is dead.

[*There is a silence.*]

Enid (*horrified*). But it's only a little more than an hour since I saw her.

Madge. Of cold and hunger.

Enid (*rising*). Oh! that's not true! the poor thing's heart — What makes you look at me like that? I tried to help her.

Madge (*with suppressed savagery*). I thought you'd like to know.

Enid (*passionately*). It's so unjust! Can't you see that I want to help you all?

Madge. I never harmed anyone that hadn't harmed me first.

Enid (*coldly*). What harm have I done you? Why do you speak to me like that?

Madge (*with the bitterest intensity*). You come out of your comfort to spy on us! A week of hunger, that's what *you* want!

Enid (*standing her ground*). Don't talk nonsense!

Madge. I saw her die; her hands were blue with the cold.

Enid (*with a movement of grief*). Oh! why wouldn't she let me help her? It's such senseless pride!

Madge. Pride's better than nothing to keep your body warm.

Enid (*passionately*). I won't talk to you! How can you tell what I feel? It's not my fault that I was born better off than you.

Madge. We don't want your money.

Enid. You don't understand, and you don't want to; please to go away!

Madge (*balefully*). You've killed her, for all your soft words, you and your father —

Enid (*with rage and emotion*). That's wicked! My father is suffering himself through this wretched strike.

Madge (*with somber triumph*). Then tell him Mrs. Roberts is dead! That'll make him better.

Enid. Go away!

Madge. When a person hurts us we get it back on them.

[*She makes a sudden and swift movement toward* ENID, *fixing her eyes on the child's frock lying across the little table.* ENID *snatches the frock up, as though it were the child itself. They stand a yard apart, crossing glances.*]

(*Pointing to the frock with a little smile*) Ah! You felt *that!* Lucky it's her mother — not her children — you've to look after, isn't it? *She* won't trouble you long!

Enid. Go away!

Madge. I've given you the message.

[*She turns and goes out into the hall.* ENID, *motionless till she has gone, sinks down at the table, bending her head over the frock, which she is still clutching to her. The double doors are opened, and* ANTHONY *comes slowly in; he passes his daughter, and lowers himself into an armchair. He is very flushed.*]

Enid (*hiding her emotion — anxiously*). What is it, Dad?

[ANTHONY *makes a gesture, but does not speak.*]

Who was it?

[ANTHONY *does not answer.* ENID *going to the double doors meets* EDGAR *coming in. They speak together in low tones.*]

What is it, Ted?

Edgar. That fellow Wilder! Taken to personalities! He was downright insulting.

Enid. What did he say?

Edgar. Said Father was too old and feeble to know what he was doing! The Dad's worth six of him!

Enid. Of course he is.

[*They look at* ANTHONY. *The doors open wider.* WANKLIN *appears with* SCANTLEBURY.]

Scantlebury (*sotto voce*). I don't like the look of this!

Wanklin (*going forward*). Come, Chairman! Wilder sends you his apologies. A man can't do more.

[WILDER, *followed by* TENCH, *comes in, and goes to* ANTHONY.]

Wilder (*glumly*). I withdraw my words, sir. I'm sorry.

[ANTHONY *nods to him.*]

Enid. You haven't come to a decision, Mr. Wanklin?

[WANKLIN *shakes his head.*]

Wanklin. We're all here, Chairman; what do you say? Shall we get on with the business, or shall we go back to the other room?

Scantlebury. Yes, yes; let's get on. We must settle something.

[*He turns from a small chair, and settles himself suddenly in the largest chair with a sigh of comfort.* WILDER *and* WANKLIN *also sit; and* TENCH, *drawing up a straight-backed chair close to his Chairman, sits on the edge of it with the minute book and a stylographic pen.*]

Enid (*whispering*). I want to speak to you a minute, Ted.

[*They go out through the double doors.*]

Wanklin. Really, Chairman, it's no use soothing ourselves with a sense of false security. If this strike's not brought to an end before the general meeting, the shareholders will certainly haul us over the coals.

Scantlebury (*stirring*). What — what's that?

Wanklin. I know it for a fact.

Anthony. Let them!

Wilder. And get turned out?

Wanklin (*to* ANTHONY). I don't mind martyrdom for a policy in which I believe, but I object to being burnt for someone else's principles.

Scantlebury. Very reasonable — you must see that, Chairman.

Anthony. We owe it to other employers to stand firm.

Wanklin. There's a limit to that.

Anthony. You were all full of fight at the start.

Scantlebury (*with a sort of groan*). We thought the men would give in, but they — haven't!

Anthony. They will!

Wilder (*rising and pacing up and down*). I can't have my reputation as a man of business destroyed for the satisfaction of starving the men out. (*Almost in tears*) I can't have it! How can we meet the shareholders with things in the state they are?

Scantlebury. Hear, hear — hear, hear!

Wilder (*lashing himself*). If anyone ex-

pects me to say to them I've lost you fifty thousand pounds and sooner than put my pride in my pocket I'll lose you another — (*glancing at* ANTHONY) — It's — it's unnatural! *I don't want* to go against you, sir —

Wanklin (*persuasively*). Come, Chairman, we're *not* free agents. We're part of a machine. Our only business is to see the company earns as much profit as it safely can. If you blame me for want of principle, I say that we're trustees. Reason tells us we shall never get back in the saving of wages what we shall lose if we continue this struggle — really, Chairman, we *must* bring it to an end, on the best terms we can make.

Anthony. No.

[*There is a pause of general dismay.*]

Wilder. It's a deadlock then. (*Letting his hands drop with a sort of despair*) Now I shall never get off to Spain!

Wanklin (*retaining a trace of irony*). You hear the consequences of your victory, Chairman?

Wilder (*with a burst of feeling*). My wife's *ill!*

Scantlebury. Dear, dear! You don't say so.

Wilder. If I don't get her out of this cold, I won't answer for the consequences.

[*Through the double doors* EDGAR *comes in, looking very grave.*]

Edgar (*to his father*). Have you heard this, sir? Mrs. Roberts is dead!

[*Everyone stares at him, as if trying to gauge the importance of this news.*]

Enid saw her this afternoon; she had no coals, or food, or anything. It's enough!

[*There is a silence, everyone avoiding the other's eyes, except* ANTHONY, *who stares hard at his son.*]

Scantlebury. You don't suggest that we could have helped the poor thing?

Wilder (*flustered*). The woman was in bad health. Nobody can say there's any responsibility on us. At least — not on me.

Edgar (*hotly*). I say that we *are* responsible.

Anthony. War is war!

Edgar. Not on women!

Wanklin. It not infrequently happens that women are the greatest sufferers.

Edgar. If we knew that, all the more responsibility rests on us.

Anthony. This is no matter for amateurs.

Edgar. Call me what you like, sir. It's sickened me. We had no right to carry things to such a length.

Wilder. I don't like this business a bit — that radical rag will twist it to their own ends; see if they don't! They'll get up some cock-and-bull story about the poor woman's dying from starvation. I wash my hands of it.

Edgar. You can't. None of us can.

Scantlebury (*striking his fist on the arm of his chair*). But I protest against this —

Edgar. Protest as you like, Mr. Scantlebury! it won't alter facts.

Anthony. That's enough.

Edgar (*facing him angrily*). No, sir. I tell you exactly what I think. If we pretend the men are not suffering, it's humbug; and if they're suffering, we know enough of human nature to know the women are suffering more, and as to the children — well — it's damnable!

[SCANTLEBURY *rises from his chair.*]

I don't say that we meant to be cruel, I don't say anything of the sort; but I do say it's criminal to shut our eyes to the facts. We employ these men, and we can't get out of it. I don't care so much about the men, but I'd sooner resign my position on the Board than go on starving women in this way.

[*All except* ANTHONY *are now upon their feet.* ANTHONY *sits grasping the arms of his chair and staring at his son.*]

Scantlebury. I don't — I don't like the way you're putting it, young sir.

Wanklin. You're rather overshooting the mark.

Wilder. I should think so indeed!

Edgar (*losing control*). It's no use blinking things! If *you* want to have the death of women on your hands — *I* don't

Scantlebury. Now, now, young man!

Wilder. On *our* hands? Not on *mine*, I won't have it!

Edgar. We are five members of this Board; if we were four against it, why did we let it drift till it came to this? You know perfectly well why — because we hoped we should starve the men out. Well, all we've done is to starve one woman out!

Scantlebury (*almost hysterically*). I protest, I protest! I'm a humane man — we're all humane men!

Edgar (*scornfully*). There's nothing wrong with our *humanity*. It's our imaginations, Mr. Scantlebury.

Wilder. Nonsense! My imagination's as good as yours.

Edgar. If so, it isn't good enough.

Wilder. I foresaw this!

Edgar. Then why didn't you put your foot down!

Wilder. Much good that would have done.

[*He looks at* ANTHONY.]

Edgar. If you, and I, and each one of us here who say that our imaginations are so good —

Scantlebury (*flurried*). I never said so.

Edgar (*paying no attention*). — had put our feet down, the thing would have been ended long ago, and this poor woman's life wouldn't have been crushed out of her like this. For all we can tell there may be a dozen other starving women.

Scantlebury. For God's sake, sir, don't use that word at a — at a Board meeting; it's — it's monstrous.

Edgar. I *will* use it, Mr. Scantlebury.

Scantlebury. Then I shall not listen to you. I shall not listen! it's painful to me.

[*He covers his ears.*]

Wanklin. None of us are opposed to a settlement, except your father.

Edgar. I'm certain that if the shareholders knew —

Wanklin. I don't think you'll find their imaginations are any better than ours. Because a woman happens to have a weak heart —

Edgar. A struggle like this finds out the weak spots in everybody. Any child knows that. If it hadn't been for this cutthroat policy, she needn't have died like this; and there wouldn't be all this misery that anyone who isn't a fool can see is going on.

[*Throughout the foregoing* ANTHONY *has eyed his son; he now moves as though to rise, but stops as* EDGAR *speaks again.*]

I don't defend the men, or myself, or anybody.

Wanklin. You may have to! A coroner's jury of disinterested sympathizers may say some very nasty things. We mustn't lose sight of our position.

Scantlebury (*without uncovering his ears*). Coroner's jury! No, no, it's not a case for that!

Edgar. I've had enough of cowardice.

Wanklin. Cowardice is an unpleasant word, Mr. Edgar Anthony. It will look very like cowardice if we suddenly concede the men's demands when a thing like this happens; we must be careful!

Wilder. Of course we must. We've no knowledge of this matter, except a rumor. The proper course is to put the whole thing into the hands of Harness to settle for us; that's natural, that's what we *should* have come to anyway.

Scantlebury (*with dignity*). Exactly! (*Turning to* EDGAR) And as to you, young sir, I can't sufficiently express my — my distaste for the way you've treated the whole matter. You ought to withdraw! Talking of starvation, talking of cowardice! Considering what our views are! Except your own father — we're all agreed the only policy is — is one of good will — it's most irregular, it's most improper, and all I can say is it's — it's given me pain —

[*He places his hand over his heart.*]

Edgar (*stubbornly*). I withdraw nothing.

[*He is about to say more when* SCANTLEBURY *once more covers up his ears.* TENCH

suddenly makes a demonstration with the minute book. A sense of having been engaged in the unusual comes over all of them, and one by one they resume their seats. EDGAR *alone remains on his feet.*]

Wilder (*with an air of trying to wipe something out*). I pay no attention to what young Mr. Anthony has said. Coroner's jury! The idea's preposterous. I — I move this amendment to the Chairman's motion: That the dispute be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement, on the lines indicated by him this morning. Anyone second that?

[TENCH *writes in his book.*]

Wanklin. I do.

Wilder. Very well, then; I ask the Chairman to put it to the Board.

Anthony (*with a great sigh — slowly*). We have been made the subject of an attack. (*Looking round at* WILDER *and* SCANTLEBURY *with ironical contempt*) I take it on *my* shoulders. I am seventy-six years old. I have been Chairman of this company since its inception two-and-thirty years ago. I have seen it pass through good and evil report. My connection with it began in the year that this young man was born.

[EDGAR *bows his head.* ANTHONY, *gripping his chair, goes on.*]

I have had to do with "men" for fifty years; I've always stood up to them; I have never been beaten yet. I have fought the men of this company four times, and four times I have beaten them. It has been said that I am not the man I was. (*He looks at* WILDER.) However that may be, I am man enough to stand to my guns.

[*His voice grows stronger. The double doors are opened.* ENID *slips in, followed by* UNDERWOOD, *who restrains her.*]

The men have been treated justly, they have had fair wages, we have always been ready to listen to complaints. It has been said that times have changed; if they have, I have not changed with them. Neither will I. It has been said that masters and men are equal! Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet, the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labor have the same interests. Cant! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. It has been said that the Board is only part of a machine. Cant! We *are* the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favor. Fear of the men! Fear of the shareholders! Fear of our own shadows! Before I am like that, I hope to die. (*He pauses, and meeting his son's eyes, goes on.*) There is only one way of treating "men" — with *the iron hand.* This half-and-half business, the half-and-half manners of this generation, has brought all this upon us. Sentiment and softness, and what this young man, no doubt, would call his social policy. You can't eat cake and have it! This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand, and they will make it six. They are (*he smiles grimly*) like Oliver Twist, asking for more. If I were in *their* place I should be the same. But I am not in their place. Mark my words: one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there, you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to. I have been accused of being a domineering tyrant, thinking only of my pride — I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see. If by any conduct of mine I help to bring this on us, I shall be ashamed to look my fellows in the face.

[ANTHONY *stares before him, at what he cannot see, and there is perfect stillness.* FROST *comes in from the hall, and all but* ANTHONY *look round at him uneasily.*]

Frost (*to his master*). The men are here, sir.

[ANTHONY *makes a gesture of dismissal.*]

Shall I bring them in, sir?

Anthony. Wait!

[FROST *goes out.* ANTHONY *turns to face his son.*]

I come to the attack that has been made upon me.

[EDGAR, *with a gesture of deprecation, remains motionless with his head a little bowed.*]

A woman has died. I am told that her blood is on my hands; I am told that on my hands is the starvation and the suffering of other women and children.

Edgar. I said " on *our* hands," sir.

Anthony. It is the same. (*His voice grows stronger and stronger, his feeling is more and more manifest.*) I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight not sought by me, it is *my* fault. If I fall under *his* feet — as fall I may — I shall not complain. That will be *my* lookout — and this is — his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel!

Edgar (*in a low voice*). But is it a fair fight, Father? Look at them, and look at us! They've only this one weapon!

Anthony (*grimly*). And you're weak-kneed enough to teach them how to use it! It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learned that art. Is it my fault that they quarreled with their union too?

Edgar. There is such a thing as mercy.

Anthony. And justice comes before it.

Edgar. What seems just to one man, sir, is injustice to another.

Anthony (*with suppressed passion*). You accuse me of injustice — of what amounts to inhumanity — of cruelty —

[EDGAR *makes a gesture of horror — a general frightened movement.*]

Wanklin. Come, come, Chairman.

Anthony (*in a grim voice*). These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed.

[*A general murmur. With a violent effort* ANTHONY *recovers his control.*]

Edgar (*quietly*). I said it of *myself*, too, Father.

[*A long look is exchanged between them, and* ANTHONY *puts out his hand with a gesture as if to sweep the personalities away; then places it against his brow, swaying as though from giddiness. There is a movement toward him. He waves them back.*]

Anthony. Before I put this amendment to the Board, I have one more word to say. (*He looks from face to face.*) If it is carried, it means that we shall fail in what we set ourselves to do. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe to all Capital. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe ourselves. It means that we shall be open to constant attack to which we as constantly shall have to yield. Be under no misapprehension — run this time, and you will never make a stand again! You will have to fly like curs before the whips of your own men. If that is the lot you wish for, you will vote for this amendment.

[*He looks again, from face to face, finally resting his gaze on* EDGAR; *all sit with their eyes on the ground.* ANTHONY *makes a gesture, and* TENCH *hands him the book. He reads.*]

" Moved by Mr. Wilder, and seconded by Mr. Wanklin: ' That the men's demands be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement on the lines indicated by him this morning.' " (*With sudden vigor*) Those in favor signify the same in the usual way!

[*For a minute no more moves; then hastily, just as* ANTHONY *is about to speak,* WILDER'S *hand and* WANKLIN'S *are held up, then* SCANTLEBURY'S, *and last* EDGAR'S *who does not lift his head.*]

Contrary?

[ANTHONY *lifts his own hand.*]

(*In a clear voice*) The amendment is carried. I resign my position on this Board.

[ENID *gasps, and there is dead silence.* ANTHONY *sits motionless, his head slowly drooping; suddenly he heaves as though the whole of his life had risen up within him.*]

Fifty years! You have disgraced me, gentlemen. Bring in the men!

[*He sits motionless, staring before him. The Board draws hurriedly together, and forms a group.* TENCH *in a frightened manner speaks into the hall.* UNDERWOOD *almost forces* ENID *from the room.*]

Wilder (*hurriedly*). What's to be said to them? Why isn't Harness here? Ought we to see the men before he comes? I don't —

Tench. Will you come in, please?

[*Enter* THOMAS, GREEN, BULGIN, *and* ROUS, *who file up in a row past the little table.* TENCH *sits down and writes. All eyes are fixed on* ANTHONY, *who makes no sign.*]

Wanklin (*stepping up to the little table, with nervous cordiality*). Well, Thomas, how's it to be? What's the result of your meeting?

Rous. Sim Harness has our answer. He'll tell you what it is. We're waiting for him. He'll speak for us.

Wanklin. Is that so, Thomas?

Thomas (*sullenly*). Yes. Roberts will not be coming, his wife is dead.

Scantlebury. Yes, yes! Poor woman! Yes! Yes!

Frost (*entering from the hall*). Mr. Harness, sir!

[*As* HARNESS *enters, he retires.* HARNESS *has a piece of paper in his hand, he bows to the directors, nods toward the men, and takes his stand behind the little table in the very center of the room.*]

Harness. Good evening, gentlemen.

[TENCH, *with the paper he has been writing, joins him. They speak together in low tones.*]

Wilder. We've been waiting for you, Harness. Hope we shall come to some —

Frost (*entering from the hall*). Roberts!

[*He goes.* ROBERTS *comes hastily in, and stands staring at* ANTHONY. *His face is drawn and old.*]

Roberts. Mr. Anthony, I am afraid I am a little late, I would have been here in time but for something that — has happened. (*To the men*) Has anything been said?

Thomas. No! But, man, what made ye come?

Roberts. Ye told us this morning, gentlemen, to go away and consider our position. We have reconsidered it; we are here to bring you the men's answer. (*To* ANTHONY) Go ye back to London. We have nothing for you. By no jot or tittle do we abate our demands, nor will we until the whole of those demands are yielded.

[ANTHONY *looks at him but does not speak. There is a movement among the men as though they were bewildered.*]

Harness. Roberts!

Roberts (*glancing fiercely at him, and back to* ANTHONY). Is that clear enough for ye? Is it short enough and to the point? Ye made a mistake to think that we would come to heel. Ye may break the body, but ye cannot break the spirit. Get back to London; the men have nothing for ye.

[*Pausing uneasily, he takes a step toward the unmoving* ANTHONY.]

Edgar. We're all sorry for you, Roberts, but —

Roberts. Keep your sorrow, young man. Let your father speak!

Harness (*with the sheet of paper in his hand, speaking from behind the little table*). Roberts!

Roberts (*to* ANTHONY, *with passionate intensity*). Why don't ye answer?

Harness. Roberts!

Roberts (*turning sharply*). What is it?

Harness (*gravely*). You're talking without the book; things have traveled past you.

[*He makes a sign to* TENCH, *who beckons the directors. They quickly sign his copy of the terms.*]

Look at this, man! (*Holding up his sheet of paper*) " Demands conceded, *with the exception of those relating to the engineers and furnacemen.* Double wages for Saturday's overtime. Night shifts as they are." These terms have been agreed. The men go back to work again tomorrow. The strike is at an end.

Roberts (*reading the paper, and turning on the men. They shrink from him, all but* ROUS, *who stands his ground. With deadly stillness*). Ye have gone back on me? I stood by ye to the death; ye waited for *that* to throw me over!

[*The men answer, all speaking together.*]

Rous. It's a lie!

Thomas. Ye were past endurance, man.

Green. If ye'd listen to me —

Bulgin (*under his breath*). Hold your jaw!

Roberts. Ye waited for *that!*

Harness (*taking the directors' copy of the terms, and handing his own to* TENCH). That's enough, men. You had better go.

[*The men shuffle slowly, awkwardly away.*]

Wilder (*in a low, nervous voice*). There's nothing to stay for now, I suppose. (*He follows to the door.*) I shall have a try for that train! Coming, Scantlebury?

Scantlebury (*following with* WANKLIN). Yes, yes; wait for me.

[*He stops as* ROBERTS *speaks.*]

Roberts (*to* ANTHONY). But *ye* have not signed them terms! They can't make terms without their Chairman! Ye would never sign them terms!

[ANTHONY *looks at him without speaking.*]

Don't tell me ye have! for the love o' God! (*With passionate appeal*) I reckoned on ye!

Harness (*holding out the directors' copy of the terms*). *The Board* has signed!

[ROBERTS *looks dully at the signatures — dashes the paper from him, and covers up his eyes.*]

Scantlebury (*behind his hand to* TENCH). Look after the Chairman! He's not well; he's not well — he had no lunch. If there's any fund started for the women and children put me down for — for twenty pounds.

[*He goes out into the hall, in cumbrous haste; and* WANKLIN, *who has been staring at* ROBERTS *and* ANTHONY *with twitchings on his face, follows.* EDGAR *remains seated on the sofa, looking at the ground;* TENCH, *returning to the bureau, writes in his minute book.* HARNESS *stands by the little table, gravely watching* ROBERTS.]

Roberts. Then you're no longer Chairman of this company! (*Breaking into half-mad laughter*) Ah! ha — ah, ha, ha! They've thrown ye over — thrown over their Chairman: Ah — ha — ha! (*With a sudden dreadful calm*) So — they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?

[ENID, *hurrying through the double doors, comes quickly to her father.*]

Anthony. Both broken men, my friend Roberts!

Harness (*coming down and laying his hands on* ROBERTS'*s sleeve*). For shame, Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home!

Roberts (*tearing his arm away*). Home? (*Shrinking together — in a whisper*) Home!

Enid (*quietly to her father*). Come away, dear! Come to your room!

[ANTHONY *rises with an effort. He turns to* ROBERTS *who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly;* ANTHONY *lifts his hand, as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of* ROBERTS'*s face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect.* ANTHONY *turns, and slowly walks toward the curtained door. Suddenly he sways as though about to fall, recovers himself, and is assisted out by* EDGAR *and* ENID; UNDERWOOD *follows, but stops at the door.* ROBERTS *re-*

mains motionless for several seconds, staring intently after ANTHONY, *then goes out into the hall.*]

Tench (*approaching* HARNESS). It's a great weight off my mind, Mr. Harness! But what a painful scene, sir!

[*He wipes his brow.* HARNESS, *pale and resolute, regards with a grim half-smile the quavering* TENCH.]

It's all been so violent! What did he mean by: " Done us both down? " If he has lost his wife, poor fellow, he oughtn't to have spoken to the Chairman like that!

Harness. A woman dead; and the two best men both broken!

Tench (*staring at him — suddenly excited*). D'you know, sir — these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this — all this — and — and what for?

Harness (*in a slow grim voice*). That's where the fun comes in!

[UNDERWOOD *without turning from the door makes a gesture of assent.*]

[THE CURTAIN FALLS]

Suggestions for Study of Galsworthy

In studying a modern full-length play you will notice several important changes from the classical form of Shakespeare's plays. Today a play has fewer acts and scenes, a smaller number of major characters, shorter, more conversational speeches, a sharper close, and often a theme of deeper social import. In studying any play, it is helpful to reduce its plot to three basic propositions:

(1) What is the immediate situation?

(2) What crisis arises because of this situation?

(3) What is the ultimate outcome?

The following analysis may help you to formulate propositions for *Strife:*

Act I. A manager in a business conducted by a board is in deadlock with his men in a factory strike.

Act II. In spite of misery and financial losses both sides refuse to yield.

Act III. What happens to both sides?

Notice in *Strife* the careful unfolding and interpretation of the opening act, the two facets of the workman's life at home and in the factory and the full-length character portraits of the opposing leaders in the developing of Act II, and the tense closing act. After the plot is clear to you, decide what is the *theme,* or basic framework, upon which it is constructed.

1. Notice that the characters in this play represent three generations. Which persons belong to each group? In the women's parts why is this representation especially significant?

2. Could the cast be cut down? What is the definite purpose of each character? How many distinct points of view on the strike can you count?

3. Find examples of all the methods, such as personal appearance, voice, gestures, action, and effect on others, used here to characterize the two leaders.

4. What does the kitchen scene add to the play?

5. How does the play carry out the dramatist's purpose to *portray life?* Discuss the issues involved in the play in comparison with those of present-day labor disputes.

6. Many of Galsworthy's plays show evidence of his deep interest in social problems. Compare *Strife* with *Justice* or *Loyalties* in this respect. Compare conflicting points of view in *Loyalties* with those in *Strife.*

7. Compare the author's use of the same theme in two types of literature, such as " A Stoic," a short story, and *Old English,* a play.

8. Read some of Galsworthy's short stories in *Caravan* or his great novel *The Forsyte Saga,* and observe the impartiality with which he presents all sides of a person's character.

James Matthew Barrie 1860–1937

Among twentieth-century writers no one has given more delight to both young and old than has the creator of Peter Pan. In Kensington Gardens, London, the statue of Peter Pan is a great center for children. How fitting it is that the royalties from this classic among fairy tales, amounting to some ten thousand dollars annually, now go to the support of the Children's Hospital in London!



SIR JAMES BARRIE. Carried in state by students of Edinburgh University after his installation as Chancellor in 1930. (Wide World Photos)

Barrie, like Burns and Carlyle, came from a hard-working Scotch family. His birthplace was Kirriemuir, an insignificant village in the Lowlands of Scotland, which he has immortalized as Thrums in his sketches and novels. He studied first at Dumfries and later at Edinburgh University, from which he received his Master of Arts degree. Choosing writing as his profession, he began as a journalist in Nottingham at fifteen dollars a week. His pen portrait of himself reveals a shy, awkward, melancholy youth of twenty-four, much given to books and solitude, who on moonlit nights was to be found leaning against the Castle walls "with thoughts three hundred miles due north"; but he was very ambitious to reach London. Contrary to the advice of the editor of the *St. James Gazette*, who had accepted some of his writings, Barrie in 1885 went to the metropolis, where for three years he existed on penny buns and coffee.

But Barrie's special articles, written under the name of Gavin Ogilvy, showed plainly that a new genius had arrived, with a style of his own. *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, and *Margaret Ogilvy* (a semibiography of his mother) were quickly followed by three full-length novels: *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy* with its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*. In these the author portrayed the sentiment, pathos, and humor of people in his native village so whimsically and with such appeal that by the opening of the present century his literary reputation was firmly established in England and America.

Urged by Sir Henry Irving, England's noted actor-producer, Barrie, without any technical knowledge of playwriting, dramatized *The Little Minister*, *The Little White Bird*, and *Peter Pan*, and later published a number of successful plays, including *The Admirable Crichton*, *Quality Street*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and *Mary Rose*. In his two volumes of short plays those of special note are "The Twelve-Pound Look" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," a war play. Barrie's work is distinguished by humor, sentiment, and a whimsical imagination.

In 1913 Barrie was knighted by King George for his notable contribution to British life and letters. In 1922 the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on him by Edinburgh University. His last years were spent in retirement in his London home.

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS

This one-act play, set in London in World War I, shows the longing that even the most humble have for a share in the sacrifices of war. It has been said of Barrie that "his magic touch has ennobled and endeared the common things of life." Keep this comment in mind as you read the play.

Barrie has a unique way of writing his plays with a combination of dramatic and short-story form, which is even more pronounced in this play than in some of his others. Thus stage directions often become full descriptions or subtle analyses of emotion.

Three nice old ladies and a criminal, who is even nicer, are discussing the war over a cup of tea. The criminal, who is the hostess, calls it a dish of tea, which shows that she comes from Caledonia;[1] *but that is not her crime.*

[1] **Caledonia** (kăl-ĕ-dō′nĭ-ă): Scotland — the ancient Latin name.

They are all London charwomen, but three of them, including the hostess, are what are called professionally "charwomen and *" or simply "ands." An "and" is also a caretaker when required; her name is entered as such in ink in a registry book, financial transactions take place across a counter between her and the registrar, and altogether she is of a very different social status from one who, like* MRS. HAGGERTY, *is a charwoman but nothing else.* MRS. HAGGERTY, *though present, is not at the party by invitation; having seen* MRS. DOWEY *buying the winkles,*[1] *she followed her downstairs — and so has shuffled into the play and sat down in it against our wish. We would remove her by force, or at least print her name in small letters, were it not that she takes offense very readily and says that nobody respects her. So, as you have slipped in, you can sit there,* MRS. HAGGERTY; *but keep quiet.*

There is nothing doing at present in the caretaking way for MRS. DOWEY, *our hostess; but this does not damp her, caretaking being only to such as she an extra financially and a halo socially. If she had the honor of being served with an income-tax paper she would probably fill in one of the nasty little compartments with the words "Trade — charring. Profession (if any) — caretaking." This home of hers (from which, to look after your house, she makes, occasionally, temporary departures in great style, escorting a barrow) is in one of those what-care-I streets that you discover only when you have lost your way; on discovering them your duty is to report them to the authorities, who immediately add them to the map of London. That is why we are now reporting Friday Street. We shall call it, in the rough sketch drawn for tomorrow's press, "Street in which the criminal resided"; and you will find* MRS. DOWEY'S *home therein marked with an X.*

Her abode really consists of one room, but she maintains that there are two; so, rather than argue, let us say that there are two. The other one has no window, and she could not swish her old skirts in it without knocking something over; its grandest display is of tin pans and crockery on top of a dresser which has a lid to it; you have but to whip off the utensils and raise the lid, and, behold, a bath with hot and cold. MRS. DOWEY *is very proud of this possession, and when she shows it off, as she does perhaps too frequently, she first signs to you with closed fist (funny old thing that she is) to approach softly. She then tiptoes to the dresser and pops off the lid, as if to take the bath unawares. Then she sucks her lips, and is modest if you have the grace to do the exclamations.*

In the real room is a bed, though that is putting the matter too briefly. The fair way to begin, if you love MRS. DOWEY, *is to say to her that it is a pity she has no bed. If she is in her best form she will chuckle, and agree that the want of a bed tries her sore; she will keep you on the hooks, so to speak, as long as she can; and then, with that mouselike movement again, she will suddenly spring the bed on you. You thought it was a wardrobe, but she brings it down from the wall, and, lo, a bed. There is nothing else in her abode (which we now see to contain four rooms — kitchen, pantry, bedroom, and bathroom) that is absolutely a surprise; but it is full of "bits," every one of which has been paid ready money for and gloated over and tended until it has become part of its owner. Genuine Doweys, the dealers might call them, though there is probably nothing in the place except the bed that would fetch half a crown.*

Her home is in the basement, so that the view is restricted to the lower half of persons passing overhead beyond the area stairs. Here at the window MRS. DOWEY *sometimes sits of a summer evening gazing, not sentimentally at a flowerpot which contains one poor bulb, nor yearningly at some tiny speck of sky, but with unholy relish at holes in stockings, and the like, which are revealed to her from her point of vantage. You, gentle reader, may flaunt by, thinking that your finery awes the street; but* MRS. DOWEY *can tell (and*

[1] **winkles:** small marine shellfish.

does) that your soles are in need of neat repair.

Also, lower parts being as expressive as the face to those whose view is thus limited, she could swear to scores of the passers-by in a court of law.

These four lively old codgers are having a good time at the tea table, and wit is flowing free. As you can see by their everyday garments, and by their pails and mops (which are having a little tea party by themselves in the corner), it is not a gathering by invitations stretching away into yesterday. It is a purely informal affair, so much more attractive — don't you think? — than banquets elaborately prearranged. You know how they come about, especially in wartime. Very likely MRS. DOWEY *met* MRS. TWYMLEY *and* MRS. MICKLEHAM *quite casually in the street, and meant to do no more than pass the time of day; then, naturally enough, the word camouflage was mentioned and they got heated, but in the end* MRS. TWYMLEY *apologized; then, in the odd way in which one thing leads to another, the winkleman appeared, and* MRS. DOWEY *remembered that she had that pot of jam and that* MRS. MICKLEHAM *had stood treat last time; and soon they were all three descending the area stairs, followed cringingly by the* HAGGERTY WOMAN.

They have been extremely merry, and never were four hard-worked old ladies who deserved it better. All a woman can do in wartime they do daily and cheerfully, just as their menfolk are doing it at the Front; and now, with the mops and pails laid aside, they sprawl gracefully at ease. There is no intention on their part to consider peace terms until a decisive victory has been gained in the field (SARAH ANN DOWEY), *until the Kaiser is put to the rightabout* (EMMA MICKLEHAM) *and singing very* small (AMELIA TWYMLEY).

At this tea party the lady who is to play the part of MRS. DOWEY *is sure to want to suggest that our heroine has a secret sorrow; namely, the crime. But you should see us knocking that idea out of her head!* MRS. DOWEY *knows she is a criminal, but, unlike the actress, she does not know that she is about to be found out; and she is, to put it bluntly in her own Scotch way, the merriest of the whole clamjamfry. She presses more tea on her guests, but they wave her away from them in the pretty manner of ladies who know that they have already had more than enough.*

Mrs. Dowey. Just one more winkle, Mrs. Mickleham?

[*Indeed there is only one more. But* MRS. MICKLEHAM *indicates politely that if she took this one it would have to swim for it. The* HAGGERTY WOMAN *takes it long afterward when she thinks, erroneously, that no one is looking.* MRS. TWYMLEY *is sulking. Evidently someone has contradicted her. Probably the* HAGGERTY WOMAN.

Mrs. Twymley. I say it is so.

The Haggerty Woman. I say it may be so.

Mrs. Twymley. I suppose I ought to know: me that has a son a prisoner in Germany. (*She has so obviously scored that all good feeling seems to call upon her to end here. But she continues, rather shabbily.*) Being the only lady present that has that proud misfortune.

[*The others are stung.*]

Mrs. Dowey. My son is fighting in France.

Mrs. Mickleham. Mine is wounded in two places.

The Haggerty Woman. Mine is at Salonaiky.[1]

[*The absurd pronunciation of this uneducated person moves the others to mirth.*]

Mrs. Dowey. You'll excuse us, Mrs. Haggerty, but the correct pronunciation is Salonikky.

The Haggerty Woman (to cover her confusion). I don't think. (*She feels that even this does not prove her case.*) And I speak as one that has War Savings Certificates.

[1] **Salonaiky:** her mispronunciation of Salonika (sä-lŏ-nē′kä), Greece, where a great naval battle took place in World War I.

Mrs. Twymley. We all have them.

[*The* HAGGERTY WOMAN *whimpers, and the other guests regard her with unfeeling disdain.*]

Mrs. Dowey (*to restore cheerfulness*). Oh, it's a terrible war.

All (*brightening*). It is. You may say so.

Mrs. Dowey (*encouraged*). What I say is, the men is splendid; but I'm none so easy about the staff. That's your weak point, Mrs. Mickleham.

Mrs. Mickleham (*on the defense, but determined to reveal nothing that might be of use to the enemy*). You may take it from me, the staff's all right.

Mrs. Dowey. And very relieved I am to hear you say it.

[*It is here that the* HAGGERTY WOMAN *has the remaining winkle.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. You don't understand properly about trench warfare. If I had a map —

Mrs. Dowey (*wetting her finger to draw lines on the table*). That's the river Sommy.[1] Now, if we had barrages here —

Mrs. Twymley. Very soon you would be enfilided.[2] Where's your supports, my lady?

[MRS. DOWEY *is damped.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. What none of you grasps is that this is a artillery war —

The Haggerty Woman (*strengthened by the winkle*). I say that the word is Salonaiky.

[*The others purse their lips.*]

Mrs. Twymley (*with terrible meaning*). We'll change the subject. Have you seen this week's *Fashion Chat? (She has evidently seen and devoured it herself, and even licked up the crumbs.)* The gabardine with accordion pleats has quite gone out.

Mrs. Dowey (*her old face sparkling*). My sakes! You tell me?

Mrs. Twymley (*with the touch of haughtiness that comes of great topics*). The plain smock has come in again, with silk lacing, giving that charming chic effect.

Mrs. Dowey. Oho!

Mrs. Mickleham. I must say I was always partial to the straight line (*thoughtfully regarding the want of line in Mrs. Twymley's person*) though trying to them as is of too friendly a figure.

[*It is here that the* HAGGERTY WOMAN'S *fingers close unostentatiously upon a piece of sugar.*]

Mrs. Twymley (*sailing into the empyrean*[3]). Lady Dolly Kanister was seen conversing across the railings in a dainty *de jou.*[4]

Mrs. Dowey. Fine would I have liked to see her.

Mrs. Twymley. She is equally popular as maid, wife, and munition worker. Her two children is inset. Lady Pops Babington was married in a tight tulle.

Mrs. Mickleham. What was her going-away dress?

Mrs. Twymley. A champagny cream velvet with dreamy corsage. She's married to Colonel the Honorable Chingford — "Snubs," they called him at Eton.

The Haggerty Woman (*having disposed of the sugar*). Very likely he'll be sent to Salonaiky.

Mrs. Mickleham. Wherever he is sent, she'll have the same tremors as the rest of us. She'll be as keen to get the letters wrote with pencils as you or me.

Mrs. Twymley. Them pencil letters!

Mrs. Dowey (*in her sweet Scotch voice, timidly, afraid she may be going too far*) And women in enemy lands gets those pencil letters and then stop getting them, the same as ourselves. Let's occasionally think of that.

[*She has gone too far. Chairs are pushed back.*]

The Haggerty Woman. I ask you!

[1] **Sommy:** her mispronunciation of the French river Somme (sôm), a scene of many conflicts in World War I. [2] **enfilided:** her mispronunciation of enfiladed (ĕn-fĭ-lād′ĕd): raked by gunfire.

[3] **empyrean** (ĕm-pĭ-rē′ăn): the highest part of heaven. [4] ***de jou*** (dĕ zhōō′): a dress "for play" (French).

Mrs. Mickleham. That's hardly language, Mrs. Dowey.

Mrs. Dowey (*scared*). Kindly excuse. I swear to death I'm none of your pacifists.

Mrs. Mickleham. Freely granted.

Mrs. Twymley. I've heard of females that have no male relations, and so they have no man-party at the wars. I've heard of them, but I don't mix with them.

Mrs. Mickleham. What can the likes of us have to say to them? It's not their war.

Mrs. Dowey (*wistfully*). They are to be pitied.

Mrs. Mickleham. But the place for them, Mrs. Dowey, is within doors with the blinds down.

Mrs. Dowey (*hurriedly*). That's the place for them.

Mrs. Mickleham. I saw one of them today buying a flag. I thought it was very impudent of her.

Mrs. Dowey (*meekly*). So it was.

Mrs. Mickleham (*trying to look modest with indifferent success*). I had a letter from my son, Percy, yesterday.

Mrs. Twymley. Alfred sent me his photo.

The Haggerty Woman. Letters from Salonaiky is less common.

[*Three bosoms heave, but not, alas,* MRS. DOWEY'S. *Nevertheless she doggedly knits her lips.*]

Mrs. Dowey (*the criminal*). Kenneth writes to me every week. (*There are exclamations. The dauntless old thing holds aloft a packet of letters.*) Look at this. All his.

[THE HAGGERTY WOMAN *whimpers.*]

Mrs. Twymley. Alfred has little time for writing, being a bombardier.

Mrs. Dowey (*relentlessly*). Do your letters begin " Dear mother "?

Mrs. Twymley. Generally.

Mrs. Mickleham. Invariable.

The Haggerty Woman. Every time.

Mrs. Dowey (*delivering the knockout blow*). Kenneth's begin " Dearest mother."

[*No one can think of the right reply.*]

Mrs. Twymley (*doing her best*). A short man, I should say, judging by yourself. (*She ought to have left it alone.*)

Mrs. Dowey. Six feet two — and a half.

[*The gloom deepens.*]

Mrs. Mickleham (*against her better judgment*). A kilty, did you tell me?

Mrs. Dowey. Most certainly. He's in the famous Black Watch.

The Haggerty Woman (*producing her handkerchief*). The Surrey Rifles is the famousest.

Mrs. Mickleham. There you and the King disagrees, Mrs. Haggerty. His choice is the Buffs, same as my Percy's.

Mrs. Twymley (*magnanimously*). Give me the R.H.A. and you can keep all the rest.

Mrs. Dowey. I'm sure I have nothing to say against the Surreys and the R.H.A. and Buffs; but they are just breeches regiments, I understand.

The Haggerty Woman. We can't all be kilties.

Mrs. Dowey (*crushingly*). That's very true.

Mrs. Twymley (*it is foolish of her, but she can't help saying it*). Has your Kenneth great hairy legs?

Mrs. Dowey. Tremendous.

[*The wicked woman, but let us also say " Poor* SARAH ANN DOWEY." *For, at this moment, enter Nemesis.*[1] *In other words, the less important part of a clergyman appears upon the stair.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. It's the reverent gent!

Mrs. Dowey (*little knowing what he is bringing her*). I see he has had his boots heeled.

[*It may be said of* MR. WILLINGS *that his happy smile always walks in front of him. This smile makes music of his life; it means that once again he has been chosen, in his opinion, as the central figure in romance. No one can well have led a more*

[1] **Nemesis** (nĕm'ê-sĭs): avenging fate (Greek mythology).

drab existence, but he will never know it; he will always think of himself, humbly though elatedly, as the chosen of the gods. Of him must it have been originally written that adventures are for the adventurous. He meets them at every street corner. For instance, he assists an old lady off a bus and asks her if he can be of any further help. She tells him that she wants to know the way to Maddox the butcher's. Then comes the kind, triumphant smile; it always comes first, followed by its explanation, "I was there yesterday!" This is the merest sample of the adventures that keep MR. WILLINGS *up to the mark.*

[*Since the war broke out, his zest for life has become almost terrible. He can scarcely lift a newspaper and read of a hero without remembering that he knows someone of the same name. The Soldiers' Rest he is connected with was once a china emporium, and — mark my words — he had bought his tea service at it. Such is life when you are in the thick of it. Sometimes he feels that he is part of a gigantic spy drama. In the course of his extraordinary comings and goings he meets with Great Personages, of course, and is the confidential recipient of secret news. Before imparting the news he does not, as you might expect, first smile expansively; on the contrary, there comes over his face an awful solemnity, which, however, means the same thing. When divulging the names of the personages, he first looks around to make sure that no suspicious character is about, and then, lowering his voice, tells you, "I had that from Mr. Farthing himself — he is the secretary of the Bethnal Green Branch — H'sh;"*

[*There is a commotion about finding a worthy chair for "the reverent," and there is also some furtive pulling down of sleeves; but he stands surveying the ladies through his triumphant smile. This amazing man knows that he is about to score again.*]

Mr. Willings (*waving aside the chairs*). I thank you. But not at all. Friends, I have news.

Mrs. Mickleham. News?

The Haggerty Woman. From the Front?

Mrs. Twymley. My Alfred, sir?

[*They are all grown suddenly anxious — all except the hostess, who knows that there can never be any news from the Front for her.*]

Mr. Willings. I tell you at once that all is well. The news is for Mrs. Dowey.

Mrs. Dowey (*she stares*). News for me?

Mr. Willings. Your son, Mrs. Dowey — he has got five days' leave.

[*She shakes her head slightly, or perhaps it only trembles a little on its stem.*]

Now, now, good news doesn't kill.

Mrs. Twymley. We're glad, Mrs. Dowey.

Mrs. Dowey. You're sure?

Mr. Willings. Quite sure. He has arrived.

Mrs. Dowey. He is in London?

Mr. Willings. He is. I have spoken to him.

Mrs. Mickleham. You lucky woman.

[*They might see that she is not looking lucky, but experience has told them how differently these things take people.*]

Mr. Willings (*marveling more and more as he unfolds his tale*). Ladies, it is quite a romance. I was in the . . . (*He looks around cautiously, but he knows that they are all to be trusted.*) . . . in the Church Army quarters in Central Street, trying to get on the track of one or two of our missing men. Suddenly my eyes — I can't account for it — but suddenly my eyes alighted on a Highlander seated rather drearily on a bench, with his kit at his feet.

The Haggerty Woman. A big man?

Mr. Willings. A great brawny fellow.

[*The* HAGGERTY WOMAN *groans.*]

"My friend," I said at once, "welcome back to Blighty."[1] I make a point of calling it Blighty. "I wonder," I said, "if

[1] **Blighty** (bli'ti): British slang for home, much used by soldiers.

there is anything I can do for you? " He shook his head. " What regiment? " I asked. (*Here* MR. WILLINGS *very properly lowers his voice to a whisper.*) " Black Watch, 5th Battalion," he said. " Name? " I asked. " Dowey," he said.

Mrs. Mickleham. I declare. I do declare.

Mr. Willings (*showing how the thing was done, with the help of a chair*). I put my hand on his shoulder as it might be thus. " Kenneth Dowey," I said, " I know your mother."

Mrs. Dowey (*wetting her lips*). What did he say to that?

Mr. Willings. He was incredulous. Indeed, he seemed to think I was balmy. But I offered to bring him straight to you. I told him how much you had talked to me about him.

Mrs. Dowey. Bring him here!

Mrs. Mickleham. I wonder he needed to be brought.

Mr. Willings. He had just arrived, and was bewildered by the great city. He listened to me in the taciturn Scotch way, and then he gave a curious laugh.

Mrs. Twymley. Laugh?

Mr. Willings (*whose wild life has brought him into contact with the strangest people*). The Scotch, Mrs. Twymley, express their emotions differently from us. With them tears signify a rollicking mood, while merriment denotes that they are plunged in gloom. When I had finished he said at once, " Let us go and see the old lady."

Mrs. Dowey (*backing, which is the first movement she has made since he began his tale*). Is he — coming?

Mr. Willings (*gloriously*). He has come. He is up there. I told him I thought I had better break the joyful news to you.

[*Three women rush to the window.* MRS. DOWEY *looks at her pantry door, but perhaps she remembers that it does not lock on the inside. She stands rigid, though her face has gone very gray.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Kindly get them to go away.

Mr. Willings. Ladies, I think this happy occasion scarcely requires you. (*He is not the man to ask of woman a sacrifice that he is not prepared to make himself.*) I also am going instantly.

[*They all survey* MRS. DOWEY, *and understand — or think they understand.*]

Mrs. Twymley (*pail and mop in hand*). I would thank none for their company if my Alfred was at the door.

Mrs. Mickleham (*similarly burdened*). The same from me. Shall I send him down, Mrs. Dowey?

[*The old lady does not hear her. She is listening, terrified, for a step on the stairs.*]

Look at the poor, joyous thing, sir. She has his letters in her hand.

[*The three women go.* MR. WILLINGS *puts a kind hand on* MRS. DOWEY'S *shoulder. He thinks he so thoroughly understands the situation.*]

Mr. Willings. A good son, Mrs. Dowey, to have written to you so often.

[*Our old criminal quakes, but she grips the letters more tightly.* PRIVATE DOWEY *descends.*]

Dowey, my friend, there she is, waiting for you, with your letters in her hand.

Dowey (*grimly*). That's great.

[MR. WILLINGS *ascends the stair without one backward glance, like the good gentleman he is; and the* DOWEYS *are left together, with nearly the whole room between them. He is a great rough chunk of Scotland, howked out of her not so much neatly as liberally; and in his Black Watch uniform, all caked with mud, his kit and nearly all his worldly possessions on his back, he is an apparition scarcely less fearsome* (*but so much less ragged*) *than those ancestors of his who trotted with Prince Charlie*[1] *to Derby. He stands silent, scowling at the old lady, daring her to raise her head; and she would like very much to do it, for she longs to have*

[1] **Prince Charlie:** the Young Pretender to the British throne in the eighteenth century.

a first glimpse of her son. When he does speak, it is to jeer at her.]

Dowey. Do you recognize your loving son, missis?

[*"Oh, the fine Scotch tang of him," she thinks.*]

Mrs. Dowey (*trembling*). I'm pleased I wrote so often. (*"Oh, but he's* raised," *she thinks.*)

[*He strides toward her, and seizes the letters roughly.*]

Dowey. Let's see them.

[*There is a string round the package and he unties it, and examines the letters at his leisure with much curiosity. The envelopes are in order, all addressed in pencil to Mrs. Dowey, with the proud words "Opened by Censor" on them. But the letter paper inside contains not a word of writing.*]

Dowey. Nothing but blank paper! Is this your writing in pencil on the envelope? (*She nods, and he gives the matter further consideration.*) The covey told me you were a charwoman. So I suppose you picked the envelopes out of wastepaper baskets, or such like, and then changed the addresses?

[*She nods again; still she dare not look up, but she is admiring his legs. When, however, he would cast the letters into the fire, she flames up with sudden spirit. She clutches them.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Don't burn them letters, mister.

Dowey. They're not real letters.

Mrs. Dowey. They're all I have.

Dowey (*returning to irony*). I thought you had a son?

Mrs. Dowey. I never had a man nor a son nor anything. I just call myself Missis to give me a standing.

Dowey. Well, it's past my seeing through.

[*He turns to look for some explanation from the walls. She gets a peep at him at last. Oh, what a grandly set-up man! Oh, the stride of him. Oh, the noble rage of him. Oh, Samson had been like this before that woman*[1] *took him in hand.*]

Dowey (*whirling round on her*). What made you do it?

Mrs. Dowey. It was everybody's war, mister, except mine. (*She beats her arms.*) I wanted it to be my war too.

Dowey. You'll need to be plainer. And yet I'm d——d if I care to hear you, you lying old trickster.

[*The words are merely what were to be expected, and so are endurable; but he has moved toward the door.*]

Mrs. Dowey. You're not going already, mister?

Dowey. Yes, I just came to give you an ugly piece of my mind.

Mrs. Dowey (*holding out her arms longingly*). You haven't gave it to me yet.

Dowey. You have a cheek!

Mrs. Dowey (*giving further proof of it*). You wouldn't drink some tea?

Dowey. Me! I tell you I came here for the one purpose of blazing away at you.

[*It is such a roaring negative that it blows her into a chair. But she is up again in a moment, is this spirited old lady.*]

Mrs. Dowey. You could drink the tea while you was blazing away. There's winkles.

Dowey. Is there? (*He turns interestedly toward the table, but his proud Scots character checks him — which is just as well, for what she should have said was that there had been winkles.*) Not me. You're just a common rogue. (*He seats himself far from the table.*) Now, then, out with it. Sit down! (*She sits meekly; there is nothing she would not do for him.*) As you char, I suppose you are on your feet all day.

Mrs. Dowey. I'm more on my knees.

Dowey. That's where you should be to me.

Mrs. Dowey. Oh, mister, I'm willing.

Dowey. Stop it. Go on, you accomplished liar.

[1] **Samson . . . that woman:** In the Bible, Samson was betrayed to his enemies by Delilah (see Judges 16 : 4–22).

Mrs. Dowey. It's true that my name is Dowey.

Dowey. It's enough to make me change mine.

Mrs. Dowey. I've been charring and charring and charring as far back as I mind. I've been in London this twenty years.

