

ESSAYS AND STUDIES
BY MEMBERS OF
THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

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COLLECTED BY A. C. BRADLEY

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ESSAYS AND STUDIES
BY MEMBERS OF
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VOL. II

COLLECTED BY H. C. BEECHING



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JANE AUSTEN

A LECTURE

IN speaking to you of Jane Austen I must assume, not only that you are familiar with her novels, but that, like myself, you belong to the faithful. That does not bind us to rank her with the very greatest novel-writers, or to prefer her works to others more ambitious and more faulty. But it does imply a perception and enjoyment of her surpassing excellence within that comparatively narrow sphere whose limits she never tried to overpass—an excellence which, we may perhaps venture to say, gives her in that sphere the position held by Shakespeare in his. Those who lack this perception or dispute its truth may possibly be in the right; but attempts to prove that they are wrong are perfectly futile, since all the proofs rest on the perception itself. I must therefore assume that you belong to the faithful. And, if you do, you will not wish me to add another to the estimates of Jane Austen's genius; nor, on the other hand, will you ask me whether I have anything new to say. I do not know enough of Austen criticism to answer the question; nor does it matter. The faithful enjoy comparing notes; and I offer you some of mine, and wish that you could give me yours in return.

I begin by referring to two matters which seem to be unknown to many readers of Jane Austen, and which all her readers would certainly like to know. The first is the fact that the six novels fall into two distinct groups, separated by a considerable interval of time. She came of age in December, 1796. In that year and the two following she wrote *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*:

None of the three was published at once; but in 1809 she began to revise the first two for publication, and then she composed, in this order, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*, which was finished in 1816. Thus, to put it roughly, the first group of three were written between the ages of twenty and twenty-two, and the second group between the ages of thirty-five and forty. Some ten months after the completion of *Persuasion* her life came to an end.¹

But the six novels are not quite all that remains to us of her writing: and this is the second fact which none of her readers should ignore. Mr. Austen Leigh in the *Memoir* of his aunt (now published in Macmillan's Eversley Series) gave some account, with extracts, of the story she began in the last months of her life. He printed also, under the title of *The Watsons*, the opening chapters of a novel begun and abandoned about 1803; i.e. in that long interval between the two groups. And, lastly, in the same volume, there is the tale called *Lady Susan*. The editor is doubtless right in dating it before the earliest of the completed works, and it bears the marks of immaturity. But in one respect it is the most interesting of all the fragments; for it proposes to do what its author never again attempted. *Lady Susan* is not a 'mixed' character, but

¹ The novels were published in the following order: *Sense and Sensibility*, 1811; *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813; *Mansfield Park*, 1814; *Emma*, 1816; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, posthumously, 1818. *Sense and Sensibility*, originally called *Elinor and Marianne* and written in the form of letters, was composed in this shape before *Pride and Prejudice* (then called *First Impressions*), but rewritten in 1797 and 1798 after that novel was composed. Jane Austen began to revise them when she went to live at Chawton in 1809: she 'lop't and crop't' the latter a good deal (*Memoir*, 98). There is clear internal evidence of the revision here and there. For example, in *Sense and Sensibility*, ch. 14, Scott is mentioned as though he was a popular poet, and he was so in 1809 but not in 1797 or 1798. I do not know of any evidence that *Northanger Abbey* was revised. It is referred to in a letter of March, 1816 (*Letters*, ii. 297): "'Miss Catherine" is put upon the shelf for the present, and I do not know that she will ever come out.' For most of the facts mentioned in the text and in this note, see *Memoir*, 47, 95; *Letters*, i. 151, 152.

a downright bad one; a bold, adroit, and fascinating adventuress, who with sufficient inducement would turn into a criminal; and she has a friend who is no better than herself. The story is ostensibly brought to an end, but in fact it stops in the middle of the plot. Perhaps Jane Austen felt that her treatment of such a character must depend too much on mere fancy; but the actual treatment, though not searching, is firm and clear and delightfully cool.

Beside these unfinished novels we have her letters, some of them printed in the *Memoir*, a larger number in the two volumes edited by Lord Brabourne (1884). They are generally described as disappointing; and so they must be if we expect letters which are literature, or which admit us into the writer's inmost mind. We must not look for this. They are the hasty letters of a girl, and then of a woman, who regarded herself as the member of an affectionate family, and only incidentally as a writer, or even a reader, of books, and whose inmost mind lay in her religion—a religion powerful in her life and not difficult to trace in her novels, but quiet, untheoretical, and rarely openly expressed. We find in the letters, no doubt, a few precious allusions to her novels. We can tell who were some of her favourite authors: Richardson, her 'dear Doctor Johnson', Cowper, Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Crabbe, the only person she could fancy herself marrying.¹ She refers to Scott and to Byron, but shows no acquaintance with Wordsworth or Coleridge. A series of letters to a niece who was writing a story contains some views on novel-writing which we are glad to read, though we could have guessed them from the author's practice. But of the tremendous public events of her time we hear very little. Although one of her sisters-in-law was the widow of a victim of the guillotine, we should

¹ Most of the allusions are to *Sir Charles Grandison*; I have noticed none to *Clarissa*. The allusions to Dr. Johnson, again, seem to be always to the Dr. Johnson of Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi. For Crabbe, see especially ii. 193.

hardly be aware that the French Revolution had taken place: I do not think the names of Napoleon and Wellington ever occur: and if we trusted to the letters we should have to conclude that, while she was devoted to her naval brothers, she cared nothing about Nelson. For the most part Jane simply tells her sister Cassandra, exactly as if she were talking to her, what is happening in the house or garden or village; who is dead or engaged or has a baby; with whom she danced the day before yesterday, or what her new clothes are to be. It is mostly very trivial, and to me the information regarding the clothes is mostly unintelligible. But I do not find the letters disappointing. The Jane Austen who wrote the novels is in them. They take one into a narrow world, but the world of the novels is narrow too, and the author's mind is another matter. And the attitude of the letter-writer towards the world she lives in is, *mutatis mutandis*, the attitude of the novel-writer towards the world she creates. The world is full of interest, for it is full of human nature. It is highly amusing, for the human being swarms with oddities, absurdities, self-deceptions, and contradictions. It has its serious and its sad aspects, and we are bound to behave well in it. But evil and unhappiness are not its dominant features. One should not talk of them more than is necessary, and, whatever one does, one should not be sentimental. Let me give a few illustrations.

The novelist's interest in human nature appears in the letters in significant little ways. Jane Austen played the piano and sang; but when she has gone to a concert what she mentions is not the music she heard, but the people she met. Of a visit to a picture-gallery she herself says: 'My preference for men and women always inclines me to attend more to the company than to the sight' (ii. 82), and if she does allude to a picture, I think it is always a portrait. But when she goes to the theatre it is the play she talks of, for there are human beings in that. If she were alive now she would ride in tubes and omnibuses to watch the occupants.

How characteristic, again, is this about the husband of a relative with whom she was staying! The coachman was late one day in bringing the carriage, and, says Jane Austen, 'Mr. Moore was very angry, which I was rather glad of. I wanted to see him angry' (ii. 196).

We find the same thing in this passage, the opening of a letter to a niece, some twenty years her junior, who was consulting her about a love affair:

'My dearest Fanny,—You are inimitable, irresistible. You are the delight of my life. Such letters, such entertaining letters as you have lately sent! such a description of your queer little heart! such a lovely display of what imagination does! You are worth your weight in gold, or even in the new silver coinage. I cannot express to you what I have felt in reading your history of yourself—how full of pity and concern, and admiration and amusement, I have been! You are the paragon of all that is silly and sensible, commonplace and eccentric, sad and lively, provoking and interesting. Who can keep pace with the fluctuations of your fancy, the caprizios of your taste, the contradictions of your feelings! You are so odd, and all the time so perfectly natural! so peculiar in yourself, and yet so like everybody else' (ii. 290).

Jane Austen was a most affectionate aunt, and worshipped by her nephews and nieces, and the whole correspondence shows how much she cared for this niece. All the same the aunt was the novelist, and the niece a player in the comedy of life.

The letters show us that the humorous attitude was habitual, not only with Jane Austen, but in her family. Her father, a country clergyman, was a scholar with an eager sanguine temperament; her mother, 'a quick-witted woman with plenty of sparkle and spirit in her talk'¹. She, the genius, grew up with four brothers and a sister, fond of books, fond of acting, cheerful, high-spirited, full of nonsense and fun, kind-hearted, good to the poor, but merciless to pretension, affectation, and sentimentality, and, it would seem,

¹ Statement by Jane Austen's niece Anna, quoted in Constance Hill's *Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends*, 32. I should add that, so far as I know, there is no evidence that the father was humorous.

a little disposed to consider strangers as, in the first instance, comic phenomena. This is the natural attitude of such young people. They themselves do not yet quite belong to real life, and, except when it presses on them, they view it in the spirit of the comic artist who delights in it as a show. Stupid outsiders misconstrue their nonsense, but they understand one another, and Jane says what she likes to Cassandra. Something of this youthful family atmosphere clings to the whole correspondence, and it must not be forgotten. 'The Wylmots being robbed', Jane writes, 'must be an amusing thing to their acquaintance, and I hope it is as much their pleasure as it is their avocation to be subjects of general entertainment' (i. 270). Poor Mrs. Hall, it seems, has had a fright, and her child is still-born; so Jane tells her sister, and she adds: 'I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband' (i. 159). Here is her comment on the death of Mrs. W. K.: 'I had no idea that anybody liked her, and therefore felt nothing for any survivor; but I am now feeling away on her husband's account, and think he had better marry Miss Sharpe' (i. 325). We need not suppose that this satiric close applied to Mr. W. K. and Miss Sharpe in particular; like many of the remarks in the letters it is directed to human nature in general. For example, she writes of a new acquaintance, 'She seems a really agreeable woman—that is, her manners are gentle, and she knows a great many of our connexions in West Kent' (ii. 40). And of some new-comers, 'Charles Powlett has been very ill, but is getting well again. His wife is discovered to be everything the neighbourhood could wish her, silly and cross as well as extravagant' (i. 179). And of a boy going to school: 'He is going to Rugby, and is very happy in the idea of it; I wish his happiness may last, but it will be a great change to become a raw schoolboy from being a pompous sermon-writer and a domineering brother' (ii. 74). But there is no satire in this musical description of aunt Jane's niece Anna, whom she reports to be developing satisfactorily:

'She is quite an Anna with variations, but she cannot have reached her last, for that is always the most flourishing and showy; she is at about her third or fourth, which are generally simple and pretty' (ii. 93). Nor is there often satire in the passages about clothes, though there is sometimes humour. A specimen of these must be given. She is staying in London, and her sister at home has sent her a commission.

'Though', Jane writes, 'you have given me unlimited powers concerning your sprig, I cannot determine what to do about it, and shall therefore in this and in every other future letter continue to ask your farther directions. We have been to the cheap shop, and very cheap we found it, but there are only flowers made there, no fruit; and as I could get four or five very pretty sprigs of the former for the same money which would procure only one Orleans plum . . . I cannot decide on the fruit till I hear from you again. Besides, I cannot help thinking that it is more natural to have flowers grow out of the head than fruit. What do you think on that subject?' (i. 216).

And now, hoping that these quotations may have won some new readers for the letters, I pass to heavier matter.

To the historian of literary epochs Jane Austen is, or should be, a little inconvenient. She was born a few years later than Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott. When she died, Byron was famous, and Shelley and Keats had already published. She belongs therefore to the period commonly entitled that of the Romantic Revival, or the Revival of Imagination. And yet these titles do not suit her in the least. The *Waverley Novels* are ✓ 'romantic' in this special sense, but hers are not. They might even be called anti-romantic. Nor are they more imaginative than those of Richardson and Fielding, in the sense implied in the phrase Revival of Imagination. That other favourite title, ✓ again, 'return to nature', seems to leave her equally untouched. She was, indeed, intensely fond of the country; but scenery plays no great part in her novels, and we find scarcely a trace of the distinctively new modes of feeling towards nature. She resembles Cowper here, not Wordsworth or

Shelley. If we take 'return to nature' more widely, she still fails to show this return. She does not write of human nature in its most simple, primitive, or unsocial forms. She has no savages or outlaws; the lower orders appear only and casually in a peasant or two, or an hotel waiter; of the few children, most are spoilt; and she is perfectly innocent of the idea that civilization is the fall of man from some paradisaical state of nature. The one contemporary poet to whom she has a marked affinity is Crabbe, but it ceases where Crabbe is most imaginative, as in *Sir Eustace Grey*, or *Prisons*, or *Peter Grimes*. She is separated both by her limitations and by her strength from the greater poets of her time. The strangeness of her position is diminished, no doubt, if we remember that those well-worn titles ignore a large part of the prose literature of her day; but that part was, on the whole, second-rate, and the fact remains that she belongs to the first-rate writers, and is an exception among them. We might even say that she got nothing from the Romantic Revival except the opportunity of making fun of Mrs. Radcliffe. Essentially, it appears to me, her novels belong to the age^{l^{ms}} of Johnson and Cowper.

There are two distinct strains in Jane Austen. She is a moralist and a humorist. These strains are often blended or even completely fused, but still they may be distinguished. It is the first that connects her with Johnson, by whom, I suspect, she was a good deal influenced. With an intellect much less massive, she still observes human nature with the same penetration and the same complete honesty. She is like him in the abstention—no doubt, in her case, much less deliberate—from speculation, and in the orthodoxy and strength of her religion. She is very like him in her contempt for mere sentiment, and for that 'cant' of which Boswell was recommended to clear his mind. We remember Johnson in those passages where she refuses to express a deeper concern than she feels for misfortune or grief, and with both there is

an occasional touch of brutality in the manner of the refusal. It is a question, however, of manner alone, and when she speaks her mind fully and gravely she speaks for Johnson too; as when she makes Emma say: 'I hope it may be allowed that, if compassion has produced exertion and relief to the sufferers, it has done all that is truly important. If we feel for the wretched enough to do all we can for them, the rest is empty sympathy, only distressing to ourselves' (ch. 10). Finally, like Johnson, she is, in the strict sense, a moralist. Her morality, that is to say, is not merely embodied in her plots, it is often openly expressed. She followed a fashion of the day in her abstract titles, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Persuasion*; but the fashion coincides with the movement of her mind, and she knew very well the main lesson to be drawn from the other three novels. Her explicit statements and comments are often well worth pondering, though their terminology is sometimes old-fashioned, and though her novels contain infinitely more wisdom than they formulate.

With very few exceptions the greater writers differ little in what may be called their ultimate morality; but two or three minor traits may be singled out in Jane Austen's. One is her marked distrust of any indulgence in emotion or imagination where these are not plainly subservient to the resolve to do the right thing, however disagreeable or prosaic it may be. This meets us everywhere, and it has more than one effect. It leads her to approve of such heroines as Elinor Dashwood, Fanny Price, and Anne Elliot; and we share her approval. On the other hand, for some readers, the suppression of feeling and fancy in these characters, or at least in the first two, much diminishes their charm, and even suggests the idea, which Jane Austen certainly did not hold, that good sense and dutifulness are apt to be spiritless or even depressed.

Another trait is her refusal to depict those conflicts of violent passions which display, even in misdoing, the possi-

bilities of human nature, and at once agitate and uplift us as her pictures of life never can. Like most of us, she never experienced, or even witnessed, such passions, and she had the wisdom, not too common in novelists, to avoid what she did not know. Besides, 'guilt and misery' were to her 'odious subjects',¹ which she quitted as soon as she could. Hence, though her morality is serious and, in some points, severe, her novels make exceptionally peaceful reading. She troubles us neither with problems nor with painful emotions, and if there is a wound in our minds she is not likely to probe it.

Connected with this trait is another, which has the same effect. Unlike Johnson, she was blessed with a sunny temper, and she takes a brighter view of life. If we may judge from her works, she thought that very few people are naturally ill-disposed. If you examine you find that almost always the faults of her characters are directly connected with bad training, or want of training, in youth. Her opinion of parents who spoil their children or teach them that the object of life is to have what is now called 'a good time', is obvious both in her novels and her letters. Darcy had an excellent disposition; he was *taught* to be proud. Why were the Bertram sisters what they were? Because their father was negligent and rather worldly, their mother a slug, and their aunt Mrs. Norris. I do not remember one instance in Jane Austen of a child who was well brought up and turned out badly. She might have called her novels 'The Parents' Assistant in six volumes'. It is conceivable that they might still be of use; and horrible as it may appear to the modern parent that she asks him to believe on a week-day in 'the advantages of early hardship and discipline, and the consciousness of being born to struggle and endure' (*Mansfield Park, sub fin.*), at least she does not ask him also to believe that his child is born bad.

¹ *Mansfield Park*, opening of ch. 48.

The chief danger of a moralizing tendency is that it may lead the novelist to falsify human nature. I do not think it so misleads Jane Austen. She is not invariably true to human nature, but it is not her desire to edify that makes her false. There is nothing improbable in the connexion she portrays between goodness and happiness, or between error and failure. Nor do we ever think of saying that her characters are too good or too bad to be real. Somebody seems indeed to have complained that her heroines were not good enough, and she replies that pictures of perfection make her sick and wicked (*Letters*, ii, 300). The large experience of Catherine Morland led her to suspect that, though among Mrs. Radcliffe's Alps and Pyrenees there might be no mixed characters, 'among the English, in their hearts and habits, there was a general, though unequal, mixture of good and bad'. Jane Austen seems to have shared this suspicion. And, finally, her sympathies and antipathies never make her unjust. Indeed, in her justice she is quite Shakespearian. One example may serve for many. She must have detested Mrs. Norris. We all do. Who could say a good word for her? Jane Austen could. When Sir Thomas Bertram refused to receive Maria again in his house, Mrs. Norris devoted herself to the niece whose character she had done so much to spoil. She took her away to an 'establishment formed for them in another country, remote and private, where, shut up together with little society, on one side no affection, on the other no judgement, it may be reasonably supposed that their tempers became their mutual punishment.' Well, we cannot pretend to mind that much, but we realize that this intolerable woman had strong affections, and we admit that the story has implied this all along, though our hatred of her may have made us blind to it.

But Jane Austen's favourite attitude, we may even say her instinctive attitude, is, of course, that of the humorist. And

this is not all. The foibles, illusions, self-contradictions, of human nature are a joy to her for their own sakes, but also because through action they lead to consequences which may be serious but may also be comic. In that case they produce sometimes matter fit for a comedy, a play in which people's lives fall into an entanglement of errors, misunderstandings, and cross-purposes, from which they are rescued, not by their own wisdom or skill, but by the kindness of Fortune or some Providence with a weakness for lovers. This point of view, the point of view not merely of humour but of comedy, is so marked in Jane Austen's novels as to suggest that she was a good deal influenced by the drama. So at least it seems to me, though I cannot say by what drama; for I have observed no signs of her acquaintance with Restoration Comedy, or even with Goldsmith or Sheridan, and I have little knowledge of the inferior plays current in her time.¹ But we know that the Austen children used to act, that some of Jane's childish compositions were dramatic in form, that she liked going to the theatre, and that the young people in *Mansfield Park* rehearsed a version by Mrs. Inchbald of a play by Kotzebue. There are not a few dialogues in her works which, one imagines, might be transferred with scarcely any change to the stage. ✓ Some scenes that are open to criticism as parts of a novel would be quite in place in a drama. For instance, Mr. Collins's proposal to Elizabeth, delightful as it is, suggests farce; and the effect of Willoughby's sudden nocturnal entrance in extreme agitation just at the moment when Elinor, at the crisis of her sister's illness, is awaiting the arrival of their mother, is perhaps a trifle melodramatic. Mary, again, the third of the Bennet sisters, appears always in the same attitude, like a comedy stock-figure. And where no such criticisms can be maintained, it will still be found that many scenes, as well as persons like

¹ Some one in want of a subject for a Degree thesis might turn his attention to this matter. I owe the identification of *Lovers' Vows* to Mr. Mackail.