Dowey. We'll skip your early days. I have an appointment.

Mrs. Dowey. And then when I was old the war broke out.

Dowey. How could it affect you?

Mrs. Dowey. Oh, mister, that's the thing. It didn't affect me. It affected everybody but me. The neighbors looked down on me. Even the posters, on the walls, of the woman saying 'Go, my boy,' leered at me. I sometimes cried by myself in the dark. You won't have a cup of tea?

Dowey. No.

Mrs. Dowey. Suddenlike the idea came to me to pretend I had a son.

Dowey. You depraved old limmer! But what in the name of Old Nick made you choose me out of the whole British Army?

Mrs. Dowey (*giggling*). Maybe, mister, it was because I liked you best.

Dowey. Now, now, woman.

Mrs. Dowey. I read one day in the papers, "In which he was assisted by Private K. Dowey, 5th Battalion, Black Watch."

Dowey (*flattered*). Did you, now! Well, I expect that's the only time I was ever in the papers.

Mrs. Dowey (*trying it on again*). I didn't choose you for that alone. I read a history of the Black Watch first, to make sure it was the best regiment in the world.

Dowey. Anybody could have told you that. (*He is moving about now in better humor, and, meeting the loaf in his stride, he cuts a slice from it. He is hardly aware of this, but Mrs. Dowey knows.*) I like the Scotch voice of you, woman. It drumbles on like a hill burn.[1]

Mrs. Dowey. Prosen Water runs by where I was born. Maybe it teached me to speak, mister.

Dowey. Canny,[2] woman, canny.

Mrs. Dowey. I read about the Black Watch's ghostly piper that plays proudly when the men of the Black Watch do well, and prouder when they fall.

Dowey. There's some foolish story of that kind. (*He has another careless slice off the loaf.*) But you couldn't have been living here at that time or they would have guessed. I suppose you flitted?

Mrs. Dowey. Yes, it cost me eleven and sixpence.

Dowey. How did you guess the *K* in my name stood for Kenneth?

Mrs. Dowey. Does it?

Dowey. Umpha.

Mrs. Dowey. An angel whispered it to me in my sleep.

Dowey. Well, that's the only angel in the whole black business. (*He chuckles.*) You little thought I would turn up! (*Wheeling suddenly on her.*) Or did you?

Mrs. Dowey. I was beginning to weary for a sight of you, Kenneth.

Dowey. What word was that?

Mrs. Dowey. Mister.

[*He helps himself to butter, and she holds out the jam pot to him; but he haughtily rejects it. Do you think she gives in now? Not a bit of it. He returns to sarcasm.*]

Dowey. I hope you're pleased with me now you see me.

Mrs. Dowey. I'm very pleased. Does your folk live in Scotland?

Dowey. Glasgow.

Mrs. Dowey. Both living?

Dowey. Ay.

Mrs. Dowey. Is your mother terrible proud of you?

Dowey. Naturally.

Mrs. Dowey. You'll be going to them?

Dowey. After I've had a skite in London first.

Mrs. Dowey (*sniffing*). So she is in London!

Dowey. Who?

Mrs. Dowey. Your young lady.

Dowey. Are you jealyous?

[1] **burn:** Scotch for brook.

[2] **canny:** clever, shrewd.

Mrs. Dowey. Not me.

Dowey. You needna be. She's a young thing.

Mrs. Dowey. You surprises me. A beauty, no doubt?

Dowey. You may be sure. (*He tries the jam.*) She's a titled person. She is equally popular as maid, wife, and munition worker.

[*Mrs. Dowey remembers Lady Dolly Kanister, so familiar to readers of fashionable gossip, and a very leery*[1] *expression indeed comes into her face.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Tell me more about her, man.

Dowey. She has sent me a lot of things, especially cakes, and a worsted waistcoat, with a loving message on the enclosed card.

[*The old lady is now in a quiver of excitement. She loses control of her arms, which jump excitedly this way and that.*]

Mrs. Dowey. You'll try one of my cakes, mister?

Dowey. Not me.

Mrs. Dowey. They're of my own making.

Dowey. No, I thank you.

[*But with a funny little run she is in the pantry and back again. She pushes a cake before him, at sight of which he gapes.*]

Mrs. Dowey. What's the matter? Tell me, oh, tell me, mister!

Dowey. That's exactly the kind of cake that her ladyship sends me.

[*Mrs. Dowey is now a very glorious old character indeed.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Is the waistcoat right, mister? I hope the Black Watch colors pleased you.

Dowey. Wha—at! Was it you?

Mrs. Dowey. I daredna give my own name, you see, and I was always reading hers in the papers.

[*The badgered man looms over her, terrible for the last time.*]

Dowey. Woman, is there no getting rid of you!

Mrs. Dowey. Are you angry?

[*He sits down with a groan.*]

Dowey. Oh, hell! Give me some tea.

[*She rushes about preparing a meal for him, every bit of her wanting to cry out to every other bit, "Oh, glory, glory, glory!" For a moment she hovers behind his chair.* "Kenneth!" *she murmurs.* "What?" *he asks, no longer aware that she is taking a liberty.* "Nothing," *she says.* "Just Kenneth," *and is off gleefully for the tea caddy. But when his tea is poured out, and he has drunk a saucerful, the instinct of self-preservation returns to him between two bites.*]

Dowey. Don't you be thinking, missis, for one minute that you have got me.

Mrs. Dowey. No, no.

[*On that understanding he unbends.*]

Dowey. I have a theater tonight, followed by a randy-dandy.[2]

Mrs. Dowey. Oho! Kenneth, this is a queer first meeting!

Dowey. It is, woman — oh, it is — (*guardedly*) — and it's also a last meeting.

Mrs. Dowey. Yes, yes.

Dowey. So here's to you — you old mop and pail. *Ave atque vale.*

Mrs. Dowey. What's that?

Dowey. That means Hail and Farewell.

Mrs. Dowey. Are you a scholar?

Dowey. Being Scotch, there's almost nothing I don't know.

Mrs. Dowey. What was you to trade?

Dowey. Carter, glazier, orraman,[3] any rough jobs.

Mrs. Dowey. You're a proper man to look at.

Dowey. I'm generally admired.

Mrs. Dowey. She's an enviable woman.

Dowey. Who?

Mrs. Dowey. Your mother.

Dowey. Eh? Oh, that was just protecting myself from you. I have neither father nor mother nor wife nor grandmama. (*Bitterly*)

[1] **leery:** distrustful; suspicious.

[2] **randy-dandy:** a noisy frolic. [3] **orraman:** one who does odd jobs.

This party never even knew who his proud parents were.

Mrs. Dowey. Is that — (*gleaming*) — is that true?

Dowey. It's gospel.

Mrs. Dowey. Heaven be praised!

Dowey. Eh? None of that! I was a fool to tell you. But don't think you can take advantage of it. Pass the cake.

Mrs. Dowey. I daresay it's true we'll never meet again, Kenneth, but — but if we do, I wonder where it will be?

Dowey. Not in this world.

Mrs. Dowey. There's no telling — (*leering ingratiatingly*) — it might be at Berlin.

Dowey. Tod, if I ever get to Berlin, I believe I'll find you there waiting for me!

Mrs. Dowey. With a cup of tea for you in my hand.

Dowey. Yes, and (*heartily*) very good tea too.

[*He has partaken heavily; he is now in high good humor.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, we could come back by Paris!

Dowey. All the ladies likes to go to Paris.

Mrs. Dowey. Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth, if just once before I die I could be fitted for a Paris gown with dreamy corsage!

Dowey. You're all alike, old covey.[1] We have a song about it. (*He sings*):

Mrs. Gill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her
But to see the Tuileries [2]
And waddle through the Louvre.[3]

[*No song ever had a greater success. Mrs. Dowey is doubled up with mirth. When she comes to — when they both come to, for there are a pair of them — she cries:*]

Mrs. Dowey. You must learn me that (*and off she goes in song also:*)

Mrs. Dowey's very ill,
Nothing can improve her.

Dowey. Stop!

But dressed up in a Paris gown
To waddle through the Louvre.

[*They fling back their heads. She points at him; he points at her.*]

Mrs. Dowey (*ecstatically*). Hairy legs!

[*A mad remark, which brings him to his senses; he remembers who and what she is.*]

Dowey. Mind your manners! (*Rising*) Well, thank you for my tea, I must be stepping.

[*Poor Mrs. Dowey, he is putting on his kit.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Where are you living?

Dowey. (*He sighs*) That's the question. But there's a place called The Hut, where some of the 2d Battalion are. They'll take me in. Beggars — (*bitterly*) — can't be choosers.

Mrs. Dowey. Beggars?

Dowey. I've never been here before. If you knew (*a shadow comes over him*) what it is to be in such a place without a friend. I was crazy with glee, when I got my leave, at the thought of seeing London at last; but after wandering its streets for four hours, I would almost have been glad to be back in the trenches.

[*"If you knew," he has said, but indeed the old lady knows.*]

Mrs. Dowey. That's my quandorum too, Kenneth.

[*He nods sympathetically.*]

Dowey. I'm sorry for you, you poor old body (*shouldering his kit*) but I see no way out for either of us.

Mrs. Dowey (*cooing*). Do you not?

Dowey. Are you at it again!

[*She knows that it must be now or never. She has left her biggest guns for the end. In her excitement she is rising up and down on her toes.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, I've heard that the thing a man on leave longs for more than anything else is a bed with sheets, and a bath.

Dowey. You never heard anything truer.

Mrs. Dowey. Go into that pantry, Ken-

[1] **covey**: an old bird. [2] **Tuileries** (twē'lĕr-ĭz): famous royal palace in Paris. [3] **Louvre** (lōō'v'r): famous art gallery connected with the Tuileries.

neth Dowey, and lift the dresser top, and tell me what you see.

[*He goes. There is an awful stillness. He returns, impressed.*]

Dowey. It's a kind of a bath!

Mrs. Dowey. You could do yourself there pretty, half at a time.

Dowey. Me?

Mrs. Dowey. There's a woman through the wall that would be very willing to give me a shakedown till your leave is up.

Dowey. (*He snorts.*) Oh, is there!

[*She has not got him yet, but there is still one more gun.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, look!

[*With these simple words she lets down the bed. She says no more; an effect like this would be spoiled by language. Fortunately he is not made of stone. He thrills.*]

Dowey. Gosh! That's the dodge we need in the trenches.

Mrs. Dowey. That's your bed, Kenneth.

Dowey. Mine? (*He grins at her.*) You queer old divert. What can make you so keen to be burdened by a lump like me?

Mrs. Dowey. He! he! he! he!

Dowey. I tell you, I'm the commonest kind of man.

Mrs. Dowey. I'm just the commonest kind of old wife myself.

Dowey. I've been a kick-about all my life, and I'm no great shakes at the war.

Mrs. Dowey. Yes, you are. How many Germans have you killed?

Dowey. Just two for certain, and there was no glory in it. It was just because they wanted my shirt.

Mrs. Dowey. Your shirt?

Dowey. Well, they said it was their shirt.

Mrs. Dowey. Have you took prisoners?

Dowey. I once took half a dozen, but that was a poor affair too.

Mrs. Dowey. How could one man take half a dozen?

Dowey. Just in the usual way. I surrounded them.

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, you're just my ideal.

Dowey. You're easily pleased. (*He turns again to the bed.*) Let's see how the thing works. (*He kneads the mattress with his fist, and the result is so satisfactory that he puts down his kit.*) Old lady, if you really want me, I'll bide.

Mrs. Dowey. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

[*Her joy is so demonstrative that he has to drop a word of warning.*]

Dowey. But, mind you, I don't accept you as a relation. For your personal glory you can go on pretending to the neighbors, but the best I can say for you is that you're on your probation. I'm a cautious character, and we must see how you'll turn out.

Mrs. Dowey. Yes, Kenneth.

Dowey. And now, I think, for that bath. My theater begins at six-thirty. A cove I met on a bus is going with me.

Mrs. Dowey. (*She is a little alarmed.*) You're sure you'll come back?

Dowey. Yes, yes. (*Handsomely*) I leave my kit in pledge.

Mrs. Dowey. You won't liquor up too freely, Kenneth?

Dowey. You're the first (*chuckling*) to care whether I do or not. (*Nothing she has said has pleased the lonely man so much as this.*) I promise. Tod, I'm beginning to look forward to being wakened in the morning by hearing you cry, "Get up, you lazy swine." I've kind of envied men that had womenfolk with the right to say that.

[*He is passing to the bathroom when a diverting notion strikes him.*]

Mrs. Dowey. What is it, Kenneth?

Dowey. The theater. It would be showier if I took a lady.

[*Mrs. Dowey feels a thumping at her breast.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, tell me this instant what you mean. Don't keep me on the dumps.

[*He turns her around.*]

Dowey. No, it couldn't be done.

Mrs. Dowey. Was it me you were thinking of?

Dowey. Just for the moment (*regretfully*) but you have no style.

[*She catches hold of him by the sleeve.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Not in this, of course. But, oh, Kenneth, if you saw me in my merino! It's laced up the back in the very latest.

Dowey. Hum (*doubtfully*) but let's see it.

[*It is produced from a drawer, to which the old lady runs with almost indecent haste. The connoisseur examines it critically.*]

Dowey. Looks none so bad. Have you a bit of chiffon for the neck? It's not bombs nor Kaisers nor Tipperary that men in the trenches think of; it's chiffon.

Mrs. Dowey. I swear I have, Kenneth. And I have a bangle, and a muff, and gloves.

Dowey. Ay, ay. (*He considers.*) Do you think you could give your face less of a homely look?

Mrs. Dowey. I'm sure I could.

Dowey. Then you can have a try. But, mind you, I promise nothing. All will depend on the effect.

He goes into the pantry, and the old lady is left alone. Not alone, for she is ringed round by entrancing hopes and dreadful fears. They beam on her and jeer at her; they pull her this way and that. With difficulty she breaks through them and rushes to her pail, hot water, soap, and a looking glass.

Our last glimpse of her for this evening shows her staring — not discontentedly — at her soft old face, licking her palm, and pressing it to her hair. Her eyes are sparkling.

One evening a few days later MRS. TWYMLEY *and* MRS. MICKLEHAM *are in Mrs. Dowey's house, awaiting that lady's return from some fashionable dissipation. They have undoubtedly been discussing the war, for the first words we catch are:*

Mrs. Mickleham. I tell you flat, Amelia, I bows no knee to junkerdom.

Mrs. Twymley. Sitting here by the fire, you and me, as one to another, what do you think will happen after the war? Are we to go back to being as we were?

Mrs. Mickleham. Speaking for myself, Amelia, not me. The war has wakened me up to a understanding of my own importance that is really astonishing.

Mrs. Twymley. Same here. Instead of being the poor worms the like of you and me thought we was, we turns out to be visible departments of a great and haughty empire.

[*They are well under way, and with a little luck we might now hear their views on various passing problems of the day, such as the neglect of science in our public schools. But in comes the* HAGGERTY WOMAN, *and spoils everything. She is attired, like them, in her best; but the effect of her is that her clothes have gone out for a walk, leaving her at home.*]

Mrs. Mickleham (*with deep distaste*). Here's that submarine again.

[*The* HAGGERTY WOMAN *cringes to them, but gets no encouragement.*]

The Haggerty Woman. It's a terrible war.

Mrs. Twymley. Is that so?

The Haggerty Woman. I wonder what will happen when it ends?

Mrs. Mickleham. I have no idea. (*The intruder produces her handkerchief, but does not use it. After all, she is in her best.*)

The Haggerty Woman. Are they not back yet?

[*Perfect ladies must reply to a direct question.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. No. (*Icily*) We have been waiting this half-hour. They are at the theater again.

The Haggerty Woman. You tell me! I just popped in with an insignificant present for him, as his leave is up.

Mrs. Twymley. The same errand brought us.

The Haggerty Woman. My present is cigarettes.

[*They have no intention of telling her what their presents are, but the secret leaps from them.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. So is mine.

Mrs. Twymley. Mine too.

[*Triumph of the* HAGGERTY WOMAN. *But it is short-lived.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. Mine has gold tips.

Mrs. Twymley. So has mine.

The Haggerty Woman (*need not say a word. You have only to look at her to know that her cigarettes are not gold-tipped. She tries to brazen it out, which is so often a mistake*). What care I? Mine is Exquisytos.

[*No wonder they titter.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. Excuse us, Mrs. Haggerty — if that's your name — but the word is Exquiseetos.

The Haggerty Woman. Much obliged! (*Weeps*)

Mrs. Mickleham. I think I heard a taxi.

Mrs. Twymley. It will be her third this week.

[*They peer through the blind. They are so excited that rank is forgotten.*]

The Haggerty Woman. What is she in?

Mrs. Mickleham. A new astrakhan jacket he gave her, with Venus sleeves.

The Haggerty Woman. Has she sold her gabardine coat?

Mrs. Mickleham. Not her! She has them both at the theater, warm night though it is. She's wearing the astrakhan — and carrying the gabardine, flung carelesslike over her arm.

The Haggerty Woman. I saw her strutting about with him yesterday, looking as if she thought the two of them made a procession.

Mrs. Twymley. Hsh! (*Peeping*) Strike me dead — if she's not coming mincing down the stair, hooked on his arm!

[*Indeed it is thus that* MRS. DOWEY *enters. Perhaps she had seen shadows lurking on the blind, and at once hooked on to* KENNETH *to impress the visitors. She is quite capable of it.*

[*Now we see what* KENNETH *saw that afternoon five days ago when he emerged from the bathroom and found the old trembler awaiting his inspection. Here are the muff and the gloves and the chiffon, and such a kind old bonnet that it makes you laugh at once. I don't know how to describe it; but it is trimmed with a kiss, as bonnets should be when the wearer is old and frail. We must take the merino for granted until she steps out of the astrakhan. She is dressed up to the nines; there is no doubt about it. Yes, but is her face less homely? Above all, has she style? The answer is in a stout affirmative. Ask* KENNETH. *He knows. Many a time he has had to go behind a door to roar hilariously at the old lady. He has thought of her as a lark to tell his mates about by and by; but for some reason that he cannot fathom, he knows now that he will never do that.*]

Mrs. Dowey (*affecting surprise*). Kenneth, we have visitors!

Dowey. Your servant, ladies.

[*He is no longer mud-caked and dour. A very smart figure is this* PRIVATE DOWEY; *and he winks engagingly at the visitors, like one who knows that for jolly company you cannot easily beat charwomen. The pleasantries that he and they have exchanged this week! The sauce he has given them. The wit of* MRS. MICKLEHAM'S *retorts. The badinage of* MRS. TWYMLEY. *The neat giggles of the* HAGGERTY WOMAN. *There has been nothing like it since you took the countess in to dinner.*]

Mrs. Twymley. We should apologize. We're not meaning to stay.

Mrs. Dowey. You are very welcome. Just wait (*the ostentation of this!*) till I get out of my astrakhan — and my muff — and my gloves — and (*It is the bonnet's turn now*) my Excelsior.

[*At last we see her in the merino — a triumph.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. You've given her a glory time, Mr. Dowey.

Dowey. It's her that has given it to me, missis.

Mrs. Dowey. Hey! hey! hey! hey! He just pampers me. (*Waggling her fists*) The Lord forgive us, but, this being the last night, we had a sit-down supper at a restaurant! (*Vehemently*) I swear by God that we had champagny wine. (*There is a dead stillness, and she knows very well what it means; she has even prepared for it.*) And to them as doubts my word — here's the cork. (*She places the cork, in its lovely gold drapery, upon the table.*)

Mrs. Mickleham. I'm sure!

Mrs. Twymley. I would thank you, Mrs. Dowey, not to say a word against my Alfred.

Mrs. Dowey. Me!

Dowey. Come, come, ladies! (*In the masterful way that is so hard for women to resist*) If you say another word, I'll kiss the lot of you.

[*There is a moment of pleased confusion.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. Really, them sodgers!

The Haggerty Woman. The kilties is the worst!

Mrs. Twymley (*heartily*). I'm sure we don't grudge you your treats, Mrs. Dowey; and sorry we are that this is the end.

Dowey. Yes, it's the end. (*With a troubled look at his old lady*) I must be off in ten minutes.

[*The little soul is too gallant to break down in company. She hurries into the pantry and shuts the door.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. Poor thing! But we must run, for you'll be having some last words to say to her.

Dowey. I kept her out long on purpose so as to have less time to say them in. (*He more than half wishes that he could make a bolt to a public house.*)

Mrs. Twymley. It's the best way. (*In the important affairs of life there is not much that anyone can teach a charwoman.*) Just a mere nothing — to wish you well, Mr. Dowey.

[*All three present him with the cigarettes.*]

Mrs. Mickleham. A scraping, as one might say.

The Haggerty Woman (*enigmatically*). The heart is warm, though it may not be gold-tipped.

Dowey. You bricks!

The Ladies. Good luck, cocky.

Dowey. The same to you. And if you see a sodger man up there in a kilt, he is one that is going back with me. Tell him not to come down, but — but to give me till the last minute, and then to whistle.

[*It is quite a grave man who is left alone, thinking what to do next. He tries a horse laugh, but that proves of no help. He says "Hell!" to himself, but it is equally ineffective. Then he opens the pantry door and calls.*]

Dowey. Old lady.

[*She comes timidly to the door, her hand up as if to ward off a blow.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Is it time?

[*An encouraging voice answers her.*]

Dowey. No, no, not yet. I've left word for Dixon to whistle when go I must.

Mrs. Dowey. All is ended.

Dowey. Now, then, you promised to be gay. We were to help one another.

Mrs. Dowey. Yes, Kenneth.

Dowey. It's bad for me, but it's worse for you.

Mrs. Dowey. The men have medals to win, you see.

Dowey. The women have their medals, too. (*He knows she likes him to order her about, so he tries it again.*) Come here. No, I'll come to you. (*He stands gaping at her wonderingly. He has no power of words, nor does he quite know what he would like to say.*) God!

Mrs. Dowey. What is it, Kenneth?

Dowey. You're a woman.

Mrs. Dowey. I had near forgot it.

[*He wishes he was at the station with Dixon. Dixon is sure to have a bottle in his pocket. They will be roaring a song presently. But in the meantime — there is that son business. Blethers, the whole thing, of course — or mostly blethers. But it's the way to please her.*]

Dowey. Have you noticed you have never called me son?

Mrs. Dowey. Have I noticed it! I was feared, Kenneth. You said I was on probation.

Dowey. And so you were. Well, the probation's ended. (*He laughs uncomfortably.*) The like of me! But if you want me you can have me.

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth, will I do?

Dowey (*artfully gay*). Woman, don't be so forward. Wait till I have proposed.

Mrs. Dowey. Propose for a mother?

Dowey. What for no? (*In the grand style*) Mrs. Dowey, you queer carl, you spunky tiddy, have I your permission to ask you the most important question a neglected orphan can ask of an old lady?

[*She bubbles with mirth. Who could help it, the man has such a way with him!*]

Mrs. Dowey. None of your sauce, Kenneth.

Dowey. For a long time, Mrs. Dowey, you cannot have been unaware of my sonnish feelings for you.

Mrs. Dowey. Wait till I get my mop to you —

Dowey. And if you're not willing to be my mother, I swear I'll never ask another. (*The old divert pulls him down to her and strokes his hair.*) Was I a well-behaved infant, Mother?

Mrs. Dowey. Not you, sonny — you were a rampaging rogue.

Dowey. Was I slow in learning to walk?

Mrs. Dowey. The quickest in our street. He! he! he! (*She starts up.*) Was that the whistle?

Dowey. No, no. See here. In taking me over you have, in a manner of speaking, joined the Black Watch.

Mrs. Dowey. I like to think that, Kenneth.

Dowey. Then you must behave so that the ghost piper can be proud of you. 'Tion! (*She stands bravely at attention.*) That's the style. Now listen. I've sent in your name as being my nearest of kin, and your allowance will be coming to you weekly in the usual way.

Mrs. Dowey. Hey! hey! hey! Is it wicked, Kenneth?

Dowey. I'll take the responsibility for it in both worlds. You see, I want you to be safeguarded in case anything hap —

Mrs. Dowey. Kenneth!

Dowey. 'Tion! Have no fear. I'll come back, covered with mud and medals. Mind you have that cup of tea waiting for me.

[*He is listening for the whistle. He pulls her onto his knee.*]

Mrs. Dowey. Hey! hey! hey! hey!

Dowey. What fun we'll have writing to one another! Real letters this time!

Mrs. Dowey. Yes.

Dowey. It would be a good plan if you began the first letter as soon as I've gone.

Mrs. Dowey. I will.

Dowey. I hope Lady Dolly will go on sending me cakes.

Mrs. Dowey. You may be sure.

[*He ties his scarf round her neck.*]

Dowey. You must have been a bonny thing when you were young.

Mrs. Dowey. Away with you!

Dowey. That scarf sets you fine.

Mrs. Dowey. Blue was always my color.

[*The whistle sounds.*]

Dowey. Old lady, you are what Blighty means to me now.

[*She hides in the pantry again. She is out of sight of us, but she does something that makes Private Dowey take off his bonnet. Then he shoulders his equipment and departs. That is he laughing coarsely with Dixon.*]

We have one last glimpse of the old lady — a month or two after KENNETH'S *death in action. It would be rosemary to us to see her in her black dress, of which she is very proud; but let us rather peep at her in the familiar garments that make a third to her mop and pail. It is early morning, and she is having a look at her medals before setting off on the daily round. They are in a drawer with the scarf covering them, and on the scarf a piece of lavender. First the black*

frock, which she carries in her arms like a baby. Then her War Savings Certificates, Kenneth's bonnet, a thin packet of real letters, and the famous champagne cork. She kisses the letters, but she does not blub over them. She strokes the dress, and waggles her head over the certificates and presses the bonnet to her cheeks, and rubs the tinsel of the cork carefully with her apron. She is a tremulous old 'un; yet she exults, for she owns all these things and also the penny flag on her breast. She puts them away in the drawer, the scarf over them, the lavender on the scarf. Her air of triumph well becomes her. She lifts the pail and the mop, and slouches off gamely to the day's toil.

Suggestions for Study of Barrie

1. Plays are written primarily to be acted. This play lends itself admirably to classroom presentation.

2. Read the stage directions carefully. Find those that do more than set the stage and describe the appearance of the characters. What do they add to your understanding and enjoyment of the play? Discuss what you would do in a stage presentation about the last paragraph of the story.

3. Note the effective characterizations. To what extent are the four women individualized? Trace the change in Kenneth's attitude. Is it convincing?

4. Barrie is a master of the delicate touch in portraying whimsical humor, sentiment, and pathos. Find examples of each of these.

5. Contrast the treatment of the Mother-Son relationship in this play with that in *Riders to the Sea.*

6. Read one or more of the following plays by Barrie: *The Twelve Pound Look, The Admirable Crichton, What Every Woman Knows, Dear Brutus, Quality Street.* Show how Galsworthy and Barrie differ in the kind of ideas on which their plays are based; in the way in which they get the idea across to the audience.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SHORT STORIES

The writers included in this section made their reputations primarily on fiction, and so can be grouped together under that type of literature. Conrad, Wells, and Bennett are to be thought of principally as novelists, but they have also done highly individual work in the short story. They, together with Hardy and Galsworthy, who have been previously presented, form a group of the greatest British novelists of our modern period. Fiction writers whose fame rests more securely on the short story than on the novel are Kipling and Chesterton (see pages 554 and 569) and, in this section, "Saki," Maugham, and Katherine Mansfield. To get a more complete picture of the modern British short story, be sure to review the stories of Stevenson (page 520), Hardy (page 546), Kipling (page 554), and Chesterton (page 569) and read if possible some by Barrie and Galsworthy. In this way you will have become acquainted with a dozen of Britain's short-story writers.

Joseph Conrad 1857–1924

It is one of the marvels of twentieth-century literature that Joseph Conrad, who could not speak English before he was twenty-one, should have attained distinction as a prose writer in his adopted language.

Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski was born in the Ukraine. Because his parents were political exiles, he was educated at Cracow by an uncle; but his father's library gave him an acquaintance with Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Hugo in translation. Early in life he determined to go to sea, and at seventeen he finally secured his uncle's permission. Reaching Marseilles, he signed up with the British Merchant Marine as an ordinary seaman and dropped the last part of his Polish name. There he made rapid progress, passed his examinations, began as a master, and for the next ten years sailed many seas throughout the world.

Always he was reading, and when conva-

lescing from a fever, he began his first novel. For years he carried the first chapters of it around on his voyages. When he was nearly forty, a passenger on his ship read the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*, and advised its publication. Conrad then gave up his life at sea and devoted himself to writing. He married an Englishwoman and settled in Canterbury. For the first ten years he wrote sea stories only; but after that his tales were laid on land or the seaboard, dealing primarily with character but using the sea as background.

Poet and realist are combined in Conrad. In him the glowing, vigorous style and pictorial gift of the romancer are coupled with the psychologist's delicate probing of human motives. He has no heroes or villains, and his sympathy with struggling and suffering mankind is the fruit of firsthand experience in a life of action and of observation in many quarters of the globe.

THE LAGOON

This story of tragedy among a remote and primitive people is unusual in its development. First we are told the sad end of Arsat's tale; then Arsat turns back to depict the elopement; at its close we are brought again to the dead woman and Arsat's poignant grief. In its sharp analysis of emotions and motives the story is typical of Conrad's powers.

The white man, leaning with both arms over the roof of the little house in the stern of the boat, said to the steersman:

"We will pass the night in Arsat's clearing. It is late."

The Malay only grunted, and went on looking fixedly at the river. The white man rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed at the wake of the boat. At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, somber and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash, while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing upstream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had forever departed.

The white man, turning his back upon the setting sun, looked along the empty and broad expanse of the sea reach. For the last three miles of its course the wandering, hesitating river, as if enticed irresistibly by the freedom of an open horizon, flows straight into the sea, flows straight to the east — to the east that harbors both light and darkness. Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself, before it could reach the other shore, in the breathless silence of the world.

The steersman dug his paddle into the stream, and held hard with stiffened arms, his body thrown forward. The water gurgled aloud; and suddenly the long straight reach seemed to pivot on its center, the forests swung in a semicircle, and the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. The white man turned to look ahead. The course of the boat had been altered at right angles to the stream, and the carved dragonhead on its prow was pointing now at a gap in the fringing bushes of the bank. It glided through, brushing the overhanging twigs, and disappeared from the river like some slim and amphibious creature leaving the water for its lair in the forests.

The narrow creek was like a ditch: tortuous, fabulously deep; filled with gloom under the thin strip of pure and shining blue of the heaven. Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, near the glistening blackness of the water, a twisted root of some tall tree showed among the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. The short words of the paddlers reverberated loudly between the thick and somber walls of vegetation. Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves; the darkness, mysterious and invincible; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests.

The men poled in the shoaling water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green, reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate coloring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. Near it, two tall nibong palms, that seemed to have come out of the forests in the background, leaned slightly over the ragged roof, with a suggestion of sad tenderness and care in the droop of their leafy and soaring heads.

The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, "Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles."

The polers ran along the sides of the boat glancing over their shoulders at the end of the day's journey. They would have preferred to spend the night somewhere else than on this lagoon of weird aspect and ghostly reputation. Moreover, they disliked Arsat, first as a stranger, and also because he who repairs a ruined house, and dwells in it, proclaims that he is not afraid to live amongst the spirits that haunt the places abandoned by mankind. Such a man can disturb the course of fate by glances or words; while his familiar ghosts are not easy to propitiate by casual wayfarers upon whom they long to wreak the malice of their human master. White men care not for such things, being unbelievers and in league with the Father of Evil, who leads them unharmed through the invisible dangers of this world. To the warnings of the righteous they oppose an offensive pretense of disbelief. What is there to be done?

So they thought, throwing their weight on the end of their long poles. The big canoe glided on swiftly, noiselessly, and smoothly, toward Arsat's clearing, till, in a great rattling of poles thrown down, and the loud murmurs of "Allah be praised!" it came with a gentle knock against the crooked piles below the house.

The boatmen with uplifted faces shouted discordantly, "Arsat! O Arsat!" Nobody came. The white man began to climb the rude ladder giving access to the bamboo platform before the house. The juragan [1] of the boat said sulkily, "We will cook in the sampan,[2] and sleep on the water."

"Pass my blankets and the basket," said the white man, curtly.

He knelt on the edge of the platform to receive the bundle. Then the boat shoved off, and the white man, standing up, confronted Arsat, who had come out through the low door of his hut. He was a man young, powerful, with broad chest and muscular arms. He had nothing on but his sarong.[3] His head was bare. His big, soft eyes stared eagerly at the white man, but his voice and demeanor were composed as he asked, without any words of greeting:

"Have you medicine, Tuan?" [4]

"No," said the visitor in a startled tone. "No. Why? Is there sickness in the house?"

"Enter and see," replied Arsat, in the same calm manner, and turning short round, passed again through the small doorway. The white man, dropping his bundles, followed.

[1] **juragan:** native leader or captain. [2] **sampan:** flat-bottomed river boat. [3] **sarong:** skirt or kilt worn by both sexes in the Malay peninsula. [4] **Tuan:** term of respect used by natives to white men, like Sir.

In the dim light of the dwelling he made out on a couch of bamboos a woman stretched on her back under a broad sheet of red cotton cloth. She lay still, as if dead; but her big eyes, wide open, glittered in the gloom, staring upward at the slender rafters, motionless and unseeing. She was in a high fever, and evidently unconscious. Her cheeks were sunk slightly, her lips were partly open, and on the young face there was the ominous and fixed expression — the absorbed, contemplating expression of the unconscious who are going to die. The two men stood looking down at her in silence.

" Has she been long ill? " asked the traveler.

" I have not slept for five nights," answered the Malay, in a deliberate tone. " At first she heard voices calling her from the water and struggled against me who held her. But since the sun of today rose she hears nothing — she hears not me. She sees nothing. She sees not me — me! "

He remained silent for a minute, then asked softly:

" Tuan, will she die? "

" I fear so," said the white man, sorrowfully. He had known Arsat years ago, in a far country in times of trouble and danger, when no friendship is to be despised. And since his Malay friend had come unexpectedly to dwell in the hut on the lagoon with a strange woman, he had slept many times there, in his journeys up and down the river. He liked the man who knew how to keep faith in council and how to fight without fear by the side of his white friend. He liked him — not so much perhaps as a man likes his favorite dog — but still he liked him well enough to help and ask no questions, to think sometimes vaguely and hazily in the midst of his own pursuits, about the lonely man and the long-haired woman with audacious face and triumphant eyes, who lived together hidden by the forests — alone and feared.

The white man came out of the hut in time to see the enormous conflagration of sunset put out by the swift and stealthy shadows that, rising like a black and impalpable vapor above the treetops, spread over the heaven, extinguishing the crimson glow of floating clouds and the red brilliance of departing daylight. In a few moments all the stars came out above the intense blackness of the earth and the great lagoon gleaming suddenly with reflected lights resembled an oval patch of night sky flung down into the hopeless and abysmal night of the wilderness. The white man had some supper out of the basket, then collecting a few sticks that lay about the platform, made up a small fire, not for warmth, but for the sake of the smoke, which would keep off the mosquitoes. He wrapped himself in the blankets and sat with his back against the reed wall of the house, smoking thoughtfully.

Arsat came through the doorway with noiseless steps and squatted down by the fire. The white man moved his outstretched legs a little.

" She breathes," said Arsat in a low voice, anticipating the expected question. " She breathes and burns as if with a great fire. She speaks not; she hears not — and burns! "

He paused for a moment, then asked in a quiet, incurious tone:

" Tuan . . . will she die? "

The white man moved his shoulders uneasily and muttered in a hesitating manner:

" If such is her fate."

" No, Tuan," said Arsat, calmly. " If such is my fate. I hear, I see, I wait. I remember . . . Tuan, do you remember the old days? Do you remember my brother? "

" Yes," said the white man. The Malay rose suddenly and went in. The other, sitting still outside, could hear the voice in the hut. Arsat said: " Hear me! Speak! " His words were succeeded by a complete silence. " O Diamelen! " he cried, suddenly. After that cry there was a deep sigh. Arsat came out and sank down again in his old place.

They sat in silence before the fire. There was no sound within the house, there was no sound near them; but far away on the lagoon they could hear the voices of the boatmen ringing fitful and distinct on the

calm water The fire in the bows of the sampan shone faintly in the distance with a hazy red glow. Then it died out. The voices ceased. The land and the water slept invisible, unstirring, and mute. It was as though there had been nothing left in the world but the glitter of stars streaming, ceaseless and vain, through the black stillness of the night.

The white man gazed straight before him into the darkness with wide-open eyes. The fear and fascination, the inspiration and the wonder of death — of death near, unavoidable, and unseen, soothed the unrest of his race and stirred the most indistinct, the most intimate of his thoughts. The ever-ready suspicion of evil, the gnawing suspicion that lurks in our hearts, flowed out into the stillness round him — into the stillness profound and dumb, and made it appear untrustworthy and infamous, like the placid and impenetrable mask of an unjustifiable violence. In that fleeting and powerful disturbance of his being, the earth enfolded in the starlight peace became a shadowy country of inhuman strife, a battle field of phantoms terrible and charming, august or ignoble, struggling ardently for the possession of our helpless hearts. An unquiet and mysterious country of inextinguishable desires and fears.

A plaintive murmur rose in the night; a murmur saddening and startling, as if the great solitudes of surrounding woods had tried to whisper into his ear the wisdom of their immense and lofty indifference. Sounds hesitating and vague floated in the air round him, shaped themselves slowly into words; and at last flowed on gently in a murmuring stream of soft and monotonous sentences. He stirred like a man waking up and changed his position slightly. Arsat, motionless and shadowy, sitting with bowed head under the stars, was speaking in a low and dreamy tone:

". . . for where can we lay down the heaviness of our trouble but in a friend's heart? A man must speak of war and of love. You, Tuan, know what war is, and you have seen me in time of danger seek death as other men seek life! A writing may be lost; a lie may be written; but what the eye has seen is truth and remains in the mind! "

" I remember," said the white man, quietly. Arsat went on with mournful composure:

" Therefore I shall speak to you of love. Speak in the night. Speak before both night and love are gone — and the eye of day looks upon my sorrow and my shame; upon my blackened face; upon my burnt-up heart."

A sigh, short and faint, marked an almost imperceptible pause, and then his words flowed on, without a stir, without a gesture.

" After the time of trouble and war was over and you went away from my country in the pursuit of your desires, which we, men of the islands, cannot understand, I and my brother became again, as we had been before, the sword-bearers of the Ruler. You know we were men of family, belonging to a ruling race, and more fit than any to carry on our right shoulder the emblem of power. And in the time of prosperity Si Dendring showed us favor, as we, in time of sorrow, had showed to him the faithfulness of our courage. It was a time of peace. A time of deer hunts and cockfights; of idle talks and foolish squabbles between men whose bellies are full and weapons are rusty. But the sower watched the young rice shoots grow up without fear, and the traders came and went, departed lean and returned fat into the river of peace. They brought news, too. Brought lies and truth mixed together, so that no man knew when to rejoice and when to be sorry. We heard from them about you also. They had seen you here and had seen you there. And I was glad to hear, for I remembered the stirring times, and I always remembered you, Tuan, till the time came when my eyes could see nothing in the past, because they had looked upon the one who is dying there — in the house."

He stopped to exclaim in an intense whisper, " O Mara bahia! O Calamity! " then went on speaking a little louder:

"There's no worse enemy and no better friend than a brother, Tuan, for one brother knows another, and in perfect knowledge is strength for good or evil. I loved my brother. I went to him and told him that I could see nothing but one face, hear nothing but one voice. He told me: 'Open your heart so that she can see what is in it — and wait. Patience is wisdom. Inchi Midah may die or our Ruler may throw off his fear of a woman!' . . . I waited– . . . You remember the lady with the veiled face, Tuan, and the fear of our Ruler before her cunning and temper. And if she wanted her servant, what could I do? But I fed the hunger of my heart on short glances and stealthy words. I loitered on the path to the bath-houses in the daytime, and when the sun had fallen behind the forest I crept along the jasmine hedges of the women's court-yard. Unseeing, we spoke to one another through the scent of flowers, through the veil of leaves, through the blades of long grass that stood still before our lips; so great was our prudence, so faint was the murmur of our great longing. The time passed swiftly . . . and there were whispers among women — and our enemies watched — my brother was gloomy, and I began to think of killing and of a fierce death. . . . We are of a people who take what they want — like you whites. There is a time when a man should forget loyalty and respect. Might and authority are given to rulers, but to all men is given love and strength and courage. My brother said, 'You shall take her from their midst. We are two who are like one.' And I answered, 'Let it be soon, for I find no warmth in sunlight that does not shine upon her.' Our time came when the Ruler and all the great people went to the mouth of the river to fish by torchlight. There were hundreds of boats, and on the white sand, between the water and the forests, dwellings of leaves were built for the households of the Rajahs. The smoke of cooking fires was like a blue mist of the evening, and many voices rang in it joyfully. While they were making the boats ready to beat up the fish, my brother came to me and said, 'Tonight!' I looked to my weapons, and when the time came our canoe took its place in the circle of boats carrying the torches. The lights blazed on the water, but behind the boats there was darkness. When the shouting began and the excitement made them like mad we dropped out. The water swallowed our fire, and we floated back to the shore that was dark with only here and there the glimmer of embers. We could hear the talk of slave girls among the sheds. Then we found a place deserted and silent. We waited there. She came. She came running along the shore, rapid and leaving no trace, like a leaf driven by the wind into the sea. My brother said gloomily, 'Go and take her; carry her into our boat.' I lifted her in my arms. She panted. Her heart was beating against my breast. I said, 'I take you from those people. You came to the cry of my heart, but my arms take you into my boat against the will of the great!' 'It is right,' said my brother. 'We are men who take what we want and can hold it against many. We should have taken her in daylight.' I said, 'Let us be off'; for since she was in my boat I began to think of our Ruler's many men. 'Yes. Let us be off,' said my brother. 'We are cast out and this boat is our country now — and the sea is our refuge.' He lingered with his foot on the shore, and I entreated him to hasten, for I remembered the strokes of her heart against my breast and thought that two men cannot withstand a hundred. We left, paddling downstream close to the bank; and as we passed by the creek where they were fishing, the great shouting had ceased, but the murmur of voices was loud like the humming of insects flying at noonday. The boats floated, clustered together, in the red light of torches, under a black roof of smoke; and men talked of their sport. Men that boasted, and praised, and jeered — men that would have been our friends in the morning, but on that night were already our enemies. We paddled swiftly past. We had no more friends in the country of our birth. She sat in the

middle of the canoe with covered face; silent as she is now; unseeing as she is now — and I had no regret at what I was leaving because I could hear her breathing close to me — as I can hear her now."

He paused, listened with his ear turned to the doorway, then shook his head and went on:

"My brother wanted to shout the cry of challenge — one cry only — to let the people know we were freeborn robbers who trusted our arms and the great sea. And again I begged him in the name of our love to be silent. Could I not hear her breathing close to me? I knew the pursuit would come quick enough. My brother loved me. He dipped his paddle without a splash. He only said, 'There is a half a man in you now — the other half is in that woman. I can wait. When you are a whole man again, you will come back with me here to shout defiance. We are sons of the same mother.' I made no answer. All my strength and all my spirit were in my hands that held the paddle — for I longed to be with her in a safe place beyond the reach of men's anger and of women's spite. My love was so great, that I thought it could guide me to a country where death was unknown, if I could only escape from Inchi Midah's fury and from our Ruler's sword. We paddled with haste, breathing through our teeth. The blades bit deep into the smooth water. We passed out of the river; we flew in clear channels among the shallows. We skirted the black coast; we skirted the sand beaches where the sea speaks in whispers to the land; and the gleam of white sand flashed back past our boat, so swiftly she ran upon the water. We spoke not. Only once I said, 'Sleep, Diamelen, for soon you may want all your strength.' I heard the sweetness of her voice, but I never turned my head. The sun rose and still we went on. Water fell from my face like rain from a cloud. We flew in the light and heat. I never looked back, but I knew that my brother's eyes, behind me, were looking steadily ahead, for the boat went as straight as a bushman's dart, when it leaves the end of the sumpitan.[1] There was no better paddler, no better steersman than my brother. Many times, together, we had won races in that canoe. But we never had put out our strength as we did then — then, when for the last time we paddled together! There was no braver or stronger man in our country than my brother. I could not spare the strength to turn my head and look at him, but every moment I heard the hiss of his breath getting louder behind me. Still he did not speak. The sun was high. The heat clung to my back like a flame of fire. My ribs were ready to burst, but I could no longer get enough air into my chest. And then I felt I must cry out with my last breath. 'Let us rest'! . . . 'Good!' he answered; and his voice was firm. He was strong. He was brave. He knew not fear and no fatigue. . . . My brother!"

A murmur powerful and gentle, a murmur vast and faint: the murmur of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forests, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden splash. A breath of warm air touched the two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound — a breath loud and short like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth.

Arsat went on in an even, low voice.

"We ran our canoe on the white beach of a little bay close to a long tongue of land that seemed to bar our road; a long wooded cape going far into the sea. My brother knew that place. Beyond the cape a river has its entrance, and through the jungle of that land there is a narrow path. We made a fire and cooked rice. Then we lay down to sleep on the soft sand in the shade of our canoe, while she watched. No sooner had I closed my eyes than I heard her cry of alarm. We leaped up. The sun was halfway down the sky already, and coming in sight in the opening of the bay we saw a prau[2] manned

[1] **sumpitan:** a kind of blowgun for discharging a dart, used by natives of Borneo and adjacent islands. [2] **prau:** swift Malayan vessel with sharp prow and stern, sailing equally well in either direction.

by many paddlers. We knew it at once; it was one of our Rajah's praus. They were watching the shore, and saw us. They beat the gong, and turned the head of the prau into the bay. I felt my heart become weak within my breast. Diamelen sat on the sand and covered her face. There was no escape by sea. My brother laughed. He had the gun you had given him, Tuan, before you went away, but there was only a handful of powder. He spoke to me quickly: 'Run with her along the path. I shall keep them back, for they have no firearms, and landing in the face of a man with a gun is certain death for some. Run with her. On the other side of that wood there is a fisherman's house — and a canoe. When I have fired all the shots I will follow. I am a great runner, and before they can come up we shall be gone. I will hold out as long as I can, for she is but a woman — that can neither run nor fight, but she has your heart in her weak hands.' He dropped behind the canoe. The prau was coming. She and I ran, and as we rushed along the path I heard shots. My brother fired — once — twice — and the booming of the gong ceased. There was silence behind us. That neck of land is narrow. Before I heard my brother fire the third shot I saw the shelving shore, and I saw the water again; the mouth of a broad river. We crossed a grassy glade. We ran down to the water. I saw a low hut above the black mud, and a small canoe hauled up. I heard another shot behind me. I thought, 'That is his last charge.' We rushed down to the canoe; a man came running from the hut, but I leaped on him, and we rolled together in the mud. Then I got up, and he lay still at my feet. I don't know whether I had killed him or not. I and Diamelen pushed the canoe afloat. I heard yells behind me, and I saw my brother run across the glade. Many men were bounding after him. I took her in my arms and threw her into the boat, then leaped in myself. When I looked back I saw that my brother had fallen. He fell and was up again, but the men were closing round him. He shouted, 'I am coming!' The men were close to him. I looked. Many men. Then I looked at her. Tuan, I pushed the canoe! I pushed it into deep water. She was kneeling forward looking at me, and I said, 'Take your paddle,' while I struck the water with mine. Tuan, I heard him cry. I heard him cry my name twice; and I heard voices shouting, 'Kill! Strike!' I never turned back. I heard him calling my name again with a great shriek, as when life is going out together with the voice — and I never turned my head. My own name! . . . My brother! Three times he called — but I was not afraid of life. Was she not there in that canoe? And could I not with her find a country where death is forgotten — where death is unknown!"

The white man sat up. Arsat rose and stood, an indistinct and silent figure above the dying embers of the fire. Over the lagoon a mist drifting and low had crept, erasing slowly the glittering images of the stars. And now a great expanse of white vapor covered the land: it flowed cold and gray in the darkness, eddied in noiseless whirls round the tree trunks and about the platform of the house, which seemed to float upon a restless and impalpable illusion of a sea. Only far away the tops of the trees stood outlined on the twinkle of heaven, like a somber and forbidding shore — a coast deceptive, pitiless and black.

Arsat's voice vibrated loudly in the profound peace.

"I had her there! I had her! To get her I would have faced all mankind. But I had her — and — "

His words went out ringing into the empty distances. He paused, and seemed to listen to them dying away very far — beyond help and beyond recall. Then he said quietly:

"Tuan, I loved my brother."

A breath of wind made him shiver. High above his head, high above the silent sea of mist the drooping leaves of the palms rattled together with a mournful and expiring sound. The white man stretched his legs. His chin rested on his chest, and he murmured sadly without lifting his head:

"We all love our brothers."

Arsat burst out with an intense whispering violence —

"What did I care who died? I wanted peace in my own heart."

He seemed to hear a stir in the house — listened — then stepped in noiselessly. The white man stood up. A breeze was coming in fitful puffs. The stars shone paler as if they had retreated into the frozen depths of immense space. After a chill gust of wind there were a few seconds of perfect calm and absolute silence. Then from behind the black and wavy line of the forests a column of golden light shot up into the heavens and spread over the semicircle of the eastern horizon. The sun had risen. The mist lifted, broke into drifting patches, vanished into thin flying wreaths: and the unveiled lagoon lay, polished and black, in the heavy shadows at the foot of the wall of trees. A white eagle rose over it with a slanting and ponderous flight, reached the clear sunshine and appeared dazzlingly brilliant for a moment, then soaring higher, became a dark and motionless speck before it vanished into the blue as if it had left the earth forever. The white man, standing gazing upward before the doorway, heard in the hut a confused and broken murmur of distracted words ending with a loud groan. Suddenly Arsat stumbled out with outstretched hands, shivered, and stood still for some time with fixed eyes. Then he said:

"She burns no more."

Before his face the sun showed its edge above the treetops rising steadily. The breeze freshened; a great brilliance burst upon the lagoon, sparkled on the rippling water. The forests came out of the clear shadows of the morning, became distinct, as if they had rushed nearer — to stop short in a great stir of leaves, of nodding boughs, of swaying branches. In the merciless sunshine the whisper of unconscious life grew louder, speaking in an incomprehensible voice round the dumb darkness of that human sorrow. Arsat's eyes wandered slowly, then stared at the rising sun.

"I can see nothing," he said half aloud to himself.

"There is nothing," said the white man, moving to the edge of the platform and waving his hand to his boat. A shout came faintly over the lagoon and the sampan began to glide toward the abode of the friend of ghosts.

"If you want to come with me, I will wait all the morning," said the white man, looking away upon the water.

"No, Tuan," said Arsat, softly. "I shall not eat or sleep in this house, but I must first see my road. Now I can see nothing — see nothing! There is no light and no peace in the world; but there is death — death for many. We are sons of the same mother — and I left him in the midst of enemies; but I am going back now."

He drew a long breath and went on in a dreamy tone:

"In a little while I shall see clear enough to strike — to strike. But she has died, and . . . now . . . darkness."