Mr. Bennet and Sir Walter Elliot, seem almost to be made for the theatre.

But the resemblance to comedy goes further: it extends to the whole story. In all her novels, though in varying degrees, Jane Austen regards the characters, good and bad alike, with ironical amusement, because they never see the situation as it really is and as she sees it. This is the deeper source of our unbroken pleasure in reading her. We constantly share her point of view, and are aware of the amusing difference between the fact and its appearance to the actors. If you fail to perceive and enjoy this, you are not really reading Jane Austen. Some readers do not perceive it, and therefore fail to appreciate her. Others perceive it without enjoying it, and they think her cynical. She is never cynical, and not often merely satirical. A cynic or a mere satirist may be intellectually pleased by human absurdities and illusions, but he does not feel them to be good. But to Jane Austen, so far as they are not seriously harmful, they are altogether pleasant, because they are both ridiculous and right. It is amusing, for example, that Knightley, who is almost a model of good sense, right feeling, and just action, should be unjust to Frank Churchill because, though he does not know it, he himself is in love with Emma: but to Jane Austen that is not only the way a man *is* made, but the way he *should* be made. No doubt there are plenty of things that should not be, but when we so regard them they are not comical. A main point of difference between Jane Austen and Johnson is that to her much more of the world is amusing, and much more of it is right. She is less of a moralist and more of a humorist.

Of her novels perhaps *Pride and Prejudice* makes us laugh most, but *Northanger Abbey* and *Emma* are the two in which this comedy point of view is most predominant. In *Pride and Prejudice* the sources of mirth lie chiefly in the minor characters, and the main subject is not, on the whole, treated humorously. But the comic contrast of reality with Catherine

Morland's illusions is the nerve of the whole story. Primarily, of course, it concerns the ideas which she has imbibed from Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, and which induce her, when she finds herself in an abbey, to look for the record of some thrilling mystery in what turns out to be a washing-bill, and to weave a direful romance of crime out of the little she has heard of General Tilney's lawfully deceased wife; and it culminates in the contrast between the romantic horror of his imaginary behaviour to Mrs. Tilney, and the actual and exceedingly prosaic horror of his treatment of Catherine herself. But this theme is embroidered by perpetual minor illusions on the part of Catherine, who, for example, when she sees that shameless flirt, Captain Tilney, amusing himself with Isabella, is deeply concerned to think what he will suffer on finding that Isabella is already engaged, and interprets his very late appearance at breakfast as the consequence of a night of sleepless mental agony. *Northanger Abbey*, one of the youthful works and the most light-hearted of all, is one of the most enjoyable, and the heroine is a triumph. For her extreme simple-mindedness is always felt to be engaging and even lovable, and never suggests, like that of Harriet Smith, imbecility of mind or want of personality. Henry Tilney, too, is much the most agreeable of the clerical heroes; and we should grieve to miss either Mrs. Allen or John Thorpe, who, more than any other figure in Jane Austen's gallery, reminds us that her immediate predecessor was Miss Burney, and whose monstrous exaggerations and inventions are somehow made to suggest to us that Mrs. Radcliffe's persons and events are equally preposterous. Still, the most ardent lover of *Northanger Abbey* would hardly give it the first place among the novels, or, perhaps, deny that, however natural General Tilney's character may be, it is not quite easy to believe in his behaviour.¹

¹ We do not know why *Northanger Abbey* was 'put upon the shelf': perhaps because Mrs. Radcliffe's novels were no longer popular. If Jane Austen had published it, I wonder whether she would have allowed John Thorpe to swear so freely.

Emma is a far more mature piece of work. It is the most vivacious of the later novels, and with some readers the first favourite. In plot-interest it is probably the strongest of the six, and, not to speak of the more prominent persons, it contains, in Mr. Woodhouse and Miss Bates, two minor characters who resemble one another in being the object equally of our laughter and our unqualified respect and affection. Jane Austen, who is said to be Shakespearian, never reminds us of Shakespeare, I think, in her full-dress portraits, but she does so in such characters as Miss Bates and Mrs. Allen. As for Mr. Woodhouse, whose most famous sentences hang like texts in frames on the four walls of our memories, he is, next to Don Quixote, perhaps the most perfect gentleman in fiction; and under outrageous provocation he remains so. This, I believe, is the severest thing he says in the story; it was said of Frank Churchill to the young man's stepmother:

'That young man (speaking lower) is very thoughtless. Do not tell his father, but that young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening, and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing.'

Emma is satisfactory on the more serious side of the story; but I will not dwell on that. In its main design it is a comedy, and, as a comedy, unsurpassed, I think, among novels, and all the better because Jane Austen does not affront us, like Meredith in *The Egoist*, by coming forward as interpreter. Most of the characters are involved in the contrast of reality and illusion, but it is concentrated on Emma. This young lady, who is always surpassingly confident of being right, is always surpassingly wrong. She is reputed very clever, and she *is* clever; and she never sees the fact and never understands herself. A spoiled child, with a good disposition and more will than most of the people in her little world, she begins to put this world to rights. She

chooses for a friend, not Jane Fairfax her equal, but the amiable, soft, stupid, and adoring Harriet Smith. Her motive, which she supposes to be kindness, is the pleasure of patronage and management. She detaches Harriet's affections from a suitable lover, and fastens them on a person wholly unsuitable and perfectly indifferent. Convinced that she has won Mr. Elton for Harriet, she finds that, in fact, her operations have encouraged him to aspire to herself. Leaving Harriet, on the explosion of this bubble, to recover from her disappointment, she next chooses to fancy that she herself and Frank Churchill, who is coming to visit his father, are likely to fall in love; while, in fact, he is coming solely because he is secretly engaged to Jane Fairfax. Without any reason she supposes Jane to be enamoured of somebody's husband, and imparts her suspicion, of all people, to Jane's lover. Having discovered that her own love for him was fictitious, she now encourages Harriet Smith to fall in love with him; but, as she omits to mention his name, she succeeds, without knowing it, in attaching Harriet to Mr. Knightley instead. In her satisfaction at finding herself out of love with Frank Churchill, and observing none of those signs of his relation to Jane Fairfax which are obvious to Mr. Knightley, she flirts outrageously with him, involves Jane in misery, and only escapes by accident from ruining the happiness of the pair. Finally, discovering to her dismay that she has led Harriet to raise her eyes to Knightley, and to raise them, in Harriet's opinion, not in vain, she also discovers, to her still greater dismay, that she loves Knightley herself, and then, to her delight, that she is beloved by him. She has reached a fact at last, but only by the benevolence of Fortune, who crowns her kindness by taking the heart of Harriet and flinging it, like a piece of putty, at her original lover. In a sketch like this the comedy of the story loses both its fun and its verisimilitude, but we know how delightful it is, and on the whole how true to human nature. Though we may not care for *Emma* most,

I think the claim may fairly be made for it that, of all the novels, it most perfectly executes its design.

It has, so far as I see, but one serious defect. I do not mean the imperfections of the heroine. Few of us probably like Emma as well as two or three of her sister-heroines, and there are moments when she even repels us. That was necessary to the design, and she attracts us quite enough for its purpose. She has a generous nature. She is self-confident, and she likes to be first; but she is not vain. She is faultless in her relations with her father; and, though she will not take advice from Knightley, her readiness to take reproof and to make amends for her errors is more than magnanimous. The weak point I referred to is the drawing of Jane Fairfax. She interests us much towards the end, and we feel that she is meant to be interesting from the first: but she cannot be so when we are allowed to see so little of her from within. There was, of course, a difficulty here; because her secret engagement is supposed to be a secret to the reader, and also because it makes her reserved towards the persons around her. But this is not all. The moralist in Jane Austen stood for once in her way. The secret engagement is, for her, so serious an offence, that she is afraid to win our hearts for Jane until it has led to great unhappiness. This is to undervalue the reader. It is the same mistake that Tennyson made in dealing with Guinevere's love for Lancelot. The guilty queen must not be too interesting, and so, till she ceases to be guilty, she remains a nonentity. But great writers neither need, nor can afford, to be so timid.

Sense and Sensibility was, in effect, the earliest of the novels, for in its first version it preceded *Pride and Prejudice* (then called *First Impressions*). At that time (before 1796) it had the form of letters, like the novels of Richardson and Miss Burney. I have never met any one who preferred it to the other five, and it is generally, and, I think, rightly,

placed lowest in the list. There is a certain formality in the contrast between the two sisters, and also in the parallelism which makes each of them in love with a man who is not free. The heroine, too, though Jane Austen liked her (*Letters*, ii. 91), and though she wins our respect and sympathy, seems to me unattractive; and it is difficult to take any interest at all in the hero. In the character of Willoughby, who is much more important, Jane Austen made a bolder essay than in those of her later semi-bad men; but it is not very successful, and its very boldness is one of the signs of immaturity. Still, if *Elinor and Marianne* (the first version) was anything like our *Sense and Sensibility*, it was an achievement nothing less than astounding in a girl under twenty; and if the finished work is inferior to the other novels, the gap seems widest on a first reading.

Sense and Sensibility is allied on one side to *Northanger Abbey*, and there is something of the effect of that novel in the serious aspect of the story of Marianne. At seventeen she is even more convinced than of old that she will never see a man whom she can really love. Within a month or two she meets her ideal, and is brought to death's door by its behaviour to her. And at nineteen she contentedly marries a man of thirty-five who wears a flannel waistcoat, and whom, in virtue of his advanced age, she had considered as necessarily dead to 'all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite form of enjoyment'. Then there are scenes and minor characters worthy of Jane Austen at her best. The scene in which Mr. John Dashwood, the heir, with the help of his wife, and without any conscious insincerity, lowers his obligation to his sisters by degrees from £3,000 to occasional neighbourly acts which he never performs, is unsurpassed in all the novels, and excellently suited to the stage. It is characteristic that it comes in the second chapter. Nobody ever opened a novel or managed an exposition better than Jane Austen, who would deserve immortality if she had written only the

first chapter of *Pride and Prejudice*. And there is dear, vulgar, warm-hearted Mrs. Jennings, who, in her pity for the love-lorn Marianne, remembers how nothing comforted her poor husband, when he had a touch of his old cholicky gout, like a glass of her finest old Constantia wine; offers it as a cordial for a broken heart; and, returning to her natural hilarity, consoles herself for Willoughby's rejection of Marianne with the design of spiring up Colonel Brandon to take his place, on the principle that one shoulder of mutton, you know, drives another down. Shakespeare has the same thought, though he puts it differently:

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity;

and he would have loved Mrs. Jennings. And there is her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, the ever-laughing Mrs. Palmer, who finds it so droll that Mr. Palmer is always out of humour, and so droll that her geraniums are nipped by the frost, and her chickens stolen by the fox. She and her husband, I confess, remind one of a farce more than of Shakespeare, but I should like to see that farce. And there is Lady Middleton, whose children were even worse spoilt than Mary Musgrove's, and who made friends with Mrs. John Dashwood the moment they met. 'There was a kind of cold-hearted selfishness on both sides which mutually attracted them; and they sympathized with each other in an insipid propriety of demeanour and a general want of understanding.'

Among the faithful there is a disposition to regard *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park* as rivals for the first place, and to quarrel over them with some heat. There is something a little absurd about a competition of this kind, but I fancy the authoress would have enjoyed listening to it, and at any rate it may be made the vehicle of comparison and criticism. *Pride and Prejudice*, I imagine, is the most popular of all the novels, and many of its champions seem hardly to understand why *Mansfield Park* should be much admired. The friends

of *Mansfield Park* are a more select body, and they quite understand the admiration of *Pride and Prejudice*. I shall not refer at length, therefore, to the merits of the latter, and, as for the issue, I will say at once that I do not know which of the two is the ^{tr} ^{er} best novel, though I know very well which I like the best.

There is every sign that in writing *Mansfield Park* Jane Austen regarded her work with unusual seriousness. This seriousness is, in part, moral, for she has deeply at heart the importance of certain truths about conduct which are embodied and occasionally enunciated in the novel. But it is at the same time artistic. She has produced a very solid and carefully considered scheme, a more organic scheme than in any other of her works. And she has bound herself to tell the truth. She renounces the pleasure of drawing semi-farcical characters; and in Lady Bertram (as later in Mr. Woodhouse) she can scarcely be said even to exaggerate; she merely insists on the most salient traits, without wholly excluding the rest. Again, the conception and development of some of the main characters, of the two Crawfords, perhaps of Edmund, and notably of Fanny Price as compared with Elizabeth Bennet, is exceptionally delicate and subtle. These epithets apply also to the manner in which the influence of character on character, and of circumstances on character, is depicted. Further, we meet neither with almost incredible situations, nor with inconsistencies of character, such as may be found in *Pride and Prejudice*: for to me, at least, it is impossible to imagine those ten days during which the Wickhams stayed with the Bennets, or to believe that the Darcy of the second half of the novel could ever have behaved so totally unlike a gentleman as the Darcy of the dance where he first meets Elizabeth. And, finally, everywhere, in spite of the author's moral intentness, there is that justice to which I drew attention in the treatment of Mrs. Norris. We see, for example, that, though Henry Crawford is an habitual and unfeeling lady-killer, he is

capable of sincere love; and no tenderness for Fanny prevents our being told that, in spite of her love for Edmund and her repugnance to Crawford, he must have succeeded in winning her affection if for a few months he could have denied himself the pleasure of flirtation. It must be admitted, I think, that in these respects—and they are of great importance—*Mansfield Park* is considerably superior to the youthful work, and superior in some degree to *Emma* and *Persuasion*; and it is probably true that, of all the novels, it gains the most from repeated study. It has, of course, many further merits, but I am touching only on those in regard to which a *superior* position could be claimed for it.

What can be said on the other side? In the first place, though, like all the novels, it is excellently written, *Mansfield Park* is not written with the animation and sparkle of *Pride and Prejudice*. Considering the difference between the two novels in tone and matter, this change was in some degree both natural and a positive merit; but then, as regards the tone and matter themselves, we may perhaps say of *Mansfield Park* the very opposite of what Jane Austen said of the earlier work: 'it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense'. Secondly, *Mansfield Park* allows less scope to Jane Austen's humour than most, perhaps than any, of her other novels. One of her nieces remembered how aunt Jane, when on a visit to her brother, 'would sit quietly working beside the fire in the library, saying nothing for a good while, and then would suddenly burst out laughing, jump up, and run across the room to a table where pens and paper were lying, write something down, and then come back to the fire and go on quietly working as before'.¹ I doubt if this happened very

¹ Hill, 202. For Jane Austen's criticism of *Pride and Prejudice*, see *Memoir*, 99. It was probably written while she was composing *Mansfield Park*. Perhaps her sense of the defects of the earlier novel may have driven her rather too far in the opposite direction.

frequently during the composition of *Mansfield Park*. There is often ironic humour in the presentment of the story and in the exhibition of Edmund's feelings. Both the Crawfords have themselves a pleasant vein of humour. We smile at Dr. Grant, at Mrs. Rushworth and her son; broadly at Mr. Yates, with wry faces at Mrs. Norris. But we 'burst out laughing' only when we meet Lady Bertram. This again may be inevitable, and, because in keeping, may even be alleged as a merit; but is it not difficult to describe as Jane Austen's best novel' one in which, for however good a reason, Jane Austen's humour fails to have full play?

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 Lastly, I will ask a question: Is there anybody in *Mansfield Park* for whom we care much, not as a study, but as a person? I put this as a question, because undoubtedly there is one person, Fanny Price, for whom Jane Austen *means* us to care a great deal. 'My Fanny' she calls her, in the novel itself, and I do not think any other person in her works receives such a compliment. But—I speak for myself because I am speaking for many others—though I know, not only from this, but from the whole tone of the narrative, what I am expected to feel for Fanny, and though I try to feel it, I make but a moderate success of the business. I pity, approve, respect, and admire her, but I neither desire her company nor am greatly concerned about her destiny, and she makes me impatient at moments when I doubt if she was meant to. Now if this is all my own fault, it is not the fault of *Mansfield Park*; and there is a strong general probability, no doubt, that those who feel as a great writer meant them to feel, are in the right. But then in this matter I am one of a large and respectable band, and I am not convinced that we are wrong. In reading of Elizabeth Bennet, on the other hand, it is impossible for me to doubt either the author's intentions or my own feelings. I was meant to fall in love with her, and I do. Besides, I like her father and her elder sister better than any one in *Mansfield Park*, and I prefer both

Darcy and Bingley to the Rev. Edmund Bertram. On this side, therefore, as well as on the side of humour, I must put *Pride and Prejudice* first: and this side, surely, is very important. It is a great merit, that is, in a story that, besides admiring the characters as studies, you care for some of them as persons, and care very much for at least one.

Here, however, we have to meet a serious objection. For we shall be told that we are wrong in finding Elizabeth so delightful as we do; because she has, in addition to that fault on which the plot depends, a very unattractive defect: she is pert or impertinent. And I must try to deal with this charge.

First of all we may remark that it is connected with something—arises, I should say, from a misunderstanding of something—which is a main source of her attractiveness. She has, in a very high degree, that spirit which is lacking in Elinor, Fanny, and Anne. She has more of it than Catherine, and quite as much of it as Emma; and as she also has what they have not, the humour of Jane Austen herself, and as she is free from certain defects which are essential to Emma's story, she delights us. That is what all her friends say: we *delight* in her. Well, obviously, such a person might easily say things which could be misconstrued as impertinent even if they were not so. And accordingly this accusation appears in the novel itself. It is brought against Elizabeth by Miss Bingley, and playfully it is brought by Elizabeth herself when she asks her lover if he admired her for her impertinence, and is answered: 'for the liveliness of your mind I did'. I think his version the true one.

Next we must observe that when Jane Austen put that charge into the mouth of Miss Bingley, Elizabeth's tasteless and spiteful rival, she was implicitly denying it; and that she herself cannot have meant her heroine to be pert or impertinent. Her feeling for Elizabeth, which appears in the letters as well as in the novel, was of a very special kind.

from graceful whom?

She had a tenderness, we saw, for Fanny Price. So she had, one feels as one reads, for Anne Elliot. Yet she wrote to a niece who was eager to see *Persuasion*: 'You will not like it, so you need not be impatient. You may, perhaps, like the heroine, as she is almost too good for me.' Of Emma she said: 'I am going to take a heroine whom no one but myself will much like.' But she wrote of Elizabeth—not in the glow of her first creation, but long after, in 1813, when the novel was about to appear: 'I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know.' These are precisely the sentiments, the enthusiastic and resentful sentiments, of those for whom I speak. But who will believe that an impertinent girl could have been for Jane Austen as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print? ¹

¹ For these quotations see *Letters*, ii. 153, 300; *Memoir*, 98, 148. There are other passages which show her fondness for Elizabeth. When she goes to a picture-gallery, she finds 'a small portrait of Mrs. Bingley, excessively like her—I went in hopes of seeing one of her sister, but there was no Mrs. Darcy. . . Mrs. Bingley's is exactly herself—size, shaped face, features, and sweetness; there never was a greater likeness. She is dressed in a white gown, with green ornaments, which convinces me of what I had always supposed, that green was a favourite colour with her. I dare say Mrs. D. will be in yellow' (*Letters*, ii. 141: cf. 143). Aunt Jane would tell her nephews and nieces 'many little particulars about the subsequent career of some of her people'. I will leave the reader to find examples in *Memoir*, 148. There also we learn that Edmund Bertram and Mr. Knightley were 'two of her great favourites', but that she also said of them: 'they are very far from being what I know English gentlemen often are'.

I may add a word on another point. Occasionally, though very rarely, in the *Letters* we find descriptions of persons which remind us of characters in the novels. For example, she calls on Mrs. Milles, and says of her daughter: 'Miss Milles was queer as usual, and provided us with plenty to laugh at. She undertook in *three words* to give us the history of Mrs. Scudamore's reconciliation, and then talked on about it for half an hour, using such odd expressions, and so foolishly minute, that I could hardly keep my countenance' (ii. 196). Miss Milles might be a piece—no more—of Miss Bates; and we are told that Jane Austen 'thought it

Still, she may possibly have made Elizabeth impertinent without meaning to do so. And to prove the contrary is beyond human power. But I will ask, To *whom* is Elizabeth impertinent? Surely no one can object to, or fail to exult in, her answers to Lady Catherine de Bourgh, that bullying old snob. After repeated and anxious search I can find no colour for the charge except in one or two of her speeches to Darcy, especially in the scene where they are partners in a dance. Certainly, in one of these speeches, the words, if we take them alone, do sound impertinent; but they sound so, I maintain, only because we take them alone. And that is the origin of the misunderstanding. That which, said seriously, is impertinent, need not be so if playfully said. We forget that these words form part of a conversation which, on Elizabeth's side, is throughout playful in tone. We forget to imagine the smile about her lips, and the dancing light in her eyes. And we forget what we were expressly told before, when she gave Darcy a defiant answer and rather expected him to be affronted: 'there was a mixture of sweetness and archness in her manner which made it difficult for her to affront anybody.'¹

quite fair to note peculiarities and weaknesses'. But 'it was her desire to create, not to reproduce', and to copy or caricature an individual was for her 'an invasion of social proprieties'; so that 'her own relations never recognized any individual in her characters' (*Memoir*, 147).

¹ The particular speech referred to is in ch. 18 and begins with the word 'Both'. It is useless to quote it without the context. If the charge against Elizabeth were, not that she was impertinent, but that she ought not to have used this tone of raillery in speaking to a person whom she disliked and condemned, I should agree with it. There is another accusation against her which perhaps I ought to mention. It is that the change of her feelings towards Darcy was caused by the sight of his house and grounds! Jane Austen forestalled it by describing twice over, and minutely, the nature of the stages of this change. The passages are too long to quote: but she actually introduced the charge itself and added its refutation, and I will quote this. Jane, astonished at Elizabeth's acceptance of a man whom she was believed to dislike, begs for an assurance that her sister 'feels what she ought to do'. Elizabeth's reply, that she loves Darcy better than she does Bingley, does not satisfy Jane.

And now, to return for a moment to the question, 'Which is the best novel, *Mansfield Park* or *Pride and Prejudice*?' I cannot answer it, any more than I can say which is Shakespeare's best drama. Each of the two has qualities in which it surpasses the other. Those in which *Mansfield Park* are superior are probably the more fundamental, and I could not think of asserting that *Pride and Prejudice* is the better novel, though I prefer it. But I do not merely prefer it; it seems to me to show us more of Jane Austen's genius. We could feel surer, from reading it, that the author would some day be able to write *Mansfield Park*, than, from reading *Mansfield Park*, that the author would ever be able to write *Pride and Prejudice*. And besides, if there is a 'best novel' at all, are we so sure that it is not *Emma*?

Persuasion, written when Jane Austen's health had already begun to fail, was the last of the novels, and the mellowest. It is not equal to *Mansfield Park* or *Emma* on the sides where they are strongest; and the part in which Mr. Elliot, Mrs. Clay, and Mrs. Smith are the chief figures is, for Jane Austen, somewhat crude. Nor is *Persuasion* so entertaining as *Pride and Prejudice* and *Northanger Abbey*. But, to say nothing for the moment of its peculiar attraction, it seems to me to stand first for the balance of the humorous element and the interest of the love-story.

Admiral Croft is an instance of the value given to a novel by a person at once comical and lovable. Who has not blessed him for his praise of the Misses Musgrove: 'And very nice young ladies they are; I hardly know one from another'?

'My dearest sister', she exclaims, 'now *be*, be serious. I want to talk very seriously. Let me know everything that I am to know without delay. Will you tell me how long you have loved him?' The answer is: 'It has been coming on so gradually that I hardly know when it began; but I believe I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley.' But what is the use of my quoting this? Anyone capable of seriously making the charge will take this for a confession of its truth.

In her youth Jane Austen might have pushed into caricature the character of Sir Walter Elliot, with his family pride and personal vanity, and his incomparable criticisms on the hair and complexions of his relatives and acquaintances; but in *Persuasion* he is no less credible than original. His daughter Mary, whose 'sore throats, you know, were always worse than anybody's', is another triumph. If Jane Austen ever suspected herself of growing sentimental over Anne, she took her revenge in the portrait of Mrs. Musgrove senior, with 'her large fat sighings over the destiny of a son whom alive nobody had cared for',¹ and her 'extraordinary burst of mind' in remembering that he had served under Captain Wentworth. And the touch of comic irony falls on the most serious characters. Lady Russell, who prides herself on her discernment of men, misjudges Captain Wentworth first, and Mr. Elliot, far more grossly, afterwards, and is left with nothing else to do 'than to admit that she had been pretty completely wrong, and take up a new set of opinions and of hopes'. Anne is extremely agitated to observe Lady Russell gazing intently from her carriage at the long-lost lover, and finds that she was really examining some curtains in a shop window. And then there is Captain Benwick, who supposes himself doomed to eternal melancholy by the death of his *fiancée*, and who, we perceive, would certainly fall in love with Anne within a week, and, because the week is wanting, falls in love with Louisa. This may sound cynical, but we are expressly told that he has an affectionate heart, and we fully believe it. His love for poor Miss Harville is not dead, and for that very reason has to fix itself on some other object. Probably Louisa found that for her husband she was more or less a double personality, half Miss Harville and half herself.

But humorous as *Persuasion* is, its special and distinctive charm lies elsewhere. The nature of the attraction appears

¹ This fact is emphasized. If we do not notice it the passage, which has been censured, will certainly appear cruel.

in the fact that some readers, without admiring this novel the most, regard it with the most affection, and apply to it alone the epithet 'beautiful'. There are two sources of this effect. The heroine is treated with much sympathy and even with tenderness. This is true also of Fanny Price; but, in addition, the love-story is handled much more decidedly than in the other novels as a romance. Elizabeth's love for Darcy grew out of esteem and gratitude; it is none the worse for that, but it is not romantic, and if it had been thwarted, she would not have become autumnal at twenty-seven like Anne. Nor is Emma's love for Knightley romantic; it is more or less proprietary. Even Fanny's love, which has much more resemblance to Anne's, is, like Emma's, a growth from childhood, and we know from the author that it was not invincible. But at nineteen Anne Elliot (I quote the novelist's expressions because they are unusual with her) fell 'rapidly and deeply in love', and experienced 'a short period of exquisite felicity'; and though she was persuaded to renounce her lover, her love could never be renounced or transferred. It could only wither the bloom of her beauty and the joy in her heart. And Jane Austen allowed herself to portray freely and, one may even say, poetically, both Anne's suffering and the vicissitudes of its passage into hope and the re-birth of youth and bliss. There is very little of this open romantic sympathy in the early novels. In *Mansfield Park* there is a good deal more. But in *Persuasion* it flows almost without restraint. I do not think she has anywhere earlier such a sentence as the second of these: 'Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way.' And those speeches of Anne's in her conversation with Captain Harville, the overhearing of which produces the *dénouement*, form the only passage in Jane Austen's works which I could honestly describe as 'moving'—moving from

the mingled sense of pathos and beauty.¹ This sweetest grace was added to all her other gifts but a year before her death; and in *Persuasion* too, as, some years earlier, in *Mansfield Park*, she disclosed without reserve that love of nature which was really one of her strongest feelings. She had been, I think, a little too much held in check by her keen sense of the absurdities of affectation and mere sentiment. If she had lived longer the fundamental character of her mind would not have changed, but we should have known it more fully and perhaps have seen that she was nearer to the poets of her time than she now appears.²

A. C. BRADLEY.

¹ The *dénouement* was originally contained in a single chapter (printed in the *Memoir*). It did not satisfy the author, who cancelled it and wrote the two very different chapters which appear in the novel. The change was an immense improvement.

² I add a few words as to Jane Austen's love of nature. Miss Hill (*op. cit.* 91) quotes from a family MS.: 'She loved the country, and her delight in natural scenery was such that she would sometimes say it must form one of the delights of heaven.' From the same source we learn that, when suddenly told of her father's decision to leave Steventon, their home in the country, and reside in Bath, she fainted away; a fact which I mention with some compunctions, for she would have been horrified by the idea that this proof of her 'sensibility' would some day be made public. Her love of nature is not difficult to trace in the early novels, but it is not freely expressed. She makes Marianne say: 'admiration of landscape scenery is become a mere jargon. Everybody pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was. I detest jargon of every kind, and sometimes I have kept my feelings to myself, because I could find no language to describe them in but was worn and hackneyed out of all sense and meaning' (*Sense and Sensibility*, ch. 18). There is much more of interest in this passage, which should be compared with the fun about the picturesque in *Northanger Abbey*, ch. 14. The place in *Mansfield Park* which I had specially in mind is in ch. 11, where Fanny, gazing from the window at 'the scene without, where all that was solemn and soothing and lovely appeared in the brilliancy of an unclouded night, and the contrast of the deep shade of the woods', exclaims: 'Here's harmony! Here's repose! Here's what may leave all painting and all music behind, and what poetry only can attempt to describe! Here's what may tranquillize every care,

and lift the heart to rapture! When I look out on such a night as this, I feel as if there could be neither wickedness nor sorrow in the world; and there certainly would be less of both if the sublimity of nature were more attended to, and people were carried more out of themselves by contemplating such a scene.' The reader will recall the description in *Persuasion* of the country around Lyme Regis, and the references to Anne's love of autumn, 'that season of peculiar and inexhaustible influence on the mind of taste and tenderness,' an influence 'so sweet and so sad'. It may not be an accident that Jane Austen wrote her first three novels at Steventon, wrote almost nothing while she lived at Bath and Southampton (1801-9), and began to write again as soon as she went to Chawton. I do not mean that her absence from the country is likely to have been the sole cause of her silence during those eight years, but it may well have been one cause.

RICHARDSON'S NOVELS AND THEIR INFLUENCE

IN a year when we are celebrating the centenary of Thackeray, and are looking forward to a similar commemoration of Dickens, it is not inappropriate to glance back at the work of the man who may claim, in old-fashioned phrase, to be the 'father' of the modern English novel. For whatever may be the debt of our fiction to Lyly, Sidney, and Nash, to the seventeenth-century romance-writers, or to Bunyan, Defoe, and Swift, it is a commonplace of the textbooks that a new era was begun by the publication in November, 1740, of *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, from the pen of Samuel Richardson, master printer, who thus commenced authorship at the mature age of fifty-one. Gifted from boyhood with a talent for letter-writing, he had already planned, and probably in part composed, a series of *Familiar Letters*, with directions 'how to think and act justly and prudently, in the common concerns of human life'. Among these letters were several dealing with the temptations to which girls in service or without protection were exposed. Thus, when he set out to handle the same theme more elaborately in the form of a story, he not unnaturally retained the epistolary method. Hence *Pamela* appeared 'in a series of Familiar Letters from a beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of both sexes.'

The success of the work led Richardson to adopt the same method in his later novels. To those who wished that *Clarissa* 'had been told in the usual narrative way' he

retorted that he 'had the good fortune to succeed in the epistolary way once before', and that he 'perhaps mistrusted his talents for the narrative kind of writing'. In *Sir Charles Grandison* he pleads that the advantages of the method more than atone for its lengthiness. 'Mere facts and characters might be compressed in a much smaller compass, but would they be equally interesting?'

A few words are therefore not amiss on the general aspects of the method to which Richardson was so constant. It is based upon the convention that man is primarily a letter-writing animal, and that pen, ink, and paper are his first needs. In the age of Lady Mary Montagu, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, the theory was some degrees more plausible than in our own. But the world which it postulates of beings whose ruling passion (in the language of the day) is for interminable correspondence is a gigantic make-believe. Such a universal *cacoethes scribendi* would be fatal to any scheme of sane and ordered life. Thus in the case of Pamela her activity as a letter-writer can have left her scanty time to fulfil her duties as a servant, and we feel that her master, Mr. B——, is justified in speaking sarcastically of her constant scribbling. When she leaves his Bedfordshire house for his seat in Lincolnshire, Mr. Longman, the steward, offers her as parting gifts several yards of holland, a silver snuff-box, and a gold ring. But she asks in addition for what is more precious to her than dress materials or jewels—some paper, and is gratified by receiving 'above forty sheets of paper and a dozen pens, and a little phial of ink, which last I wrapped in paper and put in my pocket, and some wax and wafers'. With these, as soon as she arrives at her new abode, she prepares to stand a siege in writing materials:

'I set about hiding a pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be denied, and a little of my ink in a broken china cup, and a little in another cup, and a sheet of paper here and there among my linen, with a little

of the wax, and a few wafers in several places lest I should be searched.'

On her wedding-day she writes no less than six letters¹, one of them containing a detailed account of the ceremony. She begins at 6 a.m., and continues at 8.30, near 3.0 p.m., and 8.0, 10.0, and 11.0 at night.

Clarissa looks upon correspondence as one of the first duties of women. 'It was always matter of surprise to her that the sex are generally so averse as they are to writing, since the pen, next to the needle, of all employments, is the most proper and best adapted to their geniuses, and this as well for improvement as amusement.' She was of opinion—and she is probably reflecting Richardson's own view—that

'those women who take delight in writing excel the men in all the graces of the familiar style. The gentleness of their minds, the delicacy of their sentiments (improved by the manner of their education), and the liveliness of their imaginations qualify them to a high degree of preference for this employment, while men of learning, as they are called (that is to say of mere learning), aiming to get above that natural ease and freedom which distinguish this (and indeed every other kind of writing), when they think they have best succeeded, are got above, or rather *beneath*, all natural beauty.'

It is characteristic of Clarissa that she had cultivated all the humdrum as well as the higher virtues of a letter-writer:

'The hand she wrote, for the neat and free curl of her letters (like her mind, solid and above all *flourish*), for its firmness, evenness and swiftness, distinguished her as much as the correctness of her own orthography, and even punctuation, from the generality of her own sex. She was used to say, "It was a proof that a woman understood the derivation as well as sense of the words she used, and that she stopt not at *sound* when she spelt accurately."'

Harriet Byron is so indefatigable a correspondent that between March 7 and 16 she writes twenty-two letters to her cousin, Lucy Selby, without waiting for a reply. A little later

¹ Technically they are entries in her 'journal', but they are indistinguishable from her letters.

in the same month her pen is again equally active, and according to Leslie Stephen's calculation, she must have written for nearly eight hours a day.

It is with a sense of relief that we find one of the minor characters in *Clarissa*, Mr. Richard Mowbray, confessing in vigorous terms his hatred of correspondence :

'I am tired of writing, I never wrote such a long letter in my life. My wrists and my fingers and thumbs ache damnably. The pen is a hundredweight at least. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper. The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the goose and the goose-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelvemonth to come.'

But not only are Richardson's personages, with this exception, constantly writing. They also forward, on the most trivial pretext, enclosures from other correspondents, and frequently intersperse these with comments of their own. The arrangement thus approximates at times to a Chinese puzzle, with bewildering results. Moreover, it is essential that the lines of communication between the correspondents should never be cut. Thus to whatever straits Pamela or Clarissa may be reduced, and however closely they may be sequestered, some device has to be manufactured by which they may get letters through to their friends.

But the conventions and artificialities of the epistolary type of novel are counterbalanced by one great advantage. The letter is of all forms of writing the most intimate and revealing. It mirrors emotions, moods, and events at the actual moment of their occurrence, while feelings have all their first poignancy and facts their original clearness of outline. The letter is the half-way house between speech and literature. It has the spontaneity and the freshness of the one combined with the permanence and the precision of the other. Every classical student, to take a familiar instance, feels in passing from the works of the historians of Rome to the letters of Cicero that he is for the first time in full touch with the motives and

impulses of the men of the ancient world. And what is true of letters written by historical personages is equally true of letters written by fictitious characters. They subtly flatter the self-esteem of the reader by admitting him to revelations of personality which could not without impropriety be so fully or frankly made by any other means. They take us behind the scenes of life, and show us thoughts, and desires, and impulses, not tricked out and disguised for the contemplation of critical spectators, but in their native simplicity and ingenuousness. The instinct to which letters, real or feigned, thus appeal, though in certain aspects it may come under the ban of an austere morality, is a permanent one in human nature. The conditions of our own day minister to it, and the success of such works as *An Englishwoman's Love-letters*, *The Letters of Elizabeth*, and (in a different kind) *The Upton Letters*, proves that the Richardsonian method, modified to suit new circumstances, can still cast its spell.

From these general considerations let us return to the novelist's own application of the method in *Pamela*. The story is in itself somewhat sordid and incredible, not seemingly suitable to be spun out through two volumes.¹ But in Dr. Johnson's trenchant phrase, 'If you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving occasion to the sentiment.' It is in delicate sentimental analysis, subtle delineation of progressive gradations of feeling, that the originality and charm of the work lie. By the skilful accumulation of minute stroke after stroke the complex character of Pamela is revealed. She, it is to be noted, writes

¹ I deal here with *Pamela* in its original form, and have not included the much inferior continuation in two further volumes. For an analysis of the plots of the novels reference may be made to Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable monograph in the *English Men of Letters* series.

almost every letter, and the Lincolnshire episodes are, in fact, related in her journal and not in strict letter form. In two points Richardson sacrifices dramatic truth of portraiture—in the second point, at any rate, intentionally. It is scarcely credible, except perhaps for her childish interest in clothes and finery, that she is little more than fifteen. And her letters in their style and spelling show no trace of the maidservant or the rustic. But it has to be remembered that Lady B. had given her an education above her place. As she writes to her parents :

‘My good lady, now in heaven, loved singing and dancing ; and, as she would have it, I had a voice, she made me learn both ; and often and often she has made me sing her an innocent song, and a good psalm too, and dance before her. And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine work with my needle. . . . To be sure, I had better as things stand have learned to wash and scour, and brew and bake and such like. . . . I have read of a good bishop that was to be burnt for his religion ; and he tried how he could bear it, by putting his fingers into the lighted candle. So I, t’other day, tried, when Rachel’s back was turned, if I could not scour a pewter plate she had begun. I see I could do ’t by degrees ; it only blistered my hand in two places.’

Her accomplishments even include a turn for versification, and there is nothing for which I find it so difficult to forgive Pamela as her metrical version of the 137th Psalm : ‘By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.’ It was bad enough that William Whittingham, one of the contributors to Sternhold and Hopkins, should paraphrase in pedestrian stanzas the most exquisitely cadenced of Hebrew lyrics :

When we did sit in Babylon
 The rivers round about ;
 Then in remembrance of Sion,
 The tears for grief burst out.
 We hang’d our harps and instruments
 The willow trees upon ;
 For in that place, men, for that use
 Had planted many a one.