He flung his arms wide open, let them fall along his body, then stood still with unmoved face and stony eyes, staring at the sun. The white man got down into his canoe. The polers ran smartly along the sides of the boat, looking over their shoulders at the beginning of a weary journey. High in the stern, his head muffled up in white rags, the juragan sat moody, letting his paddle trail in the water. The white man, leaning with both arms over the grass roof of the little cabin, looked at the shining ripple of the boat's wake. Before the sampan passed out of the lagoon into the creek he lifted his eyes. Arsat had not moved. He stood lonely in the searching sunshine; and he looked beyond the great light of a cloudless day into the darkness of a world of illusions.

Suggestions for Study of Conrad

1. What details convey the atmosphere and setting at the outset of the story? Pick out elsewhere descriptive details which show that the story is the result of firsthand observation.

2. What makes the story of Arsat's elopement vivid? exciting? tragic? What conflict did

Arsat face? Do you agree with the decision he made?

3. Point out examples of the primitive customs and beliefs of the Malays. How does this story also illustrate finer aspects of their character? What general attitude toward the natives does Conrad seem to have as far as you can judge from this story?

4. Compare the nature description in this story with that in Conrad's *Youth* and *Typhoon*, as to effectiveness and its influence on the lives of the characters.

5. Compare his study of native character with that in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, or others of his stories. Compare it also with Kipling's studies of Indian natives in his *Plain Tales from the Hills*.



H. G. WELLS, novelist and promoter of world organization, used fiction for purposes of reform and social and political teachings. (Underwood-Stratton)

Herbert George Wells 1866–

In *The Undying Fire*, H. G. Wells, in describing the schoolmaster, has almost described himself: "One of the lovable things about you is that you have always been so jolly human to us. You've always been unequal. I've seen you give lessons that were among the best lessons in the world, and I've seen you give some jolly bad lessons."

It is to be expected that the work of a writer as prolific and as versatile as Wells should be uneven. But this has in no way weakened his important position in twentieth-century literature; for in his romances, novels, essays, and tracts he has, more than any other writer of his time, given effective expression to the hopes and the fears, the ideas and ideals, of the forward-looking Englishmen of the early decades of this century.

Wells came from humble parentage; his father was a small shopkeeper of Bromley, a suburb of London. The boy was first apprenticed to a druggist, then to a dry-goods dealer; but, being ambitious and persistent, he won a government scholarship, and received his degree of Bachelor of Science from the University of London. His study under Thomas Huxley, the eminent biologist, was one of the most powerful influences in his life. He became a teacher of science and wrote a textbook in biology and physiology, but in 1893 his health broke down because of overwork. He then turned to journalism and later, after a second breakdown, to the less strenuous work of writing fiction. Since 1895, when he published his first story, he has written on almost every subject, and his series of more than fifty books comprises an education in itself.

These writings fall into well-defined, progressive classes. He began his career with a series of highly imaginative pseudoscientific romances like *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon;* in these he made use of "the teeming suggestions of modern science." Then came five novels, including *Tono-Bungay* (probably his best novel) and *The New Machiavelli*, which made his reputation as a social reformer preaching a utopia on earth. The outbreak of World War I and its effects on an English family furnished the theme for *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. His studies of educational and religious conditions and problems are presented in such novels as *Joan and Peter* and *The Soul of a Bishop*. Another important book of his is *The Outline of History*, which has become the most popular history of the world. Like *A Modern Utopia* and *The Salvaging of Civilization*, it was written primarily to hasten the world state, the warless world, in which Mr. Wells believes most ardently. In 1931, collaborating with Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the famous

Thomas Huxley, and his own son, G. P. Wells, he published *The Science of Life*, a readable, accurate, and comprehensive volume of fifteen hundred pages, which interprets the findings of biological science for the average reader.

In recent years he has continued to turn out novels which are really comments on the social and political condition of the world. The prophecies in one of these, *The Shape of Things to Come*, have been made especially vivid through the amazing film version. Wells's feeling about the future may be summed up in his own words: "Existence impresses me as a perpetual dawn. Our lives, as I apprehend them, swim in expectation."

THE STOLEN BACILLUS

Although much of Wells's writing is a vehicle for the expression of his ideas on economics, politics, religion, and education, his work in the field of the short story reveals the brisk originality of his mind. Many of his stories also show the influence of his scientific studies. "The Stolen Bacillus" is one of the best of these.

"This again," said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, "is a preparation of the celebrated bacillus of cholera — the cholera germ."

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. "I see very little," he said.

"Touch this screw," said the Bacteriologist. "Perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that."

"Ah! Now I see," said the visitor. "Not so very much to see after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atomies, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!" He stood up and, releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand toward the window. "Scarcely visible," he said, scrutinizing the preparation. He hesitated. "Are these — alive? Are they dangerous now?"

"Those have been stained and killed," said the Bacteriologist. "I wish, for my own part, we could kill and stain every one of them in the universe."

"I suppose," the pale man said, with a slight smile, "that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living — in the active state?"

"On the contrary, we are obliged to," said the Bacteriologist. "For instance —" He walked across the room and took up one of the sealed tubes. "Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria." He hesitated. "Bottled cholera, so to speak."

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man. "It's a deadly thing to have in your possession," he said, devouring the little tube with his eyes.

The Bacteriologist watched the morbid pleasure in his visitor's expression. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hair and deep gray eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest, of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of the ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologist chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. "Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste — say to them, 'Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns,' and death — mysterious, untraceable death, death swift and terrible, death full of pain and indignity — would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here

he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking water, creeping into the wells of the mineral-water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water supply, and before we could ring him in, and catch him again, he would have decimated the metropolis."

He stopped abruptly. He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

"But he is quite safe here, you know — quite safe."

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat. "These Anarchist — rascals," said he, "are fools, blind fools — to use bombs when this kind of thing is attainable. I think — "

A gentle rap, a mere light touch of the fingernails, was heard at the door. The Bacteriologist opened it.

"Just a minute, dear," whispered his wife.

When he re-entered the laboratory his visitor was looking at his watch. "I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time," he said. "Twelve minutes to four. I ought to have left here by half past three. But your things were really too interesting. No, positively I cannot stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four."

He passed out of the room reiterating his thanks, and the Bacteriologist accompanied him to the door and then returned thoughtfully along the passage to his laboratory. He was musing on the ethnology of his visitor. Certainly the man was not a Teutonic type nor a common Latin one.

"A morbid product, anyhow, I am afraid," said the Bacteriologist to himself, "How he gloated on those cultivations of disease germs!" A disturbing thought struck him. He turned to the bench by the vapor bath, and then very quickly to his writing table. Then he felt hastily in his pockets, and then rushed to the door. "I may have put it down on the hall table," he said.

"Minnie!" he shouted hoarsely in the hall.

"Yes, deár," came a remote voice.

"Had I anything in my hand when I spoke to you, dear, just now?"

Pause.

"Nothing, dear, because I remember — "

"Blue ruin!" cried the Bacteriologist, and incontinently ran to the front door and down the steps of his house to the street.

Minnie, hearing the door slam violently, ran in alarm to the window. Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab. The Bacteriologist, hatless and in his carpet slippers, was running and gesticulating wildly toward this group. One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it.

"He has gone *mad!*" said Minnie. "It's that horrid science of his," and, opening the window, would have called after him.

The slender man, suddenly glancing round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental disorder. He pointed hastily to the Bacteriologist, said something to the cabman. The apron of the cab slammed, the whip swished, the horse's feet clattered, and in a moment cab, and Bacteriologist hotly in pursuit, had receded up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumfounded. "Of course he is eccentric," she meditated. "But running about London — in the height of the season, too — in his socks!"

A happy thought struck her. She hastily put on her bonnet, seized his shoes, went into the hall, took down his hat and light overcoat from the pegs, emerged upon the doorstep, and hailed a cab that opportunely crawled by.

"Drive me up the road and round Have-

lock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velveteen coat and no hat."

"Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no 'at. Very good, ma'am." And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collects round the cabman's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-colored screw of a horse, driven furiously.

They were silent as it went by, and then as it receded — "That's 'Arry 'Icks. Wot's *he* got?" said the stout gentleman known as old Tootles.

"He's a-using his whip, he is, *to* rights," said the ostler boy.

"Hullo!" said poor old Tommy Byles. "Here's another bloomin' loonatic. Blowed if there ain't."

"It's old George," said old Tootles, "and he's drivin' a loonatic, *as* you say. Ain't he a-clawin' out of the keb? Wonder if he's after 'Arry 'Icks?"

The group round the cabmen's shelter became animated. Chorus: "Go it, George!" "It's a race." "You'll ketch 'em!" "Whip up!"

"She's a goer, she is!" said the ostler boy.

"Strike me giddy!" cried old Tootles. "Here! *I'm* a'goin' to begin in a minute. Here's another comin'. If all the kebs in Hampstead ain't gone mad this morning!"

"It's a fieldmale this time," said the ostler boy.

"She's a followin' *him*," said old Tootles. "Usually the other way about."

"What's she got in her 'and?"

"Looks like a 'igh 'at."

"What a bloomin' lark it is! Three to one on old George," said the ostler boy. "Next!"

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause. She did not like it; but she felt that she was doing her duty, and whirled on down Haverstock Hill and Camden Town High Street with her eyes ever intent on the animated back view of old George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensibly away from her.

The man in the foremost cab sat crouched in the corner, his arms tightly folded and the little tube that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand. His mood was a singular mixture of fear and exultation. Chiefly he was afraid of being caught before he could accomplish his purpose, but behind this was a vaguer but larger fear of the awfulness of his crime. But his exultation far exceeded his fear. No Anarchist before him had ever approached this conception of his. Ravachol, Vaillant, all those distinguished persons whose fame he had envied, dwindled into insignificance beside him. He had only to make sure of the water supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir. How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity! The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death! They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man.

What was this familiar street? Great Saint Andrew's Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab. The Bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half a sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man's face.

"More," he shouted, "if only we get away."

The money was snatched out of his hand. "Right you are," said the cabman, and the trap slammed and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse.

The cab swayed, and the Anarchist, half

standing under the trap, put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance. He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab. He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dismally at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.

"Well! I suppose I shall be the first. *Phew!* Anyhow, I shall be a martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say."

Presently a thought occurred to him — he groped between his feet. A little drop was still in the broken end of the tube, and he drank that to make sure. It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the Bacteriologist. In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer. It was rapid stuff, this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast awaiting the arrival of the Bacteriologist. There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity. He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

"Vive l'anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I have drunk it. The cholera is abroad! "

The Bacteriologist from his cab beamed curiously at him through his spectacles. "You have drunk it! An Anarchist! I see now."

He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth. He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the Anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off toward Waterloo Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible. The Bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and overcoat.

"Very good of you to bring my things," he said, and remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the Anarchist. "You had better get in," he said, still staring.

Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility.

"Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear," said he as the cab began to turn, and hid the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes. Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked, "It is really very serious, though.

"You see, that man came to my house to see me; and he is an Anarchist. No — don't faint, or I cannot possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an Anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon various monkeys; and, like a fool, I said it was Asiatic cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the water of London, and he certainly might have made things look blue for this civilized city. And now he has swallowed it. Of course I cannot say what will happen; but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies in patches, and the sparrow bright blue. But the bother is, I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more.

"Put on my coat on this hot day! Why? Because we might meet Mrs. Jabber. My dear, Mrs. Jabber is not a draft. But why should I wear a coat on a hot day because of Mrs. ——— Oh! *very* well."

Suggestions for Study of Wells

1. How is interest aroused in the opening paragraphs? What incidents develop suspense? Is there any foreshadowing of the conclusion? Be specific in your answers.

2. Comment on the characterizations of the

Bacteriologist and the Anarchist. What weaknesses in human nature does each have?

3. How are plot and characterization related?

4. What are the sources and nature of the humor?

5. Read other stories by Wells in the collection *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells*. You will find narratives that are variously ingenious, fantastic, serious, and strangely prophetic, and some of them of absorbing interest.

Arnold Bennett 1867–1931

What Hardy did for his "Wessex country," Bennett did for the "Five Towns," situated in the pottery district of North Staffordshire, where he was born and brought up. Bennett studied law in his father's office and at the University of London, but soon "escaped via journalism." After serving as editor of a woman's magazine and as a free-lance writer, he brought out his first novel in 1898. Then after his marriage to a French woman he lived for the next ten years in France.

On his return to England, Bennett applied himself to literature as efficiently and industriously as his forebears had given their energies to manufacturing pottery. The amount of his work is prodigious. In a single year he wrote more than three hundred and thirty-five thousand words in two hundred and twenty-four articles and stories, besides four installments of a serial, a book of plays, and a novel. Most of this work has died, because it was written primarily for money; but his books which will live and which reveal his true genius are *The Old Wives' Tale;* a series of four related volumes consisting of *Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways, These Twain,* and *The Roll Call;* and *Mr. Prohack,* a comedy of success.

Bennett also wrote "pocket philosophies," like *Efficiency* and *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day,* and collaborated with Edward Knoblock in a successful play, *Milestones.* His list of nearly sixty volumes includes essays, dramas, short stories, several kinds of novels, and books of criticism and of travel; but no poetry, because, as he said, "It is an unprofitable business."

The most significant part of his work is the unforgettable background of the potteries and the mining villages, and the provincial types of character existing in this industrial region. His own philosophy he indicated thus: "The aim of literary study is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awake oneself, it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy, and for comprehension. It is not to affect one hour, but twenty-four hours. . . . People who don't want to live, people who would sooner hibernate than feel intensely, will be wise to eschew literature."

THE SILENT BROTHERS

Staffordshire is Bennett's literary treasure house. This typical story, laid in the pottery district, gives him a chance to portray realistically a provincial group of middle-class people against the background of industrial England.

John and Robert Hessian, brothers, bachelors, and dressed in mourning, sat together after supper in the parlor of their house at the bottom of Oldcastle Street, Bursley.[1] Maggie, the middle-aged servant, was clearing the table.

"Leave the cloth and the coffee," said John, the elder; "Mr. Liversage is coming in."

"Yes, Mr. John," said Maggie.

"Slate, Maggie," Robert ordered laconically, with a gesture toward the mantelpiece behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Robert," said Maggie.

She gave him a slate with slate pencil attached, which hung on a nail near the mantelpiece.

Robert took the slate and wrote on it: *"What is Liversage coming about?"*

And he pushed the slate across the table to John.

Whereupon John wrote on the slate: *"Don't know. He telephoned me he wanted to see us tonight."*

And he pushed back the slate to Robert.

[1] **Bursley:** The real name of this town is Burslem. Bennett disguises each of his five towns under a slightly changed name. The five towns are now all part of Stoke on Trent.

This singular procedure was not in the least attributable to deafness on the part of the brothers; they were in the prime of life, aged forty-two and thirty-nine respectively, and in complete possession of all their faculties. It was due simply to the fact that they had quarreled, and would not speak to each other. The history of their quarrel would be incredible were it not full of that ridiculous pathetic quality known as human nature, and did not similar things happen frequently in the manufacturing Midlands, where the general temperament is a fearful and strange compound of pride, obstinacy, unconquerableness, romance, and stupidity. Yes, stupidity.

No single word had passed between the brothers in that house for ten years. On the morning after the historic quarrel Robert had not replied when John spoke to him. "Well," said John's secret heart — and John's secret heart ought to have known better, as it was older than its brother heart — "I'll teach him a lesson. I won't speak until he does." And Robert's secret heart had somehow divined this idiotic resolution, and had said: "We shall see." Maggie had been the first to notice the stubborn silence. Then their friends noticed it, especially Mr. Liversage, the solicitor, their most intimate friend. But you are not to suppose that anybody protested very strongly. For John and Robert were not the kind of men with whom liberties may be taken; and, moreover, Bursley was slightly amused — at the beginning. It assumed the attitude of a disinterested spectator at a fight. It wondered who would win. Of course, it called both the brothers fools, yet in a tone somewhat sympathetic, because such a thing as had occurred to the Hessians might well occur to any man gifted with the true Bursley spirit. There is this to be said for a Bursley man: Having made his bed, he will lie on it, and he will not complain.

The Hessians suffered severely by their self-imposed dumbness, but they suffered like Stoics. Maggie also suffered, and Maggie would not stand it. Maggie it was who had invented the slate. Indeed, they had heard some plain truths from that stout, bustling woman. They had not yielded, but they had accepted the slate in order to minimize the inconvenience to Maggie, and afterward they deigned to make use of it for their own purposes. As for friends — friends accustomed themselves to the *status quo*.[1] There came a time when the spectacle of two men chattering to everybody else in a company, and not saying a word to each other, no longer appealed to Bursley's sense of humor. The silent scenes at which Maggie assisted every day did not, either, appeal to Maggie's sense of humor, because she had none. So the famous feud grew into a sort of elemental fact of Nature. It was tolerated as the weather is tolerated. The brothers acquired pride in it; even Bursley regarded it as an interesting municipal curiosity. The sole imperfection in a lovely and otherwise perfect quarrel was that John and Robert, being both employed at Roycroft's Majolica Manufactory, the one as works manager and the other as commercial traveler, were obliged to speak to each other occasionally in the way of business. Artistically, this was a pity, though they did speak very sternly and distantly. The partial truce necessitated by Roycroft's was confined strictly to Roycroft's. And when Robert was not on his journeys, these two tall, strong, dark, bearded men might often be seen of a night walking separately and doggedly down Oldcastle Street from the works, within five yards of each other.

And no one suggested the lunatic asylum. Such is the force of pride, of rank stupidity, and of habit.

The slate scratching was scarcely over that evening when Mr. Powell Liversage appeared. He was a golden-haired man, with a jolly face, lighter and shorter in structure than the two brothers. His friendship with them dated from school days, and it had survived even the entrance of Liversage into a learned profession. Liversage, who, being a bachelor like the Hessians, had many unoccupied evenings, came to see the

[1] *status quo:* the existing condition; as it is.

brothers regularly every Saturday night, and one or other of them dropped in upon him most Wednesdays; but this particular night was a Thursday.

"How do?" John greeted him succinctly between two puffs of a pipe.

"How do?" replied Liversage.

"How do, Pow?" Robert greeted him in turn, also between two puffs of a pipe.

And "How do, little 'un?" replied Liversage.

A chair was indicated to him, and he sat down, and Robert poured out some coffee into a third cup which Maggie had brought.

John pushed away the extra special of the *Staffordshire Signal*, which he had been reading.

"What's up these days?" John demanded.

"Well," said Liversage, and both brothers noticed that he was rather ill at ease, instead of being humorous and lightly caustic as usual, "the will's turned up."

"The devil it has!" John exclaimed. "When?"

"This afternoon."

And then, as there was a pause, Liversage added: "Yes, my sons, the will's turned up."

"But where, you cuckoo, sitting there like that?" asked Robert. "Where?"

"It was in that registered letter addressed to your sister that the post-office people wouldn't hand over until we'd taken out letters of administration."

"Well, I'm ashamed!" muttered John. "Who'd have thought of that? You've got the will, then?"

Liversage nodded.

The Hessians had an elder sister, Mrs. Bott, widow of a color merchant, and Mrs. Bott had died suddenly three months ago, the night after a journey to Manchester. (Even at the funeral the brothers had scandalized the town by not speaking to each other). Mrs. Bott had wealth, wit, and wisdom, together with certain peculiarities, of which one was an excessive secrecy. It was known that she had made a will, because she had more than once notified the fact, in a tone suggestive of highly important issues, but the will had refused to be found. So Mr. Liversage had been instructed to take out letters of administration of the estate, which, in the continued absence of the will, would be divided equally between the brothers. And twelve or thirteen thousand pounds may be compared to a financial beefsteak that cuts up very handsomely for two persons. The carving knife was about to descend on its succulence, when, lo! the will!

"How came the will to be in the post?" asked Robert.

"The handwriting on the envelope was your sister's," said Liversage. "And the package was posted in Manchester.[1] Very probably she had taken the will to Manchester to show it to a lawyer or something of that sort, and then she was afraid of losing it on the journey back, and so she sent it to herself by registered post. But before it arrived, of course, she was dead."

"That wasn't a bad scheme of poor Mary Ann's!" John commented.

"It was just like her!" said Robert, speaking pointedly to Liversage. "But what an odd thing!"

Now, both these men were, no doubt excusably, agonized by curiosity to learn the contents of the will. But would either of them be the first to express that curiosity? Never in this world! Not for the fortune itself! To do so would scarcely have been Bursleyish. It would certainly not have been Hessianlike. So Liversage was obliged at length to say:

"I reckon I'd better read you the will, eh?"

The brothers nodded.

"Mind you," said Liversage, "it's not my will. I've had nothing to do with it; so kindly keep your hair on. As a matter of fact, she must have drawn it up herself. It's not drawn properly at all, but it's witnessed all right, and it'll hold water, just as well as if the blooming Lord Chancellor had fixed it up for her in person."

[1] **Manchester:** the chief cotton-manufacturing city of England.

He produced the document and read, awkwardly and self-consciously:

"This is my will. You are both of you extremely foolish, John and Robert, and I've often told you so. Nobody has ever understood, and nobody ever will understand, why you quarreled like that over Annie Emery. You are punishing yourselves, but you are punishing her as well, and it isn't fair her waiting all those years. So I give all my estate, no matter what it is, to whichever of you marries Annie. And I hope this will teach you a lesson. You need it more than you need my money. But you must be married within a year of my death. And if the one that marries cares to give five thousand pounds or so to the other, of of course there's nothing to prevent him. This is just a hint. And if you don't either of you marry Annie within a year, then I just leave everything I have to Miss Annie Emery (spinster), stationer and fancy-goods dealer, Duck Bank, Bursley. She deserves something for her disappointment, and she shall have it. Mr. Liversage, solicitor, must kindly be my executor. And I commit my soul to God, hoping for a blessed resurrection. 20th January, 1896. Signed Mary Ann Bott, widow.' As I told you, the witnessing is in order," Liversage finished.

"Give it here," said John shortly, and scanned the sheet of paper.

And Robert actually walked round the table and looked over his brother's shoulder — ample proof that he was terrifically moved.

"And do you mean to tell me that a will like that is good in law?" exclaimed John.

"Of course it's good in law," Liversage replied. "Legal phraseology is a useful thing, and it often saves trouble in the end; but it ain't indispensable, you know."

"Humph!" was Robert's comment as he resumed his seat and relighted his pipe.

All three men were nervous. Each was afraid to speak, afraid even to meet the eyes of the other two. An unmajestic silence followed.

"Well, I'll be off, I think," Liversage remarked at length with difficulty.

He rose.

"I say," Robert stopped him. "Better not say anything about this to Miss — to Annie, eh?"

"I will say nothing," agreed Liversage (infamously and unprofessionally concealing the fact that he had already said something).

And he departed.

The brothers sat in fluttered meditation over the past and the future.

Ten years before, Annie Emery had been an orphan of twenty-three, bravely starting in business for herself amid the plaudits of the admiring town; and John had fallen in love with her courage and her sense and her feminine charm. But alas, as Ovid [1] points out, how difficult it is for a woman to please only one man! Robert also had fallen in love with Annie. Each brother had accused the other of underhand and unbrotherly practices in the pursuit of Annie. Each was profoundly hurt by the accusations, and each, in the immense fatuity of his pride, had privately sworn to prove his innocence by having nothing more to do with Annie. Such is life! Such is man! Such is the terrible egoism of man! And thus it was that, for the sake of wounded pride, John and Robert not only did not speak to one another for ten years, but they spoiled at least one of their lives; and they behaved ignobly to Annie, who would certainly have married either one or the other of them.

At two o'clock in the morning John pulled a coin out of his pocket and made the gesture of tossing.

"Who shall go first!" he explained.

Robert had a queer sensation in his spine as his elder brother spoke to him for the first time in ten years. He wanted to reply vocally. He had a most imperious desire to reply vocally. But he could not. Something stronger even than the desire prevented his tongue from moving.

John tossed the coin — it was a sovereign — and covered it with his hands.

[1] **Ovid** (ŏv'ĭd): a Roman poet living from 43 B.C. to 17 A.D.

"Tails!" Robert murmured, somewhat hoarsely.

But it was head.

Then they went to bed.

The side door of Miss Emery's shop was in Brick Passage, and not in the main street, so that a man, even a man of commanding stature and formidable appearance, might by insinuating himself into Brick Street, off King Street, and then taking the passage from the quieter end, arrive at it without attracting too much attention. This course was adopted by John Hessian. From the moment when he quitted his own house that Friday evening in June he had been subject to the delusion that the collective eye of Bursley was upon him. As a matter of fact, the collective eye of Bursley is much too large and important to occupy itself exclusively with a single individual. Bursley is not a village, and let no one think it. Nevertheless, John was subject to the delusion.

The shop was shut, as he knew it would be. But the curtained window of the parlor, between the side door and the small shuttered side window of the shop, gave a strange suggestion of interesting virgin spotless domesticity within. John cast a fearful eye on the main thoroughfare. Nobody seemed to be passing. The chapel keeper of the Wesleyan Chapel on the opposite side of Trafalgar Road was refreshing the massive Corinthian portico of that fane,[1] and paying no regard whatever to the temple of Eros [2] which Miss Emery's shop had suddenly become.

So John knocked.

"I am a fool!" his thought ran as he knocked.

Because he did not quite know what he was about. He had won the toss, and with it the right to approach Annie Emery before his brother. But what then? Well, he did desire to marry her, quite as much for herself as for his sister's fortune. But what then? How was he going to explain the tepidity, the desertion, the long sin against love of ten years? In short, how was he going to explain the inexplicable? He could decidedly do nothing that evening except make a blundering ass of himself. And how soon would Robert have the right to come along and say *his* say? That point had not been settled. Points so extremely delicate cannot be settled on a slate, and he had not dared to broach it *viva voce* [3] to his younger brother. He had been too afraid of a rebuff.

He then hoped that Annie's servant would tell him that Annie was out.

Annie, however, took him at a disadvantage by opening the door herself.

"Well, *Mr. Hessian!*" she exclaimed, her face bursting into a swift and welcoming smile.

"I was just passing," the donkey in him blundered forth. "And I thought —"

However, in fifteen seconds he was on the domestic side of the sitting-room window, and seated in the antimacassared [4] armchair between the fireplace and the piano, and Annie had taken his hat and told him that her servant was out for the evening.

"But I'm disturbing your supper, Miss Emery," he said. Flurried though he was, he could not fail to notice the white embroidered cloth spread diagonally on the table, and the cold meat and the pastry and the glittering cutlery and crystal thereon.

"Not at all," she replied. "You haven't had supper yet, I expect?"

"No," he said, not thinking.

"It will be nice of you to help me eat mine," said she.

"Oh! But really —"

But she got plates and things out of the cupboard below the bookcase — and there he was! She would take no refusal. It was wondrous.

"I'm awfully glad I came now," his thought ran. "I'm managing it rather well."

And —

"Poor Bob!"

His sole discomfort was that he could not invent a sufficiently ingenious explanation

[1] **fane**: temple. [2] **Eros** (ĕr'ŏs): Greek god of love.

[3] ***viva voce*** (vī-vä vō'sē): by the living voice; by speech. [4] **antimacassared** (ăn-tĭ-mă-kăs'ĕrd): with a cover to protect the arms and back (of a chair or sofa).

of his call. You can't tell a woman you've called to make love to her, and when your previous call happens to have been ten years ago, some kind of an explanation does seem to be demanded. Ultimately, as Annie was so very pleased to see him, so friendly, so feminine, so equal to the occasion, he decided to let his presence in her abode that night stand as one of those central facts in existence that need no explanation. And they went on talking and eating till the dusk deepened and Annie lit the gas and drew the blind.

He watched her on the sly as she moved about the room. He decided that she did not appear a day older. There was the same plump, erect figure, the same neatness, the same fair skin and fair hair, the same little nose, the same twinkle in the eye — only perhaps the twinkle in the eye was a trifle less cruel than it used to be. She was not a day older. (In this he was of course utterly mistaken; she was ten years older, she was thirty-three, with ten years of successful commercial experience behind her; she would never be twenty-three again. Still she was a most desirable woman, and a woman infinitely beyond his deserts.) Her air of general capability impressed him. And with that there was mingled a strange softness, a marvelous hint of a concealed wish to surrender. — Well, she made him feel big and masculine — in brief, a man.

He regretted the lost ten years. His present way of life seemed intolerable to him. The new heaven opened its gate and gave glimpses of paradise. After all, he felt himself well qualified for that paradise. He felt that he had all along been a woman's man, without knowing it.

"By Jove!" his thought ran. "At this rate I might propose to her in a week or two."

And again —

"Poor old Bobbie!"

A quarter of an hour later, in some miraculous manner, they were more intimate than they had ever been, much more intimate. He revised his estimate of the time that must elapse before he might propose to her. In another five minutes he was fighting hard against a mad impulse to propose to her on the spot. And then the fight was over, and he had lost. He proposed to her under the rose-colored shade of the Welsbach[1] light.

She drew away, as though shot.

And with the rapidity of lightning, in the silence which followed, he went back to his original criticism of himself, that he was a fool. Naturally she would request him to leave. She would accuse him of effrontery.

Her lips trembled. He prepared to rise.

"It's so sudden!" she said.

Bliss! Glory! Celestial joy! Her words were at least equivalent to an absolution of his effrontery. She would accept! She would accept! He jumped up and approached her. But she jumped up too and retreated. He was not to win his prize so easily.

"Please sit down," she murmured. "I must think it over," she said, apparently mastering herself. "Shall you be at chapel next Sunday morning?"

"Yes," he answered.

"If I am there, and if I am wearing white roses in my hat, it will mean —" She dropped her eyes.

"Yes?" he queried.

And she nodded.

"And supposing you aren't there?"

"Then the Sunday after," she said.

He thanked her in his Hessian style.

"I prefer that way of telling you," she smiled demurely. "It will avoid the necessity for another — so much — you understand? . . ."

"Quite so, quite so!" he agreed. "I quite understand."

"And if I *do* see those roses," he went on, "I shall take upon myself to drop in for tea, may I?"

She paused.

"In any case you mustn't speak to me coming out of chapel, *please*."

As he walked home down Oldcastle Street he said to himself that the age of miracles

[1] **Welsbach** (wĕlz'băk): a form of burner popular when gas was used for house lighting.

was not past; also that, after all, he was not so old as the toll of his years would mathematically indicate.

Her absence from chapel on the next Sunday disagreed with him. However, Robert was away nearly all the week, and he had the house to himself to dream in. It frequently happened to him to pass by Miss Emery's shop, but he caught no glimpse of her, and though he really was in serious need of writing paper and envelopes, he dared not enter. Robert returned on the Friday.

On the morning of the second Sunday John got up early, in order to cope with a new necktie that he had purchased in Hanbridge.[1] Nevertheless he found Robert afoot before him, and Robert, by some unlucky chance, was wearing not merely a new necktie, but a new suit of clothes. They breakfasted in their usual august silence, and John gathered from a remark of Robert's to Maggie when she brought in the boots that Robert meant to go to chapel. Now, Robert, being a commercial traveler and therefore a bit of a caution, did not attend chapel with any remarkable assiduity. And John, in the privacy of his own mind, blamed him for having been so clumsy as to choose that particular morning for breaking the habits of a lifetime. Still, the presence of Robert in the pew could not prejudicially affect John, and so there was no genuine cause for gloominess.

After a time it became apparent that each was waiting for the other to go. John began to get annoyed. At last he made the plunge and went. Turning his head halfway up Oldcastle Street, opposite the mansion which is still called "Miss Peel's," he perceived Robert fifty yards behind. It was a glorious June day.

He blushed as he entered the chapel. If he was nervous, it may be accorded to him as excuse that the happiness of his life depended on what he could see within the next few minutes. However, he felt pretty sure, though it was exciting all the same.

[1] **Hanbridge:** disguised name for Hanley, one of the five towns.

To reach the Hessian pew he was obliged to pass Miss Emery's! And it was empty! Robert arrived.

The organist finished the voluntary. The leading tenor of the choir put up the number of the first hymn. The minister ascended the staircase of the great mahogany pulpit, and prayed silently, and arranged his papers in the leaves of the hymnbook, and glanced about to see who was there and who was presumably still in bed, and coughed; and then Miss Annie Emery sailed in with that air of false calm which is worn by the experienced traveler who catches a train by the fifth of a second. The service commenced.

John looked.

She was wearing white roses. There could be no mistake as to that. There were about a hundred and fifty-five white roses in the garden of her hat.

What a thrill ran through John's heart! He had won Annie, and he had won the fortune. Yes, he would give Robert the odd five thousand pounds. His state of mind might even lead him to make it guineas. He heard not a word of the sermon, and throughout the service he rose up and sat down several instants after the rest of the congregation, because he was so absent-minded.

After service he waited for everybody else to leave, in order not to break his promise to the divine Annie. So did Robert. This ill-timed rudeness on Robert's part somewhat retarded the growth of a young desire in John's heart to make friends with poor Bob. Then he got up and left, and Robert followed.

They dined in silence, John deciding that he would begin his overtures of friendship after he had seen Annie, and could tell Robert that he was formally engaged. The brothers ate little. They both improved their minds during their repast — John with the *Christian Commonwealth*, and Robert with the Saturday cricket edition of the *Signal* (I regret it).

Then, after pipes, they both went out for a walk, naturally not in the same direc-

tion. The magnificence of the weather filled them both with the joy of life. As for John, he went out for a walk simply because he could not contain himself within the house. He could not wait immovable till four-thirty, the hour at which he meant to call on Annie for tea and the betrothal kiss. Therefore he ascended to Hillport and wandered as far as Oldcastle, all in a silk hat and frock coat.

It was precisely half-past four as he turned, unassumingly, from Brick Street into Brick Passage, and so approached the side door of Annie Emery's. And his astonishment and anger were immense when he saw Robert, likewise in silk hat and frock coat, penetrating into Brick Passage from the other end.

They met, and their inflamed spirits collided.

"What's the meaning of this?" John demanded, furious; and, simultaneously, Robert demanded: "What in Hades are *you* doing here?"

Only Sunday and the fine clothes and the proximity to Annie prevented actual warfare.

"I'm calling on Annie," said John.

"So am I," said Robert.

"Well, you're too late," said John.

"Oh, I'm late, am I?" said Robert, with a disdainful laugh. "Thanks."

"I tell you you're too late," said John. "You may as well know at once that I've proposed to Annie and she's accepted me."

"I like that! I like that!" said Robert.

"Don't shout!" said John.

"I'm not shouting," said Robert. "But you may as well know that you're mistaken, my boy. It's me that proposed to Annie and been accepted."

"When did you propose to her?" said John.

"On Friday, if you must know," said Robert.

"And she accepted you at once?" said John.

"No. She said that if she was wearing white roses in her hat this morning at chapel, that would mean she accepted," said Robert.

"Liar!" said John.

"I suppose you'll admit she *was* wearing white roses in her hat?" said Robert, controlling himself.

"Liar!" said John, and continued breathless: "That was what she said to *me*. She must have told you that white roses meant a refusal."

"Oh, no, she didn't!" said Robert, quailing secretly, but keeping up a formidable show of courage. "You're an old fool!" he added vindictively.

They were both breathing hard, and staring hard at each other.

"Come away," said John. "Come away! We can't talk here. She may look out of the window."

So they went away. They walked very quickly home, and, once in the parlor, they began to have it out. And, before they had done, the reading of cricket news on Sunday was as nothing compared to the desecrating iniquity which they committed. The scene was not such as can be decently recounted. But about six o'clock Maggie entered, and, at considerable personal risk, brought them back to a sense of what was due to their name, the town, and the day. She then stated that she would not remain in such a house, and she departed.

"But whatever made you do it, dearest?"

These words were addressed to Annie Emery on the glorious summer evening which closed that glorious summer day, and they were addressed to her by no other person than Powell Liversage. The pair were in the garden of the house in Trafalgar Road occupied by Mr. Liversage and his mother, and they looked westward over the distant ridge of Hillport, where the moon was setting.

"Whatever made me do it!" repeated Annie, and the twinkle in her eye had that charming cruelty which John had missed. "Did they not deserve it? Of course, I can talk to you now with perfect freedom, can't

I? Well, what do you *think* of it? Here for ten years neither one nor the other does more than recognize me in the street, and then all of a sudden they come down on me like that — simply because there's a question of money. I couldn't have believed men could be so stupid — no, I really couldn't! They're friends of yours, Powell, I know, but — remember, that's no matter. But it was too ridiculously easy to lead them on! They'd swallow any flattery. I just did it to see what they'd do, and I think I arranged it pretty well. I quite expected they would call about the same time, and then shouldn't I have given them my mind! Unfortunately they met outside, and got very hot — I saw them from the bedroom window — and went away."

"You mustn't forget, my dear girl," said Liversage, "that it was you they quarreled about. I don't want to defend 'em for a minute, but it wasn't altogether the money that sent them to you; it was more that the money gave them an excuse for coming!"

"It was a very bad excuse, then!" said Annie.

"Agreed!" Liversage murmured.

The moon was extremely lovely and romantic against the distant spire of Hillport Church, and its effect on the couple was just what might have been anticipated.

"Perhaps I'm sorry," Annie admitted at length, with a charming grimace.

"Oh! I don't think there's anything to be *sorry* about," said Liversage. "But of course they'll think I've had a hand in it. You see, I've never breathed a word to them about — about my feelings toward you."

"No?"

"No. It would have been rather a delicate subject, you see, with them. And I'm sure they'll be staggered when they know that we got engaged last night. They'll certainly say I've — er — been after you for the — No, they won't. They're decent chaps, really; very decent."

"Anyhow, you may be sure, dear," said Annie stiffly, "that *I* shan't rob them of their vile money! Nothing would induce me to touch it!"

"Of course not, dearest!" said Liversage — or, rather the finer part of him said it, the baser part somewhat regretted that vile twelve thousand or so. (I must be truthful.)

He took her hand again.

At the same moment old Mrs. Liversage came hastening down the garden, and Liversage dropped the hand.

"Powell," she said. "Here's John Hessian, and he wants to see you!"

"The dickens!" exclaimed Liversage, glancing at Annie.

"I must go," said Annie. "I shall go by the fields. Good night, dear Mrs. Liversage."

"Wait ten seconds," Liversage pleaded, "and I'll be with you." And he ran off.

John, haggard and undone, was awaiting him in the drawing room.

"Pow," said he, "I've had a fearful row with Bob, and I can't possibly sleep in our house tonight. Don't talk to me. But let me have one of the beds in your spare room, will you? There's a good chap."

"Why, of course, Johnnie," said Liversage. "Of course."

"And I'll go right to bed now," said John.

An hour later, after Powell Liversage had seen his affianced to her abode and returned home, and after his mother had gone to bed, there was a knock at the front door, and Liversage opened to Robert Hessian.

"Look here, Pow," said Robert, whose condition was deplorable, "I want to sleep here tonight. Do you mind? Fact is, I've had a devil of a shindy with Jack, and Maggie's run off, and, anyhow, I couldn't possibly stop in the same house with Jack tonight."

"But what — ?"

"See here," said Robert. "I can't talk. Just let me have a bed in your spare room. I'm sure your mother won't mind."

"Why, certainly," said Liversage.

He lit a candle, escorted Robert upstairs, opened the door of the spare room, gave the candle to Robert, pushed him in, said "Good night," and shut the door.

What a night!

Suggestions for Study of Bennett

1. Bennett has said that his aim is "to make you see." Select good details to show how he has carried out his aim in this story.

2. Point out elements of suspense, surprise, and humor in both plot development and characterization.

3. Does the conduct of the brothers seem plausible to you?

4. Where do your sympathies lie? Why?

5. What American authors have written groups of short stories centering about small-town life?

6. Report on Priestley's account of the Pottery Towns in his *English Journey*, Chap. VII.

Saki [1] (Hector Hugh Munro)

1870–1916

Hector Hugh Munro left only one volume of short stories and sketches when he died at the age of forty-six. But these are marked by such originality of idea and such skill of technique that recognition — which came slowly at first — has steadily increased, and he is now considered one of the distinguished writers of the brief narrative in the twentieth century.

His career was devoted chiefly to writing, a field that he entered after a short period of government service in Burma. This service was cut short by repeated attacks of fever. Returning to England, he became associated with the *Westminster Gazette* as a writer of political satire. A few years later, as a member of the staff of the London *Morning Post*, he became a foreign correspondent, with assignments in the Balkans, Warsaw, St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), and Paris. In 1904 he published his first volume of sketches, *Reginald*.

In 1908 he returned to England and settled in Surrey. Here he lived with his sister and continued to write sketches for the London newspapers. Now he began to publish additional volumes of his stories: *Reginald in Russia* (1910), *Chronicles of Clovis* (1912), *Beasts and Superbeasts* (1914). These, together with additional sketches, have since been collected in one volume, *The Complete Short Stories of Saki*.

At the outbreak of World War I, Munro, then forty-four, entered the army. Repeatedly refusing the offer of a commission, he saw active service in France in 1915 and 1916, and fell in action on November 14, 1916.

His sketches reveal striking variations in theme and outlook on life. There is a tart flavor about much of his work. Some of it is lightly humorous; some of it is satire so broad that it becomes caricature; some of it has a sophistication that suggests the decades of the 1920's and 1930's. But all of it reveals a deft hand in the method of unfolding a story: admirable economy in plot construction and the ability to suggest a character of three dimensions with a few bold strokes.

THE OPEN WINDOW

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen. "In the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttell endeavored to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much toward helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat. "You will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she

[1] Munro took his pen name, "Saki," from the name of the cupbearer in *The Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám.

judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller.

He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child. "That would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened onto a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton. "But has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor Aunt always thinks that they will come back some day — they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them — and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear Aunt, she has often told me how they went out — her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm; and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window — "

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" said she.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly. "My husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who labored under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention — but not to what Framton was saying. "Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned toward the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn toward the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels.

Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk, "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window. "Fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton. "Could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-by or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly. "He told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

Suggestions for Study of Saki

1. Note the precision and economy in both plot development and characterization.
2. Find clues that foreshadow the climax.
3. Is Mr. Nuttel's action at the end of the story convincing?
4. Are you satisfied with the explanation of Vera's conduct given in the last line? Comment.
5. Read at random in *The Complete Short Stories of Saki*. Be sure to include "Tobermory," "Mrs. Packletide's Tiger," "The Stampeding of Lady Bastable," "The Mouse," and "The Reticence of Lady Anne."

W. Somerset Maugham[1] 1874–

As the first half of the twentieth century draws to a close, two or three figures emerge as pre-eminent among the writers of fiction of our time. Without question Somerset Maugham belongs in this small group. He has written only one great novel, *Of Human Bondage;* but he has to his credit many lesser novels and plays and countless short stories that have won wide recognition.

Like so many who have the creative gift, Maugham's early life was rather unhappy. Orphaned when he was a small boy, he lived with an uncle in whose home the atmosphere was rigid and stern. Years at school in England were followed by several terms at the University of Heidelberg. At the insistence of his uncle that he choose a profession, Maugham studied medicine. But he never practiced, for the desire to write was too strong to be ignored.

Maugham's early years of authorship were fraught with struggle before he finally achieved recognition. But for the past quarter of a century every new volume that has come from his pen has been awaited with keen interest, alike by literary critics and the intelligent reading public.

He has traveled widely and few indeed are the countries of the world — no matter how

[1] **Maugham** (môm).

remote — that he has not visited. Reminiscent of these wanderings are the strange tales, odd characters, and exotic settings which have found a place in many of his narratives.

His most famous work is *Of Human Bondage*, which is in part autobiographical. Two other novels of great interest are *The Moon and Sixpence*, based on the life of the modern French painter Paul Gauguin, and *Cakes and Ale*, in which the central character strongly suggests the great English poet and novelist Thomas Hardy. Maugham's volumes of short stories are many. They are varied in theme and setting. Their appeal to readers is immediate, for, like his novels, they have an impelling interest and are told with ease and clarity.

Maugham writes usually of neither the pleasant nor the pretty. He does no special pleading for the poor and the underprivileged; he depicts the upper classes with an irony that is often malicious. Now over seventy years of age, he continues to turn out novels and short stories with a rapidity that bespeaks his facile pen and his resourceful mind.

THE VERGER

There had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's, Neville Square, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new one, its folds as full and stiff as though it were made not of alpaca but of perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favored by the fashionable for these ceremonies), and now he wore only his second best. He wore it with complacence; for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself. During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such gowns; but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out, and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

Title: **Verger:** an employee of a church, who takes care of its interior and exhibits it to visitors.

The verger busied himself quietly, replacing the painted wooden cover on the marble font, taking away a chair that had been brought for an infirm old lady, and waited for the vicar to have finished in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home. Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar, and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

"What's he 'anging about for?" the verger said to himself. "Don't 'e know I want my tea?"

The vicar had been but recently appointed, a red-faced, energetic man in his early forties, and Albert Edward still regretted his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie. But Albert Edward was tolerant. St. Peter's was in a very good neighborhood and the parishioners were a very nice class of people. The new vicar had come from the East End, and he couldn't be expected to fall in all at once with the discreet ways of his fashionable congregation.

"All this 'ustle," said Albert Edward. "But give 'im time; he'll learn."

When the vicar had walked down the aisle so far that he could address the verger without raising his voice more than was becoming in a place of worship, he stopped.

"Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute? I have something to say to you."

"Very good, sir."

The vicar waited for him to come up and they walked up the church together.

"A very nice christening, I thought, sir. Funny 'ow the baby stopped cryin' the moment you took him."

"I've noticed they very often do," said the vicar, with a little smile. "After all, I've had a good deal of practice with them."

It was a source of subdued pride to him that he could nearly always quiet a whim-

pering infant by the manner in which he held it, and he was not unconscious of the amused admiration with which mothers and nurses watched him settle the baby in the crook of his surpliced arm. The verger knew that it pleased him to be complimented on his talent.

The vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two churchwardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

" Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir," he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them, and they had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger. They were sitting now at a handsome refectory table that the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy, and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them. Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter. He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got into trouble and the bother they had had to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, they couldn't afford a scandal. On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute benignity, but the others bore an expression that was slightly troubled.

" He's been naggin' them, he 'as," said verger to himself. " He's jockeyed them into doin' something, but they don't 'alf like it. That's what it is; you mark my words."

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward's clean-cut and distinguished features. He stood in a respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office, but only in very good houses, and his deportment was irreproachable. Starting as a pageboy in the household of a merchant prince, he had risen by due degrees from the position of fourth to first footman; for a year he had been singlehanded butler to a widowed peeress and, till the vacancy occurred at St. Peter's, butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, spare, grave, and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialized in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness, and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly.

" Foreman, we've got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You've been here a great many years, and I think his lordship and the general agree with me that you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned."

The two churchwardens nodded.

" But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. " He said it didn't make no difference. He always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for 'is taste."

" It's the most amazing thing I ever heard," cried the general. " Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write? "

" I went into service when I was twelve, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once; but I didn't seem to 'ave the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave the time. I've never really found the want of it. I think a lot of these young fellows waste a lot of time readin' when they might be doin' something useful."

" But don't you want to know the news? " said the other churchwarden. " Don't you ever want to write a letter? "

"No, me lord, I seem to manage very well without. And of late years, now they've all these pictures in the papers. I get to know what's goin' on pretty well. Me wife's quite a scholar, and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me. It's not as if I was a bettin' man."

The two churchwardens gave the vicar a

troubled glance and then looked down at the table.

"Well, Foreman, I've talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write."

Albert Edward's thin, sallow face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

"Understand me, Foreman, I have no complaint to make against you. You do your work quite satisfactorily. I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity, but we haven't the right to take the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. It's a matter of prudence as well as of principle."

"But couldn't you learn, Foreman?" asked the general.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't — not now. You see, I'm not as young as I was, and, if I couldn't seem able to get the letters in me 'ead when I was a nipper,[1] I don't think there's much chance of it now."

"We don't want to be harsh with you, Foreman," said the vicar. "But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months, and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He wasn't the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that. And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

"I'm very sorry, sir; I'm afraid it's no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I've lived a good many years without knowin' 'ow to read and write, and without wishin' to praise myself — self-praise is no recommendation — I don't mind sayin' I've done my duty in that state of life in which it 'as pleased a merciful providence to place me, and if I *could* learn now I don't know as I'd want to."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation as soon as you've found somebody to take my place."

But when Albert Edward, with his usual politeness, had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens, he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he had borne the blow inflicted upon him, and his lips quivered. He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand funerals and smart weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in hand walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square; but, deep in his sad thoughts, he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited him — he took the wrong turning.

He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He did not fancy the notion of going back to domestic service; after being his own master for so many years — for the vicar and churchwardens could say what they liked; it was he that had run St. Peter's, Neville Square — he could scarcely demean himself by accepting a situation. He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something; and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes of Rome, were there for life. He had often thought of the pleasant reference the vicar would make, in his sermon at evensong the first Sunday after his death, to the long and faithful service and the exemplary character of their late verger Albert Edward Foreman.

He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was a nonsmoker and a total abstainer, but with a certain latitude; that is to say, he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he

[1] **nipper:** English slang for small boy.

was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that one would comfort him and, since he did not carry them, he looked about him for a shop where he could buy a packet of Gold Flakes. He did not at once see one and walked on a little. It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it; but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

To make sure, he walked right up the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and looked reflectively up and down.

"I can't be the only man as walks along this street and wants a fag," he said. "I shouldn't wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop here. Tobacco and sweets, you know."

He gave a sudden start.

"That's an idea," he said. "Strange 'ow things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home, and had his tea.

"You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinkin'," he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view, and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to let that looked as though it would exactly suit him. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it and, when a month after that he left St. Peter's, Neville Square, forever, Albert Edward Foreman set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent. His wife said it was a dreadful comedown after being verger of St. Peter's; but he answered that you had to move with the times, the church wasn't what it was, and 'enceforward he was going to render unto Caesar[1] what was Caesar's. Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he might take a second shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it and when he found it, and a shop to let, took it and stocked it. This was a success too. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two he could run half a dozen; so he began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist, and a shop to let, he took it. In the course of ten years he had acquired no less than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went round to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there, paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver, the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk to you about the money you've got on deposit with us. D'you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir; but I've got a pretty rough idea."

"Apart from what you paid in this morning, it's a little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and I should have thought you'd do better to invest it."

"I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least anxiety. We'll make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities. They'll bring you in a better rate of interest than we can possibly afford to give you."

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's distinguished face.

"I've never 'ad anything to do with stocks and shares and I'd 'ave to leave it all in your 'ands," he said.

The manager smiled.

"We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is just to sign the transfers."

"I could do that all right," said Albert uncertainly. "But 'ow should I know what I was signin'?"

"I suppose you can read," said the manager a trifle sharply.

Mr. Foreman gave him a disarming smile.

"Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny like, but there it is! I can't

[1] **render unto Caesar:** see Matthew 22 : 21.

read or write — only me name, an' I only learned to do that when I went into business."

The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair.

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You see, it's like this, sir — I never 'ad the opportunity until it was too late, and then some'ow I wouldn't. I got obstinate like."

The manager stared at him as though he were a prehistoric monster.

"And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and amassed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman, a little smile on his still aristocratic features. "I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square."

Suggestions for Study of Maugham

1. What are the dominant characteristics of the vicar? of the verger?
2. How is the plot development an outgrowth of characterization?
3. Where does the author reveal his gift for humor? for irony?
4. How does the author reveal his scorn for hypocrisy? his admiration for simple human dignity?
5. Do you think it would be possible for a man who was unable to read and write to build up a business of the extent described in the story? Discuss.