But Pamela achieves the miracle of making the above version sound relatively melodious and dignified :

When sad I sat in B—n hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.

My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to bear a joke.

Nor is this composition intended by Richardson to be a shocking example of a maidservant dabbling in verse. For on the Sunday before the marriage the chaplain and Mr. B—— read out alternately, stanza by stanza, the two versions of the Psalm amidst the admiring comments of the assembled company. I commend the piece to Miss Sichel's consideration, should she at any time wish to add a supplement to her essay on Bad Poetry.

But when Pamela writes in prose, she is mistress of a vivid and perspicuous style. Bit by bit she lays bare before us her singular character, with its mixture of servile deference to rank, emotional susceptibility, and genuine though self-conscious piety. All three are combined in her description of Mr. B——, when he gives her some of his mother's clothes, as looking 'like an angel'. When he proves himself anything but an angel, it is her piety that keeps her steadfast amidst temptation. But it is a coarse-grained, alarmist piety that makes her continually harp upon her 'virtue' as if it were an external and acquired property instead of a spiritual essence, 'closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet'. And how hard it has to fight for supremacy is evident at every turn. When her libertine master, after insulting advances, summons her to an interview, her heart 'fluttered about like a new-caught bird in a cage'. On another similar occasion she 'crept towards him with trembling feet, and my heart throbbing through my handkerchief'. We see every flutter

and throb of that heart, and learn its secrets before they are known to itself. When in Lincolnshire she thinks of drowning herself in the pond as an escape from the dangers that beset her, her meditations are in a whimsically blended vein of sentimentality and piety :

‘What hast thou to do, distressed creature, said I to myself, but throw myself upon a merciful God (who knows how innocently I suffer), to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on my ruin?’

‘And then thought I (and oh! that thought was surely of the devil’s instigation; for it was very soothing, and powerful with me), these wicked wretches who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their misdoings; and when they see the dead corpse of the unhappy Pamela dragged out to these dewy banks, and lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate heart, which now has no place there!—And my master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, and say, Oh, this is the unhappy Pamela that I have so causelessly persecuted and destroyed! Now do I see she preferred her honesty to her life, will he say, and is no hypocrite nor deceiver; but really was the innocent creature she pretended to be! Then, thought I, will he perhaps shed a few tears over the poor corpse of his persecuted servant . . . and the young men and maidens all around my dear father’s will pity poor Pamela! But oh! I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and elegies; but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father, may quickly slide into oblivion.’

When she at last puts the thought of suicide away, we have one of Richardson’s rare references to nature in personalized form.

‘What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou here? thought I. Quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these curling waters, that seem, in their meaning murmurs, this still night to reproach thy rashness!’

This episode is the *περιπέτεια* of the story, so far as it can be said to have one. On the same afternoon, on hearing that her master has escaped an accidental form of the death by drowning which she sought for herself, she makes the first direct confession of her feeling for him :

‘What is the matter that, with all his ill usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other people! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet, when I heard his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety; though his death would have ended my afflictions . . . oh, what an angel would he be in my eyes yet if he would cease his attempts, and reform!’

If reform be indulgently interpreted to mean that Mr. B——, having exhausted every illegitimate method of winning Pamela, offers her his hand in marriage, her prayer is fulfilled. Her piety is sufficiently robust to keep her own virtue secure; it does not presume to exact penitence as the price of pardon from an offender of rank. The first moment that he changes his tune, she is ready to dance to his piping. Even though she reasons with herself against trusting implicitly one who has treated her so ill, she knows—as is shown in a passage of really exquisite insight—that the surrender of her deepest self has already been irrevocably made to him:

‘Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, oh credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest! And I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable impulses. Thus foolishly dialogued I with my own heart; and yet, all the time, this heart was Pamela.’

Yet even if, with Pamela’s character, her surrender was inevitable, one feels that after all that has gone before, it takes an unduly abject form.

When Mr. B—— points out to her the difficulties that will beset her when she is elevated to the position of his wife, she becomes dithyrambic in the expression of her gratitude:

‘You may well guess, my dear father and mother, how transporting these kind, these generous and condescending sentiments were to me!—I thought I had the harmony of the spheres all around me; and every word that dropped from his lips was as sweet as the honey of Hybla to me!’

She assures him that she will be at no loss for occupation,

even should she be unvisited by the ladies of his acquaintance. In addition to domestic management and good works :

‘ I will assist your housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials ; and to pot, candy, and preserve for the uses of the family ; and to make, myself, all the fine linen of it for yourself and me.

‘ Then, sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now and then, and when you shall return home from your diversions on the green, or from the chase, or where you shall please to go, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you with duty, and a cheerful delight ; and, in your absence, count the moments till you return ; and you will, maybe, fill up some part of my time—the sweetest by far !—with your agreeable conversation, for an hour or two now and then ; and be indulgent to the impertinent overflowings of my grateful heart, for all your goodness to me.’

It is a fitting sequel that at the wedding ceremony, ‘ when the bridegroom had done saying, *With this ring I thee wed, &c.*’ Pamela ‘ made a curtsy, and said, “ Thank you, sir ! ” ’

Not a highly impressive attitude, to our thinking, for a heroine, yet her marriage, we are told, so stirred the villagers at Slough, where the tale was read out by the local blacksmith, that they rang the church bells to celebrate it. Londoners were equally enthusiastic. In January, 1741, two months after the publication of the book, *The Gentleman's Magazine* stated that it was ‘ judged in Town as great a Sign of Want of Curiosity not to have read Pamela as not to have seen the *French* and *Italian* Dancers ’. In February a second edition appeared, followed by others in March and May.

What gave the book its extraordinary vogue ? Such a question can, in my opinion, never be fully answered. The secret of the meteoric popularity of certain plays, novels, and poems is one that in great part dies when that popularity is spent. Who can ever adequately explain why *The Spanish Tragedie*, or *Euphues*, or *Childe Harold* leapt into instant fame, and fired to such a degree the imaginations and sympathies of

men? So it is with *Pamela*. Yet a partial explanation, at least, can be given. A new form of literature was needed in the interests of a newly arrived class of readers. The great growth of material prosperity among the citizens and traders after the Revolution settlement had largely multiplied the number of persons of leisure. Middle-class wives and daughters, in especial, had unlimited time and taste for reading. But what, unless they liked serious literature, were they to read? Addison, writing in 1711, could include in Leonora's library the high-flown pseudo-pastoral and pseudo-chivalric romances of the seventeenth century, La Calprenède's *Cleopatra and Cassandra*, D'Urfé's *Astræa*, Mdlle. de Scudéry's *Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia*. But their day was past, and, indeed, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* and their successors were partly designed to take their place with the female world. But a short essay, however attractive, could not fill many vacant hours, and it did not minister to the inextinguishable interest in affairs of the heart. Nor did this interest find gratification in the narrative masterpieces of Defoe and Swift. According to Pope, in the *Epistle to Augustus*, written a few years before the publication of *Pamela*,

Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.

But Milton is not an author to 'lie in a lady's lap', and the only permanent *readers* of plays are prospective dramatists or professed students of literature.

Appearing under such circumstances, Richardson's novel was exactly suited to take the town by storm. It combined the sentimental interest of the heroic tale with accurate delineation of familiar characters and episodes, and with the moralizing tendency which the periodical essay had helped to make fashionable. It revealed to a delighted world of readers the latent romance, the neglected spiritual significance of humble and outwardly commonplace lives. The little duodecimo volumes in which it was printed, and which ladies held up to view at public assemblies, were as symbolic of its

homely theme as the folios of an earlier day were of the adventures and amours of knights and high-born dames. But we must be careful not to read into the novel more than is really there. Richardson's psychological insight and evangelical piety combined make him recognize that a maidservant's soul is of equal importance to that of a princess, and that therefore there is nothing demeaning in a marriage between her and a fine gentleman. But he does not imply that the virtues of womanhood are only to be found outside the pale of conventional society. There has recently been performed on the London stage a play called *Smith*. In this a well-connected Englishman, returning after a number of years' absence in the colonies, is so revolted by the insincerity and artificiality of the fashionable women whom he meets at his sister's house that he chooses as his wife the unsophisticated parlour-maid Smith. Such a play is inspired by a revolutionary social doctrine which, whatever we may think of it, has no place in Richardson's scheme. His aim was merely 'to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes'. It is difficult to believe that the novel can have done much to advance these 'principles'. Pamela, it is true, resists temptation, but at what cost of delicacy and maidenly reserve! She escapes burning, but she is not averse to playing with fire. And her whole story enforced the not very elevating doctrine that virtue, if circumspectly followed, proves in the end to be the best policy. Moreover, Richardson, though he had undertaken 'not to raise a single idea throughout the whole that shall shock the exactest piety', found himself confronted with the dilemma which meets every writer who turns fiction or drama to moral uses. If he turns away his gaze from the evils against which he wishes to warn his readers, he can appeal only to the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' which overcomes the world by shunning it. If he paints scenes of depravity and temptation, his art may make them so lifelike that they may kindle a flame in the senses and imagination

which his didacticism cannot afterwards extinguish. Rousseau, fervent admirer as he was of Richardson, said that in his novels he lit a fire that he might bring up the pumps and put it out. In *Pamela* it is highly questionable if he does put it out.

Clarissa, or The History of a Young Lady was apparently begun about 1744, and completed by October, 1746. It was published in a remarkably leisurely fashion, even for a work of such bulk. Two volumes appeared in November, 1747, two more in April, 1748, and the three concluding volumes in December of the same year. As with *Pamela*, through the use of the epistolary form the interest of *Clarissa* is centred not in the events but the personages, with their divergent motives, reflections, and resolves. Like *Pamela* also it has a declared moral aim. 'To warn the inconsiderate and thoughtless of the one sex, against the base arts and designs of specious contrivers of the other; to caution parents against the undue exercise of their natural authority over their children in the great article of marriage; to warn children against preferring a man of pleasure to a man of probity'—these were among the ends that Richardson sought to promote. But in all other ways the two novels are as different as they well could be.

Though *Clarissa* is about five times as long as *Pamela*, it has far more organic unity. Long-winded as some of the letters may seem at first sight, and redundant in their details, they will almost invariably be found necessary to that minute revelation of character by almost infinitesimal touches which is distinctive of Richardson's art. The truth of this statement will be discovered by any reader who, dismayed by the gigantic proportions of the work, seeks to evade his full responsibilities by 'skipping'. Views or observations thrown off apparently lightly by one of the correspondents, and perhaps scarcely noticed at the time, are taken up later by another character, and seen to be far more significant than

appeared at first. There is thus a constant interlacing of phrases and of ideas throughout the work which reminds us of the repetition of the theme in a fugue. The author himself in an elaborate series of footnotes, like the critical apparatus to a classical text, frequently expounds the relations of one passage or letter to another and to the general scheme of the work. It is in its combination of infinitely detailed analysis with a structural unity sedulously kept in view that the peculiar impressiveness of *Clarissa* partly lies. In *Pamela* the interest is almost entirely focussed on the heroine, and the letters, with few and unimportant exceptions, are written by her. In *Clarissa* there are not only four principal correspondents, the heroine and her bosom friend Miss Anna Howe, Lovelace and his intimate and confidant John Belford, but a variety of other letter-writers of different social classes. Even the subordinate personages are clearly individualized, and each of them has a distinctive epistolary style. There is nowhere in the later work the shy and tremulous grace of Pamela's maiden pen, but in range and variety Richardson's powers of expression have immeasurably increased. So strong indeed has his dramatic instinct become that it is intolerant at times of the epistolary convention, and some of the scenes are thrown into dialogue form, as if they were episodes in a play. The observation of life has widened to a surprising extent. Richardson remains essentially an anatomist of the heart, but the man who could paint with Hogarthian realism the episodes in Mrs. Sinclair's house, especially her hideously drawn-out death agony, or touch with a lighter brush the incidents in the King Street glove-shop, had a keener eye for 'manners' than is usually allowed by his critics.

The least convincing group of characters in the novel is Clarissa's family circle. Her brother James and her sister Arabella are such monsters of cruelty and spite that they belong to the realm of fairy tale. We can only believe in

them and Clarissa as blood-relations on the same terms as we accept Cinderella and her sisters. There is nothing indeed to add to Clarissa's own cry: 'How happy might I have been with any other brother in the world but James Harlowe; and with any other sister but his sister!' Mr. Harlowe, the father, is almost equally odious, but his gouty constitution and the rigour of eighteenth-century paternal despotism make his conduct at least credible. He has a short way with recalcitrant daughters:

'In a strong voice, Clarissa Harlowe, said he, know that I will be obeyed.

God forbid, sir, that you should not!—I have never yet opposed your will.

Nor I your whimsies, Clarissa Harlowe, interrupted he . . . I was going to make protestations of duty—No protestations, girl! No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I will have no child but an obedient one.'

It is almost superfluous for Clarissa to add, 'My father . . . has not . . . a kind opinion of our sex; although there is not a more condescending wife in the world than my mother.' The struggles of this condescending wife between her feeling for her younger daughter and her abject submissiveness to the stern head of the house alone bring the Harlowe family within the range of human sympathy.

The suitor whom the family conspire to force upon Clarissa plays a passive rather than an active part, but his harshly featured portrait is bitten in with a few mordant strokes which are further evidence of Richardson's close observation of externals:

'There was the odious Solmes sitting asquat between my mother and sister with *so much* assurance in his looks. Had the wretch kept his seat, it might have been well enough, but the bent and broad-shouldered creature must needs rise, and stalk towards a chair, which was just by that which was set for me.'

Again of a later interview:

'The man stalked in. His usual walk is by pauses, as if . . .

he was telling his steps: and first paid his clumsy respects to my mother, then to my sister, next to me, as if I were already his wife, and therefore to be last in his notice; and sitting down by me told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it, but I was warm enough.'

When Clarissa ignores his presence, 'he fell to gnawing the head of his hazel; a carved head, almost as ugly as his own.' A description hard to match for its caustic terseness.

Similarly we might take in turn almost all the minor characters. Lord M——, Lovelace's splenetic, warm-hearted uncle, whose letters are crammed with proverbs, 'a confounded parcel of pop-guns', as his nephew terms them; the reverend Elias Brand, the officious and pedantic young clergyman, fond of 'throwing about to a Christian and country audience scraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan classics', who when sent to inquire about Clarissa in her last days puts the worst possible interpretation upon all that he hears; Sally Martin and Polly Horton, two of Mrs. Sinclair's crew—who are sufficiently adroit to pose in Clarissa's company, not without success for a time, as ladies of quality; Mrs. Moore and the occupants of her Hampstead lodgings—in the portraiture of all these Richardson shows a faculty of exploiting the humours and foibles of both sexes for which there was nothing to prepare us in *Pamela*.

But it is on the four principal letter-writers, distinguished in the prefatory list of names by capital letters, that the novelist has massed the full powers of his genius. In one case his success is only partial. The reformed rake is never attractive, and Belford's letters of exhortation to Lovelace to give over his evil courses, though intended by Richardson to be deeply impressive, seem ponderously commonplace to-day. But his descriptions of the death-beds of the libertine Belton, and the infamous Mrs. Sinclair, even if they have lost something of their directly edifying quality, remain sombre genre-pieces, the contemplation of which still works in us pity and

terror. And it is to Belford, as companion of Clarissa in her last days and executor of her will, that we owe the contrasted picture of the heroine's dying hours.

But Clarissa's friend more than atones for any deficiencies in Belford. Miss Anna Howe is, in my opinion, though not the greatest, the most remarkable creation in the novel. Remember what Richardson was—a serious tradesman, intent on preaching moral lessons, and with no knowledge of fashionable society from the inside. One would have thought that the type most foreign to his observation and his sympathy was a woman of the finest breeding, with an airy, mocking gaiety that masks a penetrating judgement and a golden heart. Yet such is the sister of Clarissa's soul, a woman essentially akin, amidst all that separates Richardson's prose from Shakespeare's poetry, to Portia, Rosalind, or Beatrice. Might not Beatrice herself be speaking here?

'I think there is not one man in a hundred whom a woman of sense and spirit can either *honour* or *obey*, though you make us promise *both*, in that solemn form of words which unites or rather *binds* us to you in marriage . . . Well do your sex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our shoulders; and that we may not despise you from our hearts (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are) for your *ignorance*, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your *insolence*.'

It is in a retaliatory spirit for the general wrongs of her sex that she plays the part of Lady Disdain to the worthy Hickman, the 'virtuous, sober, sincere, friendly' wooer, whom her mother urges upon her. As she writes to Clarissa, 'What, think you, makes me bear Hickman near me but that the man is humble, and knows and keeps his distance?' The triangular relations between her, Hickman, and her mother, with whom she keeps up an affectionate wrangle on equal terms, are exquisitely comic, and throw into sombre relief the domestic tyranny that drives Clarissa to her doom. One

cannot spoil Miss Howe's final summing up of the story of her courtship :

'Mr. Hickman was proposed to *me*. I refused him again and again. He persisted; my mother his advocate. My mother made my beloved friend his advocate too. I told him my dislike of all men—of him—of matrimony—still he persisted. I used him with tyranny . . . hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man (his character unexceptionably uniform) still persisting made himself a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride, and gave me at one time an inferiority in my own opinion to him, which lasted just long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promise him encouragement and to receive his addresses. Having so done, when the weather-glass of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede.'

I think that enthusiasts for the feminist cause might do worse than quarry in Miss Howe's letters, with their really remarkable note of modernity.

Of Clarissa herself it is difficult to speak. One can scarcely contemplate her character and fortunes without a reverential awe which forbids many words. Those who wish to know her as she is must seek her in Richardson's own pages. Nor must they be disappointed if at first she seems somewhat too formal and precise in her rectitude. Her day was distributed on unimpeachable principles. To rest she allowed six hours only. The first three morning hours were devoted to study and letter-writing. Two hours were given to domestic management, for she was a perfect mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic. Five hours were spent in music, drawing, and needlework. Two hours were devoted to breakfast and dinner, one to visiting the poor, and the remaining four to supper and conversation. A life thus lived by methodical rule might have become priggish, and it cannot be denied that in the earlier part of the novel Clarissa's letters are frequently more like the formal dispatches of a diplomatist than the notes of a young lady to her relatives and friends. Richardson has sometimes been blamed for getting the story

so slowly under weigh in the opening volumes of *Clarissa*. But he could not have done otherwise. It is only the minutely elaborated record of the successive humiliations and insults to which *Clarissa* is exposed that makes it in any degree credible that a girl who lives by rule and principle almost to a fault should take flight from her father's house with a notorious libertine. It needs a system of persecution relentlessly pursued in favour of the odious Solmes to waken in her virginal nature any warmth of feeling for Lovelace. As she writes to Miss Howe:

'I cannot but say that this man—this Lovelace—is a man that might be liked well enough, if he bore such a character as Mr. Hickman bears; and even if there were hopes of reclaiming him. And, further still, I will acknowledge that I believe it possible that one might be driven, by violent measures step by step, as it were, into something that might be called—I don't know what to call it—a *conditional kind of liking*, or so.'

But she repudiates the word love, as having no pretty sound with it. It is her realization of the irrevocable and absolute stringency of the marriage bond, especially as it was interpreted in the eighteenth century, that constrains her to take any steps rather than enter upon it with a man whom she detests:

'To be given up to a strange man, to be engrafted into a strange family; to give up her very name, as a mark of her becoming his absolute and dependent property; to be obliged to prefer this strange man to father, mother, to everybody, and his humours to all her own, or to contend perhaps in breach of avowed duty for every innocent instance of free-will. Surely, sir, a young creature ought not to be obliged to make all these sacrifices, but for such a man as she can love. If she be, how sad must be the case. How miserable the life, if it be called *life*!'

It is even doubtful how far *Clarissa's* conditional kind of liking for Lovelace would under other circumstances have developed into love, and whether she could have wholeheartedly entered into the bond with him. But when she

has put herself into his power, she has in self-defence to assume a more reserved attitude than would otherwise have been necessary; she has to 'modesty away' in Miss Howe's phrase, her chances of winning his lawful love. He, on the other hand, is now resolved to gain her on his own terms, and thus begins the long duel between them, which ends with his infamous stratagem. Till then the issue has been in doubt, whether her purity and beauty would rouse his nobler nature; and even in his own day Richardson had to meet the criticism of those who reproached Clarissa with undue coldness in her treatment of her wooer. But from the moment of his outrage, she becomes filled with a divine flame before which criticism shrivels. Lovelace's atoning proposal of marriage is as a worthless offering at the shrine of a saint. Henceforth her earthly days are but a *præparatio mortis*; the white light of eternity falls over the scene. Clarissa haled to prison on the information of Mrs. Sinclair, and dying at the lodgings in King Street, is one of the glorious martyr-figures of literature. There are a few old-fashioned touches of eighteenth-century evangelicalism, a few jarring notes, like her purchase of her coffin, and its use as a writing-desk, before her death. But if ever the pen of a novelist can be called inspired, it is Richardson's in these closing scenes of his greatest 'history'.

The man who could win even the conditional liking of Clarissa was no ordinary libertine. Lovelace has refinement, intellect, versatile energy, an imperial will. He admires and quotes Shakespeare, refers familiarly to classical and foreign authors, and chooses for Clarissa an excellent library, containing, it may be noted, no novels. He professes religion, calls the sabbath 'a charming institution', and accompanies Clarissa, much against her will, to church. She is surprised at his knowledge of Scripture—though his study of it has not been in a devout vein:

'O madam, I have read the Bible as a fine piece of ancient

history, but as I hope to be saved, it has for some few years past made me so uneasy when I have popped upon some passages in it that I have been forced to run to music or to company to divert myself.'

In spite of his cold-blooded accounts of his previous amours, introduced incidentally to illustrate some point or argument that he is pressing home, he is no mere sensualist. It is the delight of 'the most noble of all chases' that enthrals him even more than the capture of the victim. Women, in his philosophy, are creatures of the field or of the air to be hunted, trapped, or caged. Clarissa, struggling to escape, becomes transformed into a 'slippery eel', whom he must not let through his fingers.

But his is not only the animal excitement of the sportsman; he has the intellectual delight of the strategist in plans of campaign. Nothing pleases him better than when Belford charges him with having 'the most plotting heart in the world'. He revels in every detail of the complicated machinery which he sets in motion for Clarissa's ruin. He enjoys for their own sake, as well as for their object, the trickery by which he lures the heroine from her home, the misrepresentation of Mrs. Sinclair and her establishment, the pretence of a midnight fire at her house, the disguise in which he tracks his fugitive victim to Hampstead, even the gratuitous piece of fooling with a customer at the King Street glove-shop where Clarissa finds her last refuge. But deeper in Lovelace than even the instincts of hunter, plotter, and actor is pride in the form of diseased self-love. It is this that drives him on to the ruin of Clarissa when he might have won her by honourable means. He sees in her virginal purity a challenge to his powers, and he is eager to humble through her the hated family of the Harlowes. It might have been thought that pride, even in its most debased form, would have restrained Lovelace from the odious practices by which he finally brings about his victim's fall.

The novelist fails to convince us that a man of birth and fashion, however profligate, would have stooped to such vile arts. But nothing could be more masterly than the working out of the nemesis that begins from the moment of the outrage. Lovelace has acted on his cherished maxim concerning the sex of 'once subdued always subdued'. He has reckoned confidently on making Clarissa his own for ever. But to his amazement he finds that his weapons have turned against himself—that the one woman who has stirred his higher nature to fitful life is henceforth cut off by an impassable barrier. He struggles against the acknowledgement of this, protests, entreats, curses, seeks to cheat himself by naming her Clarissa *Lovelace*. The hunter has become the quarry, and the avenging furies, set loose by his own hand, track him relentlessly to his doom. It is, as in all true tragedy, this long-drawn agony of soul that is the sinner's expiation; the avenging sword of Clarissa's kinsman, Colonel Morden, is an instrument not of punishment but of release.

The generation, however, that found in Tom Jones a model hero looked indulgently upon Lovelace, and to correct this perverted moral view Richardson resolved to 'produce into public view the character and actions of a man of true honour'. Between November 1753 and March 1754 he issued in seven volumes *Sir Charles Grandison*, to give the world 'the example of a man acting uniformly well through a variety of trying scenes, because all his actions are regulated by one steady principle'.

This open proclamation by the novelist of his particular aim has tended to concentrate the attention of readers and critics too exclusively upon the character of the hero. It may therefore be of interest to deal briefly with the technique of the work, and its general relation to Richardson's previous novels. Like *Clarissa*, it combines a serious (though not a tragic) main plot with a subsidiary one in lighter vein.

The main plot is concerned with the remarkable triangular love-story of Sir Charles Grandison, the Italian Lady Clementina della Poretta, and Miss Harriet Byron. The secondary plot, which occupies a much larger part of the novel than is generally recognized, revolves round Charlotte Grandison, the younger sister of Sir Charles, and her treatment, both before her marriage to him and after, of her humble adorer, Lord G——. But the two plots have not the same significant relationship as the corresponding ones in *Clarissa*, and they are set forth with far inferior art. Throughout *Clarissa* the reader has the overmastering sense of reading letters which have been actually interchanged, and which are stamped, in each case, with the individuality of the writer. But in *Sir Charles Grandison*, especially in the earlier volumes, Richardson reverts in part to the cruder method of *Pamela*, where the heroine writes what are virtually 'epistles general', though they are nominally addressed to a particular correspondent. Thus Harriet Byron sends, day in, day out, letters to her cousin Lucy Selby without the slightest expectation of a reply. Fifteen successive letters are occupied with the early history of the Grandison family. Here the epistolary convention wears itself to the thinnest point, but this is at any rate preferable to the cumbrous machinery which Richardson sets in motion for revealing the details of Grandison's courtship at Bologna of the Lady Clementina. The story is told by Harriet Byron in letters to Lucy Selby, which enclose thirteen letters from Sir Charles's confidential friend, Dr. Bartlett, which in their turn enclose transcripts or translations of letters from Italy written either by Sir Charles himself or by Clementina's relatives and friends. Here Richardson comes near to a burlesque of his chosen method, even apart from the awkward choice of Miss Byron as the exponent of her rival's love-story in its earlier stages. The later stages are mainly narrated by Sir Charles in letters to Dr. Bartlett, who leads a shadowy existence as a receiver of

correspondence to which he never replies. Indeed, almost the only letters which create the illusion of a genuine exchange of confidences between friends are those which pass between Harriet Byron and Charlotte Grandison, afterwards Lady G——.

Her ladyship, though not quite such a ready writer as Miss Byron, has a livelier and more distinctive style. In his full-length portraiture of her, Richardson is evidently seeking to create a second Miss Howe, elevated in rank, and partnered (in the second volume) with a husband. He does not fall far short of success. This sprightly sister of Sir Charles is cast in the same mould as her predecessor. An inexhaustible flow of raillery and a spirit of militant feminism are united to keen perception and genuine loyalty of heart. In spite of his trying honeymoon experiences, Lord G—— (a titled Hickman, with a passion for collecting butterflies and china) is fortunate in securing such a prize. Yet Lady G—— lacks in an almost indefinable way the radiant charm of Miss Howe. Hers is a more riotous and hoydenish mirth, the gaiety of high animal spirits rather than of an exquisitely tempered nature. Nor is she called upon to bear a part in tragic issues wherein all that hides a heart from knowledge of its deepest self is shrivelled away. But though she thus suffers by contrast with her prototype, she is, on the whole, the most vital and attractive figure in the novel.

Other motives and situations already handled in *Clarissa* reappear in the later work. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, whose abduction of Harriet Byron gives Sir Charles the opportunity of rescuing her, is a milk-and-water Lovelace, whose associates, Bagenhall and Merceda, are of the same kidney as Belton and Mowbray. In the irregular unions of the hero's brother, Sir Thomas Grandison (after his wife's death), his uncle Lord W—— and his cousin Everard, the novelist gives further illustrations of one of his favourite themes—the evils of 'keeping' as contrasted with the blessings of lawful marriage.

Another of Richardson's recurrent subjects, which threatened to become something of an obsession, the self-interested or ambitious overriding of a girl's affections by her parents or a family council, is exemplified in Sir Thomas Grandison's tyrannical rejection of Lord L——'s proposal for the hand of his elder daughter. It enters also of course, in less reprehensible form, into the story of the Lady Clementina.

Here, at any rate, Richardson must be credited with the attempt to break new ground. It was a bold adventure for the English printer, with a limited knowledge of London fashionable society, to delineate the home life of an Italian of noble family. Later novelists like Marion Crawford have equipped themselves for such a task by years of residence in Rome or Florence, and by close study of the annals of the great houses of the peninsula. Little wonder therefore that Richardson fails to create Italian local colour or atmosphere. Yet up to a point he arouses interest in the fortunes of Clementina. The conflict between the claims of love and of religion and family tradition could not entirely fail of effectiveness when handled by such an expert in the analysis of emotion as Richardson. Clementina, torn between the strictest orthodoxy and her passion for the handsome Protestant 'chevalier', who has taught her to read *Paradise Lost* and *Hamlet*, excites at first a measure of sympathy. But her delirium when Grandison refuses to be converted, and her ill usage by her spiteful and jealous cousin Laurana (who is Arabella Harlowe transplanted to Italy), branch off into melodrama. The various and varying attitudes of the members of the Poretta clan to Clementina's love-troubles are detailed with tedious prolixity, and the moment that the lady herself decides that she cannot marry Sir Charles without imperilling her soul she ceases to have further interest for the reader. There is no one to whom it can be of real concern whether she enters a nunnery or yields at last to the persistent suit of her countryman, the Count of Belvedere.

But the heaviest indictment to be laid against the long-drawn tale of Sir Charles's fruitless wooing of the daughter of the Poretas is that it makes Harriet Byron the least enviable and dignified of heroines. It was, of course, inevitable that, though courted by a band of suitors, she should fall hopelessly in love at first sight with her deliverer. She may perhaps be forgiven, when Richardsonian methods are taken into account, for her remarkably frank revelation of her feelings by raptures on Sir Charles's excellences or by arch protests against her expressions being misinterpreted. But what are we to think of her after she learns that Grandison is already pledged to a foreign rival? Was there ever a more pitiable effort at self-abnegation?

'He ought to be, he must be, Clementina's; and I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship. . . . Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop, and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off.'

Similar displays of ill-controlled emotion accompany Harriet's receipt of the varying tidings from Italy when Sir Charles pays court to Clementina for the second time. When it seems likely that the difficulties will be surmounted, 'it is easy to see that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: sleep forsakes her: her appetite fails.' When news comes that Clementina has finally refused Grandison's suit she is so overcome that she is 'not able to rise in two days and nights', and even has difficulty in carrying on correspondence! Though she is full of genuine admiration for Clementina's sacrifice of love to conscience, she does not hesitate long in profiting thereby:

'Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second-place love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that

Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: and if Clementina should not be unhappy, and he were to declare himself my lover, affectation be gone!

When the hoped-for declaration is made, through the unusual channel of the lady's grandmother, and Harriet is silent, while her kinswomen agree 'that every point of female delicacy was answered', her free-spoken uncle Selby blurts out the truth of the situation:

'Do you think if Harriet had *one* objection she would have been silent? I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.'

Though events do not march quite so quickly, and Harriet, after the fashion of the age, makes much ado about 'naming the day', her eagerness to win the 'second-place love' of 'this glorious man', and her ecstasies when it is secured, make of her a curiously equivocal heroine.

Richardson really wins more sympathy for the subordinate figure of Emily Jervois, the ward of Sir Charles. In the delicate delineation of the emotions of the shy maiden who loves her guardian, as she thinks, with filial affection till the announcement of his contract with Harriet Byron reveals to her the true state of her heart, the novelist proves that the hand that drew Pamela was still cunning to explore the secrets of budding womanhood.

Such considerations, and they might be multiplied, may help to remind an age which leaves *Sir Charles Grandison* on the shelves that the character of the hero is far from being the only feature of interest in the work. On the well-worn topic of the presentation of Sir Charles himself it is difficult to add anything novel. But there are one or two general points on which a word may be said. It is not impossible, though it is difficult, for the art of the novelist to exhibit a man acting uniformly well through a variety of trying scenes, without making him appear a prig and a strait-laced

pedant. Where the character of such a hero evolves naturally amidst the normal circumstances of life, the world will not be slow to acclaim the true *μεγαλόψυχος*. Let Henry Esmond bear witness to this. But where Richardson mars a conception that has in it real elements of nobility is in the artificial and fantastic way in which he develops it. Episodes and situations are invented merely to give Sir Charles an opportunity of displaying his miscellaneous assortment of virtues and accomplishments. He is equally expert in rescuing Harriet from abduction and arguing points of theology with Clementina; he not only portions his sisters in the most generous way, but he is a benefactor to his father's mistress and her children, and reforms a libertine uncle; he refuses to fight duels, and he does not dock his horses' tails. The catalogue might be extended indefinitely, but these samples will serve. It is enough to say in the classic formula, 'people don't do these things'—at least no single person does them all. Life is but an imperfect machinery for the revelation of human virtues; there is no one to whom it presents such incredibly frequent and diverse opportunities for their exercise as to Sir Charles Grandison.

Again, it was Richardson's misfortune that the epistolary method, so valuable for other purposes, was particularly ill-suited for the presentation of a faultless hero. Either the purely narrative method or the autobiographical, with its inevitable accompaniment of modest self-depreciation, would have served better. But as it is, Grandison's figure looms upon us, not in its true moral perspective, but in grandiose exaggeration through a distorting haze of universal panegyric. Even a man of abandoned character is forced by his example to cry, 'I would rather be Sir Charles Grandison in this one past hour than the Great Mogul all my life!' A bigoted Roman Catholic father has to confess, 'I never saw a Protestant that I loved before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person.' Lady G——'s caustic tongue drops

honey when she speaks of this incomparable brother. Harriet Byron exhausts every superlative in his praise. 'The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt such a mind as his.' Or again, 'He is in all instances an imitator of the Almighty, an humbler of the impenitent and encourager of those who repent.' Or finally, in the closing letter that she writes, 'What is the boasted character of those who are called HEROES to the unostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN. In what a variety of amiable lights does such a one appear! In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow creatures!'

But how few are the readers that ever reach these words. The great majority have long before been lulled into apathy concerning Sir Charles by an endless surfeit of sugared phrases. It is the tragi-comic fortune of Richardson's last novel, that, written to stimulate the world to lofty action, it has served rather as an opiate. *Habent sua fata libelli.*

The influence of Richardson upon the literature of the eighteenth century is even more noteworthy than the merits or defects of his art. Except Byron, there is no Englishman whose work has swept over Europe with such tempestuous force. The absence of 'local colour' in the novels, their concern with that inner life which is common to men and women in all places, was largely responsible for this. Fielding and Smollett for the most part drew national types, which even in the days of continental 'Anglomania' were not understood or appreciated. Moreover, as M. Texte has shown,¹ they were looked upon as being in the picaresque line of descent from Le Sage, whose mode in France was now outworn. On the

¹ In *Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les origines du cosmopolitisme littéraire* (1895). It is difficult to add anything to this brilliant study of Richardson's influence in France, but when we are hearing so much of French influence on English literature, it is well to remember that the debt is not all on one side.

other hand, Marivaux, in his *Vie de Marianne* (1731-41), had in his detailed painting of scenes from humble life prepared the way for Richardson's ascendancy across the channel. Marivaux has indeed before now been saluted as Richardson's master, but *Marianne* was not finished till the year after the publication of *Pamela*, and no English translation of any part of it is known before 1743. Richardson knew no French, and his method and technique, though akin to those of Marivaux, are independent in origin, while his genius was far more powerful. It was a novelist of a different school, Prévost, who did most to popularize Richardson in France by translating his works. His versions are adaptations rather than translations in the full sense, as he omits or modifies scenes, especially in *Clarissa*, which he thought too brutal for continental taste. As he says in his preface to his translation of *Sir Charles Grandison*, 'J'ai supprimé ou réduit aux usages communs de l'Europe ce que ceux d'Angleterre peuvent avoir de choquant pour les autres nations.' Prévost's translations are of first-rate importance because it was through them that Rousseau became familiar with the novels. Diderot read them in the original. Their minute elaboration, their moralizing purpose, their exaltation of the infinite worth of the individual soul even among the lowly of the earth, appealed to different sides of his nature. In his novel, *La Religieuse* (1760), the influence of *Clarissa* is predominant. On Richardson's death in the following year he penned at once the passionate *Éloge*, which is the high-water mark of Richardson's worship in France:

'O Richardson, Richardson! homme unique à mes yeux, tu seras ma lecture dans tous les temps. Forcé par des besoins pressants je vendrai mes livres; mais tu me resteras; tu me resteras sur le même rayon avec Moïse, Homère, Euripide et Sophocle.'

There is reason to suppose that Diderot's dithyrambic periods, while perfectly sincere, were not without ulterior purpose. The exaltation of Richardson was probably intended

to depreciate Rousseau, who had recently published *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Whatever be the truth of this, the influence of Richardson's novels, especially *Clarissa*, upon Rousseau's romance is among the most interesting problems in the relations of French and English literature. Though he knew *Clarissa* only in Prévost's translation, he declared that 'there was no novel in any language equal or even approaching to it', and that it contained 'a complete picture of the human race'. Both in subject-matter and in technique *La Nouvelle Héloïse* borrowed largely from Richardson's masterpiece. Like *Clarissa*, Julie d'Étanges, though in love with her tutor St. Preux, is a victim of parental tyranny, and is forced into a marriage with M. de Wolmar. In a moment of passion she has given herself to her lover, but after her marriage duty conquers feeling. Even when St. Preux is a guest in her husband's house, she remains faithful to her vows, and finally, like *Clarissa*, she makes a sanctified end. The part of Miss Howe is played by Julie's cousin, Claire, who marries the worthy M. d'Orbe, a French Hickman, while milord Edward Bomston is the good genius of the piece, something after the fashion of Colonel Morden. The epistolary form is used throughout, and the letters that pass between Julie and Claire are evidently inspired by those between *Clarissa* and Miss Howe. Viewed as a novel, *La Nouvelle Héloïse* stands far below its English predecessor. It lacks the unity of scheme which, as I have indicated, makes *Clarissa*, with all its detail and diffuseness, an organic whole, and leads to the culmination of the interest in the final scenes. It is impossible to be deeply moved by the fortunes of Julie, who begins with a complete surrender to delirious passion, and afterwards turns into a pattern of morality. Digressions unrelated to the action of the story are constantly introduced, and what was begun as a romance ends almost as a tract. But the qualities that give Rousseau's work its eternal charm and significance are outside Richardson's range. They are the subtle, voluptuous melody of his prose,

the lyrical ardour of his new glorification of nature, and the ecstasy of amorous passion which thrills through the earlier chapters of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. The sentiment that with Richardson had drawn tears in the drawing-room, becomes in Rousseau a riotous outflow of individualistic emotion, sweeping away in its rush all moral and social barriers. From his writings it descended into the market-place, and roused mankind against the oppression of a hard and soulless civilization. The electrical spark lit in Richardson's back-parlour helped to kindle the conflagration in which the Bastille disappeared.