Katherine Mansfield (Kathleen Beauchamp) 1890–1923

In spite of a short life that was beset by years of illness and the usual discouragements that young writers face, Katherine Mansfield (she is always known by her pen name) left several volumes of short stories that have won an enduring place in English literature.

Born in Wellington, New Zealand, Kathleen Beauchamp[1] took every advantage of a cultured home, and continued her training at Queen's College, London. There she wrote *Child Verses*, which was saved from destruction by a friend who knew her shy, reserved disposition. Very little of her poetry was published during her lifetime. In her *Journal* we learn that she wrote because it was her only way to pay what she regarded as "a sacred debt" to her native land. She wrote poetry because she was "always trembling on the brink of poetry. . . . The almond trees, the birds, the little woods, and the flowers" all spoke to her of her brother who was killed in World War I. Prose came because she wanted "to write a kind of long elegy" for him. The editor to whom she sent most of her work rejected her verse because it was unrhymed, but her prose stories met with a more fortunate reception. After her marriage to J. Middleton Murry, editor and critic, she was a critic and reviewer for the *Athenaeum*. Ill health sent her to Switzerland and then to France, where death closed a promising career.

Her talent is best seen in her *Journal* and in her short stories — most of which are now collected in one volume, *The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield*. In these she often condenses the meaning of life into a single strong episode. A sensitive delineation of character and an intermingling of pathos and irony are distinguishing characteristics of her work.

MISS BRILL

This story is a penetrating analysis of a lonely individual. Miss Brill compensates for her drab and monotonous life through vicarious participation in the lives of those whom she observes round her. The effect on her of the comments of thoughtless youth, who see her only as a ludicrous old maid, gives the story its poignant meaning.

Although it was so brilliantly fine — the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the

[1] **Beauchamp** (bē'chăm).

Jardins Publiques [1] — Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless; but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting — from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes.

" What has been happening to me? " said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! . . . But the nose which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind — a little dab of black sealing wax when the time came, when it was absolutely necessary. . . . Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms; but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad — no, not sad, exactly — something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For, although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like someone playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little " fluty " bit — very pretty! — a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her " special " seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking stick; and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles — she knew she needed them — but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything — gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears! little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. " They'll always be sliding down my nose! " Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind; there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded; stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down " flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs; but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and — Miss Brill had often

[1] **Jardins Publiques** (zhär-dăn′ pōō-blēk′): French for Public Gardens or Park.

noticed — there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even — even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down-drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and — beyond — the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

"Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta!" blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm in arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-colored donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not!

And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything — her hair, her face, even her eyes — was the same color as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him — delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been — everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming — didn't he agree? And wouldn't he perhaps? . . . But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and, even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But, as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned; raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there; and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gaily than ever; and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemnly and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theater" dog — a little dog that had been drugged — that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she's never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week — so as not to be late for the performance — and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons.

No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth, and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress!

"An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress — are ye?"

And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her

part and said gently, " Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny! yet there was just a faint chill — a something, what was it? — not sadness — no, not sadness — a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted; the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together — they would begin; and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches — they would come in with a kind of accompaniment — something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful, moving. . . . And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. " Yes, we understand, we understand," she thought — though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and a girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

" No, not now," said the girl. " Not here, I can't."

" But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there? " asked the boy. " Why does she come here at all — who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home? "

" It's her fu-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. " It's exactly like a fried whiting."

" Ah, be off with you! " said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: " *Tell me, ma petite chère* [1] — "

" No, not here," said the girl. " Not *yet*."

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honeycake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present — a surprise — something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room — her room like a cupboard — and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

Suggestions for Study of Mansfield

1. What details make the descripton of Sunday afternoon in the park as vivid as a technicolor film?

2. What details reveal the author's gift for subtle delineation of character?

3. In what incident does Miss Brill make a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to share the feeling of the crowd?

4. What incident serves as the climax of the story? Why?

5. The last paragraph of the story is marked by pathos and irony both in the use of certain phrases and in the description of Miss Brill's mood. Explain.

6. Especially recommended stories by Katherine Mansfield are " The Garden Party," " The Dove's Nest." " A Cup of Tea." " Bliss," and " The Daughters of the Late Colonel."

[1] ***ma petite chère*** (mà p'tēt shâr'): my little dear.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY POETRY

In this section are presented five poets who, because of the sustained quality, large volume, and wide appeal of their work, may be called major poets. All these authors are known primarily for poetry, though some have also written successfully in other types of literature. Both Yeats and Masefield are dramatists of note. Masefield has also written fiction, and so has De la Mare. It is in poetry, however, that they all excel, and together with Hardy and Kipling (see pages 551 and 557) they form a pre-eminent group of twentieth-century poets.

Following them, under the heading "Minor Poets," are those who will be remembered for a few outstanding poems or for a limited body of writings — for example, writings pertaining to World War I — and those whose reputations are still in the making. To this group should be added Chesterton (see page 566), whose "Lepanto" will remain a classic, however much his other poetry is overshadowed by his prose.

Alfred Edward Housman

1859–1936

A. E. Housman was born in Worcestershire and received his classical education at St. John's College, Oxford. After ten years in government employment in the Patent Office, he became a professor of Latin. He spent twenty years at University College, London; during the rest of his life he was a fellow and professor of Latin of Cambridge University. To the scholarly world he is known for his translations, reviews, and original research work in Latin. His published poetry is small in amount. Issued in 1896, *A Shropshire Lad* contains sixty-three short lyrics, mostly the meditations of a farmer boy. *Last Poems*, published after a silence of twenty-six years, is an even more slender volume. A third volume edited by his brother, Laurence Housman, a well-known dramatist, appeared after his death. These three slight volumes represent an important contribution to English verse, for Housman's lyrics, although often ironic in tone, express with clarity and flawless artistry the deep emotions of humankind.

Housman's classical training is evidenced in the finish and brevity of all his lyrics. For these qualities his verse has been a model for many contemporary writers. Besides his acute self-analysis and the melody of his lines, not the least of Housman's merits is his gift of picturing the English countryside in delicate loveliness.

REVEILLE

Wake! The silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake! The vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying,
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad! Thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

8. **straws:** strews.

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

3. **ride:** a road intended for horseback travel.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And, oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

IN BATTLE SMOKE

I did not lose my heart in summer's even
When roses to the moonlight burst apart;
When plumes were under heel and lead was flying,
In blood and smoke and flame I lost my heart.

I lost it to a soldier and a foeman,
A chap that did not kill me, but he tried;
That took the saber straight and took it striking,
And laughed and kissed his hand to me and died.

Suggestions for Study of Housman

1. State clearly and concisely the idea in each of these poems.

2. List phrases and lines noteworthy for freshness of imagery, clear-cut outline of picture, stirring expression of feeling.

3. Select a dozen or more poems from one of Housman's volumes, and analyze them carefully for theme and memorable passages.

4. Select a group of quotations from Housman which picture English scenes.

William Butler Yeats 1865–1939

The most widely known name in contemporary Irish literature is William Butler Yeats. A romantic poet, a dramatist, a writer of tales, and an essayist, he received many honors. For years he served as a senator of the Irish Free State and Minister of the Fine Arts in the Dublin cabinet. The Nobel prize was conferred on him in 1923 "for his consistently emotional poetry, which in the strictest artistic form expresses a people's spirit."

This Celtic mystic and romanticist was born

near Dublin but spent much time at Sligo in northwestern Ireland, where his grandfather was a merchant and shipowner. To please his father, a member of the Royal Academy of Art, the son studied art; but he preferred books, especially fairy stories and tales of the peasantry. He collected several volumes of folk tales and wrote his own versions of the old legends; indeed the Celtic material was his chief literary inspiration. After some years of journalism and contributions to periodicals, he became a leader in the Celtic Renaissance. He was active in establishing the Irish National Theater and worked zealously with Lady Augusta Gregory and others in writing and producing plays for the Abbey Theater. Chief among his typically Irish poetic dramas are *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, *The Hourglass*, and *The Land of Heart's Desire*, an exquisite bit of symbolism.

His poetry is characterized by the wistful beauty, bewildering mysticism, and lingering melody which distinguish Irish literature.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

The Celtic spirit, with its yearning for the remote, the beautiful, the ideal, is melodiously caught in this poem. Of its origin the author says: "I had still the ambition, formed . . . in my teens, of living in imitation of Thoreau on Innisfree . . . and when walking through Fleet Street [London], very homesick, I heard a little tinkle of water and saw a fountain in a shopwindow . . . and began to remember lake water. From the sudden remembrance came my poem, 'Innisfree.'"

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
  And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
  And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
  Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all aglimmer, and noon a purple glow,
  And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
  I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
  I hear it in the deep heart's core.

1. **Innisfree:** a little island in Lough Gill, Ireland. 2. **wattles:** twigs and pliable rods woven together.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

From the earliest days of Celtic song and story, the Irish have held their musicians and poets in highest esteem. Although this ballad has a light, lyric tone, underneath is the fiddler's strong belief in the sacredness of his important calling.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like the wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed by brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come to the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance;

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

1, 3, 4, 8. **Dooney, Kilvarnet, Moharabuiee** (mō-hä-rä-bū-ē'), **Sligo** (sli'gō): hamlets on the west coast of Ireland. Sligo, the largest of the four, is Yeats's childhood home.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
But the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress.
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

AN IRISH AIRMAN FORESEES HIS DEATH

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan's Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

THE LOVER TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS HEART

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the plowman, splashing the wintry mold,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.
The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And, bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

INTO THE TWILIGHT

Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will:

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

Suggestions for Study of Yeats

1. What details in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" suggest the peace of spirit to be found there?

2. Why does the fiddler of Dooney mention the occupation of his two relatives? Why does he think he will be given preference on entering Heaven? Interesting reading in connection with this piece is Donn Byrne's novel, *Blind Raftery*, describing the wanderings of a minstrel through Connaught, just south of Sligo.

3. What is the mood of "The Song of the Old Mother"?

4. What is the poet's concept of the power of love in "The Lover Tell of the Rose in His Heart"? What is the mood of "When You Are Old"? Both of these poems contain passages of great beauty that help us to share the feeling of the poet. List some of these that appeal especially to you.

5. "Into the Twilight" combines the mystic and melancholy quality of much Celtic verse with a simple and moving expression of love for Ireland. Note the way in which the two themes are interwoven.

6. To see the poetic quality in Yeats's drama, read one of his short plays — such as *The Land of Heart's Desire*. Point out what qualities mentioned in Question 5 are also to be found in the play. How does it compare in interest and effectiveness with Synge's *Riders to the Sea?*

Walter de la Mare 1873–

"The singer of a young and romantic world, a singer even for children, understanding and perceiving as a child," is Walter de la Mare, a widely known writer of unique verse and prose romance. Though born in Kent, he has been a Londoner nearly all his life. He studied at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School, where he ranked high in scholarship. Then, like Lamb, he knew twenty years of "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood" in the offices of the Anglo-American Oil Company before he became a free-lance journalist, writing reviews for various British periodicals. His *Peacock Pie* has become a children's classic in poetry. His prose romances, especially *The Memoirs of a Midget*, bespeak a rare inventive power. This book won the most important of the English literary awards.

De la Mare has a strange freshness of imagination that often carries us into the world of the mysterious and mystic. Of his work as a poet, Wilbur Cross has writen: "Walter de la Mare's *Collected Poems* would be my first choice, if I were to make a present to a child, or a sweetheart, or an old gentleman, or in general, to any happily constituted person. From the first page to the last, one is in the land of poetry, in the atmosphere of genuine folklore, in the age of creative faith."

SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

THE LISTENERS

Imagine yourself a lone traveler riding through a forest on a moonlit night to a house which you find deserted. The poet takes you into a strange world of echoes and eerie fancies.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
" Is there anybody there? " he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men;
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head —
" Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake.
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

MISS LOO

Walter de la Mare's imaginative gift touches even the ordinary persons and things in life which he is fond of describing. Though his subjects may be commonplace, his poems never are — as the next four examples show. There is always a kind of witchery about them, as of life seen through a child's eyes, and yet a subtlety which lifts them above being mere children's poems.

When thin-strewn memory I look through,
I see most clearly poor Miss Loo,
Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
Her nose, her hair, her muffled words,
And how she would open her green eyes,
As if in some immense surprise,
Whenever as we sat at tea
She made some small remark to me.

'Tis always drowsy summer when
From out of the past she comes again;
The westering sunshine in a pool
Floats in her parlor still and cool;
While the slim bird its lean wire shakes,
As into piercing song it breaks;
Till Peter's pale-green eyes ajar
Dream, wake; wake, dream, in one brief bar,
And I am sitting dull and shy,
And she with gaze of vacancy,

And large hands folded on the tray,
Musing the afternoon away;
Her satin bosom heaving slow
With sighs that softly ebb and flow.
And her plain face in such dismay,
It seems unkind to look her way;
Until all cheerful back will come
Her gentle gleaming spirit home;
And one would think that poor Miss Loo
Asked nothing else, if she had you.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

Find out how good a child psychologist you are by analyzing the characters of these children, according to their preferences.

" Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
" Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
" A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

" Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
" Primroses pale," says Elaine;
" A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

" Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
" Silvery wings," says Elaine;
" A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me," says Jane.

NICHOLAS NYE

Thistle and darnell and dock grew there,
And a bush, in the corner, of may;
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
In the blazing heat of the day,
Half asleep and half awake,
While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and gray,
Lame of a leg and old;
More than a score of donkey's years
He had seen since he was foaled;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn to his head, as if he said,
"Poor Nicholas Nye!"

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
Lazily swinging his tail;
At break of day he used to bray,—
Not much too hearty and hale;
But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
And a clear calm light in his eye,
And once in a while — he'd smile —
Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush in the corner, of may —
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
Knobbled-kneed, lonely, and gray;
And over the grass would seem to pass
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glowworm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye.

THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain;
The North Wind powders me with snow
And blows me back again;
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
As mail at morning prime.
But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes;
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes,
Of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow;
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch has sealed
For harvest once again.

Suggestions for Study of de la Mare

1. "Silver" is unusual for its pictorial effect. How is it attained?

2. Fill in the outlines of the story which the poet suggests in "The Listeners." By what details of sight, sound, and silence is the atmosphere of the poem created? What is unusual about its rhythm? Contrast the meter of the odd and even lines.

3. How is "Miss Loo" made real to you? Find lines revealing the insight of the poet in his portrayal of Miss Loo. Write a short sketch of someone you have known, using details to give the effect of a portrait with a well-defined background.

4. "Bunches of Grapes" is an easy poem to parody. Try writing one in which you characterize three of your classmates by their preferences.

5. How are the donkey and the scarecrow given a human touch? How does the poet make you feel toward each of them?

John Masefield 1878–

John Masefield, the present poet laureate, is a true lover of the sea and of humanity. Born in Ledbury in western England, where his father was a country lawyer, he lost both his parents while he was a child. At fourteen he was apprenticed as cabin boy on the *Conway*, a merchant ship. Masefield sailed before the mast for several years, learning thoroughly the ways of the sea. After he had traveled on foot through various countries and had worked in New York for some months, a reading of Chaucer changed the course of his life. He determined to become a poet. He returned to England and settled near London. "I remember writing poems when I was nine years and nine months old," he himself has said. "Later I wrote a birthday poem, and some fragments in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. I was early influenced by Longfellow, Tennyson, and Chaucer."

After ten years of patient, hard work on several comparatively unnoticed volumes, fame finally came with the publication of *The Everlasting Mercy*. Since then his literary prestige has been increased through many types of writing — novels, adventure stories for boys, short stories, plays, essays, biographies, and poetry of many forms. His experiences as government historian during World War I are recorded in *Gallipoli* and *The Front Line*. For many years he lived at Boar's Hill, Oxford. In his garden there he built a small theater where with local talent he produced poetic dramas. In this he was aided by his wife and daughter. In 1933 he moved to Penbury, Gloucestershire, a more secluded area. His *Tragedy of Nan* and *Tragedy of Pompey the Great* are notable contributions to the stage.

Much of Masefield's lyric verse, like *Salt-Water Ballads* and several of his long narrative poems, notably *Dauber* and *The Wanderer of Liverpool*, give us unsurpassed pictures of the sea; some, like *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, re-create scenes in rural England; while others, like *The Widow in the Bye Street*, show his poetic consecration to the common people in strong and direct language. In all his work there is one inspiration: the "joy of trying for beauty — the balm of this world's way."



JOHN MASEFIELD. The poet laureate is seen leaving Buckingham Palace after an interview with the King. (Acme News Photo)

A CONSECRATION

In this poem, the introduction to *Salt-Water Ballads*, a volume written in early manhood, the poet consecrates himself and his poetic efforts to the toilers and sufferers of the world.

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the years —
Rather the scorned — the rejected — the men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din, and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the bemedaled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cockhorse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chanteyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth —
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold —
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

9. **koppie:** from *kopje*, a hill; a term used by the British soldiers during the Boer War in South Africa. 13. **clout:** a rag or cloth, here used for cleaning. 14. **chanteyman:** the sailor who leads in a song, called a chantey, used to lighten the labor at the halliards (ropes for hoisting).

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time,
God made heaven and earth, for joy He took in a rime,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the life of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

ROUNDING THE HORN

"Dauber" is the scornful nickname given by his shipmates to a young sailor because he has ambitions to be a painter. Tall, delicate, not yet twenty-two, Dauber is regarded as a molly-coddle and subjected to considerable abuse by those who would make a man of him. His ideal, to be able to paint ships and the sea as they have never been painted before, persists in the face of all discouragement. In the end he slips from a high yardarm to the deck and is killed, his dreams all unrealized.

The following passage, taken from the long poem *Dauber*, describes the boy's feelings as the ship rounds Cape Horn. It is one of the most vivid episodes in the poem and is based on the poet's actual experience.

Then came the cry of "Call all hands on deck!"
The Dauber knew its meaning; it was come:
Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into wreck,
And crumples steel and smites the strong man dumb.
Down clattered flying kites and staysails; some
Sang out in quick, high calls: the fair-leads skirled,
And from the southwest came the end of the world . . .

"Lay out!" the Bosun yelled. The Dauber laid
Out on the yard, gripping the yard, and feeling
Sick at the mighty space of air displayed
Below his feet, where mewing birds were wheeling.
A giddy fear was on him; he was reeling.
He bit his lip half through, clutching the jack.
A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his back.

The yard was shaking, for a brace was loose.
He felt that he would fall; he clutched, he bent,
Clammy with natural terror to the shoes
While idiotic promptings came and went.
Snow fluttered on a windflaw and was spent;
He saw the water darken. Someone yelled,
"Frap it; don't stay to furl! Hold on!" He held.

Darkness came down — half darkness — in a whirl;
The sky went out, the waters disappeared.
He felt a shocking pressure of blowing hurl
The ship upon her side. The darkness speared
At her with wind; she staggered, she careered;
Then down she lay. The Dauber felt her go,
He saw her yard tilt downward. Then the snow

Whirled all about — dense, multitudinous, cold —
Mixed with the wind's one devilish thrust and shriek,
Which whiffled out men's tears, deafened, took hold,
Flattening the flying drift against the cheek.
The yards buckled and bent; man could not speak.
The ship lay on her broadside; the wind's sound
Had devilish malice at having got her downed. . . .

21. **frap:** wrap round with rope.

How long the gale had blown he could not tell,
Only the world had changed, his life had died.
A moment now was everlasting hell.
Nature an onslaught from the weather side,
A withering rush of death, a frost that cried,
Shrieked, till he withered at the heart; a hail
Plastered his oilskins with an icy mail. . . .

" Up! " yelled the Bosun; " up and clear the wreck! "
The Dauber followed where he led; below
He caught one giddy glimpsing of the deck
Filled with white water, as though heaped with snow.
He saw the streamers of the rigging blow
Straight out like pennons from the splintered mast,
Then, all sense dimmed, all was an icy blast

Roaring from nether hell and filled with ice,
Roaring and crashing on the jerking stage,
An utter bridle given to utter vice,
Limitless power mad with endless rage
Withering the soul; a minute seemed an age.
He clutched and hacked at ropes, at rags of sail,
Thinking that comfort was a fairy tale

Told long ago — long, long ago — long since
Heard of in other lives — imagined, dreamed —
There where the basest beggar was a prince.
To him in torment where the tempest screamed,
Comfort and warmth and ease no longer seemed
Things that a man could know; soul, body, brain,
Knew nothing but the wind, the cold, the pain.

Suggestions for Study of Masefield

1. What types of people inspire the poet in " A Consecration "? Why? The stanzas of this poem have an unusual rhyme scheme. Compare it with Shelley's " Ode to the West Wind " (see page 407).

2. State clearly the poet's philosophy of life, as expressed in " Laugh and Be Merry." Find specific lines supporting your statement.

3. Find lines in the stanzas from *Dauber* that describe the power of the storm. What other good descriptions of storms or of intense cold can you recall from your past reading?

4. Write a brief account of your feelings during a severe storm or other intense physical and emotional experience. By the vividness of your detail and word selection, try to make the reader live through the experience.

5. Read the remainder of *Dauber* and decide whether it is a tragedy or a triumph.

6. Reread " Sea Fever " (page 19). Make a collection of Masefield's sea poems, or of sea poems in general.

Alfred Noyes 1880–

One of our most melodious lyricists, Alfred Noyes has consistently earned his living with his pen, and most of it by his verse. Born in Staffordshire, he was educated at Oxford — where he rowed with a winning crew. Interested in verse since his boyhood, he has written an astonishing amount — mostly in the older verse forms, which he has vigorously defended in lectures and critical essays. While he was a

visiting professor of modern poetry at Princeton University, he became well known in many parts of the United States through his lectures and public readings from his own works. During World War I he was with the British trawlers serving as mine destroyers in the Baltic Sea, and his experiences there are set down in "Open Boats" and "Songs of the Trawlers."

Since the outbreak of World War II, when his home on the Isle of Wight was taken over by the British government, Noyes has been living in Santa Barbara, California. He is now a member of the faculty of the University of California. John Buchan aptly called him "England's ambassador to America."

Besides several volumes of verse Noyes has written plays, short stories, biographical essays, novels, and magazine articles. His work shows a graceful natural gift for telling a good story in rousing, musical verse. Familiar favorites are "The Highwayman" and "Forty Singing Seamen." Noyes distinctly draws his inspiration from the past. Tennyson and Swinburne are his avowed masters, and the Elizabethans an oft-used subject. Much of his recent writing, like *Orchard's Bay*, reveals a serene and philosophical beauty, expressed in both prose and verse.

Among his numerous long poems are the epic *Drake* and the colorful *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, containing one of his best ballads, "The Companion of a Mile." *The Torchbearers* is a trilogy celebrating pioneers of science. His poetic drama *Sherwood* revives the figure of Robin Hood. The same theme appears in the following shorter poem.

A SONG OF SHERWOOD[1]

Sherwood Forest in central England was the haunt and home of Robin Hood and his band of merry outlaws, who fled thither to escape punishment for breaking the forest laws of the Normans by killing deer. Since they robbed the rich oppressors, but succored the poor Saxons, they became the heroes of the old ballads. Is it not natural that the poet, seeing the scene of their adventures again made beautiful in spring, should imagine it repeopled by these romantic figures?

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, Merry England has kissed the lips of June;
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, Merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1906 by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs.
Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarterstaff and drinking can and gray goose feather.
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep:
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men —
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day —

Calls them and they answer; from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

20. **Marian:** the sweetheart and bride of Robin Hood. 21. **laverock:** the lark. 25. **Oberon** (ō'bĕr-ŏn): the king of the fairies. 28–29. **Will Scarlett, Friar Tuck, Little John:** members of Robin Hood's band. 30. **quarterstaff:** a stout stick from six to eight feet long; formerly used as a weapon by English peasants.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST [1]

The days of Queen Elizabeth have always had a peculiar fascination for Alfred Noyes, as shown in this poem and his longer *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. He has a gift for catching the spirit of olden times and transporting his reader into the past.

I tell you a tale tonight
  Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
  And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars
  Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
  And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song
  As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
  With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck:
  Ropes creaked — then all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
  And growled, as a sea dog will.

"Do 'ee know who Nelson was?
  That pore little shriveled form
With the patch on his eye, and the pinned-up sleeve
  And a soul like a North Sea storm?

"Ask of the Devonshire men!
  They know, and they'll tell you true;
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
  That Hardy thought he knew.

"He wasn't the man you think!
  His patch was a dern disguise!
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
  If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed;
  But his clothes was cunningly made,
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!
  The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;
  Well, there's more in the matter than that!
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
  And he wasn't the laced cocked hat.

"*Nelson was just — a Ghost!*
  You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
  And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
  (For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go astarn
  Two hundred years or so.

. . . . . .

"The waves were lapping and slapping
  The same as they are today;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
  In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
  Came floating all around;
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
  Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume II, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1910, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

3. **lanthorn:** lantern (an old form).

17. **Nelson:** Horatio Nelson (1758–1805), a great English admiral who defeated the French fleet off Trafalgar in 1805, and thereby destroyed Napoleon's hope of invading England.

19. **patch . . . sleeve:** Nelson had lost his right eye and his right arm, earlier, in service.

24. **Hardy:** Nelson's flag captain at Trafalgar. They were walking together on the deck of the *Victory* when Nelson received a mortal wound.

38. **Devonshire:** a county in southwest England. From the time of Drake and Raleigh it has been famous for its seafaring men.

47. **Drake:** Sir Francis Drake (1540?–1595), the first English commander to see the Pacific Ocean and to circumnavigate the globe. He defeated the Spanish in many naval battles and as vice-admiral helped win the victory over the Spanish Armada in 1588.

48. **Nombre [de] Dios Bay** (nŏm'br dĕ dē'ŏs): on the Isthmus of Panama. Drake died there on shipboard during an expedition against the Spaniards.

52. **Plymouth:** an inlet and seaport on the coast of Devonshire. It was the starting point of the English fleet against the Armada.

"'What shall I do,' he says,
'When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there
To shatter 'er foes once more?'

"(You've heard what he said, maybe,
But I'll mark you the points again;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.)

"'You must take my drum," he says,
'To the old sea wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

"'If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.'

"That's what he said; and he died;
An' his pirates listenin' roun',
With their crimson doublets and jeweled swords
That flashed as the sun went down,

"They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

"They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin' to say, 'Good-night.'

"They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea wall
The same as he told them to.

. . . . . .

"Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

"'It's only my dead that count,'
She said, as she says today;
'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"D'you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it's true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

"The foe was creepin' close,
In the dark to our white-cliffed isle;
They were ready to leap at England's throat,
When — Oh, you may smile, you may smile;

"But — ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead cold face
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson — was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye, or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

59. **box your compass:** to recite in order the thirty-two points of the compass; hence, to veer through all opinions back to an original opinion.

92. **Trafalgar's Bay:** on the southwest coast of Spain. Nelson was mortally wounded there in his great naval triumph.

THE BARREL ORGAN[1]

"Out of the mechanical grinding of the hand organ, with the accompaniment of the city omnibuses, we get the very breath of spring in almost intolerable sweetness. This poem affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lines, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet." — William Lyon Phelps.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon.
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
And there *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into — *a dance!* —

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2. **City:** London, especially the business district. 4. **fulfilled:** completed. 8. **symphony:** the rhythm of life. 18. **prismatic:** resembling the colors of light refracted by a prism. Here used figuratively. 25, 27. ***La Traviata, Il Trovatore*** (lä trä-vē-ä'tä, ēl trō-vä-tō'rē): tragic operas by Verdi, containing many well-known airs.

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
  Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
  Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
  The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
  The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there
  At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
  And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
  At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
  You'll hear the rest, without a doubt, all chorusing for London:

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
  Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
  Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
  In the City as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet.
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
  In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream
  Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
  And pulses with the sunset glow?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
  In the City as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own.
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known;
They are crammed and jammed in busses and — they're each of them alone
  In the land where the dead dreams go.

33. **Kew:** a suburb of London, famous for its botanical gardens. 41. **Dorian:** pertaining to Doris, a district in ancient Greece. 63. **Piccadilly:** a famous thoroughfare in London. 65. ***A che la morte*** (ä kā lä môr'tā): a passionate song of lost love in *Il Trovatore*, familiarly called "The Miserere."

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an Oxford man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the City as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute gun, the counting, and the long disheveled rout,
For the howl along the tow path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and his face is rather red
As he sees a loafer watching him and — there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled.
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and hardened demirep, it's ringing in her ears,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,
Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with tears,
For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

74. **modish:** stylish. 75. **hansom:** an old-fashioned hansom cab with the driver on a high seat behind the passenger. 83. **Isis:** the upper course of the Thames River, where rowing matches are held. 95. **demirep:** a woman of doubtful reputation. 109. **Jeremiah:** Notice that the loves now change from the dead to the living.

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!

If anyone should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is —
My own love, my true love
Is coming home today.

And it's buy a bunch a violets for the lady
(*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady;
While the sky burns blue above;

On the other side the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again;
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
Has whirled into — *a dance!*

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
Come down to Kew in lilac time (*it isn't far from London!*)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland,
Come down to Kew in lilac time (*it isn't far from London!*)

Suggestions for Study of Noyes

1. What customs of Robin Hood and his band are retold in "A Song of Sherwood"? Point out phrases and lines which show reverence for tradition, the charm of romance, the beauty of nature, and the appeal to the senses. Show wherein the rhythm, rhyme, use of alliteration, and repetition contribute to the poem.

2. What is the point of the story told in "The Admiral's Ghost"? If you are familiar with Drake and Nelson from your study of history, compare their portrayals here with those of the historians. Discuss the use of dialect in this poem.

3. Select some locale in our country where the spirits of dead heroes might be recalled, and picture it either in prose or poetry.

4. Note the three main divisions of "The Barrel Organ": lines 1–52, lines 53–118, lines 119–157. What is the central idea of each division? Find lines describing the effect of the music of the barrel organ on various individuals. What is the value of the frequent changes of meter in this poem?

5. Compare "The Barrel Organ" with "Alexander's Feast" (page 226). Which seems to you the more effective in showing the power of music over human emotion? Give reasons. List some pieces of music which have a strong emotional effect upon you.

6. Reread "The River of Stars" (page 5) and compare it with all these poems as to subject matter and rhythmic appeal.

Francis Thompson 1859–1907

Francis Thompson differs from the majority of his contemporaries in two respects. His field is almost entirely limited to lyric verse, and his reiterated subject is faith in God.

His was a strange and pitiful life. Poverty followed him from birth. He tried studying to be a priest and a doctor but proved unsuited to either, and consequently became estranged from his family. He then tried all sorts of ways to earn a living. But always he was a reader, haunting the libraries until his tatters caused him to be barred. Under the influence of the romantic lyrists he composed verses of his own. An appreciative editor, Wilfred Meynell, discovered Thompson at his lowest ebb, penniless, ill with tuberculosis, and addicted to opium as a result of having read of its effects on De Quincey. Thompson was taken to the Meynell home, where he lived the rest of his life and finally overcame the opium habit.

Outstanding among Thompson's unique and varied lyrics is "The Hound of Heaven," which has been described as "one of the few *great* odes of which our language can boast." The delicate imagery and distinctive artistry of this "frail poet of celestial vision" are well illustrated in the following poem, which is as "tinily, surely, mightily, frailly" constructed as the snowflake itself.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

What heart could have thought you?
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind —
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

10. **argentine:** silvery.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

1878–

Gibson, often called "the poet of contemporary industrial life," has devoted his life almost exclusively to writing. His publications, which began with two volumes of merely conventional lyric verse in 1902, now number above twenty books of prose, drama, and poetry with three main themes — the grim shepherds of the Northumbrian hills of his youth, narrative poems of labor, and compact, gripping war verse.

This poem, "The Stone," a universal favorite, shows an unusual combination of the characteristics of the old folk ballad and the more recent dramatic monologue. It has also the abrupt beginning in the middle of events and the high tone of tragedy which mark the great epics. While the stonecutter is the narrator throughout, yet our interest is centered wholly in the woman.

THE STONE

"And will you cut a stone for him,
To set above his head?
And will you cut a stone for him —
A stone for him?" she said.

Three days before, a splintered rock
Had struck her lover dead —
Had struck him in the quarry dead,
Where, careless of the warning call,
He loitered, while the shot was fired —
A lively stripling, brave and tall,
And sure of all his heart desired —
A flash, a shock,
A rumbling fall —
And, broken 'neath the broken rock,
A lifeless heap, with face of clay,
And still as any stone he lay,
With eyes that saw the end of all.

I went to break the news to her:
And I could hear my own heart beat
With dread of what my lips might say;
But some poor fool had sped before;
And flinging wide her father's door,
Had blurted out the news to her,
Had struck her lover dead for her,
Had struck the girl's heart dead in her,
Had struck life lifeless, at a word,
And dropped it at her feet;
Then hurried on his witless way,
Scarce knowing she had heard.
And when I came, she stood alone —
A woman, turned to stone;
And though no word at all she said,
I knew that all was known.

Because her heart was dead,
She did not sigh nor moan.
Her mother wept;
She could not weep.
Her lover slept;
She could not sleep.
Three days, three nights,
She did not stir.
Three days, three nights
Were one to her,
Who never closed her eyes
From sunset to sunrise,
From dawn to evenfall —
Her tearless, staring eyes,
That seeing naught, saw all.

The fourth night when I came from work,
I found her at my door.
"And will you cut a stone for him?"
She said, and spoke no more,
But followed me, as I went in,
And sank upon a chair;
And fixed her gray eyes on my face
With still, unseeing stare.
And, as she waited patiently,
I could not bear to feel
Those still, gray eyes that followed me.
Those eyes that plucked the heart from me,
Those eyes that sucked the breath from me
And curdled the warm blood in me,
Those eyes that cut me to the bone,
And pierced my marrow like cold steel.

And so I rose, and sought a stone,
And cut it, smooth and square;
And, as I worked, she sat and watched,
Beside me, in her chair.
Night after night, by candlelight,
I cut her lover's name.

Night after night, so still and white,
And like a ghost she came;
And sat beside me, in her chair,
And watched with eyes aflame.
She eyed each stroke,
And hardly stirred;
She never spoke
A single word;
And not a sound or murmur broke
The quiet, save the mallet stroke.

With still eyes ever on my hands,
With eyes that seemed to burn my hands,
My wincing, overwearied hands,
She watched, with bloodless lips apart,
And silent, indrawn breath;
And every stroke my chisel cut,
Death cut still deeper in her heart;
The two of us were chiseling,
Together, I and death.

And when at length the job was done,
And I had laid the mallet by,
As if, at last, her peace were won,
She breathed his name; and, with a sigh,
Passed slowly through the open door —
And never crossed my threshold more.

Next night I labored late, alone,
To cut her name upon the stone.

James Stephens 1882–

"Come away! for the dance has begun lightly, the wind is sounding over the hill, the sun laughs down into the valley, and the sea leaps upon the shingle panting for joy, dancing, dancing, dancing for joy." This is the invitation to "Faery Land" which comes to all the readers of James Stephens, another of the Irish Renaissance writers and one of its most gifted.

This poet and novelist is Irish in theme and idiom as well as in nationality. The son of poor parents living in Dublin, he had but little formal education and passed a wandering boyhood of extreme poverty. He was a typist and shorthand clerk in a lawyer's office in Dublin, supporting his wife and children on a weekly salary of six dollars and a half, before he published two volumes of verse in 1909. Three years later came two books of prose fiction, *The Charwoman's Daughter* and *The Crock of Gold*, which lifted him into sudden fame. Since then he has written many short stories, fantasies and fairy tales for children, and several volumes of verse, in which he, like Synge, draws from the wellspring of old Celtic material. His avowed purpose has been to give Ireland "a new mythology to take the place of the threadbare mythology of Greece and Rome."

Now an authority on art, he is assistant curator of the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin, but has leisure for writing and some travel. On his visits to America between 1925 and 1935, giving readings from his own verse and fiction, he impressed his hearers by the strangely combined humor, fantasy, and philosophy of his tales. All his work shows him to be a poet (even in his prose) and a master of diction at once direct, rhythmic, and rich in human tenderness.

IN WASTE PLACES

As a naked man I go
Through the desert, sore afraid;
Holding high my head, although
I'm as frightened as a maid.

The lion crouches there! I saw
In barren rocks his amber eye!
He parts the cactus with his paw!
He stares at me as I go by!

He would pad upon my trace
If he thought I was afraid!
If he knew my hardy face
Veils the terrors of a maid.

He rises in the nighttime, and
He stretches forth! He snuffs the air!
He roars! He leaps along the sand!
He creeps! He watches everywhere!

His burning eyes, his eyes of bale
Through the darkness I can see!
He lashes fiercely with his tail!
He makes again to spring at me!

I am the lion, and his lair!
I am the fear that frightens me!
I am the desert of despair!
And the night of agony!

Night or day, whate'er befall,
I must walk that desert land,
Until I dare my fear and call
The lion out to lick my hand.

Siegfried Sassoon 1886–

Among the poets who actually saw service during World War I, Siegfried Sassoon stands out prominently for his bitter denunciation of the horrors of warfare. "Let no one from henceforth," he is quoted as having said, "say one word countenancing war."

Sassoon is the son of a well-to-do country gentleman of Kent. At Cambridge he was known as a quiet young man who excelled in field sports, as master of the fox hounds, and as a lover of music and poetry. Between 1911 and 1916 he printed for private distribution seven small volumes of his own verse. With the outbreak of World War I he enlisted at once, rose to a captaincy in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, served in France and Palestine, and was awarded the Military Cross for courage in bringing back wounded soldiers from the battlefield. He wrote while in service, but not at all the pleasant lyric verse of his earlier years. *Counterattack* and two other volumes reflecting his experiences in the war are protests against the false glamour, baseness, waste, and futility of all war.

After 1918 he was a journalist in London for a time, but still wrote verse. In 1920 he visited America, where he read from his own works. Since then he has published both poetry and prose, much less violently emotional than his earlier volumes. His anonymous autobiographical novel, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (1928), won two literary prizes. Two years later it was followed by a similar work, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer.*

AFTERMATH

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways;
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same — and war's a bloody game. . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the war that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench —
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

Rupert Brooke 1887–1915

"To look at, he was part of the youth of the world," wrote a friend of Rupert Brooke. "A golden young Apollo," said another. These personal characterizations of England's famous soldier-poet apply equally to his verse, which is exuberant with the joy and beauty of life.

Born at Rugby, where his father was assistant headmaster at the school, he was educated there and at Cambridge. In college he was known as an enthusiastic student of letters and a splendid all-around athlete. He continued his education through travel in Germany, Italy, the United States, Canada, Samoa, and Tahiti. His *Letters from America* gave a vivid picture of his impressions of this country. His first slight volume of verse, published in 1913, justified his many literary friends in expecting greater verse from him; but immediately on the declaration of war in the following year, Brooke enlisted, throwing himself into this cause with his characteristic buoyancy and enthusiasm.

In February, 1915, he sailed with the British Expeditionary Force to the Dardanelles campaign. Death came en route, by blood poisoning from an insect bite, and he was buried on the Isle of Skyros in the Aegean Sea. The British government selected the poet's friend Stanley Casson to set up the memorial tablet which marks the spot. Thus was the prophecy of one of his "1914" sonnets fulfilled — his burial in a "corner of a foreign field that is forever England." Brooke's poetry wins our admiration not only for its sincere love of country, but also for the beauty beyond its theme.



RUPERT BROOKE, handsome and talented young poet who died early in World War I. (Hutchinson)

THE GREAT LOVER

Brooke exulted in the thousand little details of life, familiar and dear to him through custom and memory. It is this zest for living which makes his early death doubly tragic.

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendor of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame — we have beaconed the world's night;
A city — and we have built it, these and I;
An emperor — we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names

15. **inenarrable** (ĭn-ĕn-ăr'ă-b'l): unspeakable: indescribable.

Golden forever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming.
These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, fairy dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such —
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns —
Dear names,
And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing —
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mold;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass —
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass.
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramental covenant to the dust.
— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, new strangers —
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say,
"He loved."

THE SOLDIER

Of the five sonnets called "1914," published just before the poet's death, this is the best known. So precious has it become to England as a memento of her soldier-poets that the manuscript is now preserved in the British Museum.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thought by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Herbert Asquith 1881–

The Honorable Herbert Asquith is the eldest surviving son of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, a distinguished British statesman of the early twentieth century. Educated at Winchester School and Balliol College of Oxford University, he served in France and Belgium during World War I as a captain in the Royal Field Artillery. He has published volumes of verse and several novels, but is best known for such short occasional poems as the one included here.

This poem, first published in the *Times* of London in August, 1941, is another tribute to that small band of valiant airmen who, "undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge and mortal danger," defended England against the German Air Force in the battle of Britain in 1940–1941. Since then, the poem has taken on broader application, and may be said to commemorate the youth from many lands who "were children yesterday," and who have been called upon to make the great sacrifice.

YOUTH IN THE SKIES

These who were children yesterday
Now move in lovely flight,
Swift-glancing as the shooting stars
That cleave the summer night;

A moment flashed, they came and went,
Horizons rise and fall,
The speed of valor lifts them up
And strength obeys their call.

The downs below are breathing peace
With thyme and buttertlies,
And sheep at pasture in the shade —
And now from English skies

These who were children yesterday
Look down with other eyes;
Man's desperate folly was not theirs,
But theirs the sacrifice.

Old men may wage a war of words,
Another race are these,
Who flash to glory dawn and night
Above the starry seas.

Wystan Hugh Auden 1907–

Wystan Hugh Auden belongs to the small number of poets who have reached the full scope of their powers in the two decades between the wars. He has been the subject of bitter controversy. Some critics consider him an authentic voice in the poetry of the generation following World War I. To others his verse, with its caustic criticism of the contemporary social order and its word combinations and metrical forms which are often difficult to understand, does not warrant recognition.

Educated at Oxford, Auden was for a short period a schoolteacher. However, he has devoted most of his adult life to writing. Since 1939 he has lived in the United States and plans to become an American citizen. His volumes of verse include *Poems* and *Another Time*.

THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN

JS/07/M/378

THIS MARBLE MONUMENT IS
ERECTED BY THE STATE

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the war till the day he retired
He worked in the factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to poetry were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health Card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A gramophone, a radio, a car, and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into public opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year.
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenists say was the right number for a parent of his generation,
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we certainly should have heard.

Title: **JS/07/M/378:** the unknown citizen's file number.

Stephen Spender 1909–

Another poet who has received public recognition since World War I is Stephen Spender. Like Auden, he, too, has been the subject of strong differences of opinion. Indeed he is often associated in the public mind with Auden, although their work differs markedly in both content and form.

The son of a journalist, Spender from the age of seventeen had his own press, through which he supported himself by printing chemists' labels, and on which, later, he printed his own poems. An intermittent experience at Oxford, punctuated by foreign travel, ended in 1931. Like Auden, Spender, too, has been able to devote all his energies to writing.

The subject matter of much of his verse is inspired by those objects and events which are expressive of contemporary life. He brings to his interpretation incisive phrase, effective imagery, and emotional power. Spender's poetry is sometimes difficult to grasp on first reading; it must win its way slowly. His volumes include *Poems, Vienna,* and *Ruins and Visions.*

THE EXPRESS

After the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,
The gasworks and at last the heavy page
Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.
Beyond the town there lies the open country
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,
The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.
It is now she begins to sing — at first quite low,
Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness —
The song of her whistle screaming at curves,
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.
And always light, aerial, underneath
Goes the elate meter of her wheels.
Steaming through metal landscape on her lines,
She plunges new eras of wild happiness
Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves,
And parallels clean like the steel of guns.
At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night
Where only a low streamline brightness
Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.
Ah, like a comet through flame, she moves entranced
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

THE LANDSCAPE NEAR AN AIRDROME

More beautiful and soft than any moth
With burring furred antennae feeling its huge path
Through dusk, the air liner with shutoff engines
Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall
To point the wind. Gently, broadly, she falls,
Scarcely disturbing charted currents of air.

Lulled by descent, the travelers across sea,
And across feminine land indulging its easy limbs
In miles of softness, now let their eyes trained by watching
Penetrate through dusk the outskirts of this town
Here where industry shows a fraying edge,
Here they may see what is being done.

Beyond the winking masthead light
And the landing ground, they observe the outposts
Of work: chimneys like lank black fingers
Or figures frightening and mad; and squat buildings
With their strange air behind trees, like women's faces
Shattered by grief. Here where few houses
Moan with faint light behind their blinds
They remark the unhomely sense of complaint, like a dog
Shut out and shivering at the foreign moon.

In the last sweep of love, they pass over fields
Behind the airdrome, where boys play all day
Hacking dead grass: whose cries, like wild birds,
Settle upon the nearest roofs
But soon are hid under the loud city.

Then, as they land, they hear the tolling bell
Reaching across the landscape of hysteria
To where, larger than all the charcoaled batteries
And imaged towers against that dying sky,
Religion stands, the church blocking the sun.

STATISTICS

Lady, you think too much of speeds,
  Pulleys and cranes swing in your mind;
  The Woolworth Tower has made you blind
To Egypt and the pyramids.

Too much impressed by motorcars
  You have a false historic sense.
  But I, perplexed at God's expense
Of electricity on stars,

From Brighton pier shall weigh the seas,
  And count the sands along the shore:
  Despise all moderns, thinking more
Of Shakespeare and Praxiteles.

9. **Brighton** (brī′tŏn): a popular seaside resort on the English Channel. Before the war its great pier was crowded with brilliantly lighted places of amusement. 12. **Praxiteles** (prăx-ĭt′ĭ-lēz): one of the finest of the old Greek sculptors. He lived in the fourth century B.C.

Suggestions for Study of the Minor Poets

1. In "To a Snowflake" what echo of Blake's The Tiger" (page 307) do you find? What other points of similarity are there between these two mystic poets? What marked differences?

2. What two meanings does the title "The Stone" have? What characteristics of the ballad does the poem have? Find lines that express the effect on the heroine of her lover's death and the increasing intensity of her grief. Comment on the last two lines of the poem.

3. What universal experience is described in "In Waste Places"? What does the lion symbolize? Put the idea of the poem into simple language. What principle of psychology is involved in the last two stanzas?

4. What answers have been given to the questions asked in "Aftermath"? What is the meaning of the title?

5. Note, in "The Great Lover," the keen awareness and the vigorous enthusiasm that the poet brought to the everyday experiences of living. How many of the things named in this poem would you choose for your personal list of "loves"? What other things not mentioned would you include? Here is good subject matter for a composition.

6. How is the poet's concept of immortality linked with his ideal of patriotism in "The Soldier"?

7. How is "Youth in the Skies" typical of World War II rather than of World War I, in which Asquith fought?

8. In what ways is the individual pictured in "The Unknown Citizen" typical of our times? What method widely used by business, social, and government organizations is held up to scorn here? Comment on the last two lines of the poem. What is their significance? What light do they throw on the attitude of the poet toward our modern civilization?

9. "The Express" and "The Landscape near an Airdrome" are poems peculiarly descriptive of our times. Find phrases in both poems that are incisive and give clear-cut pictures. Note unusually effective comparisons in both poems. List words used in these poems rarely found in verse. Comment on their use.

10. Compare "Statistics" with "The World Is Too Much with Us" (page 346). What strong similarity in thought do you find? What divergence in expression?

General Questions

11. Read together the four poems on aviation in this volume: "Lie in the Dark and Listen" (page 18), "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death" (page 679), "Youth in the Skies" (page 701), "The Landscape near an Airdrome" (page 703). Show how each presents a different point of view and a different significance of the air in modern life. Read also the American poem "High Flight," by John G. Magee, Jr.

12. Read widely in some of the anthologies listed on page 745, and make a collection of poems you especially like.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY NON-FICTION PROSE

In this section are included essays, selections from biographies, and an outstanding example of modern British oratory. It must be remembered that some of the best essayists are authors who have been presented in other parts of the book: Bennett, Galsworthy, and Chesterton. J. B. Priestley's books of travel and observation must not be forgotten; review the selection from one of them at the beginning of this volume. H. G. Wells has written in the fields of history, science, and prophecy. In fact, almost every author discussed in the entire chapter on the twentieth century has written some form of nonfiction prose.

Henry Major Tomlinson

1873–

In the opinion of those who love to read of the brave men who go down to the sea in ships, H. M. Tomlinson is the successor, if not the peer, of Conrad. His prose style, like that of his predecessor, suggests poetry; his descriptions of the sea, jungle scenes, the desert, and life in home ports are a master essayist's vivid recollections of the beauty and romance of out-of-the-way places.

His first long voyage across the Atlantic and up the Amazon River is graphically recorded in his first book, *The Sea and the Jungle*, while his wanderings in the Malay Archipelago are revealed vividly in *Tidemarks*. The detailed observations of an expert reporter, blessed with a rich human spirit, show in *Old Junk, London River*, and other books of travel. Outstanding among his tales of the sea are *All Our Yesterdays* and *Gallions Reach*. His unforgettable experiences in Belgium and France while serving as a correspondent in World War I are recorded in *Waiting for Daylight*. Of this phase of his work Mr. Ratcliffe of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "One who was the friend of all, a sweet and fine spirit moving untouched amid the ruin and terror, expressing itself everywhere with perfect simplicity, and at times with a shattering candor." One of his later books *Out of Soundings*, is illustrated by his son.

THE MASTER

This master of a ship I remember first as a slim lad, with a shy smile, and large hands that were lonely beyond his outgrown reefer jacket. His cap was always too small for him, and the soiled frontal badge of his line became a colored button beyond his forelock. He used to come home occasionally — and it was always when we were on the point of forgetting him altogether. He came with a huge bolster in a cab, as though out of the past and nowhere. There is a tradition, a book tradition, that the boy apprenticed to the sea acquires saucy eyes, and a self-reliance always ready to dare to that bleak extreme the very thought of which horrifies those who are lawful and cautious. They know better who live where the ships are. He used to bring his young shipmates to see us, and they were like himself. Their eyes were downcast. They showed no self-reliance. Their shyness and politeness, when the occasion was quite simple, were absurdly incommensurate even with modesty. Their sisters, not nearly so polite, used to mock them.

As our own shy lad was never with us for long, his departure being as abrupt and unannounced as his appearance, we could willingly endure him. But he was extraneous to the household. He had the impeding nature of a new and superfluous piece of furniture which is in the way, yet never knows it, and placidly stays where it is, in its wooden manner, till it is placed elsewhere. There was a morning when, as he was leaving the house, during one of his brief visits to his home, I noticed to my astonishment that he had grown taller than myself. How had that happened? And where? I had followed him to the door that morning because, looking down at his cap which he was nervously handling, he had told me he was going then to an examination. About a week later he announced, in a casual way, that he had got his master's ticket. After the first shock of surprise, caused by the fact that this information was an unexpected warning of our advance in years, we were amused, and we congratulated him. Naturally he had got his certificate as master mariner. Why not? Nearly all the mates we knew got it, sooner or later. That was bound to come. But very soon after that he gave us a genuine surprise, and made us anxious. He informed us, as casually, that he had been appointed master to a ship; a very different matter from merely possessing the license to command.

We were even alarmed. This was serious. He could not do it. He was not the man to make a command for anything. A fellow who, not so long ago, used to walk a mile with a telegram because he had not the strength of character to face the lady clerk in the post office round the corner, was hardly the man to overawe a crowd of hard characters gathered by chance from Tower Hill,[1] socialize them, and direct them successfully in subduing the conflicting elements of a difficult enterprise. Not he. But we said nothing to discourage him.