Since the Revolution the French novel has had many masters, and it has been swayed hither and thither by varied tendencies. But the lesson of sentimental analysis, learnt in part from Richardson, has never been lost. It is significant that *Marie-Claire*, which has recently repeated the instantaneous triumph of *Pamela*, is the emotional autobiography of a girl of much the same class as Richardson's first heroine.

In Germany the novelist found his first fervent disciple in C. F. Gellert, who translated *Pamela* and *Grandison*, and who imitated the spirit, though not the epistolary form, of the earlier work in *Das Leben der Schwedischen Gräfin* (1747-8).¹ His poetical rhapsody on Richardson's writings may be set beside Diderot's prose paeon :

Die Werke, die er schuf, wird keine Zeit verwüsten,
 Sie sind Natur, Geschmack, Religion.
 Unsterblich ist Homer, unsterblicher bei Christen
 Der Britte Richardson.

Wieland wrote a play on the subject of *Clementina* (1760); Lessing's bourgeois tragedy, *Miss Sara Sampson* (1755), was strongly influenced by *Clarissa*. Goethe, who in a famous passage in Book VI of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* shows an intimate insight into the essentials of Richardson's art, in Book XIII

¹ The relation is fully worked out in Erich Schmidt's *Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe* (1875). This is a useful work, but diffuse and not well arranged. A thoroughly satisfactory study of Richardson's influence on German literature is still needed.

states that 'he made the citizen world attentive to a more delicate morality'. But his use of the epistolary form in *Werther* (1774), and his interpretation both of the sentimental temperament and of nature, are due to the influence of Rousseau rather than of Richardson at first hand.

In England Richardson's vogue was less enduring than abroad. The prose epic of Fielding outbid the epistolary novel in popular favour. There is testimony to this out of Richardson's own mouth in some lines in one of the letters in *Grandison*: 'The French only are proud of sentiments at this day; the English cannot bear them: story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.' Even those who still prized 'sentiments' sought for them elsewhere, and in another kind, in the pages of *Tristram Shandy* or *The Man of Feeling*. The Gothic revival in romance, begun by Horace Walpole and transfigured by the genius of Scott, transported readers into an entirely different world, though Sir Walter, with his catholicity of appreciation, was one of Richardson's most illuminating critics. In the sphere of the domestic novel Miss Burney borrowed his epistolary method in *Evelina*, and Jane Austen owed something of her delicate analysis of emotion to her study of his works.

On the great Victorian masters of fiction he had ceased to be a living influence. Thackeray took Fielding as his exemplar, and followed, in the main, his spirit and technique. Dickens cannot be classed with any school, but as far as he has affinities with his eighteenth-century forerunners, they are with Fielding and with Smollett.

But is it fanciful to suggest that in the twentieth century we are returning in some respects to the Richardsonian tradition? I have already spoken of the revival of the fashion of writing novels in letter form. And apart altogether from form, a number of present-day novelists are pursuing the Richardsonian path of sentimental analysis, though with the keener perception of the interaction of body and spirit which

has been developed by the scientific habit of the age. There are aspects of the work of Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Anthony Hope, and such a recent writer as Mr. E. M. Forster in *Howards End*, which seem to me more closely related to the art of Richardson than to that of any other of the classic masters of English fiction. But however this may be, any one who, undismayed by his prolixity and his didacticism, comes to Richardson's pages with an open mind, will, I believe, be surprised to find how quickly he feels at home. A true transcript of the inner life, at whatever period it is made, can never become antiquated.

F. S. BOAS.

THE LITERARY PLAY

WHAT I want to do in this paper is, first, to look at a few different senses in which the word 'literary' is commonly applied to plays; then, to set aside as much as we may of what is quite loose or shallow in any of these uses of the word; and then, to try whether, from all that is left, we can pick out any one use of it which might, if it were kept to, help us to think clearly and coherently.

When a play is called literary it is, as a rule, implied by the speaker's tone that it is much the better for being so, or else that it is much the worse. In the way of praise you find, for example, a popular dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, declaring that the lasting value of any play is 'in exact proportion to its literary qualities'. You find a very different dramatist, Mr. Yeats, making it his warmest commendation of a new play that it is 'literature', or dismissing the plays of Dion Boucicault as bad because they 'have no relation to literature'. And you often hear it said that endowed theatres must do the drama good because they would give more chances of performance to 'literary plays'. On the opposite side you find another popular dramatist, Mr. Sydney Grundy, saying: 'How many a sound and stirring play has held an audience firmly in its grasp until—thud! down comes a chunk of "literature" like a brickbat. . . . Away goes the play, away go the players, and we see nothing but a dismal library and an old professor, in blue spectacles, with a wet towel round his head.' And you find as competent a critic as the late H. D. Traill saying this: 'Of every drama, as we moderns understand the term, it may, I hold, be affirmed that, though some of them may, and do, contain great literature, they are,

to the extent to which they are literary, undramatic, and, to the extent to which they are dramatic, unliterary.' Perhaps you may trace an approach to the same feeling in a more weighty critic, Professor Saintsbury. In his introductions to Dryden and Shadwell, for instance, a play's merits 'of situation and the stage' are sharply contrasted with those 'of dialogue and literature', and a frequent recurrence of sentences like 'I am not myself fond of the theatre', and 'having myself no very intimate practical knowledge of, or affection for, purely theatrical matters', seems to convey a suggestion that to be dramatic is a sort of minor peculiarity, a not necessarily harmful fad, in which certain works of literature may perhaps be indulged. As to most of the actors and managers, the first thing to come into their minds if you call a play literary is that it must be dull to see, and no good to act in. At one extreme, then, you have Traill's saying that 'he who says "literary drama" says "picture statue", says "flat relief", says "miniature-fresco", or connects in a kind of centaurine union any other two mutually exclusive forms of art'; and at the other extreme you have a contemporary dramatist's saying that 'to tell an interesting or amusing story through the medium of dialogues which appear to be the natural conversation of human beings—that is literature'.

Well, perhaps you may begin to untie a part of this tangle of cross-meanings by noting that in some of these cases the word 'literary' is used to denote faults in plays which would be just as bad faults in any other kind of writing. Clearly it means, in some cases, simply turgid or over-ornate or too far removed from living speech. When Swinburne's tragedies, with their long duels of persistent eloquence, are condemned as 'literary' the word is used in a sense in which it would be equally to the point to censure as 'literary' the many passages of Scott and Dickens where simple people are made to talk 'like printed books'. Only, we have an alternative phrase

for 'talking like printed books', and that is, 'talking like play-actors'. The word 'literary' has been prudently chosen by the party of the theatre to express this defect, but the defect itself has always been at least as characteristic of drama as of any non-dramatic kind of writing. Even now it may be found abounding in those writers for the stage who are most often held up as examples of severe concentration on the attainment of strictly dramatic ends. Everyone remembers how Sheridan, when he was writing *The Critic*, poked fun at this special 'literariness' of the stage, where he makes Puff ride a metaphor to death, as a bookish schoolboy might do, in the lines:

Can the quick current of a patriot heart
 Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
 Or freeze in tideless inactivity?
 No, rather let the fountain of your valour
 Spring through each narrow stream of enterprise,
 Each petty channel of conducive daring,
 Till the full current of your foaming wrath
 O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility.

Perhaps the Englishman who is most often cited as a model of technical expertness in dramatic writing is Sir Arthur Pinero, and in his play of *The Profligate* he almost excels, unconsciously, the conscious drollery of Sheridan by making a Scottish lawyer, sitting in his office-chair, with all his black tin deed-boxes about him, comment as follows on the old doctrine of the advantage of sowing wild oats:

'Renshaw, do you imagine there is no autumn in the life of a profligate? Do you think there is no moment when the accursed crop begins to rear its millions of heads above ground; when the rich man would give his wealth to be able to tread them back into the earth which rejects the foul load? . . . What of the time when those wild oats thrust their ears through the very seams of the floor trodden by the wife whose respect you will have learned to covet. You may drag her into the crowded streets—there is the same vile growth springing up from the chinks of the pavement. In your house or in the open, the scent of the mildewed grain always

in your nostrils, and in your ears no music but the wind's rustle among the fat sheaves. And, worst of all, your wife's heart a granary bursting with the load of shame your profligacy has stored there.'

The theatrical specialists call this sort of stuff literary, and the non-dramatic writers, about equally fairly, call it histrionic. It is, in fact, simply bad writing of a certain sort, whether for the theatre or any other purpose. And when the dramatic and the non-dramatic author each take the defensive precaution of suggesting that it is a congenital disease of the other, their two suggestions may be written off as cancelling each other. So far, then, we reach nothing of any value.

May we also dismiss pretty quickly some other applications of the word 'literary' to faulty dramatic writing? They are applications which, though they do have a certain measure of rightness, do not go very deep. I mean, they do not raise any point of fundamental and irreconcilable difference between dramatic and non-dramatic writing. It is obvious, for example, that the method of unfolding the course of a plot must in some ways be different in a play meant for acting and in a book meant for reading. It is not that there is any profound or mystic difference between ideas taken in through the eye and ideas taken in through the ear. Many of us would say that all written things are, in a sense, taken in through the ear, and that, when one reads rightly, one imaginatively hears every sentence and does not merely see it, as if the printed sentence were a drawing. At any rate, there is no sharp dividing line between drama as a thing for the ear and other literary art as a thing for the eye, for then where should we place the Book of Job, or the words of 'Auld Lang Syne', or a volume of Burke's speeches? But still there is the quite real, though not very profound, truth, that when you are reading a novel you can always turn back to an earlier page if you are in doubt and want to look some-

thing up, and that when you are watching a play you cannot do this. And so a dramatist has to practise in every part of a play a more independent, self-contained lucidity than is absolutely necessary for a novelist—though, of course, it is no virtue in a novelist, either, to keep you always clearing up his obscurities by reference to what he said before. And if a dramatist does fail in this way it may sometimes be convenient, though not very scientific, to use the word ‘literary’, with inverted commas round it, to indicate the mistake.

It is often said, again, that the state of mind, or the capacity for emotion, of a spectator in a theatre is different from that of a solitary reader; that in various ways he is so strongly affected by consciousness of the presence of many other persons, and by the visible or audible effect of a play upon them, that he becomes almost a different being from what he was in his study; that he is now differently appealed to by the same work of art; and that, to be appealed to now in the same way as he was in the study, his mind must receive a different kind of stimulus from an author. Well, there is a fine assertive air of psychological depth about all that. I am tempted to think it is only a rather elaborate way of saying that if you see other people laughing or crying it prompts you to laugh or to cry too, so that it sometimes serves a dramatist’s turn to make all his appeals a little cheaper than, say, a novelist’s, because if he can once set the mass of commonplace or uncritical spectators laughing or crying he may be able, through their tears or laughter, to work a little on the more fastidious and exacting spectator also. If and so far as that is so, of course a dramatist would make a mistake if he sighted his rifle, so to speak, for the wrong range and offered his matter to an audience in a form which did not make any necessary allowances for the mental optics and acoustics of the theatre. And if any one chooses to use the word ‘literary’, in a secondary sense, to denote that sort of technical clumsiness, I do not know that there is

any serious objection to the use, so long as he does not pretend to be speaking philosophically. Only, as before, it is quite an arbitrary, superficial use: it arises from no principle or distinction of first-rate interest.

Again, there is another fairly obvious precaution that the writer of a play meant for acting should take. He has to do what is sometimes called in the trade 'getting out of the way of the acting'. As a rule, when a scene acts well it is not that the actors express over again in pantomime just what the author expresses in his words. That would give an effect of over-acting, but it is just as likely, in such cases, that the author has over-written as that the actors are over-acting. What the more skilful dramatist consciously does is to divide the opportunities for expressiveness between his actors and himself. Of all the things that he would set down on paper, if he were writing a piece of dialogue simply to be read, as in a novel, he will leave a large proportion out, in order that the actor may have those significances to convey in his own way. As Mr. Grundy puts it, 'the author must deliberately leave openings, gaps, chasms; unlike the carpenter, he must never "join his flats".' When this mapping out of the relative shares in the final accomplishment of the acted play has been adroitly done, the mere text of the play will often look scrappy and disjointed and obscure to a reader who does not bring to it the special theatrical imagination. When *Hedda Gabler* was first read and seen acted in England, a very capable literary critic candidly said that when he read it he could not make out what it all meant, but when he saw it on the stage it was as clear as crystal. One can hardly imagine a revolution of that completeness brought about in an educated person's mind by the first sight of a performance of a play by Tennyson or Browning. What happens in this case is rather that what was fully expressed in the bare text seems to labour its own clearness on the stage; you are troubled with a confused sense of over-elucidation, of a ple-

thora of means taken to an end that your mind has attained already. When a theatre-manager reads a new play and finds in it this lack of provision for the actor's share in the joint work, he may naturally say to himself that here is some precious literary man trying to write plays without knowing the game, and he may briefly describe such plays as 'literary' plays, and nobody need mind his doing so, so long as we remember that here again the definition does not go very deep. It only means that some writer has not conformed to the conditions imposed by a particular kind of writing. That is to say, it means that some literary person has not been literary enough.

Take one more instance of a partly differentiating quality in strictly dramatic writing. People often speak of the necessary terseness and compactness of plays as compared with narrative fiction, and of course this is true so far as an average play contains about one-fifth of the number of words in an average novel. But the effect, the impression on a hearer, of a tense, exacting terseness is one to be specially avoided in the greater part of any long composition which is to be taken in through the ear. It is an old observation that in skilful oratory there is practised the use of many verbal repetitions or approaches to repetition, certain little diffusenesses and otiosenesses that would almost be felonies in the writer of an essay or of a short poem. No unbroken flow of quite close argument could be followed by the average hearer's mind; and, since the flow of sound is expected to be continuous, the essential and significant parts of the speech have to be spaced out with unessentialities, with what are really disguised blanks, simply as breathing-spaces for the audience's attention. Fox and Bright, in both of whom the technical mastery of oratory seems to me indistinguishable from sheer perfection, both used to diversify the most impassioned or the most severely argued parts of their speeches with passages in which you might accuse them of almost

infantine redundancy and tautology if you did not allow for their technical purpose. And so, in a shrewd man of the theatre like Ibsen, you find scenes of the most concentrated dialogue diluted with idle-looking little trivialities, perhaps about cigarettes or coffee, odds and ends that may look futile and superfluous when you only read them in the text. And, on the other hand, when a too drastically compressed play like Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* is acted, the want of such moments of lessened demand upon your intentness is apt to make itself curiously felt; you have a sensation that passages of much beauty and importance are constantly slipping past you before you can fairly grasp them; it feels like rowing against a very fast stream, when each stroke is over before your oar can get a good hold of the water. And this, perhaps, is because the author has not thought of each of his most ambitious passages, with its special call for attention, as something that the mind should approach relatively a little vacant or at ease, and should also have a moment to dwell upon afterwards, before passing to complete absorption in the next very fine thing. Such a dramatist seems to have tried for an even, unbroken richness and intensity of significance, like that of *Lycidas* or of an ode of Keats, and would not submit to the special conditions of the theatre and the platform, which force dramatists and orators to work their gold, like jewellers, with some alloy in it. And if any one choose to describe as 'literary' the neglect of this technical requirement by a dramatic writer, of course he is free to do so. We can see how he comes at his use of the word. Only, like those other uses before, it is a use somewhat secondary, superficial, arbitrary. No more than those others does it show us the way to the very centre and essence of the supposed antagonism, and even mutual exclusion, of literary quality in the strict sense and dramatic quality in the strict sense.

To see in how extreme a form that antagonism has been

affirmed, one may go back again to Traill's statement of the case. He asserted, in these words, 'that the right sort of handling for the study must of necessity be—cannot of its very nature help being—the wrong sort of handling for the stage; that in not a single dramatist after the Greeks'—whom Traill regarded as forming a case apart—'is there any fusion of the literary and dramatic elements, but only the superposition of one upon the other; not one of them proves anything more than that you can "butter" a drama with literature, just as you might hang a picture over a fresco, to the concealment of the latter in a measure exactly proportioned to the display of the former.' Traill endeavoured to show that though in Shakespeare there was often a juxtaposition of fine literature and fine drama, there was never a real welding of them into one, but only the intrusion of poetry, 'impressive enough as literature, but, dramatically speaking, quite irrelevant,' into what are otherwise good acting plays. He took as a typical case the scene after the murder in *Macbeth*. First there is an exchange of hurried, shuddering little questions and answers that are gasped out by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth when he comes out to her after murdering Duncan, beginning with Macbeth's saying:

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Then follow seven speeches, each, on an average, less than four words long. Traill imagines *Macbeth* coming on offer now as a new play by an unknown dramatist to a competent manager of a theatre. The manager reads through these speeches and says, 'Capital, capital. That ought to fetch them. "Beget an awful attention in the audience," eh? like the clock striking in *The Critic*. But I say, I say, what's all this?

"Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast—"

And when Lady Macbeth says 'What do you mean?' the manager says, 'What, indeed? You may well ask, my lady. It's all very good stuff in its way, I dare say, but this is not the place for it. It's unnatural; it delays the action. It must come out, my boy. Sorry to hurt your feelings, but it must come out.' And Traill asks, would not the manager have been right? For, he says, 'the passage is great literature, but is it great drama?' And he applies the same critical measure to the Queen Mab speech, and to the seven-ages-of-man speech, and other admired passages of Shakespeare, and comes in each case to the same conclusion.

Well, that contention seems to invite two lines of comment. One—I am not going to dwell on it here—is to dispute Traill's theory that these longer speeches are undramatic at all, and with it to dispute his implied theory that all drama must be not only an affair of action, but an affair of physical action so rapid as to make sustained speech unnatural during its course. Dryden knew better than that when he said that in a play 'every alteration or crossing of a design, every new-sprung passion, and turn of it, is a part of the action, and much the noblest, except we conceive nothing to be action till the players come to blows'. Maeterlinck goes further still along Dryden's line of thought when he finds the matter of drama in 'an old man, seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently with his lamp beside him, giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house, interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of door and window and the quivering voice of the light, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny'—Maeterlinck finds there the matter of drama more abundantly than in 'the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or the husband who avenges his honour'. Even if we do not agree with all that, still it is arguable that the delivery of Macbeth's 'To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow' speech, or of Prospero's 'insubstantial pageant faded' speech, gives us a moment of dramatic

action as authentic as the stabbing of Caesar or the smothering of Desdemona. It is only that in the one case the dramatic action is more wholly in the visible soul of Macbeth or Prospero, and that in the other it is rather less wholly in the souls of Othello, Brutus, Cassius, and the rest. I do not say that all Shakespeare's great outbursts of poetry are strictly relevant, dramatically, but the contention that they are mere interpolations which have no dramatic value, either by way of furthering the action of the scenes where they occur, or of giving some atmosphere which the scenes require—this contention certainly does not seem unanswerable.