Of course, he was a delightful fellow. He often amused us, and he did not always know why. He was frank, he was gentle, but that large vacancy, the sea, where he had spent most of his young life, had made him — well, slow. You know what I mean. He was curiously innocent of those dangers of great cities which are nothing to us because we know they are there. Yet he was always on the alert for thieves and parasites. I think he enjoyed his belief in their crafty omnipresence ashore. Proud of his alert and knowing intelligence, he would relate a long story of the way he had not only frustrated an artful shark, but had enjoyed the process in perfect safety. That we, who rarely went out of London, never had such adventures, did not strike him as worth a thought or two. He never paused in his merriment to consider the strange fact that to him, alone of our household, such wayside adventures fell. With a shrewd air he would inform us that he was about to put the savings of a voyage into an advertised trap which a

[1] **Tower Hill:** a poor district of London near the famous Tower, where common sailors often live.

country parson would have stepped over without a second contemptuous glance.

He took his ship away. The affair was not discussed at home, though each of us gave it some private despondency. We followed him silently, apprehensively, through the reports in the *Shipping Gazette*. He made point after point safely — St. Vincent, Gibraltar, Suez, Aden — after him we went across to Colombo, Singapore, and at length we learned that he was safe at Batavia. He had got that steamer out all right. He got her home again, too. After his first adventure as master he made voyage after voyage with no more excitement in them than you would find in Sunday walks in a suburb. It was plain luck; or else navigation and seamanship were greatly overrated arts.

A day came when he invited me to go with him part of his voyage. I could leave the ship at Bordeaux. I went. You must remember that we had never seen his ship. And there he was, walking with me to the dock from a Welsh railway station, a man in a cheap mackintosh, with an umbrella I will not describe, and he was carrying a brown-paper parcel. He was appropriately crowned with a bowler [1] hat several sizes too small for him. Glancing up at his profile, I actually wondered whether the turmoil was now going on in his mind over that confession which now he was bound to make: that he was not the master of a ship, and never had been.

There she was, a bulky modern freighter, full of derricks and timesaving appliances, and her funnel lording it over the neighborhood. The man with the parcel under his arm led me up the gangway. I was not yet convinced. I was, indeed, less sure than ever that he could be the master of this huge community of engines and men. He did not accord with it.

We were no sooner on deck than a man in uniform, gray-haired, with a seamed and resolute face, which anyone would have recognized at once as a sailor's, approached us. He was introduced as the chief officer. He had a tale of woe: trouble with the dockmaster, with the stevedores, with the cargo, with many things. He did not appear to know what to do with them. He was asking this boy of ours.

The skipper began to speak. At that moment I was gazing at the funnel, trying to decipher a monogram upon it; but I heard a new voice, rapid and incisive, sure of its subject, resolving doubts, and making the crooked straight. It was the man with the brown-paper parcel. It was still under his arm — in fact, the parcel contained pink pajamas, and there was hardly enough paper. The respect of the mate was not lessened by this.

The skipper went to gaze down a hatchway. He walked to the other side of the ship, and inspected something there, conned her length, called up in a friendly but authoritative way to an engineer standing by an amidship rail above. He came back to the mate, and with an easy precision directed his will on others, through his deputy, up to the time of sailing. He beckoned to me, who also, apparently, was under his august orders, and turned, as though perfectly aware that in this place I should follow him meekly, in full obedience.

Our steamer moved out at midnight, in a drive of wind and rain. There were bewildering and unrelated lights about us. Peremptory challenges were shouted to us from nowhere. Sirens blared out of dark voids. And there was the skipper on the bridge, the lad who caused us amusement at home, with this confusion in the dark about him, and an immense insentient mass moving with him at his will; and he had his hands in his pockets, and turned to tell me what a cold night it was. The pierhead searchlight showed his face, alert, serene, with his brows knitted in a little frown, and his underlip projecting as the sign of the pride of those who look direct into the eyes of an opponent, and care not at all. In my berth that night I searched for a moral for this narrative, but went to sleep before I found it.

[1] **bowler:** called "derby" in the United States.

Suggestions for Study of Tomlinson

1. What do you imagine to be the relationship of the writer to the young master? How does he show throughout that he is writing from the point of view of a landsman?

2. Does the change in the young master sound convincing to you? Have you known people who seemed to have entirely different personalities on their job from what they have at other times? How is the writer's attitude typical of that of the mature toward the rising generation?

3. Do you like the young master? Why or why not?



ALDOUS HUXLEY, is best known for his sophisticated novels and thoughtful essays. (Echo)

Aldous Huxley 1894–

Aldous Huxley has an unusually rich literary heritage. His grandfather was Thomas Huxley, the renowned Victorian scientist; his father was Leonard Huxley, the biographer; and his mother was a niece of Matthew Arnold, and a sister of the novelist Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is not surprising that practically all of Aldous Huxley's life has been given to literature.

Educated at Eton, he was prevented by temporary blindness from studying medicine. He later entered Balliol College, Oxford, from which he received his degree in English literature. In 1916 he was one of the contributors to and an editor of *Oxford Poetry*. "Two years of my time at Oxford were years of the war. During the remainder of the war I cut down trees, worked in a government office — as long as my sight would stand the strain — and taught at school."

Then, on the editorial staff of the *Athenaeum* and later as dramatic critic for the Westminster Gazette, he wrote a great many reviews, short stories, and essays. Among more than a score of published books the best known are *Brave New World*, a satire on standardization; *Proper Studies* and *Music at Night*, volumes of essays; *Brief Candles*, a collection of short stories; and *Point Counterpoint*, a unique experiment in craftsmanship, generally considered his most important novel. His latest novel, *Time Must Have a Stop*, has a lively interest in scientific ideas.

For the past several years he has been living in California, where, in addition to continuing his writing of novels and essays, he has been writing for the screen. Among the films on which he has worked is the very successful screen version of *Pride and Prejudice*.

COMFORT

NOVELTY OF THE PHENOMENON

French hotelkeepers call it *le confort moderne*,[1] and they are right. For comfort is a thing of recent growth, younger than steam, a child when telegraphy was born, only a generation older than radio. The invention of the means of being comfortable and the pursuit of comfort as a desirable end — one of the most desirable that human beings can propose to themselves — are modern phenomena, unparalleled in history since the time of the Romans. Like all phenomena with which we are extremely familiar, we take them for granted, as a fish takes the water in which it lives, not realizing the oddity and novelty of them, not bothering to consider their significance.

[1] **le confort moderne** (lĕ kôN-fôr′ mō-dĕrn′): modern comfort.

The padded chair, the well-sprung bed, the sofa, central heating, and the regular hot bath — these and a host of other comforts enter into the daily lives of even the most moderately prosperous of the Anglo-Saxon bourgeoisie. Three hundred years ago they were unknown to the greatest kings. This is a curious fact which deserves to be examined and analyzed.

The first thing that strikes one about the discomfort in which our ancestors lived is that it was mainly voluntary. Some of the apparatus of modern comfort is of purely modern invention; people could not put rubber tires on their carriages before the discovery of South America and the rubber plant. But for the most part there is nothing new about the material basis of our comfort. Men could have made sofas and smoking-room chairs, could have installed bathrooms and central heating and sanitary plumbing any time during the last three or four thousand years. And as a matter of fact, at certain periods they did indulge themselves in these comforts. Two thousand years before Christ, the inhabitants of Cnossus [1] were familiar with sanitary plumbing. The Romans had invented an elaborate system of hot-air heating, and the bathing facilities in a smart Roman villa were luxurious and complete beyond the dreams of the modern man. There were sweating rooms, massage rooms, cold plunges, tepid drying rooms with (if we may believe Sidonius Apollinaris [2]) improper frescoes on the walls and comfortable couches where you could lie and get dry and talk to your friends. As for the public baths they were almost inconceivably luxurious. "To such a height of luxury have we reached," said Seneca,[3] "that we are dissatisfied if, in our baths, we do not tread on gems." The size and completeness of the thermae [4] was proportionable to their splendor. A single room of the baths of Diocletian [5] has been transformed into a large church.

It would be possible to adduce many other examples showing what could be done with the limited means at our ancestors' disposal in the way of making life comfortable. They show sufficiently clearly that if the men of the Middle Ages and early modern epoch lived in filth and discomfort, it was not for any lack of ability to change their mode of life; it was because they chose to live in this way, because filth and discomfort fitted in with their principles and prejudices, political, moral, and religious.

COMFORT AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

What have comfort and cleanliness to do with politics, morals, and religion? At a first glance one would say that there was and could be no causal connection between armchairs and democracies, sofas and the relaxation of the family system, hot baths and the decay of Christian orthodoxy. But look more closely and you will discover that there exists the closest connection between the recent growth of comfort and the recent history of ideas. I hope in this essay to make that connection manifest, to show why it was not possible (not materially, but psychologically impossible) for the Italian princes of the quattrocento,[6] for the Elizabethan, even for Louis XIV to live in what the Romans would have called common cleanliness and decency, or enjoy what would be to us indispensable comforts.

Let us begin with the consideration of armchairs and central heating. These, I propose to show, only became possible with the breakdown of monarchical and feudal power and the decay of the old family and social hierarchies. Smoking-room chairs and sofas exist to be lolled in. In a well-made modern armchair you cannot do anything but loll. Now, lolling is neither dignified nor respectful. When we wish to appear impressive, when we have to administer a

[1] **Cnossus** (nŏs'ŭs): an ancient royal city of Crete. [2] **Sidonius Apollinaris** (sĭ-dōn'ĭ-ŭs ă-pŏl-ĭ-nā'rĭs): an eminent Roman of the fifth century, author, governor, senator, and bishop. [3] **Seneca** (sĕn-ĕ-kă): a Roman Stoic philosopher who died in A.D. 65. [4] **thermae**: public baths.

[5] **Diocletian** (dī-ŏ-klē'shăn): Roman emperor from A.D. 284 to 305. [6] **quattrocento** (kwät'trō-chĕn'tō): fifteenth century.

rebuke to an inferior, we do not lie in a deep chair with our feet on the mantelpiece; we sit up and try to look majestic. Similarly, when we wish to be polite to a lady or show respect to the old or eminent, we cease to loll; we stand, or at least we straighten ourselves up. Now, in the past human society was a hierarchy in which every man was always engaged in being impressive toward his inferiors or respectful to those above him. Lolling in such societies was utterly impossible. It was as much out of the question for Louis XIV to loll in the presence of his courtiers as it was for them to loll in the presence of their king. It was only when he attended a session of the Parlement that the King of France ever lolled in public. On these occasions he reclined in the Bed of Justice, while princes sat, the great officers of the crown stood, and the smaller fry knelt. Comfort was proclaimed as the appanage [1] of royalty. Only the king might stretch his legs. We may feel sure, however, that he stretched them in a very majestic manner. The lolling was purely ceremonial and accompanied by no loss of dignity. At ordinary times the king was seated, it is true, but seated in a dignified and upright position; the appearance of majesty had to be kept up. (For, after all, majesty is mainly a question of majestical appearance.) The courtiers, meanwhile, kept up the appearances of deference, either standing, or else, if their rank was very high and their blood peculiarly blue, sitting, even in the royal presence, on stools. What was true of the king's court was true of the nobleman's household; and the squire was to his dependants, the merchant was to his apprentices and servants, what the monarch was to his courtiers. In all cases the superior had to express his superiority by being dignified, the inferior his inferiority by being deferential; there could be no lolling. Even in the intimacies of family life it was the same: the parents ruled like popes and princes, by divine right; the children were their subjects. Our fathers took the fifth commandment very seriously — how seriously may be judged from the fact that during the great Calvin's [2] theocratic rule of Geneva a child was publicly decapitated for having ventured to strike its parents. Lolling on the part of children, though not perhaps a capital offense, would have been regarded as an act of the grossest disrespect, punishable by much flagellation, starving, and confinement. For a slighter insult — neglect to touch his cap — Vespasiano Gonzaga [3] kicked his only son to death; one shudders to think what he might have been provoked to do if the boy had lolled. If the children might not loll in the presence of their parents, neither might the parents loll in the presence of their children, for fear of demeaning themselves in the eyes of those whose duty it was to honor them. Thus we see that in the European society of two or three hundred years ago it was impossible for anyone — from the Holy Roman Emperor and the King of France down to the poorest beggar, from the bearded patriarch to the baby — to loll in the presence of anyone else. Old furniture reflects the physical habits of the hierarchical society for which it was made. It was in the power of medieval and Renaissance craftsmen to create armchairs and sofas that might have rivaled in comfort those of today. But society being what, in fact, it was, they did nothing of the kind. It was not, indeed, until the sixteenth century that chairs became at all common. Before that time a chair was a symbol of authority. Committeemen now loll, Members of Parliament are comfortably seated, but authority still belongs to a Chairman, still issues from a symbolical Chair. In the Middle Ages only the great had chairs. When a great man traveled, he took his chair with him, so that he might never be seen detached from the outward and visible sign of his authority. To this day the Throne no less than the Crown is the symbol of royalty. In

[1] **appanage** (ăp'ă-nĭj): special privilege.

[2] **Calvin:** John Calvin, a Protestant reformer of the sixteenth century. [3] **Vespasiano Gonzaga** (vĕs-pā-zhĭ-ā'nō gŏn-dzä'gä): one of a princely family ruling Mantua, Italy, from the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century.

medieval times the vulgar sat, whenever it was permissible for them to sit, on benches, stools, and settles. With the rise, during the Renaissance period, of a rich and independent bourgeoisie, chairs began to be more freely used. Those who could afford chairs sat in them, but sat with dignity and discomfort; for the chairs of the sixteenth century were still very thronelike, and imposed upon those who sat in them a painfully majestic attitude. It was only in the eighteenth century, when the old hierarchies were seriously breaking up, that furniture began to be comfortable. And even then there was no real lolling. Armchairs and sofas on which men (and, later, women) might indecorously sprawl, were not made until democracy was firmly established, the middle classes enlarged to gigantic proportions, good manners lost from out of the world, women emancipated, and family restraints dissolved.

CENTRAL HEATING AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

Another essential component of modern comfort — the adequate heating of houses — was made impossible, at least for the great ones of the earth, by the political structure of ancient societies. Plebeians were more fortunate in this respect than nobles. Living in small houses, they were able to keep warm. But the noblemen, the prince, the king, and the cardinal inhabited palaces of a grandeur corresponding with their social position. In order to prove that they were greater than other men, they had to live in surroundings considerably more than life-size. They received their guests in vast halls like roller-skating rinks; they marched in solemn processions along galleries as long and as draughty as Alpine tunnels, up and down triumphal staircases that looked like the cataracts of the Nile frozen into marble. Being what he was, a great man in those days had to spend a great deal of his time in performing solemn symbolical charades and pompous ballets — performances which required a lot of room to accommodate the numerous actors and spectators. This explains the enormous dimensions of royal and princely palaces, even of the houses of ordinary landed gentlemen. They owed it to their position to live, as though they were giants, in rooms a hundred feet long and thirty high. How splendid, how magnificent! But oh, how bleak! In our days the self-made great are not expected to keep up their position in the splendid style of those who were great by divine right. Sacrificing grandiosity to comfort, they live in rooms small enough to be heated. (And so, when they were off duty, did the great in the past; most old palaces contain a series of tiny apartments to which their owners retired when the charades of state were over. But the charades were long-drawn affairs, and the unhappy princes of old days had to spend a great deal of time being magnificent in icy audience chambers and among the whistling draughts of interminable galleries.) Driving in the environs of Chicago, I was shown the house of a man who was reputed to be one of the richest and most influential of the city. It was a medium-sized house of perhaps fifteen or twenty smallish rooms. I looked at it in astonishment, thinking of the vast palaces in which I myself have lived in Italy (for considerably less rent than one would have to pay for garaging a Ford in Chicago). I remembered the rows of bedrooms as big as ordinary ballrooms, the drawing rooms like railway stations, the staircase on which you could drive a couple of limousines abreast. Noble *palazzi,*[1] where one has room to feel oneself a superman! But remembering also those terrible winds that blow in February from the Apennines, I was inclined to think that the rich man of Chicago had done well in sacrificing the magnificences on which his counterpart in another age and country would have spent his riches.

BATHS AND MORALS

It is to the decay of monarchy, aristocracy, and ancient social hierarchy that we owe the two components of modern comfort hitherto discussed; the third great com-

[1] ***palazzi*** (pä-lä-zē): palaces.

ponent — the bath — must, I think, be attributed, at any rate in part, to the decay of Christian morals. There are still on the continent of Europe, and for all I know, elsewhere, convent schools in which young ladies are brought up to believe that human bodies are objects of so impure and obscene a character that it is sinful for them to see, not merely other people's nakedness, but even their own. Baths, when they are permitted to take them (every alternate Saturday) must be taken in a chemise descending well below the knees. And they are even taught a special technique of dressing which guarantees them from catching so much as a glimpse of their own skin. These schools are now, happily, exceptional, but there was a time, not so long ago, when they were the rule. Theirs is the great Christian ascetic tradition which has flowed on in majestic continuity from the time of St. Anthony and the unwashed, underfed, sex-starved monks of the Thebaid, through the centuries, almost to the present day. It is to the weakening of that tradition that women at any rate owe the luxury of frequent bathing.

The early Christians were by no means enthusiastic bathers; but it is fair to point out that Christian ascetic tradition has not at all times been hostile to baths as such. That the Early Fathers should have found the promiscuity of Roman bathing shocking is only natural. But the more moderate of them were prepared to allow a limited amount of washing, provided that the business was done with decency. The final decay of the great Roman baths was as much due to the destructiveness of the Barbarians as to Christian ascetic objections. During the Ages of Faith there was actually a revival of bathing. The Crusaders came back from the East, bringing with them the oriental vapor bath, which seems to have had a considerable popularity all over Europe. For reasons which it is difficult to understand, its popularity gradually waned, and the men and women of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries seem to have been almost as dirty as their barbarous ancestors. Medical theory and court fashions may have had something to do with these fluctuations.

The ascetic tradition was always strongest where women were concerned. The Goncourts[1] record in their diary the opinion, which seems to have been current in respectable circles during the Second Empire,[2] that female immodesty and immorality had increased with the growth of the bath habit. "Girls should wash less" was the obvious corollary. Young ladies who enjoy their bath owe a debt of gratitude to Voltaire[3] for his mockeries, to the nineteenth-century scientists for their materialism. If these men had never lived to undermine the convent-school tradition, our girls might still be as modest and as dirty as their ancestresses.

COMFORT AND MEDICINE

It is, however, to the doctors that bath-lovers owe their greatest debt. The discovery of microbic infection has put a premium on cleanliness. We wash now with religious fervor, like the Hindus. Our baths have become something like magic rites to protect us from the powers of evil, embodied in the dirt-loving germ. We may venture to prophesy that this medical religion will go still further in undermining the Christian ascetic tradition. Since the discovery of the beneficial effects of sunlight, too much clothing has become, medically speaking, a sin. Immodesty is now a virtue. It is quite likely that the doctors, whose prestige among us is almost equal to that of the medicine men among the savages, will have us stark naked before very long. That will be the last stage in the process of making clothes more comfortable. It is a process which has been going on for some time — first among men, later among women — and among its determining causes are the decay of hierarchic formalism and of Christian morality. In his lively little pamphlet describing Glad-

[1] **Goncourts** (gôn-kōōr'): French authors, brothers, of the nineteenth century. [2] **Second Empire:** that of Napoleon III in France, between 1850 and 1870. [3] **Voltaire** (vôl-târ'): a French philosopher of the eighteenth century.

stone's visit to Oxford shortly before his death, Mr. Fletcher has recorded the Grand Old Man's comments on the dress of the undergraduates. Mr. Gladstone, it appears, was distressed by the informality and the cheapness of the students' clothes. In his day, he said, young men went about with a hundred pounds' worth of clothes and jewelry on their persons, and every self-respecting youth had at least one pair of trousers in which he never sat down for fear of spoiling its shape. Mr. Gladstone visited Oxford at a time when undergraduates still wore very high starched collars and bowler hats. One wonders what he would have said of the open shirts, the gaudily colored sweaters, the loose flannel trousers of the present generation. Dignified appearances have never been less assiduously kept up than they are at present; informality has reached an unprecedented pitch. On all but the most solemn occasions a man, whatever his rank or position, may wear what he finds comfortable.

The obstacles in the way of women's comforts were moral as well as political. Women were compelled not merely to keep up social appearances, but also to conform to a tradition of Christian ascetic morality. Long after men had abandoned their uncomfortable formal clothes, women were still submitting to extraordinary inconveniences in the name of modesty. It was the war which liberated them from their bondage. When women began to do war work, they found that the traditional modesty in dress was not compatible with efficiency. They preferred to be efficient. Having discovered the advantages of immodesty, they have remained immodest ever since, to the great improvement of their health and increase of their personal comfort. Modern fashions are the most comfortable that women have ever worn. Even the ancient Greeks were probably less comfortable. Their undertunic, it is true, was as rational a garment as you could wish for; but their outer robe was simply a piece of stuff wound round the body like an Indian *sari,* and fastened with safety pins. No woman whose appearance depended on safety pins could ever have felt really comfortable.

COMFORT AS AN END IN ITSELF

Made possible by changes in the traditional philosophy of life, comfort is now one of the causes of its own further spread. For comfort has now become a physical habit, a fashion, an ideal to be pursued for its own sake. The more comfort is brought into the world, the more it is likely to be valued. To those who have known comfort, discomfort is a real torture. And the fashion which now decrees the worship of comfort is quite as imperious as any other fashion. Moreover, enormous material interests are bound up with the supply of the means of comfort. The manufacturers of furniture, of heating apparatus, of plumbing fixtures, cannot afford to let the love of comfort die. In modern advertisement they have means for compelling it to live and grow.

Having now briefly traced the spiritual origins of modern comfort, I must say a few words about its effects. One can never have something for nothing, and the achievement of comfort has been accompanied by a compensating loss of other equally, or perhaps more, valuable things. A man of means who builds a house today is in general concerned primarily with the comfort of his future residence. He will spend a great deal of money (for comfort is very expensive: in America they talk of giving away the house with the plumbing) on bathrooms, heating apparatus, padded furnishings, and the like; and having spent it, he will regard his house as perfect. His counterpart in an earlier age would have been primarily concerned with the impressiveness and magnificence of his dwelling — with beauty, in a word, rather than comfort. The money our contemporary would spend on baths and central heating would have been spent in the past on marble staircases, a grand façade, frescoes, huge suites of gilded rooms, pictures, statues. Sixteenth-century popes lived in a discomfort that a modern bank manager would consider unbearable; but they had Raphael's

frescoes, they had the Sistine chapel, they had their galleries of ancient sculpture. Must we pity them for the absence from the Vatican of bathrooms, central heating, and smoking-room chairs? I am inclined to think that our present passion for comfort is a little exaggerated. Though I personally enjoy comfort, I have lived very happily in houses devoid of almost everything that Anglo-Saxons deem indispensable. Orientals and even South Europeans, who know not comfort and live very much as our ancestors lived centuries ago, seem to get on very well without our elaborate and costly apparatus of padded luxury. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in higher and lower things, and can see no point in material progress except insofar as it subserves thought. I like labor-saving devices, because they economize time and energy which may be devoted to mental labor. (But then I enjoy mental labor; there are plenty of people who detest it, and who feel as much enthusiasm for thought-saving devices as for automatic dishwashers and sewing machines.) I like rapid and easy transport, because by enlarging the world in which men can live it enlarges their minds. Comfort for me has a similar justification: it facilitates mental life. Discomfort handicaps thought; it is difficult when the body is cold and aching to use the mind. Comfort is a means to an end. The modern world seems to regard it as an end in itself, an absolute good. One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into one vast feather bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona,[1] smothered.

Suggestions for Study of Huxley

1. Summarize the arguments proving that comfort was not possible in earlier centuries. Are they convincingly stated? Can you find weaknesses in any of them?

2. In what sense is Huxley using the term "Christian morals"? How do present-day Christian morals differ from those he describes?

3. Do you think that modern houses have sacrificed beauty and charm for comfort? Discuss.

4. Assemble some information on present housing conditions to see if the comforts described in this essay are universal or still somewhat exclusive possessions.

[1] **Desdemona** (dĕz-dĕ-mō′nȧ): the heroine of Shakespeare's tragedy *Othello*.

Lytton Strachey[2] 1880–1932

One of the striking phenomena of contemporary literature is the large number of biographies that have been published and are still being written by popular novelists or others who describe the lives of real people with the narrative skill formerly expended only on fictitious characters. For many decades preceding World War I, biography had been largely a blend of cold facts and warm praises. In the latter part of 1918 there appeared a skillful biographical study, *Eminent Victorians*, by an almost unknown author, Lytton Strachey, who, though not a novelist, opened up the possibilities of making biography rival fiction in interest.

This new writer was the son of Sir Richard Strachey, the Indian administrator. Educated at Cambridge, he became a writer of reviews and articles for periodicals. However, his command of psychology and his historical knowledge, coupled with his willingness to dig out the facts from vast masses of original material, soon enabled him to set a fresh standard for modern English biography. Using the method of the novelist, he presented the lives of the people whom he studied with such deep understanding that almost instantly he won fame and many imitators. "It is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one," he said. "To preserve . . . a becoming brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant — that, surely, is the first duty of a biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of speech." This second "duty" led the way for contemporary biographers to treat their subjects like human beings rather than supermen.

Strachey wrote two additional volumes of distinguished biography — *Queen Victoria* and *Elizabeth and Essex* — both of which should hold great interest for high-school students.

[2] **Strachey** (strā′chē).

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION

When William IV died childless in 1837, the rown went to his niece Victoria — daughter of ıe Duke of Kent, who had died seventeen ears before. Victoria was only eighteen at the me of her accession. Her life had been com-letely molded by two women, her mother and er governess, Baroness Lehzen, daughter of clergyman of Hanover. Even after Victoria ecame Queen, the Baroness occupied an ad-ıining bedroom and managed her private ffairs, though she denied interfering in public ffairs. "Drina," as Victoria was called in her ıildhood, was carefully brought up to be mple, obedient, orderly with her possessions, ıd devoutly pious. In Chapter III of *Queen ictoria*, which is here reprinted, we share with ıe young queen the excitement of her first year f sovereignty.

The new queen was almost entirely un-nown to her subjects. In her public appear-nces her mother had invariably dominated ıe scene. Her private life had been that of novice in a convent: hardly a human being rom the outside world had ever spoken to er; and no human being at all, except her ıother and the Baroness Lehzen, had ever een alone with her in a room. Thus it was ot only the public at large that was in ig-orance of everything concerning her; the ıner circles of statesmen and officials and ighborn ladies were equally in the dark. Vhen she suddenly emerged from this deep bscurity, the impression that she created ras immediate and profound. Her bearing t her first Council filled the whole gather-ıg with astonishment and admiration; the)uke of Wellington,[1] Sir Robert Peel,[2] even ıe savage Croker,[3] even the cold and caus-c Greville[4] — all were completely carried way. Everything that was reported of her subsequent proceedings seemed to be of no less happy augury. Her perceptions were quick, her decisions were sensible, her language was discreet; she performed her royal duties with extraordinary facility. Among the outside public there was a great wave of enthusiasm. Sentiment and romance were coming into fashion; and the spectacle of the little girl-queen, innocent, modest, with fair hair and pink cheeks, driving through her capital, filled the hearts of the beholders with raptures of affectionate loyalty. What, above all, struck everybody with overwhelming force was the contrast between Queen Victoria and her uncles. The nasty old men, debauched and selfish, pig-headed and ridiculous, with their perpetual burden of debts, confusions, and disreputabilities — they had vanished like the snows of winter, and here at last, crowned and radiant was the spring. Lord John Russell,[5] in an elaborate oration, gave voice to the general sentiment. He hoped that Victoria might prove an Elizabeth without her tyranny, an Anne without her weakness. He asked England to pray that the illustrious Princess who had just ascended the throne with the purest intentions and the justest desires might see slavery abolished, crime diminished, and education improved. He trusted that her people would henceforward derive their strength, their conduct, and their loyalty from enlightened religious and moral principles, and that, so fortified, the reign of Victoria might prove celebrated to posterity and to all the nations of the earth.

Very soon, however, there were signs that the future might turn out to be not quite so simple and roseate as a delighted public dreamed. The "illustrious Princess" might perhaps, after all, have something within her which squared ill with the easy vision of a well-conducted heroine in an edifying storybook. The purest intentions and the justest desires? No doubt; but was that all? To those who watched closely, for instance, there might be something ominous in the

[1] **Duke of Wellington:** (1769–1852), victor ver Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and an ıportant leader of the Conservative party ormerly the Tories). [2] **Sir Robert Peel:** (1788–850), a leader of the Conservative party and later rime Minister when that party was in power 841–1846). [3] **Croker:** John Wilson Croker (1780–857), at this time retired secretary of the Ad-iralty, prominent member of the Conservative rty, and a literary critic. [4] **Greville** (grĕv'il): harles C. F. Greville (1794–1865), clerk of ıe council, writer of a famous diary published ter his death.

[5] **Lord John Russell:** (1792–1878), a leader of the Liberal party (formerly the Whigs) who later took an active part in reform measures.

curious contour of that little mouth. When, after her first Council, she crossed the anteroom and found her mother waiting for her, she said, "And now, Mamma, am I really and truly Queen?" "You see, my dear, that it is so." "Then, dear Mamma, I hope you will grant me the first request I make to you, as Queen. Let me be by myself for an hour." For an hour she remained in solitude. Then she reappeared, and gave a significant order: her bed was to be moved out of her mother's room. It was the doom of the Duchess of Kent. The long years of waiting were over at last; the moment of a lifetime had come; her daughter was Queen of England; and that very moment brought her own annihilation. She found herself, absolutely and irretrievably, shut off from every vestige of influence, of confidence, of power. She was surrounded, indeed, by all the outward signs of respect and consideration; but that only made the inward truth of her position the more intolerable. Through the mingled formalities of court etiquette and filial duty she could never penetrate to Victoria. She was unable to conceal her disappointment and rage. "Il n'y a plus d'avenir pour moi," she exclaimed to Madame de Lieven; "je ne suis plus rien."[1] For eighteen years, she said, this child had been the sole object of her existence, of her thoughts, her hopes, and now — no! she would not be comforted, she had lost everything, she was to the last degree unhappy. Sailing, so gallantly and so pertinaciously, through the buffeting storms of life, the stately vessel, with sails still swelling and pennons flying, had put into harbor at last; to find nothing — a land of bleak desolation.

Within a month of the accession the realities of the new situation assumed a visible shape. The whole royal household moved from Kensington to Buckingham Palace, and, in the new abode, the Duchess of Kent was given a suite of apartments entirely separate from the Queen's. By Victoria herself the change was welcomed, though, at the moment of departure, she could afford to be sentimental. "Though I rejoice to go into B. P. for many reasons," she wrote in her diary, "it is not without feeling of regret that I shall bid adieu forever to this my birthplace, where I have been born and bred, and to which I am really attached!" Her memory lingered for a moment over visions of the past: her sister's wedding, pleasant balls and delicious concerts . . . and there were other recollections. "I have gone through painful and disagreeable scenes here, 'tis true," she concluded, "but still I am fond of the poor old palace." . . .

[Here follows a long discussion of two of the Queen's advisers, Baroness Lehzen and Baron Stockmar, a German doctor who had proved his sagacity as adviser to Victoria's Uncle Leopold.]

With Lehzen to supervise every detail of her conduct, with Stockmar in the next room, so full of wisdom and experience of affairs, with her Uncle Leopold's[2] letters, too, pouring out so constantly their stream of encouragements, general reflections, and highly valuable tips, Victoria, even had she been without other guidance, would have stood in no lack of private counselors. But other guidance she had; for all these influences paled before a new star, of the first magnitude, which, rising suddenly upon her horizon, immediately dominated her life.

William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, was fifty-eight years of age, and had been for the last three years Prime Minister of England. In every outward respect he was one of the most fortunate of mankind. He had been born into the midst of riches, brilliance, and power. His mother, fascinating and intelligent, had been a great Whig hostess, and he had been bred up as a member of that radiant society which, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, concentrated within itself the ultimate perfections of a hundred years of triumphant aristocracy. Nature had given him beauty and brains; the unexpected death of an elder brother

[1] **Il . . . rien:** The French means: "There is no more future for me. I am no longer anything."

[2] **Uncle Leopold:** King of Belgium, brother of Victoria's mother.

brought him wealth, a peerage, and the possibility of high advancement. Within that charmed circle, whatever one's personal disabilities, it was difficult to fail; and to him, with all his advantages, success was well-nigh unavoidable. With little effort he attained political eminence. On the triumph of the Whigs he became one of the leading members of the Government; and when Lord Grey retired from the premiership he quietly stepped into the vacant place. Nor was it only in the visible signs of fortune that Fate had been kind to him. Bound to succeed, and to succeed easily, he was gifted with so fine a nature that his success became him. His mind, at once supple and copious, his temperament, at once calm and sensitive, enabled him not merely to work, but to live with perfect facility and with the grace of strength. In society he was a notable talker, a captivating companion, a charming man. If one looked deeper, one saw at once that he was not ordinary, that the piquancies of his conversation and his manner — his free-and-easy vaguenesses, his abrupt questions, his lollings and loungings, his innumerable oaths — were something more than an amusing ornament, were the outward manifestations of an individuality that was fundamental. . . .

Probably, if he had been born a little earlier, he would have been a simpler and a happier man. As it was, he was a child of the eighteenth century whose lot was cast in a new, difficult, unsympathetic age. He was an autumn rose. With all his gracious amenity, his humor, his happy-go-lucky ways, a deep disquietude possessed him. A sentimental cynic, a skeptical believer, he was restless and melancholy at heart. Above all, he could never harden himself; those sensitive petals shivered in every wind. Whatever else he might be, one thing was certain: Lord Melbourne was always human, supremely human — too human, perhaps.

And now, with old age upon him, his life took a sudden, new, extraordinary turn. He became, in the twinkling of an eye, the intimate adviser and the daily companion of a young girl who had stepped all at once from a nursery to a throne. . . . However, he was used to delicacies, and he met the situation with consummate success. His behavior was from the first moment impeccable. His manner toward the young Queen mingled, with perfect facility, the watchfulness and the respect of a statesman and a courtier with the tender solicitude of a parent. He was at once reverential and affectionate, at once the servant and the guide. At the same time the habits of his life underwent a surprising change. His comfortable, unpunctual days became subject to the unaltering routine of a palace; no longer did he sprawl on sofas; not a single "damn" escaped his lips. The man of the world who had been the friend of Byron and the Regent, the talker whose parodoxes had held Holland House enthralled, the cynic whose ribaldries had enlivened so many deep potations, the lover whose soft words had captivated such beauty and such passion and such wit, might now be seen, evening after evening, talking with infinite politeness to a schoolgirl, bolt upright, amid the silence and the rigidity of court etiquette.

On her side Victoria was instantaneously fascinated by Lord Melbourne. The good report of Stockmar had no doubt prepared the way; Lehzen was wisely propitiated; and the first highly favorable impression was never afterward belied. She found him perfect; and perfect in her sight he remained. Her absolute and unconcealed adoration was very natural; what innocent young creature could have resisted, in any circumstances, the charm and the devotion of such a man? But, in her situation, there was a special influence which gave a peculiar glow to all she felt. After years of emptiness and dullness and suppression she had come suddenly, in the heyday of youth, into freedom and power. She was mistress of herself, of great domains and palaces; she was Queen of England. Responsibilities and difficulties she might have, no doubt, and in heavy measure; but one feeling dominated and absorbed all others — the

feeling of joy. Everything pleased her. She was in high spirits from morning till night. Mr. Creevey,[1] grown old now, and very near his end, catching a glimpse of her at Brighton, was much amused, in his sharp fashion, by the ingenuous gaiety of "little Vic." — "A more homely [2] little being you never beheld, when she is at her ease, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. . . . She eats quite as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm anybody." But it was not merely when she was laughing or gobbling that she enjoyed herself; the performance of her official duties gave her intense satisfaction. "I really have immensely to do," she wrote in her *Journal* a few days after her accession; "I receive so many communications from my Ministers, but I like it very much." And again, a week later, "I repeat what I said before that I have so many communications from the Ministers, and from me to them, and I get so many papers to sign every day, that I have always a very great deal to do. I delight in this work." Through the girl's immaturity the vigorous predestined tastes of the woman were pushing themselves into existence with eager velocity, with delicious force.

One detail of her happy situation deserves particular mention. Apart from the splendor of her social position and the momentousness of her political one, she was a person of great wealth. As soon as Parliament met, an annuity of £385,000 was settled upon her. When the expenses of her household had been discharged, she was left with £68,000 a year of her own. She enjoyed, besides, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which amounted annually to over £27,000. The first use to which she put her money was characteristic: she paid off her father's debts. In money matters, no less than in other matters, she was determined to be correct. She had the instincts of a man of business; and she never could have borne to be in a position that was financially unsound.

With youth and happiness gilding every hour, the days passed merrily enough. And each day hinged upon Lord Melbourne. Her diary shows us, with undiminished clarity, the life of the young sovereign during the early months of her reign — a life satisfactorily regular, full of delightful business, a life of simple pleasures, mostly physical — riding, eating, dancing — a quick, easy, highly unsophisticated life, sufficient unto itself. The light of the morning is upon it; and, in the rosy radiance, the figure of "Lord M." emerges, glorified and supreme. If she is the heroine of the story, he is the hero; but indeed they are more than hero and heroine, for there are no other characters at all. Lehzen, the Baron, Uncle Leopold, are unsubstantial shadows — the incidental supers of the piece. Her paradise was peopled by two persons, and surely that was enough. One sees them together still, a curious couple, strangely united in those artless pages, under the magical illumination of that dawn of eighty years ago; the polished high fine gentleman with the whitening hair and the whiskers and the thick dark eyebrows and the mobile lips and the big expressive eyes; and beside him the tiny Queen — fair, slim, elegant, active, in her plain girl's dress and little tippet, looking up at him earnestly, adoringly, with eyes blue and projecting, and half-open mouth. So they appear upon every page of the *Journal;* upon every page Lord M. is present, Lord M. is speaking, Lord M. is being amusing, instructive, delightful, and affectionate at once, while Victoria drinks in the honeyed words, laughs till she shows her gums, tries hard to remember, and runs off, as soon as she is left alone, to put it all down. Their long conversations touched upon a multitude of topics. Lord M. would criticize books, throw out a remark or two on the British

[1] **Mr. Creevey:** Thomas Creevey (1764–1838), well-known London Whig. His journals give a valuable picture of the late Georgian era.
[2] **homely:** used in the sense of informal or unaffected in manners.

Constitution, make some passing reflections on human life, and tell story after story of the great people of the eighteenth century. Then there would be business — a dispatch perhaps from Lord Durham in Canada, which Lord M. would read. But first he must explain a little. " He said that I must know that Canada originally belonged to the French, and was only ceded to the English in 1760, when it was taken in an expedition under Wolfe: ' a very daring enterprise,' he said. Canada was then entirely French, and the British only came afterward. . . . Lord M. explained this very clearly (and much better than I have done) and said a good deal more about it. He then read me Durham's dispatch, which is a very long one and took him more than ½ an hour to read. Lord M. read it beautifully with that fine soft voice of his, and with so much expression, so that it is needless to say I was much interested by it." And then the talk would take a more personal turn. Lord M. would describe his boyhood, and she would learn that " he wore his hair long, as all boys then did, till he was 17 (how handsome he must have looked!)." Or she would find out about his queer tastes and habits — how he never carried a watch, which seemed quite extraordinary. " ' I always ask the servant what o'clock it is, and then he tells me what he likes,' said Lord M." Or, as the rooks wheeled about round the trees, " in a manner which indicated rain," he would say that he could sit looking at them for an hour, and " was quite surprised at my disliking them. . . . Lord M. said, ' The rooks are my delight.' "

The day's routine, whether in London or at Windsor, was almost invariable. The morning was devoted to business and Lord M. In the afternoon the whole court went out riding. The Queen, in her velvet riding habit, and a top hat with a veil draped about the brim, headed the cavalcade; and Lord M. rode beside her. The lively troupe went fast and far, to the extreme exhilaration of Her Majesty. Back in the palace again, there was still time for a little more fun before dinner — a game of battledore and shuttlecock, perhaps, or a romp along the galleries with some children. Dinner came, and the ceremonial decidedly tightened. The gentleman of highest rank sat on the right hand of the Queen; on her left — it soon became an established rule — sat Lord Melbourne. After the ladies had left the dining room, the gentlemen were not permitted to remain behind for very long; indeed, the short time allowed them for their wine-drinking formed the subject — so it was rumored — of one of the very few disputes between the Queen and her Prime Minister; but her determination carried the day, and from that moment after-dinner drunkenness began to go out of fashion. When the company was reassembled in the drawing room the etiquette was stiff. For a few moments the Queen spoke in turn to each one of her guests; and during these short uneasy colloquies the aridity of royalty was likely to become painfully evident. One night, Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, was present; his turn soon came; the middle-aged, hard-faced *viveur*[1] was addressed by his young hostess. " Have you been riding today, Mr. Greville? " asked the Queen. " No, Madam, I have not," replied Mr. Greville. " It was a fine day," continued the Queen. " Yes, Madam, a very fine day," said Mr. Greville. " It was rather cold, though," said the Queen. " It was rather cold, Madam," said Mr. Greville. " Your sister, Lady Frances Egerton, rides, I think, doesn't she? " said the Queen. " She does ride sometimes, Madam," said Mr. Grenville. There was a pause, after which Mr. Greville ventured to take the lead, though he did not venture to change the subject. " Has your Majesty been riding today? " asked Mr. Greville. " Oh, yes, a very long ride," answered the Queen with animation. " Has your Majesty got a nice horse? " said Mr. Greville. " Oh, a very nice horse," said the Queen. It was over. Her Majesty gave a smile and an inclination of the head, Mr. Greville a profound bow, and the next conversation began with the next gentleman. When all the

[1] *viveur* (vē-vûr'): high liver.

guests had been disposed of, the Duchess of Kent sat down to her whist, while everybody else was ranged about the round table. Lord Melbourne sat beside the Queen, and talked pertinaciously — very often apropos to the contents of one of the large albums of engravings with which the round table was covered — until it was half-past eleven and time to go to bed.

Occasionally, there were little diversions: the evening might be spent at the opera or at the play. Next morning the royal critic was careful to note down her impressions. "It was Shakespeare's tragedy of *Hamlet*, and we came in at the beginning of it. Mr. Charles Kean (son of old Kean) acted the part of Hamlet, and I must say beautifully. His conception of this very difficult, and I may almost say incomprehensible, character is admirable; his delivery of all the fine long speeches quite beautiful; he is excessively graceful and all his actions and attitudes are good, though not at all goodlooking in face. . . . I came away just as *Hamlet* was over." Later on, she went to see Macready in *King Lear*. The story was new to her; she knew nothing about it, and at first she took very little interest in what was passing on the stage; she preferred to chatter and laugh with the Lord Chamberlain. But, as the play went on, her mood changed; her attention was fixed, and then she laughed no more. Yet she was puzzled; it seemed a strange, a horrible business. What did Lord M. think? Lord M. thought it was a very fine play, but to be sure, "a rough, coarse play, written for those times, with exaggerated characters." "I'm glad you've seen it," he added. But, undoubtedly, the evenings which she enjoyed most were those on which there was dancing. She was always ready enough to seize any excuse — the arrival of cousins — a birthday — a gathering of young people — to give the command for that. Then, when the band played, and the figures of the dancers swayed to the music, and she felt her own figure swaying too, with youthful spirits so close on every side — then her happiness reached its height, her eyes sparkled, she must go on and on into the small hours of the morning. For a moment Lord M. himself was forgotten.

The months flew past. The summer was over: "the pleasantest summer I ever passed in my life, and I shall never forget this first summer of my reign." With surprising rapidity, another summer was upon her. The coronation came and went — a curious dream. The antique, intricate, endless ceremonial worked itself out as best it could, like some machine of gigantic complexity which was a little out of order. The small central figure went through her gyrations. She sat; she walked; she prayed; she carried about an orb that was almost too heavy to hold; the Archbishop of Canterbury came and crushed a ring upon the wrong finger, so that she was ready to cry out with the pain; old Lord Rolle tripped up in his mantle and fell down the steps as he was doing homage; she was taken into a side chapel, where the altar was covered with a table cloth, sandwiches, and bottles of wine; she perceived Lehzen in an upper box and exchanged a smile with her as she sat, robed and crowned, on the Confessor's throne. "I shall ever remember this day as the proudest of my life," she noted. But the pride was soon merged once more in youth and simplicity. When she returned to Buckingham Palace at last she was not tired; she ran up to her private rooms, doffed her splendors, and gave her dog Dash its evening bath.

Life flowed on again with its accustomed smoothness — though, of course, the smoothness was occasionally disturbed. . . .

Suggestions for Study of Strachey

1. What persons lost influence or gained influence over Victoria after she became Queen? How did she and the Prime Minister regard each other?

[1] **the Confessor's throne:** the coronation throne of Edward the Confessor, next to the last of the Saxon kings before the Norman conquest

2. What impression did the young queen ake on her subjects? What light did her first quest after becoming Queen throw on her haracter? on her bringing-up?

3. In what ways did Victoria show the com- on sense of a mature woman? In what ways, e lively disposition of a young girl? Does rachey make her seem to you like a real girl an idealized figure?

4. Describe the way Victoria passed the day id evening. Does this court life sound more less attractive to you than your own life?

5. How does Strachey's account of Victoria's oronation compare with Pepys's description of at of Charles II (see page 237)? or with agazine and newspaper account or radio oadcasts of the last British coronation? What ery human touch comes at the end of this apter?

6. Summarize your impression of Victoria id of Lord Melbourne. Would you say that ngland was fortunate or unfortunate in being nder the rule of these two?

7. Compare this chapter with the presenta- on of the Queen's youth in the play *Victoria egina.*

Virginia Woolf 1882–1941

Virginia Woolf (Mrs. Leonard Woolf), the aughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, the eminent iographer, was related through her father's rst wife, a daughter of Thackeray, to half the cholarly families of England, while her own nother was one of England's most beautiful omen. Born in London in 1882, Virginia was ducated at home with her sister; but her chief dvantage was the continual meetings with nany distinguished poets, artists, musicians, nd novelists who were her father's friends. Her childhood summers were spent at St. ves, Cornwall, and these memories she later ecorded in one of her best novels, *To the ighthouse.*

After the death of their parents, the home of hese two shy, lovely, and intellectual sisters in Bloomsbury, London, became the meeting lace for their two brothers and their Cam- ridge friends. Among these guests was Leonard Woolf, a writer and editor, whom Virginia tephen married in 1912. Soon they set up in London suburb a hand press for limited ditions which became so successful that it s now a publishing house, The Hogarth Press.



VIRGINIA WOOLF. Her subtle novels reveal an intense interest in psychological and philosophical problems. (Photo by Man Ray. Harper's Bazar)

Mrs. Woolf was an essayist, a critic, and a novelist, noted for her original and fascinating technique. Many of her books are technical experiments, each differing from its predecessors. Chief among the novels are *Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse,* and *The Waves,* while her volumes of critical essays include *The Common Reader* and *A Room of One's Own.* Nor can one forget her biographical success, *Flush,* the story of the Brownings.

A leader in what is called "the stream of consciousness" school, Mrs. Woolf wrote with impressions sharp as steel engravings. A lover of life, she produced stimulating, alive books. Her brilliant career came to a tragic close in 1941, when, fearing a recurrence of a mental breakdown, she committed suicide by drowning.

FLUSH MEETS HIS RIVAL

Flush is a biography of unusual interest. Its intimate picture of two world-famous poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, during one of the most intense phases of

their lives, is revealed through the thoughts and actions of Miss Barrett's cocker spaniel.

The opening chapters narrate Flush's early life in the country, how he was presented to Miss Barrett, his first adventures in his new London home, and the growing affection between him and his new mistress.

One night early in January, 1845, the postman knocked. Letters fell into the box as usual. Wilson [1] went downstairs to fetch the letters as usual. Everything was as usual — every night the postman knocked, every night Wilson fetched the letters, every night there was a letter for Miss Barrett. But tonight the letter was not the same letter: it was a different letter. Flush saw that, even before the envelope was broken. He knew it from the way that Miss Barrett took it: turned it: looked at the vigorous, jagged writing of her name. He knew it from the indescribable tremor in her fingers, from the impetuosity with which they tore the flap open, from the absorption with which she read. He watched her read. And as she read he heard, as when we are half asleep we hear through the clamor of the street some bell ringing and know that it is addressed to us, alarmingly yet faintly, as if someone far away were trying to rouse us with the warning of fire, or burglary, or some menace against our peace and we start in alarm before we wake — so Flush, as Miss Barrett read the little blotted sheet, heard a bell rousing him from his sleep; warning him of some danger menacing his safety and bidding him sleep no more. Miss Barrett read the letter quickly; she read the letter slowly; she returned it carefully to its envelope. She too slept no more.

Again, a few nights later, there was the same letter on Wilson's tray. Again it was read quickly, read slowly, read over and over again. Then it was put away carefully, not in the drawer with the voluminous sheets of Miss Mitford's [2] letters, but by itself. Now Flush paid the full price of long years of accumulated sensibility lying couched on cushions at Miss Barrett's feet. He could read signs that nobody else could even see. He could tell by the touch of Miss Barrett's fingers that she was waiting for one thing only — for the postman's knock, for the letter on the tray. She would be stroking him perhaps with a light, regular movement; suddenly — there was the rap — her fingers constricted; he would be held in a vice while Wilson came upstairs. Then she took the letter and he was loosed and forgotten.

Yet, he argued, what was there to be afraid of, so long as there was no change in Miss Barrett's life? And there was no change. No new visitors came. Mr. Kenyon [3] came as usual; Miss Mitford came as usual. The brothers and sisters came; and in the evening Mr. Barrett came. They noticed nothing; they suspected nothing. So he would quiet himself and try to believe, when a few nights passed without the envelope, that the enemy had gone. A man in a cloak, he imagined, a cowled and hooded figure, had passed, like a burglar, rattling the door, and finding it guarded, had slunk away defeated. The danger, Flush tried to make himself believe, was over. The man had gone. And then the letter came again.

As the envelopes came more and more regularly, night after night, Flush began to notice signs of change in Miss Barrett herself. For the first time in Flush's experience she was irritable and restless. She could not read and she could not write. She stood at the window and looked out. She questioned Wilson anxiously about the weather — was the wind still in the east? Was there any sign of spring in the park yet? Oh no, Wilson replied; the wind was a cruel east wind still. And Miss Barrett, Flush felt, was at once relieved and annoyed. She coughed. She complained of feeling ill — but not so ill as she usually felt when the wind was in the east. And then, when she was alone, she read over again last night's letter. It was

[1] **Wilson:** the maid in personal attendance on Miss Barrett. [2] **Miss Mitford:** Mary Russell Mitford, best remembered as the author of *Our Village*. She was the friend who had presented Flush to Miss Barrett.

[3] **Mr. Kenyon:** John Kenyon, a distant cousin of the Barretts; poet, and friend to men of letters.

he longest she had yet had. There were nany pages, closely covered, darkly blotted, cattered with strange little abrupt hieroglyphics. So much Flush could see, from is station at her feet. But he could make o sense of the words that Miss Barrett was nurmuring to herself. Only he could trace er agitation when she came to the end of he page and read aloud (though uninelligibly), " Do you think I shall see you n two months, three months? "

Then she took up her pen and passed it apidly and nervously over sheet after heet. But what did they mean — the little vords that Miss Barrett wrote? " April is oming. There will be both a May and a une if we live to see such things, and perhaps, after all, we may . . . I will indeed ee you when the warm weather has revived ne a little. . . . But I shall be afraid of ou at first — though I am not, in writing hus. You are Paracelsus,[1] and I am a reluse, with nerves that have been broken on he rack, and now hang loosely, quivering t a step and breath."

Flush could not read what she was writng an inch or two above his head. But he new, just as well as if he could read every vord, how strangely his mistress was agiated as she wrote; what contrary desires hook her — that April might come; that April might not come; that she might see his unknown man at once, that she might never see him at all. Flush, too, quivered as he did at a step, at a breath. And remorselessly the days went on. The wind blew out he blind. The sun whitened the busts. A bird sang in the mews. Men went crying resh flowers to sell down Wimpole Street. All these sounds meant, he knew, that April was coming and May and June — nothing could stop the approach of that dreadful spring. For what was coming with the spring? Some terror — some horror — something that Miss Barrett dreaded, and that Flush dreaded too. He started now at the sound of a step. But it was only Henrietta.[2] Then there was a knock. It was only Mr. Kenyon. So April passed; and the first twenty days of May. And then, on the twenty-first of May, Flush knew that the day itself had come. For on Tuesday, the twenty-first of May, Miss Barrett looked searchingly in the glass; arrayed herself exquisitely in her Indian shawls; bade Wilson draw the armchair close, but not too close; touched this, that, and the other; and then sat upright among her pillows. Flush couched himself taut at her feet. They waited, alone together. At last, Marylebone Church[3] clock struck two; they waited. Then Marylebone Church clock struck a single stroke — it was half-past two; and as the single stroke died away, a rap sounded boldly on the front door. Miss Barrett turned pale; she lay very still. Flush lay still too. Upstairs came the dreaded, the inexorable footfall; upstairs, Flush knew, came the cowled and sinister figure of midnight — the hooded man. Now his hand was on the door. The handle spun. There he stood.

" Mr. Browning," said Wilson.

Flush, watching Miss Barrett, saw the color rush into her face; saw her eyes brighten and her lips open.

" Mr. Browning! " she exclaimed.

Twisting his yellow gloves in his hands, blinking his eyes, well groomed, masterly, abrupt, Mr. Browning strode across the room. He seized Miss Barrett's hand, and sank into the chair by the sofa at her side. Instantly they began to talk.

What was horrible to Flush, as they talked, was his loneliness. Once he had felt that he and Miss Barrett were together, in a firelit cave. Now the cave was no longer firelit; it was dark and damp; Miss Barrett was outside. He looked round him. Everything had changed. The bookcase, the five busts — they were no longer friendly deities presiding approvingly — they were

[1] **Paracelsus** (păr-ă-sĕl′sŭs): Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus, sixteenth-century alchemist and physician; the hero of a poem by that title written by Robert Browning.

[2] **Henrietta:** Henrietta Barrett, a sister of Elizabeth. [3] **Marylebone Church** (mā′rĭ-lĕ-bōn). church of "St. Mary on the Bourne." Wimpole Street is in the parish of St. Marylebone.

alien, severe. He shifted his position at Miss Barrett's feet. She took no notice. He whined. They did not hear him. At last he lay still in tense and silent agony. The talk went on; but it did not flow and ripple as talk usually flowed and rippled. It leaped and jerked. It stopped and leaped again. Flush had never heard that sound in Miss Barrett's voice before — that vigor, that excitement. Her cheeks were bright as he had never seen them bright; her great eyes blazed as he had never seen them blaze. The clock struck four; and still they talked. Then it struck half-past four. At that Mr. Browning jumped up. A horrid decision, a dreadful boldness marked every movement. In another moment he had wrung Miss Barrett's hand in his, he had taken his hat and gloves; he had said good-by. They heard him running down the stairs. Smartly the door banged behind him. He was gone.

But Miss Barrett did not sink back in her pillows as she sank back when Mr. Kenyon or Miss Mitford left her. Now she still sat upright; her eyes still burned; her cheeks still glowed; she seemed still to feel that Mr. Browning was with her. Flush touched her. She recalled him with a start. She patted him lightly, joyfully, on the head. And smiling, she gave him the oddest look — as if she wished that he could talk — as if she expected him too to feel what she felt. And then she laughed, pityingly; as if it were absurd — Flush, poor Flush could feel nothing of what she felt. He could know nothing of what she knew. Never had such wastes of dismal distance separated them. He lay there ignored; he might not have been there, he felt. She no longer remembered his existence.

And that night she ate her chicken to the bone. Not a scrap of potato or of skin was thrown to Flush. When Mr. Barrett came as usual, Flush marveled at his obtuseness. He sat himself down in the very chair that the man had sat in. His head pressed the same cushions that the man's had pressed, and yet he noticed nothing. "Don't you know." Flush marveled, "who's been sitting in that chair? Can't you smell him?"

For to Flush the whole room still reeked of Mr. Browning's presence. The air dashed past the bookcase, and eddied and curled round the heads of the five pale busts. But the heavy man sat by his daughter in entire self-absorption. He noticed nothing. He suspected nothing. Aghast at his obtuseness, Flush slipped past him out of the room.

But in spite of their astonishing blindness, even Miss Barrett's family began to notice, as the weeks passed, a change in Miss Barrett. She left her room and went down to sit in the drawing room. Then she did what she had not done for many a long day — she actually walked on her own feet as far as the gate at Devonshire Place with her sister. Her friends, her family, were amazed at her improvement. But only Flush knew where her strength came from — it came from the dark man in the armchair. He came again and again and again. First it was once a week; then it was twice a week. He came always in the afternoon and left in the afternoon. Miss Barrett always saw him alone. And on the days when he did not come, his letters came. And when he himself was gone, his flowers were there. And in the mornings when she was alone, Miss Barrett wrote to him. That dark, taut, abrupt, vigorous man, with his black hair, his red cheeks, and his yellow gloves, was everywhere. Naturally, Miss Barrett was better; of course she could walk. Flush himself felt that it was impossible to lie still. Old longings revived; a new restlessness possessed him.

Sleep became impossible while that man was there. Flush lay with his eyes wide open, listening. Though he could make no sense of the little words that hurtled over his head from two-thirty to four-thirty sometimes three times a week, he could detect with terrible accuracy that the tone of the words was changing. Miss Barrett's voice had been forced and unnaturally lively at first. Now it had gained a warmth and an ease that he had never heard in it before. And every time the man came, some new sound came into their voices — now

hey made a grotesque chattering; now they skimmed over him like birds flying widely; now they cooed and clucked, as if they were two birds settled in a nest; and then Miss Barrett's voice, rising again, went soaring and circling in the air; and then Mr. Browning's voice barked out its sharp, harsh clapper of laughter; and then there was only a murmur, a quiet humming sound as the two voices joined together. But as the summer turned to autumn Flush noted, with horrid apprehension, another note. There was a new urgency, a new pressure and energy in the man's voice, at which Miss Barrett, Flush felt, took fright. Her voice fluttered; hesitated; seemed to falter and fade and plead and gasp, as if she were begging for a rest, for a pause, as if she were afraid. Then the man was silent.

Of him they took but little notice. He might have been a log of wood lying there at Miss Barrett's feet for all the attention Mr. Browning paid him. Sometimes he scrubbed his head in a brisk, spasmodic way, energetically, without sentiment, as he passed him. Whatever that scrub might mean, Flush felt nothing but an intense dislike for Mr. Browning. The very sight of him, so well tailored, so tight, so muscular, screwing his yellow gloves in his hand, set his teeth on edge. Oh! to let them meet sharply, completely in the stuff of his trousers! And yet he dared not. Taking it all in all, that winter — 1845–1846 — was the most distressing that Flush had ever known.

Suggestions for Study of Woolf

1. Review the lives of the two Brownings as given in the biographical sketches on pages 470 and 473.

2. What characteristics of Miss Barrett are revealed in this chapter? What ones of Robert Browning are seen or suggested?

3. Trace the steps in the change of Flush's attitude toward Mr. Browning.

4. Try to tell in similar biographical vein an experience of one of your own pets.

5. Read all of *Flush* and report to the class other parts of the book to round out the picture of the Brownings.

6. Compare the episodes in this biography with similar parts in Frances Theresa Russell's *Two Poets, a Boy and a Dog*, or Rudolf Besier's drama *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

7. For additional material on the Brownings see page 531 of the Victorian Reading List.

Thomas Burke 1886–1945

We usually (and rightly) think of the slums of a great city as breeding places of sordidness and evil. But occasionally an individual born and reared in such an environment is able to rise above his surroundings to give expression to a creative gift with which he has been endowed. To this small group belongs Thomas Burke.

His parents died when he was very young, and his earliest memories are of living with an uncle in the depressed areas of London. Then followed five unhappy years in an orphanage school. His working career began at fifteen with a humble clerical job in a business office. At the same time he began to write, selling his first story when he was sixteen. Recognition came slowly, but Burke continued to write while he was successively a bookseller's assistant and an associate in the office of a literary agent. English magazines began to publish his short stories and poems; he had some of his work privately printed. Finally he was commissioned to write sketches of London and London life. These, collected in two volumes, met with such success on publication that Burke was able to devote all his energies to authorship. This he continued to do, writing short stories, sketches, and several autobiographical novels until his death in September, 1945.

Much of the appeal of Burke's work is found in his attitude toward the world he portrays. He has never forgotten his early years "spent outside of the gracious enclosures of life." He wrote of the segment of London and its people that he knew with sensitive understanding and an appreciation of the longing for beauty that so often lies hidden under poverty and ugliness. His well-known writings include *The Wind and the Rain*, *The Beauty of England*, *Living in Bloomsbury*, *Streets of London through the Centuries*, and *Limehouse Nights*.

A BOY'S AWAKENING

When Thomas Burke first entered employment, his wages barely sufficed to give him the necessities of life. Without money, and without friends, he began to spend his evenings tramping the streets of London. These nightly excursions became vivid experiences for him. He developed a keen awareness of the sounds, the colors, the shapes that mark the constantly varying atmosphere of the vast city. Then, after his first contacts with literature and music, this lad in his late teens discovered that the rewards of appreciation of the arts more than compensated for the dull routine of life at a clerk's desk. *The Wind and the Rain*, from which this chapter is taken, is Thomas Burke's autobiography.

Days of my youth, say the forgetful; happy days! That is one of the many precious lies that grownups like to tell themselves. I had little happiness then, partly because I was young and partly because I had no friends, no money, bad food, and no hope. As for those who wish they were young again, I suspect them. There was just one good thing I had then which belongs to all youth, however miserable. Though utterly joyless, I had a tremendous capacity for joy. . . .

In isolated moments this joy came, and when it came I seized it. Behind all my distress shone the great adventure of London, and against the hourly fret of hunger and shabby clothes and broken boots were set some splendid evenings. If my City [1] life was a fog it was shot with random flashes of beauty. The wonder of life! The magic of people! The fun of living in Bermondsey,[2] and having shops to look at, the streets to walk in, and sunshine in the mornings, and the thunder of traffic, and the long lines of evening lamps. The blessedness of bread and mustard when you were hungry, the delight of a bedroom when you were tired.

At seven o'clock I was free of the streets; and there night by night I wandered, letting London soak into me and resigning myself to my circumstances. I could see no way of getting on or getting out; I had no abilities for the City, and had lost all desire to attain them. For anything else I was useless, and it looked like ten shillings a week forever. I didn't believe that it *would* go on forever; I felt that something would have to happen, but at that time I could see nothing but the chemist's shop or the gas ring in Mrs. Flanagan's kitchen. Many a time, under the dark cloud of my age, I lingered on the bridges and brooded, but London saved me. Lonely as I was, it was a romantic loneliness; for there was all London to be lonely in. Sometimes of an evening I dashed threepence on a cup of tea and a piece of lunch cake in an A.B.C.[3] shop, away from my daily groove, and sat at my ease, regardless of the clock, and looked out upon the phantasmal streets, violet in the September dusk, or ebony and gold at winter, and the flash of faces from nowhere into nowhere, and the surge of their commerce. Once or twice, when I got a tip from a caller, I had buttered toast, and those occasions were high festivals. Afterward I wandered wherever my feet led me among queer streets and people, and suffered moments of rapture and of morbid gloom.

I saw all London at all hours of evening and night, and when I think of London I think always of lamps and spectral figures. Until I was twenty-four I knew nothing of London's mornings outside the City. I did not see Hyde Park at eleven o'clock or Piccadilly Circus at midday or the Strand or Oxford Street at afternoon teatime. I knew them only at night, but every night was an adventure. On paydays I took bus rides (on top, just behind the driver) and rode through London, and got off wherever my twopence left me, and roamed right or left; and felt the awfulness of Westminster Bridge Road or Notting Dale, and their side streets thick with all the wonder and dismay of life's pilgrimage; and the dark rumor of Cromwell Road, and the grandeur of Kensington [4] hotels through whose lacy

[1] **City:** In London, City with a capital letter refers to the business center, originally the old city enclosed in walls. Cf. "The Barrel Organ," page 691. [2] **Bermondsey:** a borough of London.

[3] **A.B.C.:** a chain of inexpensive restaurants in London. [4] **Kensington:** a borough of London.

windows I saw magnificent people having late dinner. I peeped in at stately restaurants and clubs, hovering and slinking, conscious of my impudence and fearful that the commissionaire would push me out of the way. I stood outside theaters and watched the arrival of the broughams with their sleek and silken parties. It was a world of elegance and coolness, of music and brilliant people talking brilliantly; a world to which I had no claim, by merit or indulgence, but the world where I longed to be. With the City in prospect, I had dreamed wildly of someday rising to a head clerkship at three pounds a week; but, now that I knew the City in fact, I saw that that was beyond my achievement. Even a pound a week seemed outside my reach; and never, even as a moment's dream, did it come to me that I might someday sit at those tables or ride in those cabs or enter those glittering vestibules as one entitled to enter them.

I wonder what happened to those places between then and the time I did reach them? What Aladdin has been at work to dim their magnificence? Where are those splendid hotels of Kensington? Where are those cool, cultured people whom I watched going into theaters? Where are those brilliant minds that I saw exchanging wit at the Embankment windows of the Savoy? Where are those radiant women and august waiters and golden lamps and peacock carpets? What imp of the bottle has turned Gatti's, in the Strand, from a palace of gold and blue, fit only for princes and princesses, into an ordinary restaurant where bank clerks and people like myself now lunch or dine?

At first I took these rambles as an escape from the City and from hunger; but soon the streets got hold of me, and I turned to them, not as to a narcotic, but as to a stimulant. I went out deliberately every night to find excitement. I loved the great highways and the lights and the noise, and the meditative squares; the gleams of lights and the rich shadows, and the mighty spirit that lived in all of them; but mostly I was drawn by the long, dark side streets that led to far countries or to secret encampments of alien and outlaw. . . .

I carried away each night little parcels of pictures. The haze of a fried-fish bar. The tinkle of an organ hidden in a back street. A lamp in an alley giving just enough light to make darkness horrible. The reek and murk of a public house. The massed lights of factories hung, as it were, from the sky. The gleam and gush of drapers' windows. Voices mourning or crying from unseen points. Street-corner groupings carven out of shadow. Strange life moving behind curtained windows or half-open doors. Darkness settled upon the city in a hundred hues: the leaden darkness of the Thames, the sable darkness of arches, blue spires, and the shoulders of great buildings looming against deeper blue, the clotted horror of fog; each darkness shading from the sky into its separate mood.

I followed these streets wherever their aimless curves and crowded corners led me; and every night some fresh aspect was revealed, some suave mingling of gleam and gloom, some wayward arrangement of light. Things and places that by day were uncomely were reborn in night beauty, and the meanest yard, the dreariest street, became as awful as the topmost peaks of the Mountains of the Moon. A narrow street by day was a narrow street, one of a regiment, wanting color and distinction; but with the coming of the night it made revelation. Its lampposts, by day pieces of iron, were then living watchers, and under their light the street was changed. Touched by the mystery of darkness and lamp, it became itself, took new lines, new form and spirit. It was not even the twin of its daytime self but a changeling of the night, with something of that goblin spell that hovers about the changeling. A warehouse wall at night was a monster. Ludicrous chimney pots held the challenge of the gargoyles of the Middle Ages, and railway arches were creatures of grace and strength hollowed out of the manifold darknesses. Villiers Street was an expression of the hour of escape, the dimin-

ishing lights of the Embankment carried the rhythm of great rivers, and every square was charged with the thoughtfulness of night.

I discovered literature.

I cannot trace the processes of that discovery. It seems that one week I was reading *Tit-Bits* and next week I was sitting in a teashop, lunching on coffee and cake, and reading a copy of a paper left on the seat by an earlier customer. It was called *T. P.'s Weekly*. There was no gradual awakening. I was conscious of an immediate opening-out and suddenly found myself confronted with the blaze and dazzle of literature and music. Why I devoured that paper I don't know. It dealt with matters that were wholly strange to me, and yet I felt that I could find my way about in it. I knew nothing of that upper world of spirits that lived with culture and recreated what they knew for the joy of men; yet I was attracted by that paper, and every Friday thence I lunched on coffee only and bought it.

The great exploration began. I joined the Public Library at Bermondsey, and the assistant librarian, a middle-aged creature with a face as dry as his alpaca jacket, took an interest in my plunge. He told me of the *Bookman* and the *Book Monthly*, and drew me on to the poets. I wasn't sure about those poets. I had always looked upon poetry as matter for laughter. In my world, poets were figures of fun — timid, crazy things with long hair and effeminate hands who went about looking at the moon. One could speak seriously of Dan Leno, but poetry implied derision which was expressed in unseemly parodies of "The Village Blacksmith," and "Come into the Garden, Maud." Poetry meant "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The May Queen," and "Casabianca." Of Keats, Shelley, and Browning I had not heard.

The librarian started me with Keats. Difficult stuff. All about people whose names I couldn't pronounce: Lamia, Hyperion, Endymion. Most of it bored me, but here and there I felt that there was Something About It. Shelley was worse. What he was raving about I really didn't know. Byron was a bit better, and bits of Browning had Something About Them. But I must confess that I did not quickly find my way about the realms of gold. I stumbled among these poets; and though an odd line from this one or that sent shivers down my neck, I was mainly perplexed. The biographical prefaces held me more than the texts, and I soon found that poets weren't the ninnies I had imagined them to be. They were interesting people, who lived interesting lives and suffered beautifully. Even when I couldn't understand their work, I was lifted and swayed by it; there was a surge in Byron and in some of Browning like that in Creegan's [1] double bass. Anyway, I was done with *Tit-Bits* and the comics. I began to swank, and to decide that I would be intellectual and walk above the herd; be like Chatterton [2] and Mangan [3] — a dark, pathetic figure. Clearly that was where I belonged, and I began to wrestle with poetry and to read everything I could find about the poets. I began to walk over London Bridge to the beat of single lines: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan" — but what he did I couldn't discover — "When looking on the happy Autumn fields" — "O lyric love, half angel and half bird."

One book led insensibly to another. I discovered new poets and new authors each week. I began to look into bookshops, and yearn toward possessing my own books instead of the greasy, pig-bound library copies. Then I discovered the Canterbury Poets, at ninepence, and the World's Classics, at a shilling; and I sacrificed three lunches and saved up a month's tips, and bought Edgar Allan Poe. Being seventeen, I turned naturally to those poets who had been miserable — Poe, Chatterton, Mangan, Burns, Otway [4] — and if I couldn't

[1] **Creegan:** a friend of Burke who played the double bass. [2] **Chatterton:** Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770) an English poet famous for his youthful genius and early tragic death. [3] **Mangan:** James Mangan (1803–1849), an Irish poet. [4] **Otway:** Thomas Otway (1652–1685), an English poet and dramatist who died in abject poverty.

read their poetry I read their lives. London was now touched with a new magic — the magic of noble association, and though I couldn't travel with Ariel I could feel the brush of his wings. The hard lines of Poultry [1] became softened because Hood [2] had been born there, and Waterloo Bridge was charged with passion and terror. Oxford Street was no more a busy main street; it was steeped in darkling clouds, not of London, but of bizarre countries of the fancy; and at every corner fluttered the imperial purple of the opium eater.[3] (Him I could understand, and I carried him about with me for weeks.) The horrid terracotta of the Prudential Building assumed grace as covering the site of Chatterton's last lodging. Tower Hill was lit with Otway, Bankside [4] with Shakespeare and Greene, and the Borough High Street with the Canterbury Pilgrims. Even my own court, Bussell's Grove, took something of the spell. I dramatized it. Perhaps Chatterton or Savage [5] had lived in just such a place as this. It was no longer a slum under the arches, but a corner of Spain where beautiful faces lingered in doorways. I saw the end house as waiting for the right tale to claim it and unfold itself there, a tale of youth and love and midnight. From the window of my room I looked across a shingle of red and gray roofs to the upper structure of the Tower Bridge, and this, too, began to live. The smell of hops and the reek of the tanneries, the grumble of the trains, and the clamor of the river traffic no longer disturbed me. Bankside was not so very far away, and the voices from tug and barge were crying in the accents that were heard by the Bankside folk three hundred years ago.

I had hot moments in teashops over my evening tea and cake, and there are certain branches of Lyons and the A.B.C. which for me have something of the quality of that shop in the Causeway. In a Cheapside shop on an April night I first read "Love in the Valley." [6] In another, on a December night, I first read "The Fall of the House of Usher." In another, on a hot evening of June, I sat until closing time reading *The Urn Burial*.[7] In yet another I read *In Memoriam* at one sitting. Those shops today effuse beauty with the odors of tea and toast, and lunch cake is more than something that can be bought at a penny a slice.

Hot with the hunter's passion, I began to chase everything labeled "standard." Criticism was beyond me; the hungry man has no time for the fastidiousness of the epicure. I was hypnotized by the word Poet. A poem by Keats (some trifle never meant for print) was a poem by Keats. Pope and Cowper and Kirke White and Mrs. Hemans and Samuel Rogers [8] were Poets. That was enough. I heard of a great novel called *Vanity Fair*. I tried three chapters and left it. I heard of a classic work called Boswell's *Johnson*. I read a few pages, and took it back to the library. I heard of George Barrow,[9] and found him dull and ungrammatical. I tried *The Vicar of Wakefield* and was bored. But in the mood of intellectual swagger induced by my plunge into great waters I hid these failures. At the office I began to show off, and to carry "standard" poets with me and leave them about; and at last they began to notice me, though the notice was edged with deserved ridicule. They could not understand why a boy of my sort should want to fill his head with That Stuff. I see now that they were

[1] **Poultry:** See page 56 on the naming of London streets. [2] **Hood:** Thomas Hood (1799–1845), an English poet famous for "The Song of the Shirt" (see page 431). [3] **the opium eater:** Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859), celebrated English essayist. The book referred to is *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. [4] **Bankside:** that portion of London lying on the south bank of the Thames between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges, the site of the early Elizabethan theaters. [5] **Savage:** Richard Savage (1697?–1743), an English poet made famous by one of Dr. Samuel Johnson's biographies.

[6] **"Love in the Valley":** a poem by George Meredith (1828–1909), an English poet and novelist. [7] **The Urn Burial:** a famous prose writing by Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682), an English poet and physician. [8] **White, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers:** all very minor English poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in contrast to the better poets, Pope and Cowper. [9] **George Borrow:** English traveler and author (1803–1881) who wrote about gypsy life in Spain.

justified — they were my employers — but I couldn't see it then.

"These rubbishy books lying about. No wonder you're so slack. Making your head silly with all this reading. Why don't you study something that will Get You On?"

I answered with a superior smile, and continued to swank. I read books that bored and books that jangled, and told the clerks how wonderful they were. I read those pompous weeklies that seem to be written by God in collaboration with Lord Curzon, and came to regard normal people as oysters. I read Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold and Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Maeterlinck. It is doubtful if I fully knew how much they bored me. The names held glamour, and seventeen is not an age for self-honesty and sharp likes and dislikes. I knew I was doing right in reading them, I knew that I was lifting myself above the office herd, and I deceived myself into thinking that I liked them. But the strain was too great for a half-empty stomach, and I soon returned to the black magic of Edgar Allan Poe and De Quincey, and the headlong urge of Byron. I was at home with color and flame, but the quartz of Carlyle didn't go down with bread and mustard; the figs and nuts of Emerson were useless to me. The tepid luster of Matthew Arnold, the marble tiles of Pater, the cold-water homilies of Ruskin, left me unsatisfied. I was particularly snappish about Emerson and Ruskin. I felt that people who wrote polished sentences about the spiritual dignity of poverty should try it for a month — in Bermondsey.

But I continued to read them, and soon my mind became a lumber room. Philosophy, poetry, romance, truth, and lies jostled one another and fought. I read every new book in the light of its predecessor. I made no attempt to range or relate them but accepted them all, changing my ideas of life to the tune of each new author. I went about London aflame with loves and hates: hate of the City, of the office, of the jargon of commerce, of dull people; and love of London and poetry and the world of intellect and fancy, where people Did Things; and, oh, how I despised, in the mad pride of intellectuality, the tattered folk I had to work among. To me the meanest red-nose comedian in a third-rate music hall stood in achievement far above the biggest buyer and seller. But I was young then. I thought I was unique. As I grew older I learned that the desire for beauty is not the gift of intellectuals or divines. Everywhere it manifests itself. Every workingwoman in the slums who puts a colored almanac on the wall, every clerk who potters in his garden, is satisfying the yearning for beauty. The girl who saves up for a feathered hat of clashing colors is striving for beauty as she sees it. The workingman who spoils his cheap furniture by painting it with flowers is striving for beauty. This instinct has nothing to do with culture; it is an inward force. Even the boor who guffaws at the sight of a beautiful picture or a poetic moment in a play has recognized beauty, and his guffaw is his abashed tribute.

But I had my own world. New sensations and discoveries awaited me with the turn of every week. There was the joy of watching sixpence grow to sevenpence, then eightpence, then ninepence, and a Canterbury Poet within reach; and then yielding to the flesh, and letting the whole ninepence go in one blazing burst of sausages, potatoes, and onions. From literature I moved, by the guidance of *T. P.'s Weekly*, to pictures and music. Here again I posed. I went to the National Gallery, and felt profound (as I had been told to) before the Dutch and Flemish masters. They were indeed wonderful. Oh, yes, they were. But when I came to Turner and Constable I didn't give them praises. I just looked and looked, and my mental state was "Oo!" With music it was the same. I read something about Promenade Concerts and the Opera. Promenade Concerts, obviously, were concerts where you walked about instead of sitting, but what "the Opera" was I didn't know. I had heard of comic opera, but that was vulgar stuff. Was there only one opera? I

ent to the Reference Library, and made vestigation, and found that there were iite a lot of operas, and that different peras were played every night from May July; and that opera was just like a play ily everything was sung instead of being poken.

By missing three teas and carrying a ircel for Mr. Pollock [1] I was able to sample Promenade Concert, and discovered, first, iat you couldn't promenade and, second, iat Beethoven and Bach and Haydn were eat composers. Undoubtedly they were eat. I had read that they were great, and felt, while listening, that there was Some- ing About Them. But Rossini, *William ell* overture; Wagner, Prelude to Act 3, *ohengrin;* Brahms' *Hungarian Dances;* 812; [2] Raymond; [3] Berlioz, "Hungarian larch" — were another matter, and they iook my belief that "The Lost Chord" id "Ora pro Nobis" were the majestic xpression in music.

Oo!

These brought positive pleasure; the hers, only the pleasure of attending some- ing serious and being different from the eople who lined up at music halls. There as the long wait at the door, listening to ie music talk about me. (I felt that I was the world of grace and refinement here I had longed to be, among clean eople with sweet manners and brilliant inds.) Would I ever know enough about usic to be able to talk like that? The pening of the doors. The stampede at the ay desk. The sheeplike rush downstairs. he scramble for a seat near the or- iestra. The red-shaded lamp. The soft irpet. The cigarette smoke. The solemnity f everybody. The gladiatorial entry of the usicians. The tuning-up — little flour- shes of melody from the strings, soft blares om the brass, teasing runs on the wood ind. The immense number of them, enough to make thirty Creegan orchestras. Four double basses. Eight cellos. I stared at this stupendous army of instruments. I was see- ing things tonight — the largest orchestra in the world, surely. I wanted to go out and tell people about it. I was sure that nobody in the City or Bermondsey knew about this orchestra and these concerts. It seemed im- possible that — A mild wave of clapping: the leader had entered. Then a Hush. The entrance of the shaggy-haired magician who was to control this mighty thing. The ap- plause; the solemn bows. At last, perfect silence. The raised baton. The moment of suspense. And then — ah! — the grand plunge into the *Tannhäuser* march. . . .

But the Italians at the opera! There was no pose here. They took me down my own streets. I made my first venture one Satur- day evening, following a month of hard saving and close attendance upon Pollock. The opera was called *La Bohème,* all about poets and artists and their love affairs, and for me it held the dignity of tragedy. There were singers whom I had seen described in the papers as the greatest singers in the world — Caruso, Melba, Scotti, Journet.

That was a night of "Oo's!" You see, I was unprepared for anything like this. I had heard no singing except street-corner or music-hall singing and, coming suddenly upon the new thing, I was almost drunk. I had never dreamed that there were such voices in the world. Oo — to be able to sing like that! To be able to write music like that! I sat tight in my cramped seat, hands on knees, fingers clenched, while a stupendous voice welled out of the dark, filling the house and ringing round the gal- lery. A voice that laughed and wept, and rose above trumpet and drum, and now was like a little bell, and now rippled and spar- kled and surged; a voice that make me think of crimson velvet.

Ooo-oo!

I felt that with that voice I was in the presence of something even more wonder- ful than poetry. Through the intervals I sat rigid and dazed; but when at last the cur- tain fell I came out reeling and stood for

[1] **Mr. Pollock:** Burke's employer in a business fice. [2] **1812:** a famous overture by Tschaikovsky, elebrating Napoleon's defeat at Moscow. [3] **Ray- ond:** the Raymond overture from *The Queen's ecret,* an opera by the French composer Am- roise Thomas.

half an hour near Waterloo Bridge, my ears full of the voice of Caruso and the phrases of the opera. I wondered whether Caruso had ever been poor, and whether he had been an office boy and what it must feel like to be a singer and have friends wherever you went. But no — that creature might have been a gypsy, but never a creature of the squalid makeshifts of the back streets. He might have been hard up, but never meanly poor. I had read about famous people who were said to have been poor, and I had found that the word "poor" meant whatever you wanted it to mean. People living in their own houses in the suburbs and having three meals a day were said to be poor. Authors were said to have "struggled" on two pounds a week. Great painters whose fathers kept shops were spoken of as born among the poor; but I had known people who kept shops in Bermondsey, and they had plenty of money and sent their children to the Higher Grade School. Creegan always called himself poor, but Creegan had a bank account and a checkbook. I didn't believe that anybody who got on had ever been really poor. No matter how clever you were, before you could get a chance of getting out, you had to look respectable. And how could you get a decent suit out of ten shillings a week? No — none of those wonderful singers had been like me: their faces hadn't got the "poor" look. They had been born among musical people, and had gone right into it.

I wondered at which of those big hotels Caruso was staying, and what his daily life was like and how many servants and carriages he had, and what he would have for supper, and what he felt about Things, and . . . then in a spasm of irritation at my own idiocy, I kicked the bridge and went home to Bussell's Grove.

Ten years later I told him about that night; and in a little wineshop at Beausoleil we shared a bottle over it, and drank to each other and to Covent Garden. . . .

My inner life was now all music. I went to the opera three times that year (I cultivated Mr. Pollock, who liked scrapes and bows) and I lived on melodies, worked on melodies, walked home to melodies. Instead of lines of poetry I carried tunes about with me, festal tunes. I placed Puccini and Mascagni as radiant creatures living far above my own world in a fairy world of sound. Bach? Beethoven? Yes, but with my small stature I could hardly see them. They lived in clouds, but these others had their feet on the earth. I saw all creative work as the spirit of God speaking through common men, and I even found the spirit of God in a derided intermezzo. But with delight came a wild desire to do something like that myself. I wanted to make something. I wanted to tell people what I thought and what I knew. I wanted to tell them about Quong Lee and his shop. I remembered my violin lessons, and tried to write music for the violin, and found that all my phrases were bits of opera. I tried to make verses about Quong Lee on the model of Byron and Chatterton, and lit the fire with them. I wrote poetical addresses to my poets inside the covers of their works, to all except one of them. This sort of thing: "O Keats, that died while yet the harp was trembling . . ." "O Shelley, when the waters covered thee. "O Wordsworth . . ." "O Byron . . ." "O Chatterton . . ." I gave each of them ten or fifteen lines. All but Burns. Burns stumped me, because he was writing in a foreign language; and if by chance you find on a secondhand stall a copy of the *Songs of Burns* in the Canterbury Poets, with two words written on the flyleaf, "O Burns," that's my copy of Burns.

Suggestions for Study of Burke

1. Find passages showing (1) that Burke developed his capacity for joy; (2) that he had the eye of an artist, the spirit of a poet.

2. Note, in detail, his reactions to his reading of great literature. Wherever possible, compare his reactions with yours.

3. How did his discovery of literature, art, and music affect (1) the development of his interests and tastes? (2) his attitude toward his associates? (3) his ambitions?

4. What type of person does the author seem to be? Is this account of his experiences and their effect on him convincing to you? Be specific in your answers.

Philip Guedalla [1] 1889–1944

Many writers have been influenced by Lytton Strachey's method of biographical writing, but one of the few of this group whose achievement is outstanding is Philip Guedalla.

Guedella's preparation for his work as a writer of history and historical biography followed the best British tradition. He was educated at a famous English public school, Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford University. Here he specialized in history, receiving his degree with honors in history in 1912. Then came the study of law, and service as legal adviser in various agencies of the British government.

His first work — *The Partition of Europe, 1715–1815* — was published in 1914. After an interval of several years a rapid succession of historical writings came from his pen. Among later volumes that have merited the greatest praise are *Wellington; The Hundred Years*, an account of England from the accession of Victoria to the accession of Edward VIII; and *Mr. Churchill*.

Like Lytton Strachey, Guedalla thought that the historian must achieve the miracle of making the dead past seem like the living present; for, he said, "When his reader is set dreaming of the past, the historian has done his work — provided the dream be true."

Guedalla's death on December 16, 1944, after a short illness, was a great loss to the English speaking world, for many noteworthy additions to our literature might have come from his pen.

MR. CHURCHILL'S WAR

This excerpt from *Mr. Churchill* gives a vivid picture of the Prime Minister, when he was leading his country through the desperate days that included the evacuation of Dunkirk and the daylight bombings of London.

In June, 1940, and the months that followed, Great Britain, under Mr. Churchill, stood in greater peril than at any moment in its history, knew it, and rather liked it. The coastline of the Continent from the North Cape to the Pyrenees was in enemy control, and behind it an undefeated army with immense striking power and unlimited air strength waited its moment. The danger was no graver in the weeks before Trafalgar,[2] when Nelson [3] was decoyed to the West Indies and the Grande Armée [4] lay waiting on the hills behind Boulogne, or in the breathless days that saw the vast crescent of the Armada draw slowly nearer to a silent island in a summer sea. For England in 1588 was not defenseless if Alva's men had landed, and England in 1805 had armed for years against a French invasion. But England in 1940? That question was never answered, because invasion never came. But it was plain that, in Froude's [5] words, "a combination of curious circumstances, assisted by four and twenty miles of water, had protected England hitherto from sharing the miseries of the rest of Europe," and that summer England wondered just how long the barrier would hold.

After years of gathering uncertainty about the future it was a relief to know precisely where they stood. There was not much room for doubting that in June, 1940; and it seemed preferable to the vague terrors of the unknown, which had hung over them during the inactive winter months, or the agonies they had experienced before the army was extricated from the Continent. Now they were all, or nearly all, at home, and they could face the worst together. Mr. Churchill had once written of "the genius of the English race in adversity."

But in those summer weeks they were braced by something more than adversity.

[1] **Guedalla** (gwĕ-dăl'ä).

[2] **Trafalgar** (trə-făl'gär): cape on the southwest coast of Spain; scene of the greatest British naval victory in the Napoleonic wars. [3] **Nelson:** English admiral, killed at battle of Trafalgar (1805). [4] **Grande Armée** (grȧnd ȧr-mā'): the French army which Napoleon organized in 1804 and commanded until 1814. They were waiting behind Boulogne for an opportunity to invade England. [5] **Froude** (frōōd): James Anthony Froude (1818–1894), a noted English historian.

For they had always valued their privacy. Their garden walls were higher, their railway compartments smaller, than those of other people; and when all Continental aid fell away from them, they were inwardly sustained by a strange, consoling feeling that they had got the war to themselves. There were no more foreign complications now, and they could trust themselves to do whatever had to be done. It was somehow comforting to feel that their backs were to the wall, that there was nothing more for them to think about, and that henceforward action would determine the event. (That feeling was put into words by the Londoner who remarked sedately, " Well, we're in the final now.")

They could see clearly that they had not been very good at forecasting events or at making preparations to encounter them, and that they had been brought to the edge of the abyss by leaders who honestly supposed themselves to be traveling in the opposite direction. But all that was over, and life seemed infinitely simpler now that they could see the precipice in front of them. For they were free to concentrate on action, on immense increases of production, on improvising an entirely new defense force over a million strong.

They set about it in a mood of surprising cheerfulness. Indeed, they were unusually sociable that summer. Strangers actually spoke to one another, warmed by a sense that they were all in it together (and a comfortable feeling that nobody else was). The Empire was with them, and sympathetic noises came from the United States. But the Empire was a long way off, except for an increasing number of its representatives in arms, who were comfortingly on the spot. If the blow fell it would fall on Britain. Their island was a stronghold, and as they walked about it they could see their own people and the large young men from the Dominions by whom it was to be defended. There were no heroics, because they all had far too much to do. But if their predicament that summer was Elizabethan, their temper was Elizabethan too.

One man's voice kept time to their steady pulse and occasionally made it beat a little faster. Indeed, it was not easy to say whether Mr. Churchill's mood was attuned to theirs or theirs to his, for they encouraged one another. He had begun at the darkest moment of the French collapse with a proud intimation that " we have become the sole champions now in arms to defend the world cause. We shall do our best to be worthy of this high honor." On the next day, surveying their situation " with a disillusioned eye," he enumerated as Great Britain's assets a large army, an unbeaten navy — " after all, we have a Navy. Some people seem to forget that we have a Navy. We must remind them " — and an air force whose performance at Dunkirk gave promise of still better results nearer home.

With these resources his technical advisers had recommended that the war could be carried on with " good and reasonable hopes of final victory." This cool report was followed by an equally calm account of consultations with the Dominions, resulting in the decision of a united Empire to fight on. Then he permitted himself a final word of eloquent encouragement:

" The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say, ' This was their finest hour.' "

That was in June. A vivid sense that all of them were in it was reinforced by the inclusive composition of Mr. Churchill's all-party Government — in which Tory lions lay down with Trade Union lambs, and Liberals of both complexions were on speaking terms — and by his unvarying refusal to reproach those responsible for past failings — " If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future." (A few months later,

on the death of Mr. Chamberlain,[1] he became the chosen leader of the Conservative party, strange vindication of his checkered course. It was a posthumous success for Randolph Churchill,[2] and a triumph of unorthodoxy justified in action.)

His strong sense of urgency, of the "supreme hour," informed all his utterances. But there was no suggestion of the slightest strain. Indeed, a comfortable insularity began to creep into his surveys — "Here, in our island, we are in good health and in good heart." This was followed by a circumstantial forecast of defense in "every village, every town, and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army," and preparations for the purpose were becoming familiar objects of the countryside and of the urban landscape. For Mr. Churchill and his countrymen kept pace with one another. "Here," he had told them, "in this strong City of Refuge which enshrines the title deeds of human progress and is of deep consequence to Christian civilization; here, girt about by the seas and oceans where the Navy reigns; shielded from above by the prowess and devotion of our airmen — we await undismayed the impending assault." They knew precisely what he meant. Meanwhile it was good to hear (as he told a later audience) that "the whole British Army is at home" and "the whole island bristles against invaders."

They were in August now. The summer weeks had passed, and they were still "erect, sure of ourselves, masters of our fate. Few would have believed we could survive; none would have believed that we should today not only feel stronger, but should actually be stronger than we have ever been before." They had come a long way since midsummer, when very few outside the British Empire believed that they would have the courage to fight on, and cold-eyed neutral journalists composed judicial surveys at long range of what the world would be like "if Britain should lose." The statistics of defeat had seemed almost unanswerable then. But they were never very good at figures.

Logically the operations on the Continent, upon whose result the war had hitherto been staked, pointed to a German victory, and the French, always logical, succumbed. But the British mind, impervious to logic, entirely failed to follow this disastrous reasoning. As they figured it out, it was palpably ridiculous for anybody to suppose (though nearly all the world supposed it) that the war was lost. Nothing was further from the truth, as they could see with their own eyes. Others might, perhaps, have lost it temporarily, for Oxford Street was full of foreign uniforms that summer. But they were quite convinced that nobody need feel the least anxiety about Great Britain.

They were helped to that conclusion by the cheerful voice of the Prime Minister, and no man ever rendered greater service to his people than their spokesman in those summer weeks of 1940. Perhaps it was his major contribution to their victory. For they had never been articulate, and Mr. Churchill, by saying what they felt, enabled them to feel it still more strongly. He felt as they did about the things that they were fighting for, things that had sometimes been a trifle undervalued by sophisticated critics in the twenties. But then Mr. Churchill had never been in sympathy with that enlightened decade, and neither, for that matter, were they. For when it came to it they found themselves insensibly aligned in defense of earlier ideals, of simpler standards well within their comprehension and Mr. Churchill's, of things that Englishmen had thought worth fighting for in 1914 and 1897 and 1815. (For they could see now that their history was not nearly so irrelevant as they had sometimes been inclined to think).

He did not speak smooth words to them about an easy victory, and he said just what they wanted said about the enemy. His sturdy mispronunciation of foreign names

[1] **Mr. Chamberlain:** Arthur Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister 1937–1940. [2] **Randolph Churchill:** Winston Churchill's father, who had been an opponent in Parliament of Neville Chamberlain's father, Joseph Chamberlain.

appealed to them immensely; he would have his little bit of fun about the Italians, and the country roared. They were delighted when he offered Mussolini's navy a safe passage past Gibraltar to satisfy "a general curiosity in the British Fleet whether the Italians are up to the level they were at in the last war or whether they have fallen off at all," no less than by his disrespectful word pictures of the "little Italian accomplice trotting along hopefully and hungrily, but rather wearily and very timidly." But in his graver passages, his deeper notes, his invocation of "all that we have and are," his simple statement that "we may show mercy — we shall ask for none," he was the voice of England.

They had learned to know him as a voice. Careful articulation, a slight difficulty with the letter "s," judicious pauses, and a highly unusual vocabulary composed a personality in sound with which they were familiar by now. They knew when its lifting intonation savored a new and still less favorable portrait of "this evil man, this monstrous abortion of hatred and defeat" or lightly sketched "his tattered lackey Mussolini at his tail and Admiral Darlan frisking at his side." His utterance, unspoiled by the labored imitations of his junior colleagues, was quite unmistakable, and they all knew it after his broadcasts. For that summer the Prime Minister was more heard than seen by the great mass of his fellow countrymen. When they saw him, thirty years of disrespectful effigies in political cartoons identified him plainly. (He was a little sensitive about it, explaining with some particularity in an essay upon the hardships of caricature that "my nose was not like a wart, and my hats were well fitted by one of the best hatters in London.") But they did not see a great deal of him at first. For there was too much to be done in Westminster [1] for him to be seen very much outside.

Presently he began to get about a little. He had always liked to see things for himself, and there was so much for him to see — the new defense works, the expanding armies, the latest weapons introduced into the panoply of war from the gangster's repertory. It was not long before the watching cameras rewarded public curiosity with the image of a cheerful leader with a slightly unusual taste in hats and a way of fingering firearms with an air of brisk anticipation. Soon his cigar, his dogged mouth, his purposeful, gay eye were seen abroad; and England learned to know its leader's figure as well as the front line had once known Clemenceau's.[2] There was a good deal of Clemenceau about him, and he confessed (as the old man had confessed to him one gusty day in 1918) a frank enjoyment of escape from Westminster to the realities of the front line.

In 1940 the front line was not so far away, and presently a square hat and a big cigar were seen ascending steep declivities in the neighborhood of coast defenses with considerable agility. The silhouette was unmistakable and (unlike his elocution) it had no imitators. Guards of honor were inspected and new weapons viewed with an appraising eye, hunched shoulders, and a large Havana. His headgear varied from the agricultural to the marine. But the walking stick and the cigar were quite invariable, and one wintry occasion in deep snow was honored with a magnificently hybrid costume — sea boots planted wide apart and walking stick erect in reefer pocket — which seemed to mark a definite attempt to introduce the long cigar into naval uniform.

They knew his figure now and cheered it to the echo, when they saw a busy, semi-naval presence hurrying at a hot pace up gangways into *H.M.S. Victory,* into unfinished warships, into whatever might be of interest to a Prime Minister who believed in seeing for himself. His life had scarcely

[1] **Westminster:** the part of London containing the Houses of Parliament and other government buildings.

[2] **Clemenceau** (klē-män-sō′): Georges Clemenceau (1841–1929), French statesman; Premier of France, 1917–1920.

brought him personal popularity on a wide scale till now. But there could be no mistaking what they felt about him, as the cheers rang out; and then the hat came off in a wide sweep, and a shy smile appeared. That, perhaps, was his reward after a long career in which he had so often stood alone.

After midsummer the war passed suddenly into a new phase. For the Germans snatched hungrily at command of the air above Great Britain in preparation for its final subjection. Their numerical preponderance was immense. But the attempt, watched by the quiet English fields in August and September, 1940, was unsuccessful. British gallantry, aided by superior design, beat off the German onslaught. German losses in the daylight air became unbearable, rising to 697 aircraft in the first ten days of their offensive and culminating in an autumn day when the Royal Air Force sent 185 enemy machines crashing into the country which they had failed to invade. Small wonder the Prime Minister's cigar remained unlit that morning as he watched the map in the operations room of a fighter group. He had already paid tribute to the gallantry of the few hundred men who stood between the country and defeat — "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few" — and the event confirmed him, gloriously passing one more milestone in the long march toward victory.

A new experience awaited them that autumn, as the Germans turned to a fresh expedient. The kindly German mind of Kaiser Wilhelm's day had already enriched the art of war with air bombardment of large cities, as with poison gas and promiscuous slaughter at sea by submarines; and no part of its inheritance was grasped more eagerly by the new Germany of the Third Reich. The swift destruction of civil populations from the sky by a preponderating air force was a notion with a strong appeal to those who understood that they would be the bombers rather than the bombed, and the appalling prospect had played a large part in the unopposed ascent of Hitler's Germany to European power. Civilized susceptibilities, chilled by the filmed apocalypse of Mr. H. G. Wells's *Shape of Things to Come* and by press photographs of bombing at Shanghai, Madrid, and Barcelona, shrank from the terrible experience.

The bare threat had sufficed to cow France, Britain, and Czechoslovakia in 1938; the grim reality at Warsaw and Rotterdam was terrifying; and one touch of it was enough for Paris. If only they could break the nerve or shatter the huge fabric of London, Britain might be disorganized and defeated. So the attempt was duly made in force on fine autumn nights in 1940.

The daylight sky was now no place for German bombers. But each night the city learned to know the unpleasant music of their approach, the halting drone of enemy propellers, the swish and thud of bombs, the glare of fires, and the swift rush of automobiles through the empty streets. Each morning, as it picked its way to work across the broken glass, it counted the destruction; but each day it found that London was still there, if a little battered and with a disconcerting tendency to send its traffic round by unlikely routes. The night was past, and each misty autumn morning London turned to a new day of work. Its great pulse beat steadily, and it accepted Mr. Churchill's cheerful calculation that "it would take ten years at the present rate for half the houses of London to be demolished. After that, of course, progress would be much slower." For the nightly siege of London failed to break their nerve or to destroy their city, and Londoners had met the challenge unafraid.

There were senseless killing, aimless destruction, silly savagery practiced upon unarmed people and their small belongings by a thwarted enemy. But they knew the German way by this time, and it led no further than a long vista of exasperated citizens vociferously informing Mr. Churchill that "We can take it" and (with more conviction) "Give it 'em back." He was out visiting them in the rubble of their shattered

streets, and presently, when the scourge swept on into the provinces, they saw a swiftly pacing figure with which the Mayor occasionally had some difficulty in keeping up. The smile, the lifted hat (sometimes he lifted it on the end of his walking stick to greet them, as he hurried by), swift handshakes, and a thrusting chin were all they saw of the Prime Minister, and sometimes he sat high on the back of an automobile so that they could see him better. That was how England greeted Mr. Churchill, as he went his rounds.

They rarely took him far afield. But once in the next year his duty sent him overseas to a quiet anchorage beyond the Western Ocean, where the misty hills looked down on a great British battleship at anchor beside an American cruiser. There he talked at ease with the President of the United States; and on a Sunday morning they sat smiling side by side, as two thousand men of two nations sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" under the silent English guns. Then he stood watching by the rail, as *U.S.S. Augusta* drew away. Homeward again across the Atlantic, with the sharp bows of his battleship curtsying to the mid-ocean swell, until they parted at the home port and a steel wall of cheering seamen sent him on his way. For Mr. Churchill had become his country's emblem.

Suggestions for Study of Guedalla

1. Characterize the state of mind of the British people during the summer of 1940.

2. What qualities of Churchill made it possible for him to "become his country's emblem" at this time?

3. Note the passages from Churchill's speeches quoted here. Which of these have already taken their place among the enduring words of our time? Why?

Winston Churchill 1874–

We do not have to await the verdict of history to place Winston Churchill among England's greatest men. His magnificent leadership carried England through the darkest period of her entire history — from the summer of 1940 to the fall of 1941. Then England stood alone, with the knowledge that an enemy formidable in both men and matériel was massed across the narrow English Channel, ready to attack.

Who was this man whom England called to lead her through her hour of greatest peril? The famous Duke of Marlborough was his ancestor; his father was Lord Randolph Churchill; his mother, a brilliant and beautiful American, Miss Jennie Jerome. His early career included army service in India, Egypt, and South Africa and a brief period as a war correspondent. In 1900 he entered the House of Commons as a member of the Conservative party. He has remained in government service almost continuously since that time, with many years in Parliament and many years in various administrative and cabinet posts.

From the time Hitler rose to power, Mr. Churchill warned Parliament and the country of Germany's threat to England; his warnings and his pleas for rearmament went unheeded. At the outbreak of World War II he became First Lord of the Admiralty (the English equivalent of Secretary of the Navy), but it was only after Germany's successful invasion of Denmark and Norway and just before her plunge into the Low Countries that he was called, on May 10, 1940, to the office of Prime Minister. Here his magnificent qualities of mind and spirit inspired the English people with the stamina and the unparalleled courage that played no small part in ultimately bringing the war to a triumphant close. Although, two months after the surrender of Germany in the summer of 1945, Mr. Churchill was defeatec in the landslide election which brought the Labor Government into power, he carries on as a great and respected leader of the opposition.