Even if it were, there would still be an answer to the other and more fundamental part of Traill's theory—I mean, his assumption that the other kind of dramatic dialogue, the rapid bandying of short speeches in single lines, half lines, or abrupt, jagged utterances of one or two words, all much mixed and kneaded up with visible action, is not literature. What is it, then? The theory seems to imply that effective dramatic dialogue must of its nature be some sort of mechanical transcript from something postulated as 'real life'; for we are asked what there is in common between literature and the 'bald, disjointed chat' which is the language of 'real life', as if drama must necessarily be a machine-made copy of that disjointed chat, while poetry and prose fiction are necessarily or normally something else. But, if that were so, how could it come about that this same bald chat emerges as totally different things from the copying-machines of, say, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Galsworthy, J. M. Synge, Mr. H. A. Jones, and Mr. Shaw, even in those scenes of each of them in which they are most intent on giving the effect of close veracity or of headlong rapidity, and are most severely eschewing any kind of literary surplusage. It seems natural to assume that what is so easily referred to as 'real life', as if it were something compact and legible, given to a dramatist to copy out, really presents itself to him, more or less definitely, as an enormous

field for selection. You remember Pater's description of the process, or act, of literary creation. 'Into the mind sensitive to "form", a flood of random sounds, colours, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected, at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points, that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes.' Even where a dramatist's dialogue seems to be stripped of all removable literary ornament he is still, indeed he may be all the more intently, selecting the verbal remnant that survives. Where he is most telegraphic in his ellipses there only goes on the more ardently the consideration of what to leave out—and, after all, the making of a statue is only a matter of leaving out all the stone except a certain selected remnant. One may take an illustration from a skilful modern prose play, the *Iris* of Sir Arthur Pinero. The hero, at its tragic climax, refuses to forgive the failure of the heroine; he meets all her entreaties with the mere repetition of the words, 'I'm sorry' and 'I'm very sorry.' It is easy to say that 'I'm very sorry' is not literature; but why may it not be? If you take the words 'I'm dying' by themselves you might say they were not literature, but put them in the right context, shed the right atmosphere round them, and hear them repeated over and over again by Antony to Cleopatra, and they become the very rose of literature. And when Pinero's little scrap of 'I'm very sorry' has come to be where it is by being successively preferred to each of the hundred other things he might have put in its place, it is arguable that its very jejuneness has a literary value attested by that preference. It may be somewhat bald itself, but it carries about it the hairy scalps of a good many victims of its prowess.

In the plays of Mr. Galsworthy you find some of the most

severely cut-down dialogue that is now written by any English dramatist of note; every phrase, every word, has been strained through the most severe and exacting of sieves. People will sometimes talk of such dialogue as 'photographic', meaning that the things said in it are just such things as living people in such positions might say, and forgetting that they are only some minute fraction of all the things that such people might say, and not noticing that what these objectors call a camera has performed the very un-camera-like feat of isolating, from the multitude of objects presented to it, the few that are most fit not only to advance the action of a special plot and to exhibit certain traits in particular characters, but also to prompt in an audience's mind a special vein of semiconscious comment or a special mood of reverie about certain general ideas. The 'real life' which a dramatist like Mr. Galsworthy is sometimes supposed merely to take as he finds it, and to give out as he takes it, does just about as much to help him as a piano-manufacturer does for a composer. It gives him every note he wants; he has only, it may be said, to take the notes he sees fit and put them in an order. But it certainly does not need less craft cunning, or a less profoundly felt emotion, to string together a few tags and shreds of ready-made cockney speech into the police-court scene of *The Silver Box* than it takes to string a few ready-made notes into the tune of a fine song.

Even to put it in that way is to make too great a concession, for I used the word 'ready-made', and a dramatist does not find even small fragments of his work ready-made for him by real life before he begins. If ever he thought he had found such a fragment; if, say, he noticed some authentic utterance of passion in the mouth of a friend, and simply reported it in his next play, he would probably achieve an effect of falsity to nature. In one of Stevenson's letters to Mr. Barrie, he says of a character in a novel of Mr. Barrie's: 'Thomas affects me as a lie. I beg your pardon: doubtless he was somebody you

knew ; that leads people so far astray. The actual is not the true.' I suppose it is the stage's high power of illusion that can prevent some educated playgoers from seeing that this is at least as true of plays as of novels. When you see a kitchen-table standing on a stage, and looking like the most real and ready-made of kitchen tables, it is difficult at first to believe that in order to look so real it has had to have two inches taken off two of its legs. And so when a thing said in a play has an air of close and literal veracity, people find it hard to believe that this effect of truth could only be achieved through much deliberate departure from truth in the narrower sense of the word. For one thing, the speech of a character in a play, as in a novel, has to be what his speech in real life is trying to be ; the thwarted semi-expressiveness of actual speech has to be helped to attain completeness, if only the ironical completeness of total incoherency ; everything highly individual, that is striving more or less unsuccessfully to assert itself in real life, must, in a play, be given its full rights. It is almost exactly what happens in portrait-painting, where a painter discards many trivial points of exactness, in order to heighten the truthfulness of a few fundamentals ; he makes the sitter, in a sense, more like himself, more expressive of the very essence of himself, than he actually is at any such single moment as a photograph might capture ; and so, even in the most rapid dialogue, a dramatist who knows his business will be pursuing the bigger truths of characterization by means of a multitude of departures from such truth as there is in mere verbal mimicry.

All the time, too, he will be keeping on good terms with the spectator's ear, through which his written work must ask for admission, and, to this end, even when he seems to be most headlong, he will still overhaul and amend the bumping and jolting movement of actual speech. If you examine the most rugged-seeming of prose dialogue, the kind of dialogue that people sometimes praise as ' simply a page torn from the book

of life', and so on, you find speeches tripping to craftily contrived rhythmic measures—some, it is true, devised to suggest, though they do not reproduce, special traits of inflection or intonation in the persons represented, but others simply designed to conciliate and absorb the playgoer's melody-seeking ear. When Synge, in his Irish plays, tries hardest to express some primitive rudeness of thought or emotion in one of his peasants he becomes only more cunningly rhythmical than before, just as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when he wants to express through dialogue the barbaric chivalry of Indian border tribesmen, has more and more recourse to the technique of the classic ballads of the Scottish border, their rhythms and refrains and assonances and alliterations. In Henley and Stevenson's *Beau Austin*, where the girl Dorothy is entreating her brother not to fight a duel with her lover, an effect of impassioned spontaneity is achieved through a craftily wrought simplicity of melody. She says in one place:

'Anthony, I have tried to be a good sister; I brought you up, dear, nursed you when you were sick, fought for you, loved you. Think of it, think of the dear past, think of our own home and the happy winter nights, the castles in the fire, the long, shining future, the love that was to forgive and suffer always.'

All that is as carefully constructed as the prose harmonies of the English Prayer Book, and though it conveys to our minds an idea of troubled importunity, it is as remote from mere reproduction of the exact form of any real entreaty that ever was uttered as the lovely General Confession in the Morning Service, with its little calculated repetitions, its clusters of alliterative words, and its beautiful and noble cadences, is remote from any cry of contrition that ever came impromptu from a human being. If these means to effect be literary, then the qualified dramatists become all the more literary the more they desire to express the freshness and momentariness of intense life.

That the theatre itself and not merely literary criticism

demands this of them is shown in an incident narrated by Sarcey in 1881. Sarah Bernhardt had just been acting Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camélias*, and Sarcey noticed that in Marguerite's description, in the third Act, of her country life with Armand, Bernhardt left out a whole clause in one sentence and cut off four words, not absolutely required by the sense, at the end of another. He asked her why she did this, and she said she had tried to make the speech sound right as Dumas had written it, but had found that the clause in question had deadened its gait; she could not make it run or flow, and by leaving out the other four words she had found she could close the sentence with a cadence more engaging to the ear and more apt to the rather elusive kind of plaintiveness animating the speech. Then she repeated the speech to him in each of the two forms in turn, and Sarcey felt no doubt that she was right. 'Of course,' he says, 'it was only quite a small detail, and might be thought a mere question for the elocutionists. But what a light did I find that this simple observation, let fall by an artist who does not trouble about the philosophy of things, but just obeys the dim promptings of instinct, threw on the style of writing proper to the theatre.' Certainly no one who has read Madame Bernhardt's memoirs could think of her as a 'literary' critic of anything: it was simply her keen perception of strictly theatrical values that had shown her that even those dramatic speeches which are to seem the most unpremeditated expressions of a fugitive emotion have to be fashioned, almost syllable by syllable, as Milton elaborated the rich and curious inlayings and jewellerys of *L'Allegro*.

In that very passage which Traill took as an example of the non-literary or anti-literary character of dramatic excellence—the little snatch of haggard and aghast dialogue between Macbeth and his wife after the murder, Macbeth asks whether she had not heard a noise, and she answers:—

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Well, I wonder would most people call that line an unselective copy of the bald chat of real life. To me it seems as if all Shakespeare were in it; each word, each letter almost, in those croaking or skirling recurrent chords of harsh consonants, with which a great actress would thrill your ear, was surely the result of a very passion of refining and perfecting fidelity to Shakespeare's individual sense of romantic horror. You can imagine him, when he had got it right, throwing down the pen and saying, like Thackeray, 'By God, that's a masterpiece!' not because he had achieved a piece of life-likeness, or forged what might pass as a recorded utterance of an eleventh-century Scottish peeress in a moment of excitement, but because he had transmuted this into so glorious an indirect expression of his own emotion about her plight. For just as certainly as in Sterne or Dr. Johnson or Carlyle, or any of the most voluble literary exponents of their own temperaments, so do you find craftsmanship, even in the most strictly dramatic writing, ruled by the ordinary conditions of literary art and every other art, and achieving excellence or failure in proportion to the measure in which it reflects its author's personality and his vision of life as a whole, as well as his particular sense of texture and colour in language—and also, of course, in proportion to the richness or meagreness of the personality that there is to reflect.

One is even tempted to float a paradox and to say that in some ways a perfect play is not only literary, but more literary than most of the other forms of literature. We know the engaging Aristotelian idea of art as always trying to disengage itself from its own medium, to convert, as Aristotle would say, all its matter into form, the painter or sculptor always reducing and reducing the proportion of inorganic or inexpressive paint or marble, the writer liberating his significance from more and more of the weight of inexpressive wording which always seems in a sense to be disabling the writer's intention, preventing his communicated thought from being all that it has it in it to be. Of course it is only one of

two opposite, or apparently opposite, ways of looking at the same thing, the other way being to regard his medium as his delight and support, a means or mode of thought and a spur to his imagination. Still, that idea of words as a clogging or resisting force, which the writer has to war down as far as he can, is a luminous one; and, viewed in the light of this idea, what a sensation of released and increased power must the use of the dramatic form give to any literary artist who has mastered it—a form in which every unit of his medium, every word he uses, is raised to a new range of significance, is made more organic, by the added values it receives when delivered on a stage. There, thanks to the backing of illuminative action, gesture, and scenery, every word may go enormously further than anywhere else; much of the routine business of imaginative writing is altogether remitted; the artist is free to concentrate on distilling the essence of an essence, re-selecting and re-refining the few most richly expressive parts of what is left at the point where a novelist's labours of selection and refinement end. Certainly I know of nothing in non-dramatic literature where, in Aristotle's sense, all matter seems to have been so taken up into form as in some of the great passages of intense emotion and rapid action in plays, such as the scene before the death of Desdemona.

Well, now to collect what I can from these memoranda. Plays seem to be currently called literary in the sense either that they are written well or that they are written badly. Those *condemned* as literary may, again, be subdivided into those that are specially ill-written for stage-presentation and those that are bookishly ill-written altogether. Thus Shelley's plays, in spite of their great qualities, are ill-written for the stage; and a play like Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*, in spite of a certain aptness for the stage, has been condemned as literary because its characters speak the fustian of pretentious books. And again, the plays that are *commended* as literary may be subdivided into those that are felt to be

especially well-written for the stage and those that, while they contrive to exist on the stage, also satisfy critics of Mr. Saintsbury's way of thinking that they are worthy of a higher life as bound books. So that a 'literary' play may mean a play wholly bad to read and to see, or a play wholly good to read and to see, or a play good to read but bad to see, or even a play bad to read but not quite bad to see. In fact there is no kind of good or bad play that you may not either praise or condemn as literary, with some special accent of contempt or enthusiasm on the word. And this confusion, or much of it, seems to come of a loose way of speaking of literary and dramatic as terms necessarily opposite and exclusive, whereas the distinction between them is one of those distinctions that seem very real when you think lazily, but diminish and diminish until they almost vanish when you think more vigorously. It is like the distinction between knowing a thing theoretically and knowing it practically; we all use that sort of phrase and take for granted in a slipshod way that theory and practice are a kind of natural opposites; but I suppose a careful thinker would tell us that if you know a thing theoretically, but don't know it practically, then you really don't know its whole theory; and if you know it practically, but don't know it theoretically, then you don't really know its whole practice; the nearer theoretical knowledge of a thing, in the full sense, comes to perfection, the nearer does it come to identity with practical knowledge of it; and the more complete a practical knowledge of it grows, the less is it distinguishable from knowledge of its theory. Such, almost exactly, is the distinction between literary and dramatic quality in a play. If one's own conception of literary quality and of dramatic quality be confused and shallow, the distinction is a gaping wide one. If by literary quality you mean bookishness, and by dramatic quality you mean staginess, the antithesis between them may easily be striking. But in proportion as one examines and defines more exactly one's own conception of literary excel-

lence on one side and of dramatic excellence on the other, one finds the assumed contrast and antagonism to be fading away into nothing. Just as knowledge of the theory of a thing almost ceases to be distinguishable from knowledge of its practice so soon as we begin really to mean 'knowledge' when we say it, and not merely semi-knowledge, so literary merit and dramatic merit may cease to seem to us to be in conflict at all if we can only clear our own minds of the last trace of slovenly thinking about them.

What I have done in this paper is only to touch its subject slightly on one side. The whole historical side of it, for example, I have let alone for want of knowledge. I imagine that there is traceable a complete history of the 'study play' or 'closet play' as a deliberately chosen literary form, a play having the outward shape of drama in some obvious respects, but intended only, or chiefly, to be read in a book, like an oration intended not to be uttered or an anthem intended not to be sung. Others can speak with authority on that side of the subject, as well as on the one I have touched, and I feel some eagerness to learn whether on that wider view we can hope to establish what I have here failed to do—I mean the possibility and advantage of our all concentrating on one understood use of the term 'literary play' and trying to impose that use, to the best of our power, on current speech. Though not very sanguine of this, I am not unconvincibly desperate about it. In fact the feeling of dead certainty that is so useful in perorations strikes me as just the thing to avoid in dealing with points like this; the best, or the least bad, thing most of us can do with them is to try to think consecutively for a few steps and not to hope for a solid fixity of conclusion that is very seldom to be had in a subject so fluid—at any rate so viscous—as the current usage of a language.

C. E. MONTAGUE.

DESCRIPTION IN POETRY

IT is not easy to define description in poetry or in any kind of literature. We distinguish description from an account of actions and events because, as we say, in description nothing happens. But in a description of the Dawn the Dawn happens. And yet we class descriptions of such events in nature as Dawn and Sunset with descriptions of objects or people, in which no change is related, rather than with accounts of action, because both kinds of description are usually less closely concerned with the main theme. There are, of course, some poems that are altogether descriptive, and sometimes, especially in lyrical poetry, description becomes action, as in Shelley's *Cloud*. Sometimes, also, narrative poems consist mainly of description, and we cannot separate the description in them from the narrative, as in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*. There description is of the first importance. But usually in narrative poetry it is subsidiary to the main theme, and in the best narrative poetry it is inferior in interest to the account of actions and events. A story well told gives cumulative power to a poem, and every detail of the story is charged with the significance of the whole. But description, unless very concise and vivid and relevant, lessens this cumulative power. We are apt to enjoy it for its own beauty rather than for the part it plays in the story; and inferior poets use it too lavishly because their aim is to write beautiful poetry rather than to tell a story well. The story to them is often a mere pretext for the writing of poetry at large, and so they are easily distracted from the task of telling it. But in great narrative poetry the story is everything, and the poet's aim is to tell it,

not to write beautiful poetry. His descriptions are wrung from him by the story and get their power from it. As we read we scarcely notice their particular beauty, but are only conscious of the general heightening of emotion which they produce by their vivid statement of relevant facts.

This kind of excellence in description is rare in modern poetry because, as in all advanced stages of art, our poets are apt to aim too consciously at beauty. Beauty is rather a symptom of success in art than the proper aim of the artist. He should achieve it almost by accident and as a result of his complete expression of emotion. When his work is finished he may apply the test of beauty to it. If it is ugly, he may be sure that he has failed to express himself in it. But in doing this he is critic, not creator; if he aims at beauty he confuses the two processes of criticism and creation, with the result that very likely he only expresses his admiration of some other work of art in his own.

But modern poets are too lavish of description not only when they are imitative. Swinburne was certainly an original poet, yet in his *Tristram of Lyonesse* there is so much description that the narrative is deprived of all cumulative power. Indeed, it is only by an effort that the reader can discover what is happening at all. The long descriptions in the poem are magnificent by themselves, but they gain little from their context; indeed, they become wearisome in their cumulative effect. The poet, in this case, is not really telling the story at all, but expressing certain emotions which it suggests to him. That, of course, is what all narrative poets do; but in great narrative poems they accomplish it simply by telling the story, and their narrative gives order and coherence to the expression of their emotions. It makes us see the reason of those emotions, and causes us to share them readily as they arise out of the story. In *Tristram* this order and coherence are wanting. The story itself is too much interrupted to arouse emotions in the reader. The

descriptive passages get no help from it, and each of them has to rely on its own individual beauty for its effect. Thus in passing from one description to another the reader undergoes a complete change of interest, and is really reading, not one poem, but a number of separate poems which fade into each other without any sharp distinction of subject. The result is weariness and distraction and a sense of wasted riches.

These defects, which are so glaring in *Tristram*, are common in the works of other great modern poets, and they are seldom condemned in modern criticism. Indeed, we often see descriptive passages praised, which, however beautiful in themselves, add nothing to the cumulative power of the poems which contain them. Perhaps the most famous passage in *King Lear* is the description of the Cliff; yet that is only introduced to explain Edgar's trick upon his Father. It is almost an excrescence upon the play, and it is so much admired because we are not used to judge poetry by the highest standards or to read it with the close attention which such judgement demands. Indeed, we welcome any distraction, if only it is beautiful in itself; and are often secretly of Poe's opinion that a long poem is an absurdity and deserves to be read only for its incidental beauties.

Poe, no doubt, got that opinion from his experience of modern poetry. He did not understand that a long poem is to be judged by its cumulative power, and that the epic and narrative and dramatic forms are justified because of the opportunity they give to the poet of exercising a cumulative power which cannot be exercised so fully in shorter forms. And yet every poem, however short and whatever its theme, must have a cumulative power if it is to interest the reader; for if it lacks that it has no real theme, and there is no reason why any one part of it should be connected with any other part. Therefore, in any poem, whatever its length, we ought to judge description by the same standard. We ought to ask

whether it adds to the cumulative power of the whole. If not the description, however beautiful in itself, is irrelevant; and any part of it, however vivid, which does not add to the cumulative power of the whole, is also irrelevant. In fact all description should be judged in its relation to the poem which contains it, and not by its own particular beauty or ugliness. The object of the poem is to express and communicate a certain emotion. Does the description help or impede that object? That is the only question to be asked about it; and if we ask other questions we are in danger of falling into errors of judgement.