Mr. Churchill's place in literature is an outgrowth of his place in history. His writings include *Marlborough, His Life and Times,* a biography of his distinguished ancestor, and *The World Crisis,* a history of naval action in World War I. But of more general interest are the volumes containing speeches he made during World War II: *Blood, Sweat, and Tears; The Unrelenting Struggle;* and *The End of the Beginning.* In these speeches he symbolized the resolute and courageous spirit of the English and their unquenchable faith in final victory.

THE MIRACLE OF DUNKIRK

On June 4, 1940, Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, stood before the House of Commons to deliver this account of the successful evacuation of some three hundred thousand men of the British Expeditionary Forces. The position of the British Army, trapped on the beaches of northern France with its back to the English Channel, appeared hopeless and tragic. The Belgian Army had already surrendered; the French Army had ceased to be a fighting organization. For the British the choice seemed to be suicidal defense or humiliating surrender. A plan for rescue was hastily conceived. It demanded the concerted effort of all branches of the British armed services, aided by hundreds of volunteers manning small boats of every type. The successful accomplishment of this amphibious operation was indeed miraculous, and the achievement at Dunkirk has already taken its place among the heroic episodes of history.



WINSTON CHURCHILL, orator, scholar, and statesman, in a characteristic pose. (Underwood-Stratton)

The German eruption swept like a sharp scythe around the right and rear of the Armies of the north. Eight or nine armored divisions, each of about four hundred armored vehicles of different kinds, but carefully assorted to be complementary and divisible into small self-contained units, cut off all communications between us and the main French Armies. It severed our own communications for food and ammunition, which ran first to Amiens and afterward through Abbeville, and it shoved its way up the coast to Boulogne and Calais and almost to Dunkirk. Behind this armored and mechanized onslaught came a number of German divisions in lorries, and behind them again there plodded comparatively slowly the dull brute mass of the ordinary German Army and German people, always so ready to be led to the trampling down in other lands of liberties and comforts which they have never known in their own land.

I have said this armored scythe-stroke almost reached Dunkirk — almost but not quite. Boulogne and Calais were the scenes of desperate fighting. The Guards defended Boulogne for a while and were then withdrawn by orders from this country. The Rifle Brigade, the 60th Rifles, and the Queen Victoria's Rifles, with a battalion of British tanks and one thousand Frenchmen, in all about four thousand strong, defended

Calais to the last. The British Brigadier was given an hour to surrender. He spurned the offer, and four days of intense street fighting passed before silence reigned over Calais, which marked the end of a memorable resistance. Only thirty unwounded survivors were brought off by the Navy, and we do not know the fate of their comrades. Their sacrifice, however, was not in vain. At least two armored divisions, which otherwise would have been turned against the British Expeditionary Force, had to be sent to overcome them. They have added another page to the glories of the light divisions, and the time gained enabled the Gravelines water lines to be flooded and to be held by the French troops.

Thus it was that the port of Dunkirk was kept open. When it was found impossible for the Armies of the north to reopen their communications to Amiens with the main French Armies, only one choice remained. It seemed, indeed, forlorn. The Belgian, British, and French Armies were almost surrounded. Their sole line of retreat was to a single port and to its neighboring beaches. They were pressed on every side by heavy attacks and far outnumbered in the air.

When, a week ago today, I asked the House to fix this afternoon as the occasion for a statement, I feared it would be my hard lot to announce the greatest military disaster in our long history. I thought — and some good judges agreed with me — that perhaps twenty thousand or thirty thousand men might be re-embarked. But it certainly seemed that the whole of the French First Army and the whole of the British Expeditionary Force north of the Amiens-Abbeville gap would be broken up in the open field or else would have to capitulate for lack of food and ammunition. These were the hard and heavy tidings for which I called upon the House and the nation to prepare themselves a week ago. The whole root and core and brain of the British Army, on which and around which we were to build, and are to build, the great British Armies in the later years of the war, seemed about to perish upon the field or to be led into an ignominious and starving captivity. . . .

The enemy attacked on all sides with great strength and fierceness, and their main power, the power of their far more numerous Air Force, was thrown into the battle or else concentrated upon Dunkirk and the beaches. Pressing in upon their narrow exit, both from the east and from the west, the enemy began to fire with cannon upon the beaches by which alone the shipping could approach or depart. They sowed magnetic mines in the channels and seas; they sent repeated waves of hostile aircraft, sometimes more than a hundred strong in one formation, to cast their bombs upon the single pier that remained, and upon the sand dunes upon which the troops had their eyes for shelter. Their U-boats, one of which was sunk, and their motor launches took their toll of the vast traffic which now began. For four days or five days an intense struggle reigned. All their armored divisions — or what was left of them — together with great masses of infantry and artillery, hurled themselves in vain upon the ever-narrowing, ever-contracting appendix within which the British and French Armies fought.

Meanwhile the Royal Navy, with the willing help of countless merchant seamen, strained every nerve to embark the British and Allied troops; 220 light warships and 650 other vessels were engaged. They had to operate upon the difficult coast, often in adverse weather, under an almost ceaseless hail of bombs and an increasing concentration of artillery fire. Nor were the seas, as I have said, themselves free from mines and torpedoes. It was in conditions such as these that our men carried on, with little or no rest, for days and nights on end, making trip after trip across the dangerous waters, bringing with them always men whom they had rescued. The numbers they have brought back are the measure of their devotion and their courage. The hospital ships, which brought off many thousands of British and French wounded, being so plainly

marked, were a special target for Nazi bombs; but the men and women on board them never faltered in their duty.

The Royal Air Force, which had already been intervening in the battle, so far as its range would allow, from home bases, now used part of its main metropolitan fighter strength and struck at the German bombers and at the fighters which in large numbers protected them. This struggle was protracted and fierce. Suddenly the scene has cleared; the crash and thunder has for the moment — but only for the moment — died away. A miracle of deliverance, achieved by valor, by perseverance, by perfect discipline, by faultless service, by resource, by skill, by unconquerable fidelity, is manifest to us all. The enemy was hurled back by the retreating British and French troops. He was so roughly handled that he did not hurry their departure seriously. The Royal Air Force engaged the main strength of the German Air Force, and inflicted upon them losses of at least four to one; and the Navy, using nearly one thousand ships of all kinds, carried over three hundred and thirty-five thousand men, French and British, out of the jaws of death and shame, to their native land and to the tasks which lie immediately ahead. We must be very careful not to assign to this deliverance the attributes of a victory. Wars are not won by evacuations. But there was a victory inside this deliverance, which should be noted. It was gained by the Air Force. Many of our soldiers coming back have not seen the Air Force at work; they saw only the bombers which escaped its protective attack. They underrate its achievements. I have heard much talk of this; that is why I go out of my way to say this. I will tell you about it.

This was a great trial of strength between the British and German Air Forces. Can you conceive a greater objective for the Germans in the air than to make evacuation from these beaches impossible and to sink all these ships which were displayed, almost to the extent of thousands? Could there have been an objective of greater military importance and significance for the whole purpose of the war than this? They tried hard, and they were beaten back; they were frustrated in their task. We got the Army away and they have paid fourfold for any losses which they have inflicted. Very large formations of German airplanes — and we know that they are a very brave race — have turned on several occasions from the attack of one-quarter of their number of the Royal Air Force, and have dispersed in different directions. Twelve airplanes have been hunted by two. One airplane was driven into the water and cast away by the mere charge of a British airplane, which had no more ammunition. All of our types — the Hurricane, the Spitfire, and the new Defiant — and all our pilots have been vindicated as superior to what they have at present to face.

When we consider how much greater would be our advantage in defending the air above this island against an overseas attack, I must say that I find in these facts a sure basis upon which practical and reassuring thoughts may rest. I will pay my tribute to these young airmen. The great French Army was very largely, for the time being, cast back and disturbed by the onrush of a few thousands of armored vehicles. May it not also be that the cause of civilization itself will be defended by the skill and devotion of a few thousand airmen? There never has been, I suppose, in all the world, in all the history of war, such an opportunity for youth. The Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders, all fall back into the past — not only distant but prosaic; these young men, going forth every morn to guard their native land and all that we stand for, holding in their hands these instruments of colossal and shattering power, of whom it may be said that

Every morn brought forth a noble chance
And every chance brought forth a noble knight

deserve our gratitude, as do all of the brave men who, in so many ways and on so many occasions, are ready, and continue ready, to give life and all for their native land.

I return to the Army. In the long series of very fierce battles, now on this front, now on that, fighting on three fronts at once, battles fought by two or three divisions against an equal or somewhat larger number of the enemy, and fought fiercely on some of the old grounds that so many of us knew so well — in these battles our losses in men have exceeded thirty thousand killed, wounded, and missing. I take occasion to express the sympathy of the House to all who have suffered bereavement or who are still anxious. The President of the Board of Trade is not here today. His son has been killed, and many in the House have felt the pangs of affliction in the sharpest form. But I will say this about the missing: we have had a large number of wounded come home safely to this country, but I would say about the missing that there may be very many reported missing who will come back home, someday, in one way or another. In the confusion of this fight it is inevitable that many have been left in positions where honor required no further resistance from them.

Against this loss of over thirty thousand men, we can set a far heavier loss certainly inflicted upon the enemy. But our losses in material are enormous. We have perhaps lost one third of the men we lost in the opening days of the battle of 21st March, 1918, but we have lost nearly as many guns — nearly one thousand — and all our transport, all the armored vehicles that were with the Army in the north. This loss will impose a further delay on the expansion of our military strength. That expansion had not been proceeding as fast as we had hoped. The best of all we had to give had gone to the British Expeditionary Force; and although they had not the numbers of tanks and some articles of equipment which were desirable, they were a very well and finely equipped Army. They had the first fruits of all that our industry had to give, and that is gone. And now here is this further delay. How long it will be, how long it will last, depends upon the exertions which we make in this island. An effort the like of which has never been seen in our records is now being made. Work is proceeding everywhere, night and day, Sundays and weekdays. Capital and Labor have cast aside their interests, rights, and customs and put them into the common stock. Already the flow of munitions has leaped forward. There is no reason why we should not in a few months overtake the sudden and serious loss that has come upon us, without retarding the development of our general program.

Nevertheless, our thankfulness at the escape of our Army and so many men, whose loved ones have passed through an agonizing week, must not blind us to the fact that what has happened in France and Belgium is a colossal military disaster. The French Army has been weakened; the Belgian Army has been lost; a large part of those fortified lines upon which so much faith had been reposed is gone; many valuable mining districts and factories have passed into the enemy's possession; the whole of the Channel ports are in his hands, with all the tragic consequences that follow from that, and we must expect another blow to be struck almost immediately at us or at France. We are told that Herr Hitler has a plan for invading the British Isles. This has often been thought of before. When Napoleon lay at Boulogne for a year with his flat-bottomed boats and his Grand Army, he was told by someone, "There are bitter weeds in England." There are certainly a great many more of them since the British Expeditionary Force returned.

I would observe that there has never been a period in all these long centuries of which we boast when an absolute guarantee against invasion, still less against serious raids, could have been given to our people. In the days of Napoleon the same wind which would have carried his transports across the Channel might have driven away the blockading fleet. There was always the chance, and it is that chance which has excited and befooled the imaginations of many Continental tyrants. Many are the tales that are told. We are assured that novel methods

will be adopted, and when we see the originality of malice, the ingenuity of aggression, which our enemy displays, we may certainly prepare ourselves for every kind of novel stratagem and every kind of brutal and treacherous maneuver. I think that no idea is so outlandish that it should not be considered and viewed with a searching, but at the same time, I hope, with a steady eye. We must never forget the solid assurances of sea power and those which belong to air power if it can be locally exercised.

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government — every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength. Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous states have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end: we shall fight in France; we shall fight on the seas and oceans; we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air; we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be — we shall fight on the beaches; we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets; we shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle until, in God's good time, the New World with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

Suggestions for Study of Churchill

1. What was the purpose of Churchill's speech?

2. Give a clear and concise account of the evacuation of the British Armies, noting: (1) the positions of the opposing forces, (2) the effect of the British delaying action at Calais, (3) the battle at Dunkirk, and (4) the cooperative participation of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

3. What parts of the speech appeal to the emotions of the audience?

4. Churchill's style is marked by vigor and eloquence. Find passages illustrative of these qualities.

5. Note the effective use of repetition and parallel construction in the last two sentences.

6. When was the prophecy of the closing lines realized?

As the first half of the twentieth century nears its end, the world is emerging from the deep shadows of the most devastating war of all times. This stirring selection by J. B. Priestley expresses man's determination to achieve a better world — a world in which the hopes and dreams and visions of mankind will find realization.

A CITY INVINCIBLE. We will hope, and keep on hoping. And every time we find a spark of hope and vision in anybody, we will blow it into a blaze. They will tell us we can't change human nature. That's one of the oldest excuses for doing nothing. And it isn't true. We've been changing human nature for thousands of years. But what you can't change in it — no, not with guns or whips or red-hot bars — is man's eternal desire and vision and hope for making the world a better place to live in. And wherever you go now — up and down and across the seven seas — you can see this desire and vision and hope bigger and stronger than ever, beginning to light up men's faces, giving a lift to their voices. Not every man nor every woman wants to cry out for it; but there's one here, one there, a few down this street, some more down that street, until you begin to see there are millions of us — yes, armies and armies of us — enough to build ten thousand new cities — where men and women do not work for machines and money, but machines and money work for men and women; where greed and envy and hate have no place; where want and disease and fear have vanished forever; where nobody carries a whip and nobody rattles a chain; where men have at last stopped mumbling and gnawing and scratching in dark caves and have come out into the sunlight. And nobody can ever darken it for them again. They're out and free at last.

Reading List for the Twentieth Century

All titles in this list have been selected as suitable and interesting to high-school students, and therefore no stars have been used.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD

Since *Collected Poems* of almost every poet on this list are available, they are not mentioned under the individual poets. Titles of other volumes are named only when that particular volume was instrumental in building the poet's reputation. The poems mentioned are easily found in the best general anthologies. Many minor modern poets not listed individually may be read with enjoyment in the anthologies.

Brooke, Rupert: "Dining-Room Tea," "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," "The Hill," "Dust"

Chesterton, G. K.: "The Donkey," "A Prayer in Darkness," "The Praise of Dust"

De la Mare, Walter: "Sam's Three Wishes," "Jim Jay," "Old Susan," "Old Ben," "Haunted," "The Sleeper," *Peacock Pie*

Gibson, W. W.: *Daily Bread, Fires, Thoroughfares, Hill-Tracks*

Hardy, Thomas: "The Subalterns," "In the Servants' Quarters," "The Oxen," "The Tree and the Lady," "The Ivy Wife," *Time's Laughingstocks, Satires of Circumstance*

Housman, A. E.: *A Shropshire Lad, Last Poems, More Poems*

Kipling, Rudyard: "Danny Deever," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "Gunga Din," "Mandalay," "The White Man's Burden," "If," *Barrack-Room Ballads, Departmental Ditties*

Masefield, John: "Dauber," "Reynard the Fox," "Cargoes," "Sing a Song o' Shipwreck," "Bill," "Fever Ship," "A Ballad of John Silver," "Prayer," "August, 1914," *Salt-Water Ballads*

Noyes, Alfred: "The Highwayman," "The Victory Ball," "Drake," *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, Poems of the New World, Orchard's Bay*

Sassoon, Siegfried: "The Rear Guard," "Base Details," "Falling Asleep," "Every One Sang," *Counter-Attack, Picture-Show*

Stephens, James: "Little Things," "The Watcher," "Hate," *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

Thompson, Francis: "The Hound of Heaven," "Arab Love Song"

Yeats, W. B.: "The Wild Swans of Coole," "The Ballad of Father Gilligan," "The Stolen Child," *The Wind among the Reeds*

For poetry anthologies see page 748.

FICTION OF THE PERIOD

Barrie, James M.: novels: *The Little Minister, Sentimental Tommy, Tommy and Grizel;* short stories: *Auld Licht Idylls, A Window in Thrums*

Bennett, Arnold: novels: *Buried Alive, The Old Wives' Tale, Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways, Mr. Prohack;* short stories: *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns, The Matador of the Five Towns*

Buchan, John: *Midwinter, Prester John*

Byrne, Donn: *Blind Raftery, Hangman's House, Messer Marco Polo*

Chesterton, G. K.: short stories: *The Innocence of Father Brown, The Wisdom of Father Brown*

Conrad, Joseph: novels: *Lord Jim, The Nigger of the Narcissus, Nostromo;* short stories: *Tales of Unrest, A Set of Six, Youth, Typhoon*

Deeping, Warwick: *Sorrell and Son*

De la Mare, Walter: *Henry Brocken, Memoirs of a Midget*

De Morgan, William: *Alice-for-Short, Joseph Vance*

Doyle, Conan: short stories: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*

Galsworthy, John: novels: *Fraternity, The Forsyte Saga, The White Monkey, The Silver Spoon, Swan Song;* short stories: *Caravan*

Hardy, Thomas: See Victorian Reading List, page 531.

Hilton, James: *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips; Lost Horizon; Random Harvest*

Hudson, W. H.: *Green Mansions, The Crystal Age;* short stories: *Tales of the Pampas*

Jacobs, W. W.: short stories: *Many Cargoes, Light Freights, The Lady of the Barge,* "The Monkey's Paw"

Kipling, Rudyard: novels: *Kim, The Light That Failed, Captains Courageous;* short stories: *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, Many Inventions.* See also *Great Kipling Stories* and *Selected Stories from Kipling*

Masefield, John: novel: *Sard Harker;* short

stories: *A Mainsail Haul;* boys' books: *Jim Davis, Martin Hyde the Duke's Messenger*

Mansfield, Katherine: short stories: *The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield*

Maugham, W. Somerset: *Of Human Bondage*

Priestley, J. B.: *The Good Companions, Angel Pavement*

Strong, Howard: *Fame Is the Spur*

Stephens, James: *Irish Fairy Tales*

Tomlinson, H. M.: *Gallions Reach*

Walpole, Hugh: *Fortitude, The Dark Forest, The Cathedral, The Secret City,* three *Jeremy* books

Wells, H. G.: novels: *Tono-Bungay, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, Joan and Peter;* stories of science or social Utopias: *The War of the Worlds, The First Men in the Moon, A Modern Utopia, The War in the Air;* short stories: *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells*

Best novels of the more recent writers are mentioned in the chapter on "The English Novel," on pages 332–34.

DRAMA OF THE PERIOD

Barrie, J. M.: *Peter Pan, The Admirable Crichton, Quality Street, Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire, What Every Woman Knows, A Kiss for Cinderella, Dear Brutus;* one-act plays: *Half-Hours, Echoes of the War*

Bennett, A. and Knoblock, E.: *Milestones*

Coward, Noel: *Cavalcade, Bitter-Sweet*

Drinkwater, John: *Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Oliver Cromwell*

Dunsany, Lord: *A Night at an Inn, Gods of the Mountain, The Glittering Gate, Fame and the Poet, The Queen's Enemies*

Ervine, St. John: *Anthony and Anna, John Ferguson*

Galsworthy, John: *Justice, The Silver Box, The Mob, Loyalties, Old English, Escape*

Lady Gregory: *Seven Short Plays*

Housman, Laurence: *The Chinese Lantern, Prunella* (with Granville-Barker), *Victoria Regina*

Milne, A. A.: *Mr. Pim Passes By, The Great Broxopp, The Truth about Blayds, The Romantic Age*

Robinson, Lennox: *The Whiteheaded Boy*

Shaw, G. B.: *Arms and the Man, The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra, Androcles and the Lion, Pygmalion, Saint Joan*

Sheriff, R. C.: *Journey's End*

Synge, J. M.: *The Playboy of the Western World*

Yeats, W. B.: *The Land of Heart's Desire, Cathleen ni Hoolihan, The Pot of Broth*

NONFICTION PROSE OF THE PERIOD

Essays

Belloc, H.: *On Nothing, On Something, On Everything, On the Place of Gilbert Chesterton in English Letters*

Bennett, A.: *Literary Taste, Your United States, How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*

Chesterton, G. K.: From his numerous volumes the best have been assembled in *The Man Who Was Chesterton* and *A Gleaming Cohort*

Conrad, Joseph: *Last Essays*

Galsworthy, J.: *The Inn of Tranquility, A Sheaf, Castles in Spain*

Huxley, Aldous: *Proper Studies*

Lucas, E. V.: *Old Lamps for New,* and many other volumes

McFee, W.: *Harbors of Memory, Command, Swallowing the Anchor*

Milne, A. A.: *The Sunny Side, Not That It Matters*

Squire, J. C.: *Essays at Large*

Tomlinson, H. M.: *Sea and Jungle, Old Junk, London River, The Wind Is Rising*

Wells, H. G.: *New Worlds for Old, This Misery of Boots*

Biography and Autobiography

Barrie, J. M.: *Margaret Ogilvy*

Beerbohm, Max: *Rossetti*

Bennett, Dorothy: *Arnold Bennett*

Beresford, G. C.: *Schooldays with Kipling*

Chesterton, G. K.: *Autobiography, Shaw, Browning, Stevenson, Chaucer*

Conrad, Jessie: *Joseph Conrad and His Circle*

Conrad, Joseph: *The Mirror of the Sea, Some Reminiscences*

Davies, W. H.: *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*

Gow, A. S.: *A. E. Housman*

Guedalla, Philip: *Wellington, The Hundred Years*

Hudson, W. H.: *Far Away and Long Ago*

Kaye-Smith, Sheila: *Three Ways Home*

Kipling, R.: *Something of Myself*

Mansfield, Katherine: *Journal*

O'Sullivan, M.: *Twenty Years a-Growing*

Pearson, Hesketh: *G. B. S. A Full-Length Portrait*
Powys, L.: *Black Laughter*
Reynold, M. E.: *Memoirs of John Galsworthy*
Sassoon, S.: *Memoirs of George Sherston* (includes his three earlier memoirs)
Strachey, L.: *Eminent Victorians, Elizabeth and Essex*
Wells, H. G.: *Experiment in Autobiography, The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*

Social Background

Benson, E. F.: *As We Are*
Gibbs, P. H.: *Life and Times of George V*
Maurois, A.: *The Edwardian Era*

Architecture

Davidson, T. R.: *Modern Homes*
Marriott, C.: *Modern English Architecture*
Weaver, L.: *Small Country Houses of Today*

Reference Reading for English Literature

General Works

Auslander, Joseph and Hill, F. E.: **The Winged Horse*
Bartlett, John: *Familiar Quotations*
Boas and Smith: **An Introduction to the Study of Literature*
Boyd, Ernest: *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*
Cruse, Amy: *Famous English Books and Their Stories*
Cunliffe, J. W.: *English Literature during the Last Half-Century*
Drew, E.: *The Enjoyment of Literature*
Drinkwater, John: *The Outline of English Literature*
Erskine, John: *The Delight of Great Books*
Harvey, Paul: **Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Literature* (one-volume edition)
Manly and Rickert: **Contemporary British Literature*
Marshall, H. E.: **English Literature for Boys and Girls*
Noyes, Alfred: *A Pageant of Letters*
Reilley, J. J.: *Of Books and Men*
Reynolds and Greever: **Facts and Backgrounds of Literature*
Saintsbury, G. E.: *A Short History of English Literature*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

Stevenson, B. E.: *The Home Book of Quotations*
Van Doren, Carl and Mark: *American and British Literature since 1890*

Social and Historical Background

Boas and Hahn: **Social Backgrounds of English Literature*
Bushnell, S.: **The Historical Background of English Literature*
Cheyney, E. P.: **A Short History of England*, **The Industrial and Social History of England*
Chase, Mary E.: **This England*
Curtis, Mary I.: **England of Song and Story*
Fordham, M.: *A Short History of English Rural Life*
Guest, G.: **Social History of England*
Montgomery, D. H.: *The Leading Facts of English History*
Peel, Dorothy: **A Hundred Wonderful Years*
Quennell and Quennell: **Everyday Things in England*
Traill, H. D.: *Social England*

Geography and Travel

Adcock, A. S.: *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London*
Andrews and Lang: *Old English Towns*
Bedwell, Alice T.: *The Places of English Literature*
Bond, F.: *The English Cathedrals*
Boynton, P. H.: *London in English Literature*
Bradley, A. G.: *Highways and Byways in the Lake District*
Burke, Thomas: *The Book of the Inn*
Colum, Padraic: *The Road 'round Ireland*
Davies, W. W.: *A Wayfarer in Wales*
Ditchfield, P. H.: **Vanishing England*
Grierson, J. C.: **The Background of English Literature*
Harper, C. G.: *More Queer Things about London*
Hughes, M. V.: *America's England*
Hutton, L.: *Literary Landmarks of London*
Hyeth, A. H.: *The Charm of Edinburgh*
Lang, Elsie: *Literary London*
Lucas, E. V.: *A Wanderer in London, Introducing London*
Maskell, H. P.: *Old Country Inns*
Moncrieff, S.: *Scottish Country*
Morton, H. V.: **In Search of England*, **In Search of Ireland*, **In Search of Scotland*
Munson, A.: *Kipling's India*
Priestley, J. B.: **English Journey*

Shannon and Goode: *An Atlas of English Literature*
Speakman, Harold: **Here's Ireland*
Wagner, L.: *More London Inns and Taverns*
Ward, A. C.: *A Literary Journey through Wartime Britain*
Wolfe, T. F.: *Literary Haunts and Homes, Literary Shrines, Literary Pilgrimage, Literary Rambles*

Reference Books on Special Types of Literature

Most of these books are rather advanced for the average high-school student, but are helpful for occasional reference.

Poetry

Alden, R. M.: *English Verse, Introduction to Poetry*
Archer, W.: *Poets of the Younger Generation*
Barbe, W.: **Famous Poems Explained*
Collins, H. P.: *Modern Poetry*
Colson, M. C.: *How to Read Poetry*
Dixon, W. M.: *English Epic and Heroic Poetry*
Drew, E.: *Discovering Poetry*
Eastman, Max: *The Enjoyment of Poetry*
Entwistle, A. R.: *The Story of Poetry*
Felkin, F. W.: *The Craft of the Poet*
Johnson, C. F.: *Forms of English Poetry*
Lowden, S. M.: *Understanding Great Poems*
Newbolt, H.: *A New Study of English Poetry*
Noyes, A.: *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*
Phelps, W. L.: *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*
Rhys, E.: *Lyric Poetry*
Sturgeon, Mary C.: *Studies of Contemporary Poets*
Teter, G. E.: *Some Elements and Forms of Poetry*
Untermeyer, Louis: *The Forms of Poetry*
Untermeyer, Ward, and Stauffer: **Doorways to Poetry*
Wilkinson, B.: *The Poetic Way of Release*

Fiction

Albright, E. M.: *The Short Story, Its Principles and Structure*
Bullett, G. W.: *Modern English Fiction*
Burton, R.: *Forces in Fiction, Masters of the English Novel*
Canby, H. S.: *The Short Story in English, A Study of the Short Story*
Charles, Edwin: **Some Dickens Women*
Chevalley, Abel: *The Modern English Novel*
Cooper, F. T.: **Some English Story-Tellers*
Cross, E. A.: *The Short Story*
Cross, W. L.: *The Development of the English Novel*
Drew, E.: *The Modern Novel*
Follett, Wilson: *The Modern Novel*
Gould, Gerald: *The English Novel of Today*
Hopkins and Hughes: *The English Novel before the Nineteenth Century*
Johnson, R. B.: *Some Contemporary Novelists — Women, Some Contemporary Novelists — Men*
Lovett and Hughes: *History of the Novel in England*
Perry, B.: *A Study of Prose Fiction*
Phelps, W. L.: *Essays on Modern Novelists*
Weygandt, C.: *A Century of the English Novel*

Drama

Bourgeois, M.: *John M. Synge and the Irish Theater*
Boyd, Ernest: *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*
Brawley, Benjamin: *A Short History of the English Drama*
Clark, B. H.: *British and American Drama of Today, A Study of Modern Drama*
Cunliffe, J. W.: *Modern English Playwrights*
Dickinson, T. H.: *Contemporary Drama of England*
Dukes, Ashley: *Modern Dramatists*
Hamilton, C.: *Conversations on Contemporary Drama*
Henderson, A.: *The Changing Drama*
Hubbell and Beaty: *An Introduction to Drama*
Matthews, B.: *A Study of the Drama*
Morgan, A. E.: *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*
Phelps, W. L.: *Essays on Modern Dramatists, The Twentieth Century Theater*
Woodbridge, E.: *The Drama: Its Law and Technique*

COLLECTIONS

Poetry

Braithwaite, W. S.: *A Book of Modern British Verse*
Clarke, G. H.: *A Treasury of War Poetry*
Cooper, Alice C.: *Poems of Today*
Cunliffe, J. W.: *Poems of the Great War*
Davies, W. H.: *Jewels of Song*
De la Mare, Walter: *Come Hither*
Drinkwater, John: *An Anthology of English Verse*

Graves, A. P.: *A Book of Irish Poetry*
Hohn, M. T.: *Stories in Verse*
Knowles, F. L.: *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*
Ledward, P. and Strang, C.: *Poems of This War*
Le Gallienne, Richard: *A Modern Book of English Verse*
Newbolt, Henry: *New Paths on Helicon*
Palgrave, F.: *The Golden Treasury*
Quiller-Couch, A. T.: *The Oxford Book of English Verse*
Rittenhouse, J. B.: *The Little Book of Modern British Verse*
Robinson, Lennox: *A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*
Stevenson, B. E.: *The Home Book of Modern Verse*
Untermeyer, Louis: *Modern British Poetry, The Book of Living Verse*
Wheeler, W. R.: *A Book of Verse of the Great War*
Yeats, W. B.: *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*

Drama

Barker, F. G.: **Forty-Minute Plays from Shakespeare*
Butler, M. A.: **Literature Dramatized*
Campbell, O. J.: **Chief Plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan*
Chandler, F. W.: *Twentieth Century Plays*
Clark, B. H.: **Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors*
Dickinson, T. H.: *Chief Contemporary Dramatists, Representative One-Act Plays, Contemporary Plays*
Matthews, B.: *The Chief British Dramatists*
Moore, J. R.: *Representative English Dramas*
Moses, M. J.: *Representative British Dramas*
Pence, R. W.: **Dramas by Present-Day Writers*
Schweikert, H. C.: **Five Plays of Shakespeare*
Tatlock and Martin: *Representative English Plays*
Tucker, S. M.: *Modern American and British Plays*

Short Stories

Only those volumes which contain a large proportion of British writers are included.
Brown, Leonard: *Modern Short Stories*
Newbolt, Henry: *Sea Life in English Literature*
Rhys, E. and Scott, C.: *Thirty-One Stories*
Schweikert, H. C.: **Short Stories*

Essays

Archbold, W.: *Nineteen Modern Essays*
Brown, S.: *Essays of Our Times*
Bryan and Crane: *The English Familiar Essay*
Chamberlain, E. C.: **Essays Old and New*
Cooper, A. C. and Fallon: **Essays Then and Now*
Knickerbocker, W.: *Readings in the Literature of Modern Science*
Morley, C.: **Modern Essays for Schools*

Biography

Adcock and Hoope: **Gods of Modern Grub Street*
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Chubb, E. W.: *Masters of English Literature, Stories of British and American Authors*
Cody, S.: *Evenings with Great Authors*
Cooper, F. T.: **Some English Story Tellers*
Field, J. T.: *Yesterdays with Authors*
Frank, M. M.: **Great Authors in Their Youth*
Fryer, E. M.: **A Book of Boyhoods*
Hinchman and Gummere: **Lives of Great English Writers*
Ley, J. W. T.: *The Dickens Circle*
Lucas, F. L.: *Authors Dead and Living*
Manly and Rickert: **Contemporary British Literature*
Percy, J. K.: *Modern Writers at Work*
Raymond, C. H.: **Story-Lives of Master Writers*

Series of Biographies

The English Men of Letters Series
Great Writers Series
How to Know Series
Writers of the Day Series

Related Arts

Music History

Ford, E.: *A Short History of English Music*
Scholes, P. A.: **An Introduction to British Music*
Spaeth, S. G.: **Stories behind the World's Great Music*
Walker, E.: *A History of Music in England*

Songs

Sears, M. E.: *Song Index* (Music listed for many English poets)

Bantock, G.: *One Hundred Songs of England*
Duncan, E.: *The Story of Minstrelsy*
Fifty Modern English Songs
Fisher, W. A.: *Sixty Irish Songs*
Hatton and Faning: *Songs of England* (3 volumes)
Hatton and Malloy: *Songs of Ireland*
Jackson, V.: *English Melodies from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Centuries*
Johnson, H.: *Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them*
Page, N. C.: *Irish Songs*

Architecture

All these books have excellent illustrations.

Allingham and Dick: *The Cottage Homes of England* (color plates)
Batsford, H. and Fry, C.: **The Greater English Church*
Braun, Hugh: **The Story of the English House*
Briggs, M. S.: *English Architecture*
Chatterton, F.: *English Architecture at a Glance*
Clapham, A. and Godfrey, W.: *Some Famous Buildings and Their Story*
Cox, J. C. and Ford, C. B.: **The Parish Churches of England*
Dawber and Davie: *Old Cottages and Farmhouses*
Godfrey, W. H.: *The Story of Architecture in England*
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Tallmadge, T. E.: **The Story of England's Architecture*

Art

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Binyon, L.: *English Water Colors*
Johnson, C.: *English Painting from the Seventh Century to the Present Day*
Rothenstein, J. K.: *An Introduction to English Painting*
Rowbotham, F. J.: *Story Lives of Our Great Artists*
Smith, S. C.: *Painters of England*
Wedmore, F.: *Etching in England*

Costume

Brooke, I. and Laver, J.: **English Costume* (one-volume collection of books on each century given in previous lists)
Calthrop, D. C.: **English Costume*
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McIntosh & Otis, Inc. "Mr. Churchill's War" from *Mr. Churchill* by Philip Guedalla.

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Princeton University Press. Selections from *Beowulf* and "The Seafarer" from *Old English Poetry*, translated by J. Duncan Spaeth.

Random House, Inc. "The Unknown Citizen" from *Another Time* by W. H. Auden; "The Express" and "The Landscape near an Airdrome" from *Poems* by Stephen Spender; "Statistics" by Stephen Spender.

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GLOSSARY

This glossary contains pronunciations and definitions of the more difficult common words in this book. All words explained and pronounced in footnotes have been excluded from the list. The footnotes contain all puzzling proper names, technical terms, foreign expressions, most of the obsolete terms, and words with an unusual significance that the reader of this book will encounter. Finding these at the bottom of the page will both clarify and expedite reading the selections. Aside from these expressions, there are many common words which the reader may or may not understand, according to the extent of his vocabulary. Dictionaries are not always at hand, and this glossary therefore fills a definite need. The definition of each word given here is limited to that which applies to the use of the word in this volume. For other meanings of the term a regular dictionary must be consulted. Page references after most of the words enable one to work from the list back into the text, and thus the glossary is made more usable for general vocabulary building in anticipation of college aptitude tests. Page references are not given for some words which are used in several places throughout the volume, or which have a meaning so limited that it applies wherever the word may be found.

The diacritical markings are very simple: āce, senāte, râre, băt, fäther, sofà; ēven, ĕnd, êvent, mothēr; find, sĭt; rōpe, ŏmit, côrd, hŏt; ūnit, ûnite, bûrn, cŭt; bo͝ot, fo͝ot. In a few foreign words the pronunciation is not quite achieved by these marks.

Except for a few words, only the preferred pronunciation as given in Webster's Dictionary is here included. For optional pronunciations consult the dictionary.

A

abdicated (ăb′dĭ·kāt·ĕd). Gave up or relinquished a high office, 200

abhorrèd (ăb·hôr′ĕd). Hated, loathed, 179

ablution (ăb·lū′shŭn). A washing or cleansing, 427

abysmal (ə·bĭz′măl). Like an abyss or chasm, 645

accessible (ăk·sĕs′ĭ·b'l). Easy of approach, 9

acquiescence (ăk·wĭ·ĕs′ĕns). Consent, 484

acumen (ə·kū′mĕn). Keenness of intellect, 256

adamantine (ăd·ə·măn′tĭn). Incapable of being broken, 220

aerial (ā·ē′r'ĭ·əl). Pertaining to the air, 406

aesthetic (ĕs·thĕt′ĭk). Pertaining to, or responsive to beauty in art and literature

affrayèd (ə·frā′ĕd). Frightened, 425

aggression (ə·grĕsh′ŭn). A first or unprovoked attack or hostile act, 743

agility (ə·jĭl′ĭ·tĭ). Nimbleness, 267

albatross (ăl′bə·trŏs). The largest of the sea birds, related to the petrel, 360

aliment (ăl′ĭ·mĕnt). Food, 447

allegory (ăl′ĕ·gō·rĭ). A story told by means of symbols, of abstract characters. *Adj.* allegorical (ăl·ĕ·gŏr′ĭ·kăl)

alliteration (ə·lĭt·ēr·ā′shŭn). The use of a succession of words with the same initial letter, 113

altercation (ôl·tēr·kā′shŭn). A heated dispute, 61

altimeter (ăl·tĭm′ĕ·tēr). An instrument for taking altitudes, 18

Amazon (ăm′ə·zŏn). A member of a race of women warriors with whom the Greeks often fought; here applied to the queen of spades, 259

ambrosian (ăm·brō′zhĭ·ăn). Delighting the sense of taste or smell, 382

amenity (ə·mĕn′ĭ·tĭ). An act or manner expressive of courtesy in social relationships, 717

amethyst (ăm′ĕ·thĭst). Of a blue-violet, the color of the stone by that name, 2 and 423

amorous (ăm′ŏ·rŭs). Ardent in love, 420

amphibious (ăm·fĭb′ĭ·ŭs). Able to live both on land and in water, 643

amulet (ăm′ū·lĕt). Charm to ward off ill luck, 424, 519

analytical (ăn·ə·lĭt′ĭ·kăl). Having power to analyze or separate a subject into its parts, 565

anatomy (ə·năt′ŏ·mĭ). The science of studying the structure and functions of the parts of an animal or plant, 440

anemia (ə·nē′mĭ·ə). A disease of the blood causing pallor and shortness of breath, 8. *Adj.* anemic (ə·nē′mĭk). Having the pale, listless appearance of one afflicted with anemia, 337

animadversion (ăn·ĭ·măd·vûr′shŭn). Censure, 291

annihilated (ə·nī′ĭ·lāt·ĕd). Completely destroyed, 256. *Noun,* annihilation (ə·nī·ĭ·lā′shŭn). Complete destruction, 716

anonymous (ə·nŏn′ĭ·mŭs). Published without the author's name, of unknown authorship. *Adv.* anonymously

anticipatest (ăn·tĭs′ĭ·pāt·ĕst). (Thou) preventest by prior action, 164

antidote (ăn′tĭ·dōt). That which counteracts a poison, 176

antiquarian (ăn·tĭ·kwâr′ĭ·ăn). One who studies ancient objects, 303
antiquated (ăn′tĭ·kwāt·ĕd). Out of date, obsolete, 187
aperture (ăp′ĕr·tûr). Opening, 526
apocalypse (ȧ·pŏk′ȧ·lĭps). A prophetic revelation of the future, 737
apostolic (ăp·ŏs·tŏl′·ĭk). Pertaining to the apostles, directly from the apostles, 288
apothecaries (ȧ·pŏth′ĕ·kĕr·ĭz). Those who prepare and sell drugs, 453
apprehensive (ăp·rĕ·hĕn′sĭv). Fearful, suspicious, 266
appurtenances (ȧ·pûr′tĕ·nănsˑĕz). Things belonging by right to an office or position, 95
apropos (ăp·rŏ·pō′). As suggested by, with respect to
aquiline (ăk′wĭ·lĭn). Hooked, prominent, like the beak of an eagle, 106
arbitrate (är′bĭ·trāt). Act as judge, 484
argosy (är′gŏ·sĭ). A large ship or fleet, 425
aridity (ȧ·rĭd′ĭ·tĭ). Dryness, lack of interest and variety, 719
aromatic (ăr·ō·măt′ĭk). Fragrant, spicy, 2 and 10
arraigned (ȧ·rānd′). Accused, 232
arras (ăr′ȧs). Tapestry used as a wall covering, 427
arrears (ȧ·rēr′z). Unpaid debts, 486
artifice (är′tĭ·fĭs). A clever stratagem or trick, 280
ascetic (ȧ·sĕt′ĭk). Austere, pertaining to a life of self-denial, 712
asperity (ăs·pĕr′ĭ·tĭ). Harshness, 289
asseverated (ȧ·sĕv′ĕr·āt·ĕd). Stated with great firmness, 577
assiduity (ăs·ĭ·dū′ĭ·tĭ). Faithful, persistent labor, 504. *Adj.* assiduous (ȧ·sĭd′ū·ŭs). Diligent, 309. *Adv.* assiduously
assignation (ăs·ĭg·nā′shŭn). An appointment for a meeting, a "date," 261
assizes (ȧ·sīz′ĕz). County court, 453
assuage (ȧ·swāj′). Soothe, lessen, 396, 511
astarn (ȧ·stärn′). Dialect for the nautical term *astern;* here, backward, 689
audacious (ô·dā′shŭs). Bold, insolent, 497
augmented (ôg·mĕnt′ĕd). Increased in size, 325
augurs (ô′gĕrz). Those who foretell events by means of omens, 157
augury (ô′gū·rĭ). A prophecy of future events, 715
avaricious (ăv·ȧ·rĭsh′ŭs). Greedy for profits or gain, 168
avaunt (ȧ·vônt′). Begone! 157
averred (ȧ·vûrd′). Declared positively, 361
avocation (ăv·ō·kā′shŭn). An occupation on the side, a hobby, 514

B

bacillus (bȧ·sĭl′ŭs). A rod-shaped bacterium producing disease, 652
badinage (băd·ĭ·näzh′). Playful raillery or banter, 630
baggage (băg′ĭj). A pert young woman, 277
baldric (bôl′drĭk). A belt worn over one shoulder to support a sword, horn, etc., 79
baleful (bāl′fo͝ol). Deadly in influence, 220
balustrade (băl·ŭs·trād′). A row of upright supports topped by a railing, 423
bandoliers (băn·dō·lērz′). Bands holding cartridges, worn by soldiers, 559
banns (bănz). Announcement in church of intention to marry, 547
baronetcy (băr′ŭn·ĕt·sĭ). Rank of baronet, between a knight and a baron, 384
beadsman (bēdz′măn). One who prays, 419
befell (bē·fĕl′). It happened, 77
beldame (bĕl′dām). Old woman, 420
beleaguered (bē·lē′gērd). Surrounded, besieged, 522
belie (bē·lī′). Misrepresent, 354
benison (bĕn′ĭ·zˑn). Blessing, 148
bestial (bĕst′yăl). Having the qualities of a beast, 43
bizarre (bĭ·zär′). Odd, presenting striking contrasts, 729
blackleg (blăk′lĕg). British slang for a strike-breaker, like American *scab*, 608
blazoned (blāˑzˑnd). Decorated with a coat of arms in bright colors, 463
bludgeonings (blŭj′ŭn·ĭngz). Beatings, bruises, 516
bodements (bōd′mĕnts). Prophecies, 163
bodkin (bŏd′kĭn). A stiletto-shaped hairpin, 262
bombast (bŏm′băst). Inflated, pretentious language, 12
bootless (bo͞ot′lĕs). Useless, profitless, 124
bourgeoisie (bo͞or·zhwȧ·zē′). The middle class, 709
bravado (brȧ·vä′dō). A pretense of bravery, 523
brougham (brō͞om). A light closed carriage for two or four, 727
buckler (bŭk′lĕr). A shield worn on one arm to protect the front of the body, 84
buckram (bŭk′răm). A coarse fabric for stiffening garments, 108
buffoon (bŭ·fo͞on′). A clown, 198
burthen (bûr′thĕn). Refrain, chorus, 121
buttress (bŭt′rĕs). A projecting structure to support a wall, 137. *Adj.* buttressed. Shielded by a buttress, 420

C

cabined (kăb′ĭnd). Shut in, hampered, 155
cadence (kā′dĕns). Rhythmic measure, 510
cairns (kārnz). Mounds of stones, 561
caitiffs (kā′tĭfs). Base, wicked men, 116
caliber (kăl′ĭ·bĕr). Quality, ability, 201
calumny (kăl′ŭm·nĭ). Slander, 280
cankering (kăng′kĕr·ĭng). Corroding, eating away, 396
cant (kănt). A professional vocabulary, beg-

gar's slang, 557. The insincere use of pious phrases, 621

caricature (kăr'ĭ·kà·tûr). A picture or description marked by exaggeration or distortion, 185, 736

cartilage (kär'tĭ·lĭj). An elastic substance in the human body, softer than bone, 446

catastrophe (kà·tăs'trō·fē). A great misfortune; the final event in a tragedy

catechising (kăt'ē·kīz·ĭng). Questioning fully, especially on religious doctrine, 275

cavalcade (kăv·ăl·kād'). Parade, 719

cedarn (sē'dērn). Covered with cedars, 375

celestial (sē·lĕs'chăl). Heavenly, divine, 352

censorious (sĕn·sō'rĭ·ŭs). Faultfinding, 382

certitude (sûr'tĭ·tūd). Certainty, 513

charnel houses (chär'nĕl). Burial places, 156

charwoman (chär'wo͝om·ăn). A woman hired by the day for odd jobs of housework, 627

chastise (chăs·tīz'). Punish, 135

chauntress (chaunt'rĕs). A singer, 216

checkmated (chĕk'māt·ĕd). Defeated, 457

cherubim (chĕr'ŭ·bĭm). The second rank of the angels of light, 138

chimera (kī·mē'rà). A mythical, fire-breathing monster, 448. In plural, groundless fancies, 520

circumscribed (sûr·kŭm·skrībd'). Limited, 305

clarion (klăr'ĭ·ŭn). A trumpet with clear, shrill tones, 424

cloistered (kloĭs'tērd). Secluded from the world, 153

cogitation (kŏj·ĭ·tā'shŭn). Reflective thought, 570

cognizant (kŏg'nĭ·zănt). Aware, 8

cohorts (kō'hôrts). Troops of soldiers, 393

coiffure (kwä·fûr'). A manner of dressing the hair, 248

coign (koin). Corner, 137

collaborators (kŏ·làb'ŏ·rā·tērz). Fellow workers in a literary undertaking, 274

colloquies (kŏl'ŏ·kwĭz). Somewhat formal conversations, 719

colossal (kŏ·lŏs'ăl). Enormous, 410, 741

colossus (kŏ·lŏs'ŭs). Something huge; originally the statue of Apollo at Rhodes, between whose feet ships could pass, 269, 576

combustible (kŏm·bŭs'tĭ·b'l). Easily set on fire, 239, 447

comely (kŭm'lĭ). Decent, 217; elsewhere, pleasing to the sight

committed (kŏ·mĭt'ĕd). Imprisoned, 210

complacent (kŏm·plā'sĕnt). Self-satisfied, 440

conception (kŏn·sĕp'shŭn). Idea, mental image, 377

conch (kŏngk or kŏnch). A large shell, 479

conciliatory (kŏn·sĭl'ĭ·ā·tŏ·rĭ). Designed to overcome enmity, 597

concourse (kŏn'kōrs). A gathering together of persons, 377

conducive (kŏn·dū'sĭv). Helpful, contributing toward, 512

confiscation (kŏn·fĭs·kā'shŭn). Seizure of private property, 50

conflagration (kŏn·flà·grā'shŭn). A destructive fire, 380

conjecture (kŏn·jĕk'tûr). *Noun.* Supposition, theory, 123. *Verb.* To guess, suppose, 269

conjure (kŭn'jĕr). Evoke, call up, 335

conjurer (kŭn'jĕr·ĕr). One who practices magic arts, 421

connoisseur (kŏn'ĭ·sûr'). Critical judge

consternation (kŏn·stĕr·nā'shŭn). Dismay, terror, 380

consummate (kŏn·sŭm'ĭt). Perfect, in the highest degree, 485, 545

contentious (kŏn·tĕn'shŭs). Quarrelsome, 275

convalescing (kŏn·và·lĕs'ĭng). Recovering health after illness, 1

convivial (kŏn·vĭv'ĭ·ăl). Festive, merry, 309

convulsive (kŏn·vŭl'sĭv). Having sudden contractions or spasms, 397

copiously (kō'pĭ·ŭs·lĭ). Richly, fully, 327

copse (kŏps). A grove of small trees, 299

cornice (kôr'nĭs). An ornamental molding around the wall of a room close to the ceiling, 419

cosmos (kŏz'mŏs). An orderly system of the universe, 11

cot (kŏt). Cottage, 310

coxcomb (kŏks'kōm). A conceited fop, 386

coxcombry (kŏks'kōm·rĭ). Foppishness, 383

coyness (koi'nĕs). Shyness, modesty, 379

coyotes (kī'ōts or kī·ō'tēz). Prairie wolves, 2

cribbed (krĭbd). Confined to small space, 155

crossbow (krŏs'bō). A medieval weapon for shooting arrows or stones from a bow set crosswise to the stock, 361

crypt (krĭpt). An underground vault, 552

crystalline (krĭs'tăl·ĭn). Clear, transparent, 4, 408

culinary (kū'lĭ·nĕr·ĭ). Pertaining to cooking, 381

culminating (kŭl'mĭ·nāt·ĭng). Reaching its highest point, 198

cumbrous (kŭm'brŭs). Heavy, burdensome, 297, 320

cupola (kū'pŏ·là). Rounded roof, 525

cursory (kûr'sŏ·rĭ). Hasty, 451

cynical (sĭn'ĭ·kăl). Sneering, disbelieving in the sincerity of others, 392. *Noun,* cynicism (sĭn'ĭ·sĭz'm). Belief that human conduct is influenced by purely selfish motives, 204

D

dappled (dăp'l'd). Spotted, flecked with clouds, 213

darkling (därk'lĭng). Being in the dark, 417

darnell (där'nĕl). Rye grass, 682

debonair (dĕb·ŏ·nâr'). Graceful and gay, 510

decussated (dē·kŭs'āt·ĕd). Crossed in the form of an X, 288

deductive (dē·dŭk'tĭv). Pertaining to a method of reasoning from the general to the particular, 188

defamation (dĕf·à·mā′shŭn). Slander, 282
delectable (dē·lĕk′tà·b'l). Highly pleasing, delightful, 9
delineations (dē·lĭn·ē·ā′shŭnz). Sketches or descriptions in words, 330
demoniacal (dē·mō·nī′à·kăl). Devilish, 500
depreciated (dē·prē′shĭ·āt·ĕd). Undervalued, belittled, 281
depredations (dĕp·rē·dā′shŭnz). Acts of despoiling, 561
derided (dē·rīd′ĕd). Laughed at with contempt, 442
detraction (dē·trăk′shŭn). Slander, 280
devisal (dē·vīz′ăl). Act of inventing, 695
dexterity (dĕks·tĕr′ĭ·tĭ). Nimbleness, skill, 267
diametrically (dī·à·mĕt′rĭ·kăl·ĭ). At opposite ends, as far apart as possible, 233
diatribes (dī′à·trībz). Long and bitter verbal attacks, 245
dight (dīt). Cleaned, 67; dressed, 213; decorated, 217
diligence (dĭl′ĭ·gĕns). Industrious perseverance, 189
diligence (dē·lē·zhänz′) (French). A public stagecoach, 479
diminution (dĭm·ĭ·nū′shŭn). Lessening, 121
dinosaurs (dī′nō·sôrz). Extinct reptiles, long and large of body with an extended neck and tail, 2
dire (dīr). Fatal, terrible, 144
discernible (dĭ·zûr′nĭ·b'l). Capable of being seen or recognized, 542
disintegrate (dĭs·ĭn′tē·grāt). Fall to pieces, 32. *Adj.* disintegrated. Changed from its original meaning or identity, 10
dislimned (dĭs·lĭmnd′). Became dim, 529
dissembler (dĭ·sĕm′blĕr). One who hides under a disguise, 499
dissolute (dĭs′ō·lūt). Loose in morals and conduct, 207
dissonant (dĭs′ō·nănt). Harsh, discordant,
distempered (dĭs·tĕm′pĕrd). Diseased, 284
dogmatist (dŏg′mà·tĭst). One who forces his beliefs upon others, 455
dolor (dō′lĕr). Pain, grief, 166. *Adj.* dolorous (dōl′ĕr·ŭs). Expressing pain, 431
doughty (dou′tĭ). Strong, valiant (humorous), 262
dubious (dū′bĭ·ŭs). Of questionable character, 107; of uncertain outcome, 221
dulcimer (dŭl′sĭ·mĕr). An ancient instrument having metallic wires played by two light hammers, 375
dynamic (dī·năm′ĭk). Active, energetic, forceful, 332
dynasty (dĭ′năs·tĭ). A succession of kings belonging to the same family, 381

E

eccentric (ĕk·sĕn′trĭk). Odd, deviating from accepted standards, 185, 327
eccentricities (ĕk·sĕn·trĭs′ĭ·tĭz). Oddities, peculiarities, 488
ecclesiastical (ē·klē·zĭ·ăs′tĭ·kăl). Pertaining to the church, 545, 669
ecstasy (ĕk′stà·sĭ). Overwhelming joy or exultation, 170. *Plural*, 217. *Adj.* ecstatic (ĕk·stăt′ĭk), 552
edifice (ĕd′ĭ·fĭs). A large, massive building, 446
eerie (ē′rĭ). Weird, uncanny, 16
effeminacy (ĕ·fĕm′ĭ·nà·sĭ). Womanly gentleness and tenderness, 456; here used in a complimentary sense, but often used with the opposite meaning.
efficacy (ĕf′ĭ·kà·sĭ). Power to produce an effect, 527
effigies (ĕf′ĭ·jĭz). Pictured likenesses, 524, 736
effrontery (ĕ·frŭn′tĕr·ĭ). Impudence, boldness, 661
eglantine (ĕg′lăn·tīn). A plant supposed to be the woodbine or honeysuckle, 213
egoism (ē′gō·ĭz′m). Excessive thought of oneself, 3
ejaculations (ē·jăk·ū·lā′shŭns). Exclamations, 380
elegy (ĕl′ē·jĭ). A poem lamenting or honoring the dead, 212. *Plural*, 115
Elysian (ē·lĭzh′ăn). Pertaining to the regions of the blessed after death
embodiment (ĕm·bŏd′ĭ·mĕnt). The representation in concrete form of an abstract idea, 435
endu'th (ĕn·dūth′). Endues, gives power to, 218
engendered (ĕn·jĕn′dĕrd). Created, developed, 439
enow (ē·nou′). Enough, 165
entrenchment (ĕn·trĕnch′mĕnt). Firm hold (as if surrounded by a protecting trench), 251
ephemeral (ē·fĕm′ĕr·ăl). Short-lived, 250
epic (ĕp′ĭk). A long narrative poem relating in dignified style the deeds of one or more heroes
epicure (ĕp′ĭ·kūr). One given to indulgence in delicate food, 382, 729
epigrammatic (ĕp·ĭ·grà·măt′ĭk). Witty, pithy, 331
epitaph (ĕp′ĭ·tăf). An inscription on a tomb
epitomize (ē·pĭt′ō·mīz). Abridge, summarize, 121
equipage (ĕk′wĭ·pĭj). A carriage of state with horses, liveried servants, etc., used figuratively, 354
eremite (ĕr′ē·mīt). Hermit, 425
erroneously (ē·rō′nē·ŭs·lĭ). Incorrectly, 628
erudite (ĕr′ōō·dīt). Learned, 185
espial (ĕs·pī′ăl). Observation, 423
esplanade (ĕs·plà·nād′). An open space for promenading, 447
essences (ĕs′ĕn·sĕz). Unchangeable substances, 222
eterne (ē·tûrn′). Eternal, unending, 153
ethereal (ē·thē′r′ē·ăl). Belonging to the upper regions of space, 220
ethics (ĕth′ĭks). Moral principles, 456

ethnology (ĕth·nŏl′ŏ·jĭ). The science that treats of the races of mankind, 653
etymologies (ĕt·ĭ·mŏl′ŏ·jĭz). Derivations of words, 200
évacués (á·vă·kū·ā′) (French). Persons removed from a dangerous location during the war, 17
evolution (ĕv·ŏ·lū′shŭn). The theory that all living plants and animals have their origin in other pre-existing types, 456
excommunicate (ĕks·kŏ·mū′nĭ·kāt). To shut out from communion with the church by ecclesiastical sentence, 49
excoriateth (ĕks·kō′rĭ·āt·ĕth). Wounds, strips off the skin, 382
excrescence (ĕks·krĕs′ĕns). An abnormal outgrowth, 11
execrations (ĕk·sĕ·krā′shŭnz). Curses, 420
exemplary (ĕg·zĕm′plà·rĭ). Serving as a pattern, worthy of imitation, 670
exhortations (ĕg·zôr·tā′shŭnz). Words of encouragement or inspiration, 351
exorable (ĕk′sŏ·rà·b'l). Capable of responding to entreaty, 389
exotic (ĕks·ŏt′ĭk). Foreign, belonging to another part of the world, 511, 668
expedient (ĕks·pē′dĭ·ĕnt). Suitable means to accomplish an end, 737
exploitation (ĕks·ploi·tā′shŭn). Selfish or unfair use of other people, 266
exponent (eks·pō′nĕnt). One who represents or creates, 520
extenuation (ĕks·tĕn·ū·ā′shŭn). Attempt to make less blameworthy, 10
extraneous (ĕks·trā′nē·ŭs). Foreign, 706
exuberance (ĕg·zū′bĕr·ăns). Overflowing enthusiasm, 309, 335

F

fabulously (făb′ū·lŭs·lĭ). Wonderfully, like a fable in exaggeration, 644
façade (fà·säd′). The principal face of a building, 713
facetious (fà·sē′shŭs). Jesting, witty, 451
facile (făs′ĭl). Easy, fluent, 250
facilitate (fà·sĭl′ĭ·tāt). To make easy. *Adj.* facilitated. Made easy, 246
fanatical (fà·năt′ĭ·kăl). Showing too great zeal, not to be reasoned with, 500. *Noun.* fanatics (fà·năt′ĭks), 107
fantastic (făn·tăs′tĭk). Fanciful, imaginative, 213
fastidiousness (făs·tĭd′ĭ·ŭs·nĕs). State of being difficult to please, exacting, 729
fatuity (fà·tū′ĭ·tĭ). Stupidity, 659
fealty (fē′ăl·tĭ). Fidelity as to a feudal lord, 413
featly (fēt′lĭ). Neatly, gracefully, 121
felicity (fē·lĭs′ĭ·tĭ). Aptness or grace of language, 412. *Adj.* felicitous (fē·lĭs′ĭ·tŭs)
fell (fĕl). Cruel, 38, 172; growth (of hair), 177
fenny (fĕn′ĭ). Living in a marsh, 160
ferocious (fē·rō′shŭs). Fierce, savage, 23
ferret (fĕr′ĕt). An animal of the weasel family, kept for hunting rabbits and rats, 549
filigree (fĭl′ĭ·grē). Ornamental openwork of delicate design, 695
fillet (fĭl′ĕt). A thick slice, 160
finikin (fĭn′ĭ·kĭn). Unduly particular, 505
flagellation (flăj·ĕ·lā′shŭn). Whipping, scourging, 710
flageolette (flăj·ŏ·lĕt′). A musical instrument somewhat resembling the flute, 236
flambeau (flăm′bō). A torch, 228
flamboyant (flăm·boi′ănt). Flowery, ornate, 202
flexibility (flĕk·sĭ·bĭl′ĭ·tĭ). Ability to adjust to changing conditions, 112
foibles (foi′b'lz). Failings, frailties, 326
foppery (fŏp′ĕr·ĭ). Dress and behavior of a fop or dandy, 300
formidable (fôr′mĭ·dà·b'l). Causing fear, 663
forsooth (fôr·sōōth′). Indeed, 485
fretted (frĕt′ĕd). Enriched with pierced, carved patterns, 304
frieze (frēz). An ornamental band beneath the cornice of a building, 137
frugality (frōō·găl′ĭ·tĭ). Economy, thriftiness, 107
fugitiveness (fū′jĭ·tĭv·nĕs). Short duration. *Adj.* fugitive. Fleeting, likely to fade, 355
furtively (fûr′tĭv·lĭ). Secretly, stealthily, 551
furze (fûrz). A spiny shrub of the bean family, 300
futility (fū·tĭl′ĭ·tĭ). Uselessness, lack of any valuable result, 245

G

galaxy (găl′ăk·sĭ). A brilliant group, 249
galleons (găl′ē·ŭnz). Sailing vessels, from the fifteenth century on, sometimes having three and four decks, 106
gambit (găm′bĭt). A chess opening which sacrifices a piece to gain later advantage, 457
gargoyles (gär′goilz). Waterspouts on Gothic buildings, grotesquely carved like animals, 727
garrulous (găr′ū·lŭs). Talkative, 42, 522
genii (jē′nĭ·ī). Nature spirits having strong influence over other forms of nature (plural of *genius*. See note on that word, 217), 404
genuflect (jĕn′ū·flĕkt). To bend the knee as in worship, 668
geology (jē·ŏl′ŏ·jĭ). Science of the history of the earth as shown in rocks, 2, 440
germinating (jûr′mĭ·nāt·ĭng). Sprouting, developing, 534
gibbet (jĭb′ĕt). Gallows from which criminals were hung in chains, 162
gladiatorial (glăd·ĭ·à·tō′rĭ·ăl). Referring to the ancient Roman combats between gladiators in the arena. Here figuratively used; the musicians came in armed with instruments to entertain the public as the gladiators had come in armed with swords, 731

globular (glŏb'ū·lĕr). Globe-shaped, 546
gnomes (nōmz). A fabled race of dwarfed beings who lived under the earth. Pope uses the term for the little spiteful spirits guarding Belinda, 262
gnomic (nō'mĭk). Full of wise maxims, 8
gorget (gôr'jĕt). Armor protecting the neck, 65
gorgon (gôr'gŭn). A mythical monster the sight of which would turn a person to stone, 145
gossamers (gŏs'ă·mĕrz). Cobwebs floating in air, used figuratively for delicate imaginative productions of the mind, 458
grandee (grăn·dē'). A man of eminence or high rank, 450
grandiose (grăn'dĭ·ōs). Imposing, displaying grandeur, 10. *Noun*, grandiosity (grăn·dĭ·ŏs'·ĭ·tĭ). Grandeur, 711
gregarious (grĕ·gâr'ĭ·ŭs). Tending to flock or herd together, 12, 453
grenadier (grĕn·ă·dēr'). Soldier of a special regiment wearing a colorful uniform and chosen for height and imposing appearance, 500
groats (grōtz). Old English coins worth about eight cents in our money, 284
grot (grŏt). Grotto, a small cavern, 414
guerdon (gĕr'dŭn). Reward, 486
guinea (gĭn'ĭ). English coin of twenty-one shillings (about five dollars), 247
gumption (gŭmp'shŭn). Common sense, shrewdness (colloquial), 682
guttersnipes (gŭt'ĕr·snīps). Those who frequent gutters, street arabs (slang), 569
gyrations (jī·rā'shŭnz). Whirling or rotating motions, 720

H

halberds (hăl'bĕrdz) 386, or halberts (hăl'bĕrts) 258. Pikes surmounted with battle-axes, used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
hallucination (hă·lū·sĭ·nā'shŭn). A false belief that one sees an object not actually present, 523
hamely (hām'lĭ). Simple, such as one would have in a humble home, 313
hapless (hăp'lĕs). Unlucky, 309
haply (hăp'lĭ). By chance, 417
harangues (hà·răngz'). Long speeches, usually of a noisy, ranting nature, 451
harbinger (här'bĭn·jĕr). Forerunner, 134, 178
hauberk (hô'bûrk). A coat of mail, 65
hectic (hĕk'tĭk). Feverish, 408
hibernate (hī'bĕr·nāt). Live in a torpid state as many animals do during winter, 656
hierarchy (hī'ĕr·är·kĭ). A body of rulers of the church having different ranks, 288; society based on ranks, one above another, 709
hieroglyphics (hī·ĕr·ō·glĭf'ĭks). Obscure signs and symbols (from ancient Egyptian letters which could not be read until recently), 723
hoardings (hōr'dĭngz). Billboards (British term), 527
hoax (hōks). A practical joke, 253
hoodwink (hŏŏd'wĭngk). Deceive, 168. Hoodwinked. Blinded, 420
horoscope (hŏr'ō·skōp). Position of the stars by which one's future or one's character supposedly may be read, 528
humanism (hū'măn·ĭz'm). Culture derived from classical training
humanitarian (hū·măn·ĭ·târ'ĭ·ăn). Interested in the welfare of mankind, 436, 533. *Noun*, humanitarianism
humors (hū'mĕrz). Whims, caprices, types of disposition (medieval and Elizabethan)
hustings (hŭs'tĭngz). Platforms from which political campaign speeches are made, 12
hyperbole (hī·pûr'bō·lē). Exaggeration for poetic effect.
hypochondriac (hĭp·ō·kŏn'drĭ·ăk). Morbidly depressed, 292
hypocrisy (hĭ·pŏk'rĭ·sĭ). A falsely assumed appearance of virtue, 383
hypothesis (hī·pŏth'ē·sĭs). Theory, supposition, 383

I

iambic pentameter (ī·ăm'bĭk pĕn·tăm'ē·tĕr). A line of poetry with five feet, each containing one unaccented syllable followed by one accented
idiosyncrasies (ĭd·ĭ·ō·sĭng'krà·sĭz). Peculiarities, 11
idyl (ĭ'dĭl). A simple description of rustic or pastoral life, 120
ignominy (ĭg'nō·mĭn·ĭ). Disgrace, 222, 232. *Adj.* ignominious (ĭg·nō·mĭn'ĭ·ŭs). Disgraceful, 740
illimitable (ĭl·lĭm'ĭt·à·b'l). Incapable of being limited or measured, 4, 561, 699. Illimited (variation, same meaning), 552
illiteracy (ĭl·lĭt'ĕr·ă·sĭ). Lack of ability to read and write, 337
immobility (ĭm·mō·bĭl'ĭ·tĭ). Fixedness, lack of motion, 643
immunity (ĭ·mū'nĭ·tĭ). Freedom from any charge or punishment, 448
impalpable (ĭm·păl'pà·b'l). Too delicate to be easily seen or felt, 645, 649
impeachment (ĭm·pēch'mĕnt). Accusation of a public officer for misconduct while in office, 270
impeccable (ĭm·pĕk'à·b'l). Without fault, 717
impertinent (ĭm·pûr'tĭ·nĕnt). Pert, saucy, 378
impervious (ĭm·pûr'vĭ·ŭs). Incapable of being pierced or penetrated, 735
impetuosity (ĭm·pĕt·ū·ŏs'ĭ·tĭ). Rashness of action without any thought, 491
impetus (ĭm'pĕ·tŭs). Driving force, 490, 543
implacable (ĭm·plā'kà·b'l). Relentless, unforgiving, 234
implicit (ĭm·plĭs'ĭt). Understood, but not expressed, 381
impostor (ĭm·pŏs'tĕr). One who deceives by false pretenses

impregnable (ĭm·prĕg′nà·b'l). Proof against attack, 124, 244
impromptu (ĭm·prŏmp′tū). Without previous preparation, on the spur of the moment, 447
improvisations (ĭm·prō·vĭ·zā′shŭnz). Inventions made by the spur of necessity without previous thought, 10
impunity (ĭm·pū′nĭ·tĭ). Freedom from punishment, 451
inaccessible (ĭn·ăk·sĕs′ĭ·b'l). Not to be reached, 519
inarticulate (ĭn·är·tĭk′ûˉ·lăt). Speechless, silent, 507
incantation (ĭn·kăn·tā′shŭn). Magic words, 409
incisive (ĭn·sī′sĭv). Clear-cut, 707
incredulous (ĭn·crĕd′ûˉ·lŭs). Doubting, 632. *Adv.* incredulously
incumbent (ĭn·cŭm′bĕnt). One who holds an office, 225, 255
indecorously (ĭn·dĕk′ō·rŭs·lĭ). In violation of good manners, 711
indefatigable (ĭn·dē·făt′ĭ·gà·b'l). Tireless, 490
indefinable (ĭn·dē·fīn′ā·b'l). Incapable of being exactly described, 8
indentures (ĭn·dĕn′tûrz). Contract by which an apprentice was bound to his master, 501
indictment (ĭn·dīt′mĕnt). Accusation
indissoluble (ĭn·dĭ·sŏl′ū·b'l). Not to be melted or broken, 149. *Adv.* indissolubly. Permanently, 542
indocility (ĭn·dō·sĭl′ĭ·tĭ). Waywardness, 382
indomitable (ĭn·dŏm′ĭ·tà·b'l). Not to be subdued or conquered, 109, 516
indubitable (ĭn·dū′bĭ·tà·b'l). Too evident for doubt, 253
inductive (ĭn·dŭk′tĭv). Method of reasoning from many different examples to a common rule, 188
inevitable (ĭn·ĕv′ĭ·tà·b'l). Not to be prevented or avoided, 304, 536
inexorable (ĭn·ĕks′ō·rà·b'l). Unyielding to entreaty, 723
inexplicable (ĭn·ĕks′plĭ·kà·b'l). Not capable of being explained, 660. *Adv.* inexplicably (ĭn·ĕks′plĭ·kà·blĭ). In a way not to be explained, 382, 523
infamously (ĭn′fà·mŭs·lĭ). In a scandalous manner, 659
infatuation (ĭn·făt′ûˉ·ā·shŭn). Unreasoning love, 204
ingénue (ăn·zhā·nü′). An artless young girl (stock figure in drama), 499
ingenuous (ĭn·jĕn′ûˉ·ŭs). Artless, innocent, 305, 718
inimitable (ĭn·ĭm′ĭ·tà·b'l). Incapable of being imitated by others, 489, 525
innovator (ĭn′ō·vā·tēr). One who begins new styles or customs, 516
insatiable (ĭn·sā′shĭ·à·b'l). Unable to be satisfied, 546
insentient (ĭn·sĕn′shĭ·ent). Not alive, 707
insidious (ĭn·sĭd′ĭ·ŭs). Secretly working harm, 383
insinuates (ĭn·sĭn′ûˉ·āts). Suggests or implies, 455
insubordination (ĭn·sû·bôr·dĭ·nā′shŭn). Defiance, 498
integral (ĭn′tē·grăl). Essential to completeness, 121
integrity (ĭn·tĕg′rĭ·tĭ). Moral soundness, uprightness, 200
interdict (ĭn′tēr·dĭkt). A ban of the Roman Catholic Church, refusing sacraments, etc. to a whole community or nation
interim (ĭn′tēr·ĭm). Time between periods, 133
interminable (ĭn·tûr′mĭ·nà·b'l). Endless, 560
intermittent (ĭn·tēr·mĭt′ĕnt). Having periods of interruption,
interstices (ĭn·tûr′stĭs·ĕz). Spaces between two things closely set, 288
intricacy (ĭn′trĭ·kà·sĭ). State of being complicated or difficult to follow, 115
involuntary (ĭn·vŏl′ŭn·tĕr·ĭ). Done without will or intention, 378
ironical (ī·rŏn′ĭ·kăl). Like a mocking opposite, 2
irreconcilable (ĭr·rĕk·ŏn·sīl′à·b'l). Unwilling to change opinion or agree, 470
irrelevant (ĭr·rĕl′ē·vănt). Not appropriate to the subject, 454, 735
irretrievably (ĭr·rē·trēv′à·blĭ). So that it cannot be recovered, 518, 716
irrevocable (ĭr·rĕv′ō·kà·b'l). Incapable of being brought back or changed, 189, 523
iteration (ĭt·ēr·ā′shŭn). Repetition over and over, 523
itinerant (ī·tĭn′ēr·ănt). Traveling from place to place, 275

J

jargoning (jär′gŏn·ĭng). Confused language not understood, 368
jeopardy (jĕp′ēr·dĭ). Exposure to extreme danger, 96
jerkin (jûr′kĭn). Jacket or short coat, 204
jocund (jŏk′ŭnd). Happy, merry, 153, 214, 303
joust (jŭst *or* jōōst). To fight on horseback in single combat, 65, 96

K

kerchiefed (kûr′chĭft). Covered as with a kerchief, 217
kirtle (kûr′t'l). A woman's gown, 117

L

laconically (là·kŏn′ĭ·kăl·ĭ). Using few words, abruptly, 656
languor (lăng′gēr). Dullness, sluggishness, 407
latent (lā′tĕnt). Hidden, underlying, 440
laudable (lôd′à·b'l). Praiseworthy, 166, 233, 272
lave (lāv). Wash, bathe, 153
legitimacy (lē·jĭt′ĭ·mă·sĭ). State of being according to law, 536. *Adj.* legitimate (lē·jĭt′ĭ·mĭt). Lawful, 536
librettos (lĭ·brĕt′ōz). Texts or words for operas, 206

liegeman (lēj′măn). Devoted follower, vassal, 387
limbeck (lĭm′bĕk). A still to make liquor, 139
lineal race (lĭn′ē·ăl). Direct descendants, 395
linsey-woolsey (lĭn′zĭ-wo͝ol′zĭ). A coarse cloth of linen and wool, 202
lissom (lĭs′ŭm). Flexible, graceful, 338
lorries (lŏr′ĭz). Large, low trucks, 739
lubberly (lŭb′ĕr·lĭ). Awkward, 380
lucent (lū′sĕnt). Radiant, brilliant, 425
lucrative (lū′krā·tĭv). Profitable, yielding money, 449
ludicrous (lū′dĭ·krŭs). Causing laughter, 86, 534
lustrous (lŭs′trŭs). Shining with reflected light because of a polished surface, 425

M

machines (mȧ·shēnz′). Apparatus for producing stage effects, 206
madrigals (măd′rĭ·gălz). Love songs, 117
malevolence (mȧ·lĕv′ō·lĕns). Ill will, 159
malicious (mȧ·lĭsh′ŭs). Full of hatred or spite, 605; used figuratively of the flames, 241
manifestly (măn′ĭ·fĕst·lĭ). Clearly evident
manifesto (măn·ĭ·fĕs′tō). A public declaration of the intentions of a government, used figuratively for the locomotive whistle on departure, 703
march-stalker (märch′-stôk′ĕr). A creature living in a marsh, 37
marge (märj). Margin (poetic), 479
mariner (măr′ĭ·nĕr). A sailor, 359 ff.
marquetry (mär′kē·trĭ). Inlaid wood, 525
masque (măsk). A form of drama emphasizing music, poetry, dancing, and costuming
mead (mēd). In Saxon poetry, a drink; in later poetry, a meadow
meandering (mē·ăn′dĕr·ĭng). Winding, turning, 375
memorize (mĕm′ō·rīz). Commemorate, call to memory, 128
menacing (mĕn′ĭs·ĭng). Threatening, 257
mercenary (mûr′sē·nĕr·ĭ). *Adj.* Acting merely for money, 316. *Noun plural*, mercenaries, soldiers fighting merely for money, 244
metaphor (mĕt′ȧ·fĕr). A figurative comparison of unlike things, 457. *Adv.* metaphorically (mĕt·ȧ·fôr′ĭ·kăl·ĭ). Figuratively speaking, 256
metaphysics (mĕt·ȧ·fĭz′ĭks). The science of the first principles of being, 92
mete (mēt). Measure, 464
meteoric (mē·tē·ŏr′ĭk). Temporarily brilliant, like a meteor, 392
meticulous (mē·tĭk′ū·lŭs). Careful about small matters
momentary (mō′mĕn·tĕr·ĭ). Continuing only a moment, 156
momentous (mō·mĕn′tŭs). Highly important, 211, 244, 528
monologue (mŏn′ō·lŏg). A long speech by one person. Dramatic monologue, a poem in the first person revealing some dramatic moment in the speaker's life, 443
mountebanks (moun′tē·băngks). Venders of quack medicine, 450
multiplex (mŭl′tĭ·plĕks). Manifold, having many, 567
multitudinous (mŭl·tĭ·tū′dĭ·nŭs). Many, vast, 143
munificence (mū·nĭf′ĭ·sĕns). Generosity, 478
myriads (mĭr′ĭ·ădz). Great numbers, 221

N

neat's tongue (nēts tŭng). Ox tongue, 236
nether (nĕth′ĕr). Lower, 380
newt (nūt). A small lizardlike creature, 160
niggard (nĭg′ĕrd). A stingy person, 171
nocturnal (nŏk·tûr′năl). Nightly
nomad (nō′măd). Roving, wandering, 11
nomenclature (nō′mĕn·klā·tûr). System of names (here, place names), 10
nucleus (nū′klē·ŭs). Center, core

O

obdurate (*common pron.*, ŏb′dû·rȧt; *poetic pron.*, 220, ŏb·dū′rȧt). Hardhearted, unyielding, 220
obeisance (ō·bā′sȧns). Homage, obedience, 98
oblivious (ŏb·lĭv′ĭ·ŭs). Causing forgetfulness, 176
obnoxious (ŏb·nŏk′shŭs). Objectionable, 309, 381
obsequies (ŏb′sē·kwĭz). Funeral rites, 474
obtuseness (ŏb·tūs′nĕs). Lack of keen observation, 11
odoriferous (ō·dĕr·ĭf′ĕr·ŭs). Giving out a pleasing odor, 382
offal (ŏf′ăl). Refuse, 450
officious (ō·fĭsh′ŭs). Meddlesome, 477
ogling (ō′glĭng). Casting coquettish glances, 258
oleaginous (ō·lē·ăj′ĭ·nŭs). Oily, 382
omber (ŏm′bĕr). An old three-handed game of cards, 258
ominous (ŏm′ĭ·nŭs). Foreshadowing evil, 18, 645
Omnipotent (ŏm·nĭp′ō·tĕnt). All powerful, God, 220
omnivorous (ŏm·nĭv′ō·rŭs). Devouring everything, 510
opiate (ō′pĭ·āt). *Noun.* a drug producing sleep, 403. *Adj.* inducing sleep, 416
opulence (ŏp′ū·lĕns). Wealth, 207
oracles (ŏr′ă·k'lz). Mediums by which the future is revealed, 148
orangery (ŏr′ĕnj·rĭ). A greenhouse for raising oranges, 378
oratorio (ŏr·ȧ·tō′rĭ·ō). A dramatic text, usually on a Biblical theme, set to music with instrumental accompaniment, 251
oratory (ŏr′ă·tō·rĭ). A place for prayer, 69; the art of eloquent public speaking, 543
orbèd (ôr′bĕd). Shaped like an orb or globe, 404

ostentation (ŏs·tĕn·tā′shŭn). Proud show, 639
ostracised (ŏs′trà·sīzd). Excluded from public favor, 392

P

palavers (pà·lăv′ẽrz). Long-winded conferences, 4
palisades (păl·ĭ·sādz′). Fences of stakes, 450
palpable (păl′pà·b'l). Touchable, 141
panegyric (păn·ẽ·jĭr′ĭk). A writing or a speech filled with high praise, 226
panoply (păn′ŏ·plĭ). Armament, 736
pantomime (păn′tŏ·mīm). A dramatic performance by actors who use no words, but gestures only, 253
paradox (păr′à·dŏks). An assertion apparently absurd or self-contradictory, but really true, 483, 717. *Adj.* paradoxical (păr·à·dŏk′sĭ·kăl), 12
paragon (păr′à·gŏn). A model, type of perfection, 555
parapet (păr′à·pĕt). A wall or rampart of a fortress to protect the soldiers, 448
paraphrase (păr′à·frāz). Restatement of a passage or an entire writing in other words
parodied (păr′ŏ·dĭd). Mimicked the style in ridicule, 113
parricide (păr′ĭ·sīd). Murder of a parent, 149
parterres (pär·târz′). Ornamental arrangement of flowers, 247
particolored (pär′tĭ·kŭl·ẽrd). Colored with different tints, 258
pastoral (pās′tŏ·răl). Pertaining to rural life or the life of shepherds, 115
patio (pä′tĭ·ō). A courtyard (Spanish architecture), 2
patriarchal (pā·trĭ·är′kăl). Like an ancient father or head of a tribe, 318
pauperized (pô′pẽr·īzd). Reduced to the position of a person dependent on charity, 337
pawn (pôn). The chessman of lowest rank, 457
pediment (pĕd′ĭ·mĕnt). A triangular space formed by a gable roof, used as decoration over doors and windows, 249
penance (pĕn′ăns). An act to show sorrow for or repentance of sin, 369
pentameter (pĕn·tăm′ẽ·tẽr). A line of poetry containing five feet or accents
penury (pĕn′ū·rĭ). Extreme poverty, 304
perdition (pẽr·dĭsh′ŭn). Utter loss of the soul, damnation, 220
peremptory (pẽr·ĕmp′tŏ·rĭ). Sharply commanding, 707
periwig (pĕr′ĭ·wĭg). An elaborate powdered wig worn in the eighteenth century, 204
pernicious (pẽr·nĭsh′ŭs). Injurious, deadly, 163, 168, 280
perspicuity (pûr·spĭ·kū′ĭ·tĭ). Clearness of expression, 10
pertinaciously (pûr·tĭ·nā′shŭs·lĭ). Stubbornly, steadfastly, 716, 720
perturbation (pẽr·tẽr·bā′shŭn). State of being distressed or agitated, 172
pestilent (pĕs′tĭ·lẽnt). Troublesome, endangering peace and morals, 233
petrel (pĕt′rĕl). A long-winged sea bird, rarely landing, 20
phantasies (făn′tà·sĭz). Dreams, imaginings, 425. *Adj.* phantasmal (făn·tăs′măl). Unreal, like a dream, 726
phenomenon (fẽ·nŏm′ẽ·nŏn). An amazing manifestation, 4. *Adj.* phenomenal (fẽ·nŏm′ẽ·năl). Unusual, amazing, 102, 251
philosophic (fĭl·ŏ·sŏf′ĭk). Wise, temperate, like a philosopher, 356. Philosophical (fĭl·ŏ·sŏf′ĭ·kăl). Pertaining to the study of philosophy or moral wisdom, 250
phlegmatic (flĕg·măt′ĭk). Sluggish, 652
phosphorus (fŏs′fŏ·rŭs). A substance that shines in the dark, 703
physiognomy (fĭz′ĭ·ŏg′nŏ·mĭ). Face, 386
physiology (fĭz·ĭ·ŏl′ŏ·jĭ). The study of the functions of living organs, 440
pillory (pĭl′ŏ·rĭ). An old device for public punishment, consisting of a frame with holes through which the head and hands of the offender were thrust, 283
piquancies (pē′kăn·sĭz). Delightful, stimulating qualities, 717
pithiness (pĭth′ĭ·nĕs). Quality of being terse and full of substance, 188
plausible (plô′zĭ·b'l). Believable, 266
plebeian (plẽ·bē′yăn). *Noun.* The lowest class in ancient Roman society, hence a person of low class, 711. *Adj.* Of low class, inferior, 258
poignant (poin′yănt). Piercing the emotions, touching, 540
polysyllabic (pŏl·ĭ·sĭ·lăb′ĭk). Having more than three syllables, 205
ponderous (pŏn′dẽr·ŭs). Weighty, 212
popish (pō′pĭsh). Of the Roman Catholic Church (in an uncomplimentary sense), 280
posterity (pŏs·tĕr′ĭ·tĭ). Generations to come in future, 251
postern (pōs′tẽrn). A back door or gate, 551
posthumous (pŏs′tŭ·mŭs). Occurring after one's death, 735; published after the author's death, 410. *Adv.* posthumously. Used in second sense, 198
potation (pō·tā′shŭn). The act of drinking, 717
potent (pō′tẽnt). Powerful, 162, 221
potentates (pō′tẽn·tāts). Monarchs or other persons wielding great power over others, 684
potential (pō·tĕn′shăl). Possible
prawns (prônz). Shrimps, 202
precipitous (prẽ·sĭp′ĭ·tŭs). High and steep like a precipice, 574
precocious (prẽ·kō′shŭs). Exceptionally early in mental development, 112, 209
predestined (prẽ·dĕs′tĭnd). Destined or determined beforehand, 383
predominance (prẽ·dŏm′ĭ·năns). Superiority,

147. *Adj.* predominant. Uppermost, ruling, 150

preferment (prē·fûr'mĕnt). High offices, promotions, 389

preliminary (prē·lĭm'ĭ·nĕr·ĭ). Introductory, preceding the main discourse, 266

premature (prē·mà·tūr'). Too early, 117

premonition (prē·mō·nĭsh'ŭn). Instinctive foreboding, 410. *Adj.* premonitory (prē·mŏn'ĭ·tō·rĭ). Giving information beforehand, 380

preponderance (prē·pŏn'dēr·ăns). Superiority of influence, power, force, or weight. *Adj.* preponderating (prē·pŏn'dēr·āt·ĭng). Outweighing, 737

presumptuous (prē·zŭmp'tū·ŭs). Overbold, taking undue liberty, 291

pretentiousness (prē·tĕn'shŭs·nĕs). Undue outward show, 331

primal (prī'măl). First, or most important, 356

prismatic (prĭz·măt'ĭk). Pertaining to the prism with its many colors, 691

pristine (prĭs'tēn). Uncorrupted, 176

prithee (prĭth'ē). I pray thee (archaic), 209

proconsul (prō·kŏn'sŭl). A Roman officer who discharged the duties of a consul in a province, 27

procreant (prō'krē·ănt). Fruitful, 137

prodigies (prŏd'ĭ·jĭz). Extraordinary deeds, 492

prodigious (prō·dĭj'ŭs). Great, enormous, 280

profuse (prō·fūs'). Poured forth freely, 405

prolific (prō·lĭf'ĭk). Producing abundant results, 330, 565

prologue (prō'lŏg). Preface or introduction to a poem or play, 132

promiscuous (prō·mĭs'kū·ŭs). Confusedly mingled, 259

promontories (prŏm'ŭn·tō·rĭz). High points of rock or land projecting into the sea, 25

promptitude (prŏmp'tĭ·tūd). Readiness, quickness, 390

promulgation (prō·mŭl·gā'shŭn). The issuing or putting into execution of a law, 208

propaganda (prŏp·à·găn'dà). Doctrines or ideas spread through intentional effort, 442

propagandist (prŏp·à·găn'dĭst). One who speaks or writes for the purpose of spreading his doctrines, 587

propensity (prō·pĕn'sĭ·tĭ). Disposition, tendency, 408

propitiated (prō·pĭsh'ĭ·āt·ĕd). Appeased or rendered favorable, 717

protagonists (prō·tăg'ō·nĭsts). Those who take the leading parts in a drama or story, 8

protuberance (prō·tū'bēr·ăns). A swelling or bulging, 574

provender (prŏv'ĕn·dēr). Food, originally for animals, hence dry and meager, 12

provocative (prō·vŏk'à·tĭv). Serving to stimulate, 382

prunello (prōō·nĕl'ō). A strong woolen cloth, 264

pseudonym (sū'dō·nĭm). Name assumed by an author, pen name, 272

pseudoscientific (sū·dō·sī·ĕn·tĭf'ĭk). Appearing to be scientific, but not actually so, 332, 651

psychology (sī·kŏl'ō·jĭ). The science which treats of the mind in any of its aspects. *Adj.* psychological (sī·kō·lŏj'ĭ·kăl)

pugnacious (pŭg·nā'shŭs). Inclined to fight, 451

pumice (pŭm'ĭs). Volcanic lava, 408

pungent (pŭn'jĕnt). Sharply pricking, piercing, 262

purports (pûr·pōrts'). Conveys the intention (falsely), 283

Q

quadrant (kwŏd'rănt). A nautical instrument for measuring the height of the sun, 270

quintessence (kwĭnt·ĕs'ĕns). Purest and most essential part, 382

quittance (kwĭt'ăns). Discharge, 552

R

recompense (rĕk'ŏm·pĕns). A return or repayment for something done, 306

recondite (rĕk'ŭn·dīt). Profound, hard to understand because removed from ordinary experience, 8

reconnoitering (rĕk·ŏ·noĭ'tēr·ĭng). Making an examination beforehand for military purposes, 546

redolent (rĕd'ō·lĕnt). Diffusing fragrance, flavored, 511

redundant (rē·dŭn'dănt). Unnecessary, superfluous, 714

refectory (rē·fĕk'tō·rĭ). A dining hall, usually in a convent or monastery, 669

refulgent (rē·fŭl'jĕnt). Brilliant, splendid, 259

regicide (rĕj'ĭ·sīd). The killing of a king, 199

regime (rā·zhēm'). Governmental system, 200

reiterated (rē·ĭt'ēr·āt·ĕd). Repeated many times, 223

reminiscent (rĕm·ĭ·nĭs'ĕnt). Resembling, reminding one, 295

Renaissance (rĕn·ē·säns'). A new birth or renewal of learning; specifically, that of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, 102; that in Ireland of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, 540

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requiem (rē'kwĭ·ĕm). A song for the dead, 418

resinous (rĕz'ĭ·nŭs). Full of resin, a thick, yellowish-brownish substance that exudes from certain trees and plants, 479

retaliation (rē·tăl·ĭ·ā'shŭn). An act of returning like for like, getting even, 104, 295

reticulated (rē·tĭk'ū·lāt·ĕd). Having crossed fibers (as in a network), 288

retributory (rē·trĭb'ū·tō·rĭ). Punishing, 380

ribald (rĭb′ăld). Coarsely offensive in language, 12
rococo (rō·kō′kō). Characterized by a florid style of ornamentation with many curved lines, 575
ronyon (rŭn′yŭn). A mangy person, 129
roseate (rō′zē·āt). Rose-colored; hence, happy, pleasant, 715
roulades (rōō·lädz′). Musical runs of short notes, 510
rump-fed (rŭmp′fĕd). Fed on leavings, 129
runagate (rŭn′ä·gāt). Deserter, vagabond, 233

S

sacerdotal (săs·ĕr·dō′tăl). Priestly, 320. The sacerdotal stole is a long narrow band worn around the neck by priests.
sacrilegious (săk·rĭ·lē′jŭs). Sinning against something sacred, 145
saffron (săf′rŭn). A deep orange color, 214
salamandrine (săl·ă·măn′drĭn). Able to live in fire like the mythical salamander, 279
salvers (săl′vĕrz). Trays, 425
sanctions (săngk′shŭnz). Strict measures against an offender in order to enforce a law (League of Nations), 538
sardonic (sär·dŏn′ĭk). Speaking with biting force, 10
sate (sāt). Sat (archaic), 227
satiate (sā′shĭ·āt). Fully satisfied, sated (poetic form of *satiated*), 223
satiety (să·tī′ĕ·tĭ). State of being overfed, 407
satire (săt′īr). Ridicule of human follies and vices. *Adj.* satiric (să·tĭr′ĭk) or satirical. *Verb.* satirize (săt′ĭr·īz), 326
scission (sĭzh′ŭn). Division, split, 525
scop (skŏp). An ancient bard or poet, 30, 35
scrupulous (skrōō′pū·lŭs). Particular, conscientious, 199
scullery (skŭl′ĕr·ĭ). A place where kitchen utensils are cleaned and kept, 496
scurrilous (skŭr′ĭ·lŭs). Coarsely abusive, 281
scutcheon (skŭch′ŭn). A field on which a coat of arms is emblazoned. Shielded scutcheon, shaped like a shield, 423
scar (sĕr). Dry, withered, 175
sedge (sĕj). Rushes growing in a wet place, 414
seneschal (sĕn′ĕ·shăl). An official in charge of the feasts in a medieval palace, 97
sensuous (sĕn′shōō·ŭs). Pertaining to the senses, appealing pleasurably to the senses
sequestered (sē·kwĕs′tĕrd). Retired, secluded, 305, 316
seraph (sĕr′ăf). A celestial being (applied to a human being), 425. *Adj.* seraph, made up of seraphs or angels, 371
shallop (shăl′ŭp). A light open boat used chiefly on rivers, propelled by oars or sails or both, 462
shoon (shōōn). Archaic plural of *shoe*, 680
shoughs (shŏks). Shaggy dogs, 151
simile (sĭm′ĭ·lē). A figure of speech by which two unlike things are shown to have some point of similarity, usually expressed by *like* or *as*, 113
sinecure (sī′nē·kūr). An office with good pay but few or no duties
sinister (sĭn′ĭs·tĕr). Evil, disastrous, 533
sinuous (sĭn′ū·ŭs). Winding, as a serpent moves, 375
sleights (slīts). Tricks, 158
slough (slou). A bog or mire, 230
sociological (sō·sĭ·ō·lŏj′ĭk·ăl). Pertaining to sociology, the study of forms, institutions, and functions of human groups, 440
sodalities (sō·dăl′ĭ·tĭz). Brotherhoods, organizations for charitable purposes, 12
solan (sō′lăn). Gannet, a bird related to the pelican, 20
somnolence (sŏm′nō·lĕns). Drowsiness, 526
sonority (sō·nŏr′ĭ·tĭ). The quality of loud, full sound; resonance, 204. *Adj.* sonorous (sō·nō′rŭs). Giving a full sound, 113, 447
sophistical (sō·fĭs′tĭ·kăl). Apparently true, but really false, 454
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sophistry (sŏf′ĭs·trĭ). Reasoning that is subtly false, 281
sordid (sôr′dĭd). Base, despicable, 347
sovran (sŏv′răn). Supreme in power (variation of *sovereign*), 225
spasmodic (spăz·mŏd′ĭk). With sudden spurts of energy or violence, 490. *Adv.* spasmodically, 446
specious (spē′shŭs). Outwardly true and just, but in reality false, 281
spontaneity (spŏn·tä·nē′ĭ·tĭ). Natural energy without force or restraint, 255, 430. *Adj.* spontaneous (spŏn·tā′nē·ŭs), 402
sporadic (spō·răd′ĭk). Scattered, 14
squalor (skwŏl′ĕr). A miserable, unkempt condition, 436
statuesque (stăt·ū·ĕsk′). Having the massive dignity of a statue, 448
stipulations (stĭp·ū·lā′shŭnz). Conditions or agreements stated in a legal document, 338
strategist (străt′ĕ·jĭst). One well versed in the science and art of military command, 566
strident (strī′dĕnt). Harsh-sounding, shrill, 2
stupendous (stū·pĕn′dŭs). Mighty, impressive
suavity (swäv′ĭ·tĭ). Poise and polished manners, 443
subaltern (sŭb·ôl′tĕrn). An officer below the rank of captain, 555
subsequent (sŭb′sē·kwĕnt). Later in time, 104
subterranean (sŭb·tĕr·ā′nē·ăn). Under the earth, 225, 256
subtile (sŭb′tĭl or sŭt′l). Penetrating, elusive, 189
succinct (sŭk·sĭngkt′). Close-fitting and short, 258
succulence (sŭk′ū·lĕns). Juiciness, 658

sumptuous (sŭmp′tū̆·ŭs). Luxurious, splendid, 425
supercilious (sū·pĕr·sĭl′ĭ·ŭs). Lofty with pride, haughty
superfluous (sū·pĕr′flōō·ŭs). Unnecessary, 706
supine (sū·pīn′). Lying on the back, 420
surcease (sûr·sēs′). End, 138
surmise (sûr·mīz′). A guess, supposition, 413
susceptible (sŭ·sĕp′tĭ·b′l). Easily influenced, 458. *Noun.* susceptibility (sŭ·sĕp·tĭ·bĭl′ĭ·tĭ), 385
swound (swound). A swoon, fainting spell, 550
sylphs (sĭlfs). Imaginary beings inhabiting the air. Pope represents them as protectors of Belinda, 258
sylvan (sĭl′văn). Pertaining to life in the woods or forest, 415
symbolic (sĭm·bŏl′ĭk). Using symbols, visible signs of abstract ideas, 2
synonym (sĭn′ō·nĭm). A word having nearly the same meaning as another word, 439. *Adj.* synonymous (sĭ·nŏn′ĭ·mŭs)

T

tanzy (tăn′zĭ). A plant having a bitter taste, used as a seasoning in cooking (now *tansy*), 236
tarpaulin (tär·pô′lĭn). Waterproofed canvas used for covering, 547
technique (tĕk·nēk′). The method of performance essential to expertness in any science or art, 442, 542
tegument (tĕg′ū·mĕnt). Skin, 382
temperamental (tĕm·pĕr·ă·mĕn′tăl). Belonging to the special disposition or mental character of an individual, 10
tenets (tĕn′ĕts or tē′nĕts). Doctrines, beliefs, 305
terrestrial (tĕ·rĕs′trĭ·ăl). Of the world, of the earth, 282, 552
Thames (tĕmz). The river on which London is situated
thane (thān). A warrior companion of an ancient king
thraldom (thrôl′dŭm). Bondage, slavery
threnody (thrĕn′ō·dĭ). A dirge or funeral song, 440
thrid (thrĭd). Pass through, thread, 479
tillage (tĭl′ĭj). The operation of tilling land, 296
timbrels (tĭm′brĕlz). Ancient Hebrew instruments like tambourines, 415, 420
timorous (tĭm′ĕr·ŭs). Timid, 527. *Adv.* timorously, 443
tinct (tĭngkt). Delicately flavored, 425
tiring room (tīr′ĭng). A theater dressing room (archaic), 206
titillating (tĭt′ĭ·lāt·ĭng). Tickling, 262
totalitarianism (tō·tăl·ĭ·târ′ĭ·ăn·ĭs′m). The principle of a highly centralized government under control of a single political group which allows no recognition of other political parties, 538
tourney (tōō′nĭ or tûr′nĭ). A tournament, 216. (See page 53 for full description.)
transcendent (trăn·sĕn′dĕnt). Surpassing, extraordinary, 221
travesty (trăv′ĕs·tĭ). Burlesque, mockery, 526
trenchèd (trĕnch′ĕd). Cut deep like a trench, 155
trilogy (trĭl′ō·jĭ). A group of three literary compositions having some similarity, though each is a separate and complete unit, 403
trow (trō). Think or believe, 67
truckling (trŭk′lĭng). Currying favor, 527
turbid (tûr′bĭd). Confused, disturbed, 512
turbulent (tûr′bū·lĕnt). Easily agitated, stormy, 392

U

ulcerous (ŭl′sĕr·ŭs). Having ulcers or open sores, 170
unctuous (ŭngk′tū̆·ŭs). Suave, oily-tongued, 480
undivulged (ŭn·dĭ·vŭljd′). Not revealed, secret, 146
unfathomable (ŭn·făth′ŭm·ă·b′l). Not to be measured in depth, 307
unknelled (ŭn·nĕld′). Without a funeral bell, 400
unlineal (ŭn·lĭn′ē·ăl). Not of the same family or line of descent, 150
unorthodoxy (ŭn·ôr′thŏ·dŏks·ĭ). An act or belief not in accordance with the standard or traditional way of doing things (usually religious, here political), 735
unpalatable (ŭn·păl′ĭt·ă·b′l). Not pleasing, not acceptable, 198
unplumbed (ŭn·plŭmd′). Not measured, 7
unpremeditated (ŭn·prē·mĕd′ĭ·tāt·ĕd). Not planned beforehand, spontaneous, 405
unpropitious (ŭn·prō·pĭsh′ŭs). Unfavorable, 308
unsanctified (ŭn·săngk′tĭ·fīd). Evil, unblessed, 166
unsavory (ŭn·sā′vĕr·ĭ). Unpleasant to the smell; hence, having a bad reputation, 554
unscrupulous (ŭn·skrōō′pū̆·lŭs). Dishonest, with low principles of conduct
urbane (ûr·bān′). Polite, at ease in society

V

vagaries (vă·gâr′ĭz). Caprices, whimsical changes of fashion, 329
vaporous (vā′pĕr·ŭs). Full of vapor or fogs, 158
vassal (văs′ăl). In the feudal system, one who gives his allegiance to an overlord in return for protection; on page 426, a lover devoted to his lady-love
vaunteth (vänt′ĕth or vônt′ĕth). Speaks boastfully, 193
venerable (vĕn′ĕr·ă·b′l). Commanding respect, usually because of age or dignified position, 456. *Noun.* Veneration, respect, 495

venial (vē′nĭ·ăl). Easily forgiven, 12
verdurous (vûr′dûr·ŭs). Covered with green vegetation, 417
verities (vĕr′ĭ·tĭz). Truths, 148
vermeil (vûr′mĭl). Vermilion, red, 426
vernacular (vĕr·năk′ū′lĕr). Native language
vernal (vûr′năl). Belonging to spring, 406
versatile (vûr′sà·tĭl). Possessing many talents or aptitudes, 115, 271. *Noun.* versatility (vûr·sà·tĭl′ĭ·tĭ), 565
verve (vûrv or vĕrv). Vivacity, spirit, 250
vilifying (vĭl′ĭ·fī·ĭng). Slandering, 233
villein (vĭl′ĭn). A free peasant of medieval days, 50
vindicate (vĭn′dĭ·kāt). Defend, justify, 263
vindictive (vĭn·dĭk′tĭv). Disposed to revenge, 2, 16
virginal (vûr′jĭ·năl). A musical instrument like a small spinet, popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, 109, 240
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voluminous (vō·lū′mĭn·ŭs). Bulky, with many folds, 52; capable of filling a large volume, 722
voluptuous (vō·lŭp′tū·ŭs). Delightful to the senses, 426. *Noun.* voluptuousness. Desire for sensual pleasure, 168
vouchsafed (vouch·sāft′). Granted, 36, 187
vulnerable (vŭl′nĕr·à·b'l). Capable of being wounded, 180

W

wanton (wŏn′tŭn). Fly freely, 210
wassail (wŏs′l). A spiced ale or wine of ancient times, 139; a feast at which healths were drunk in wassail
wassailers (wŏs′lĕrz). Persons indulging in a drinking bout, 426
ween (wēn). To suppose, imagine (archaic), 42, 97
wherry (hwĕr′ĭ). A large light barge, 387
whist (hwĭst). Hushed, silent (archaic), 121
wimple (wĭm′p'l). A folded cloth worn over the head and neck, 52
wist (wĭst). Knew (archaic), 311
witling (wĭt′lĭng). A person with little wit or understanding, 262
woof (wo͝of). The cross thread in a woven fabric, 404
woofèd (wo͝of′ĕd). Woven, 425
wot (wŏt). Know (archaic), 386
wreaked (rēkt). Inflicted, 200
Wyrd (würd or wĭrd). Fate (Anglo-Saxon)

Y

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yestreen (yĕs·trēn′). Yesterday evening, 74
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