Doctor Johnson, for instance, was the greatest critic of his age, and so honest in his mistakes that they reveal the truth rather than obscure it. His criticism of a famous passage in *Macbeth* is the best instance I can find of the kind of error I wish to illustrate. 'When Macbeth,' he says, 'is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural for a murderer :

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 !

In this passage,' he admits, 'is exerted all the force of poetry.' Yet he complains that 'the efficacy of the invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable. *Dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.' Again, he objects to the word *knife*, that knives are used by butchers and cooks in the meanest of employments. 'We do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*.' And finally he asks, 'Who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket* ?'

Now the whole passage here criticized is not descriptive, but the words are condemned in their descriptive capacity, and Johnson condemns them, not because they fail to express the emotions natural to Macbeth at the moment, but because they have associations which seem to him below the dignity of the crime to be committed. He has begun his criticism by saying that words become low by the occasions to which they are applied. 'Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age are banished from elegant writing or conversation in another, because they are in time debased by vulgar mouths and can no longer be heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasing images.' Thus, if poetry is to be judged as he would judge it, it is at the mercy of accidental changes in the association of particular words; and a poet must always be on his guard against any mean association which some word, chosen for its vividness rather than for its elegance, may suggest. This standard of judgement will prevent us from enjoying many great passages of poetry, as it prevented Johnson from enjoying that particular passage in *Macbeth*. If he had only asked himself whether it expressed Macbeth's proper emotion, he would have seen that the words of which he complains are exactly suited to the peculiar character of that emotion. Macbeth was not thinking of the dignity of his crime, but of its horror. One part of his nature was still trying to dissuade the other from it; and the effort is betrayed in the ugly words which he uses, as it could not have been betrayed in general or dignified terms.

I have tried to expose this error of Johnson's at some length because it was the chief error of eighteenth-century taste and practice in poetry. Every one then was apt to judge of descriptive passages, not by their relation to the main theme of the poem, but by their dignity and freedom from mean associations. Gray made a very interesting remark upon this habit of judgement which is prophetic of the coming romantic revolt against eighteenth-century standards. 'Circumstance,'

he says, 'ever was, and ever will be, the life and the essence both of nature and of poetry. It has, in some sort, the same effect upon every mind that it has upon that of the populace, and I fear the quickness and delicate impatience of these polished times in which we live are but the forerunners of the decline of all those beautiful arts that depend upon the imagination.' That delicate impatience was the result, not of refinement of taste, but of wrong standards of judgement. Critics indulged themselves in it, and poets deferred to it because they forgot that descriptive passages are to be judged, not by their isolated effect, but by their relation to the whole. A reader whose imagination is thoroughly kindled by great poetry will not boggle at particular words, whatever their present associations may be; and if they do happen to suggest to him mean or ludicrous associations he will thrust the suggestion away as a mere perversity of his own mind rather than a fault of the poet. But in the eighteenth century readers were on the watch for such suggestions, and condemned any passage of poetry which contained them. So poets, in awe of their 'delicate impatience', fell into the habit of using general rather than particular terms in their descriptions, for general terms seemed then to be more dignified. Gray's *Elegy* interests and moves us still—it is free from the vagueness and pomposity of the age—because it is full of circumstance. By the description of particular objects Gray manages to communicate the emotion which these objects aroused in him, and he attains to a unity of effect because each description is coloured by the same emotion and is chosen for its association with that emotion. We feel, as we read, that he is giving us the record of an actual experience, and his precision of detail convinces us of its reality.

But Gray's *Elegy* was a forerunner of the romantic poetry to come, as his criticism was a forerunner of the romantic criticism. He was tired of the generalizing poetry of his century. To illustrate its defects in description, I will choose

a work of its greatest master, written when that poetry was still new and in its first vigour. I can find no better example than Dryden's version of Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, for in that he tried to improve upon his original, and by a comparison of his lines with Chaucer's we can see clearly what is the difference between their two methods of description. Dryden, like Johnson, was a great critic, and his praise of Chaucer proves that he understood his merits. Yet in his attempt to mend the metre, which he wrongly supposed to be faulty, and to modernize the language, he nearly always marred his original and sometimes robbed it of all merit. I am here concerned only with his treatment of the descriptive parts, and in them he had a good opportunity to show his powers, for Chaucer is a master of description and some of his finest descriptions are in *The Knights Tale*. The most famous of them is the description of the Temple of Mars and the paintings on its wall. Dryden's version of this is skilful enough, but compared with the original it is like a Roman copy of a Greek statue. Nearly all sharpness and precision are polished away; essentials are left out and unessentials put in; and where Chaucer succeeds with few words Dryden fails with many. Thus a famous line of the original—

The smylere with the knyfe under the cloke—

is lengthened and enfeebled into three:

Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown.

There is nothing obsolete in Chaucer's line except the spelling, but probably its brevity seemed rude to Dryden. So he amplified the idea contained in the one word 'smylere' into a line and a half, which says no more and expresses less.

Another vivid line—

The Careyne in the bush, with throte y-corve—

he changes to:

There was the murdered corps, in covert laid;

a line which has lost more than half the force of the original, because it only tells us that the corpse is murdered, not that its throat is cut. Chaucer, describing a picture, makes a picture with his words. Dryden only gives us a statement.

Chaucer's next line is:

A thousand slayn and not of qualm y-storve—

meaning not dead of disease. Dryden generalizes this into:

And violent death in thousand shapes displayed.

Chaucer's line:

The sowe freten the child right in the cradle—

is too horrible for Dryden. He changes it to:

The new-born babe by nurses overlaid—

an accident as common in peace as in war, indeed commoner, since sleep is likely to be less sound where a battle is raging; while the plural *nurses* is absurd attached to a singular *baby*.

Where Chaucer writes:

The cartere over-ryden with his carte—

Dryden, determined to be more dignified, gives us:

The gasping charioteer beneath the wheel
Of his own car.

But the disasters of war are most horrible when they fall on non-combatants, as Chaucer, like Goya, well knew.

Something might possibly be said for Dryden's alterations, if they occurred in a passage of rapid narrative where very vivid and particular descriptions were likely to check the momentum of the story. But Chaucer has arrested his tale to describe pictures on a wall; and Dryden arrests it even longer. Both descriptions are meant to be as much like pictures as the poets can make them; Dryden fails where

Chaucer succeeds, because he is more anxious to be dignified than to describe the horrors of war.

When the great change came upon our poetry with the Romantic movement, it was most complete in description. But even good poets, in their desire to avoid the faults of the eighteenth century, fell into opposite faults almost as disastrous. Like the poets of the eighteenth century they often forgot that a description is to be judged by its relation to the main theme, and they made their descriptions over-particular as their predecessors had made them over-general. A notion arose, and is still common among critics, that it is a poet's duty to be particular at all costs, and especially that all generalization in description is wrong. So Ruskin used to preach that drapery is wrong in painting; but dogmas of this kind should be tested by experience before they are accepted. Raphael and Michelangelo, who painted drapery rather than clothes, are not to be condemned offhand by a dogma; and if generalizations always enfeeble description in poetry, how are we to explain the effect of this passage?

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Here there is but little circumstance. The method of the description is as different as it can be from Chaucer's method in the passages I have quoted. Milton makes no attempt to give us a vivid image of anything. His epithets out of their context would seem conventional. Still evening, gray twilight, sober livery, wakeful nightingale, amorous descant,

peerless light, silver mantle, and so on—these adjectives might be joined to these nouns in any dull piece of eighteenth-century description; indeed, a whole succession of dull poets imitated the descriptive manner of Milton and made it seem absurd in their imitations. But they could not make it seem absurd in the original, which has been admired through all changes of taste. Why then is it admirable?

The notion that description in poetry ought always to be particular is part of the notion that it ought always to be pictorial. But poetry, though partly a representative art, has clearly less power of representation than painting, and to compensate for this it has other powers which it shares with the art of music, an art not representative at all. Painting gives us one fixed moment of time. Poetry, like music, moves and changes, and a particular passage of poetry has relation to other passages before and after it, especially in narrative or drama. It must therefore maintain continuity of emotion; and it uses certain devices, like music, for ensuring that continuity, the chief of them being rhythm, which, by its repetitions, causes the same emotion to persist through different changes of sense. But if a description in a narrative poem is extremely pictorial, it will impose on that poem the limitations as well as the qualities of a picture. It will represent a fixed moment of time with little relation to the past or the future, and so will interrupt the narrative. Now in Chaucer's description of the Temple of Mars he means to interrupt the narrative. *The Knight's Tale* is romantic poetry, not epic. That is to say, it has a looser organization and a lower level than epic poetry. Chaucer thoroughly enjoys telling his story, but he enjoys many other things as well, and he seldom lifts his story to such a height that any irrelevance would seem an impertinence in it. The description of the Temple of Mars is quite irrelevant to his story, but the reader does not resent it because the story has not yet moved him powerfully. It is interesting, but with a delightful variety of

interest, and the description is part of the variety. You could only give an idea of the story of *The Knight's Tale* by telling it, which means that it has a plot but no theme. *Paradise Lost* has a theme, namely, the Fall of Man, and Milton's purpose, not always achieved, was to make every passage relevant to that theme. Thus his principle of description is quite different from Chaucer's. It would be disaster for him, at least in any exalted part of the poem, to interrupt its continuity by a pictorial description, and the Fourth Book is one of the most exalted and important parts. In it we are shown the happy state of Adam and Eve in Paradise, watched and threatened by Satan. The description I have quoted is meant to heighten the reader's sense of this happy state, and it does this by reminding him of the most august moments of nature within his own experience. It is there, not to give him any kind of information about the Garden of Eden, but to stir his emotion, and this it does by musical means rather than by pictorial, because the emotion to be excited is one concerned with the whole event, with what has been and what is to be. The musical element connects the passage with the passages before and after it, and preserves the continuity of the whole. As we read we are conscious of no sudden change of interest, but only of a stronger and sweeter melody, which, as in a great piece of orchestral music, seems to reveal suddenly the intention of the whole; and when this sinks again into the narrative, the narrative itself has more significance for us, as if the melody still haunted and exalted it.

This passage warns us that description in poetry may have musical qualities as well as pictorial, and that music is an indirect means of expressing what the poet has to say just as powerful as the more direct means of exact representation. Even in poetry that is all description his object is to express a certain mood, and he may achieve this more by the movement of his verse than by vividness of representation. Yet

when a descriptive poem does express a mood powerfully, critics are apt to assume that it is vivid, and I have seen it stated by a critic of repute that Collins's *Ode to Evening* is a description of the scenery near Chichester. It is a description, not of any particular place, but of evening, and in such general and figurative terms that it makes scarcely any appeal to the eye. The appeal is to the ear, and through that to the mind, with a number of images that are all connected with each other by the music and make its meaning plain. Music in poetry expresses and communicates the emotion proper to the sense of the words, and whenever in description the poet is so intent upon exact representation that he fails to accompany his sense with music, he ceases to write poetry and robs his poem of the continuity which only music can give to it.

We often hear poets praised for the closeness and precision of their observation, and it is assumed that a poet must have sharper eyes than other men. But in the finest and most moving passages of descriptive poetry things are usually described that any one might see, and they are excellent, not because they tell us any new facts about the visible world, but because they stir us to emotion about facts quite familiar.

From township to township, o'er down and by tillage,
Far, far have we wandered and long was the day ;
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey.

Any one might see all that is described there. It is the music that makes the description moving, and the poet's achievement has been, not to describe any new thing, but to set his description to a new music, which is the music of the whole poem, and gives cumulative power to every detail mentioned in it. Many descriptive passages in the verse of the eighteenth century are dull because they lack music no less than because they are general. That is to say, there is no reason and no compensation for their lack of particularity.

They neither tell us anything nor express anything, and all literature is valueless unless it does one of these two things. But in poetry description is of the highest quality only when it tells us something relevant to the main theme of the poem, and it is therefore to be judged by its relation to that theme, and not by any absolute standards.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

THE GRAND STYLE

AN ATTEMPT AT A DEFINITION

'ALL dispute turns upon difference of definition,' says Mr. Saintsbury in the essay on 'Shakespeare and the Grand Style' contributed to last year's volume of Essays by members of the English Association. Certainly, there is no case in which this is more likely than in the matter of the Grand Style. Our aesthetic perceptions are in themselves so difficult to realize and apprehend clearly, and our aesthetic vocabulary is so inadequate and uncertain, that definitions in matters of art are the most difficult of all definitions to make, and, when made, run exceptional risk of meaning one thing to their maker and another to his readers. Yet if criticism is to be a living thing we must, as far as possible, understand what we are talking about. Is it possible to get nearer to a definite understanding of a phrase so large and vague as this of 'the Grand Style', nearer than is got in the common employment of it in newspapers, nearer than, as I venture most respectfully to think, Mr. Saintsbury gets in his essay?

I need scarcely say that I do not presume to differ from a critic of Mr. Saintsbury's great learning and acknowledged authority without the greatest hesitation. But I must confess that the definition he suggests seems to me to be far too wide. He says of it himself that it is wider than Matthew Arnold's, and it appears to cover the perfection of expression in every direction and kind, its essence being, in his own words, 'consummateness under the circumstances'. I venture with great respect to urge that this is an undesirable extension of the meaning of the term Grand Style. The object of the following pages is to attempt to arrive at something more definite and less all-embracing. After all, the Grand Style is precisely the

Grand Style; which is evidently not the clever style, nor the brilliant style, nor even the imaginative, or the powerful, or the serious style. It may include some of these things, but it is not identical with any. It is itself and nothing else. But what is it? What is grandeur or greatness of style?

Even Matthew Arnold, whose lectures on translating Homer are the *locus classicus* on this subject, seems to me to use the phrase 'Grand Style' in a wider sense than is desirable. For instance, when he appears to say that Homer is always in the Grand Style; and when he replies to critics who point to the innumerable passages such as

ὄτρυνεν δὲ ἕκαστον ἐποιχόμενος ἐπέεσσιν,
Μέσθλην τε, Γλαῦκόν τε, Μέδοντά τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε,

that 'these lines are very good poetry indeed, poetry of the best class, *in that place*', the answer, though good enough against those who deny the poetic quality of the lines, does not meet those who deny them the peculiar quality of the Grand Style. That they can hardly be said to possess in themselves, as he quotes them, but only, if at all, by association with greater things. This, however, may be a mere passing lapse, as his language elsewhere points to a stricter definition. But, however that may be, it seems plain that the first thing needful in this quest of the Grand Style, if we are to make it mean anything definite, is to realize that poetry can be extremely fine, can be perfect in its kind, without being in the Grand Style. Arnold's own definition of it brings this out. 'The Grand Style,' he says, 'arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.' Obviously this does not cover all the ground covered by fine poetry. Even as he states it, the subject must be serious, the treatment simple or severe, the poet a man of noble nature. The first condition excludes *The Rape of the Lock*, the second Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale*, the third *Don Juan*. Yet all these are admirable poems, among the very finest in the English language. But

the fact that it is a poetic jewel five cantos long will not give *The Rape of the Lock* a serious subject; the fact that Keats's *Nightingale* is the very breath and finer spirit of romance will not make its treatment either simple or severe; the fact that *Don Juan* is an unsurpassed and irresistible torrent of poetic power will not make it the work of a man of noble nature, will not prevent it from being the work of the less noble side of a man whose nobleness was a thing of occasional flashes and not of abiding presence. Thus there are great exclusions even on the basis of Arnold's definition. But, if one may presume to attempt the improvement of a definition occurring in the finest critical effort of the greatest of modern poetic critics, it is possible that even this definition might gain by a little tightening. The nature of the poet, for instance, may be left out; it concerns us only so far as it affects the poetry and is to be judged by the poetry. An ignoble man often has noble moments and may rise to the Grand Style in them. We know next to nothing of Sappho or Pindar, and not much of Shakespeare; their poetry, or part of it, remains, and it is on its own qualities that it must be accorded or denied the supreme merit of the Grand Style. Then, again, another point that might perhaps be improved in the definition is the word 'serious', which has in English a too exclusively moral connotation. Arnold means *σπουδαῖος*, which he elsewhere renders 'nobly serious'. Perhaps 'great' is nearer as well as simpler. Then it may be well to qualify the 'simplicity' of the definition. Wordsworth was assuredly a noble nature, poetically gifted, and the subject of *We are Seven* is a serious one treated with simplicity, yet no one would say the poem was in the Grand Style. That is obviously because its simplicity is not the simplicity of the Grand Style. May we then provisionally revise Arnold's definition, and make it read something like this: 'The Grand Style arises in poetry when a great subject is treated by the action of the imagination with severity or with a noble

simplicity' ? I have added the words 'by the action of the imagination' as a substitute for Arnold's 'poetically gifted' applied to the author; the point being in either case that the simplicity or severity must be of a poetic order, that is, must produce an effect on the imagination.

But definitions are by themselves abstract things, and in these delicate matters of perception abstractions convey little unless illustrated by concrete instances. Where shall we go for passages of good poetry that are, and others that are not, in the Grand Style? There are a very few poets whose entire, or almost entire, work is in that style. Milton is the obvious and universally accepted instance; Dante is almost certainly another; some of us might take courage to add Pindar for a third, in spite of the opinion of the great critic whom we used to call Longinus, who speaks of Pindar as a great poet whose genius often suffers lamentable eclipse. But, however that may be, it is certain that no poet in the whole history of literature better illustrates the compelling power of style. His subjects are not by themselves great subjects; they are the mere victories of aristocratic athletes or chariot owners; but, and this is the important point, he seldom fails so to treat them that they become great, by bringing them into relation with things of inherent poetic greatness, the august beginnings of an ancient and noble house, the connexion of the human and the divine, the eternal majesty of law and right. By the greatness of his nature and the power of his style he carries the minds of his readers far away above his patron's personal achievements, fulfilling and exalting their imagination with the vision of high things of everlasting truth and import. He is a difficult poet; but happily for those who are not perfect Grecians it is the same with him as with Dante; his very finest passages are often among those that are the easiest to read. Take, for instance, the noble ode which concludes the *Olympians*. It is quite short and easy, and its proper subject is merely a boy's victory in

a race. Yet what an astonishing achievement it is, the Grand Style at its highest height!

Καφισίων ὑδάτων λαχοῖσαν αἶτε
 ναίετε καλλίπωλον ἔδραν,
 ὦ λιπαρᾶς ἀοίδιμοι βασίλειαι
 Χάριτες Ὀρχομενοῦ, παλαιγόνων Μινυᾶν ἐπίσκοποι,
 κλυτ', ἐπεὶ εὐχομαι. σὺν ὑμῖν γὰρ τὰ τε τερπνὰ καὶ
 τὰ γλυκέα γίγνεται πάντα βροτοῖς,
 εἰ σοφός, εἰ καλός, εἴ τις ἀγλαὸς ἀνὴρ. οὔτε γὰρ θεοὶ
 τὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ
 κοιρανεόντι χοροὺς οὔτε δαίτας· ἀλλὰ πάντων ταμίαι
 ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ, χρυσότοξον θέμεναι παρά
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνα θρόνους,
 ἀέναον σέβοντι πατρὸς Ὀλυμπίου τιμάν.

ὦ πότνι' Ἀγλαΐα φιλησίμολπέ τ'
 Εὐφροσύνα, θεῶν κρατίστου
 παῖδες, ἐπάκοος γένευ, Θαλία τε
 ἐρασίμολπε, ἰδοῖσα τόνδε κῶμον ἐπ' εὐμενεῖ τύχῃ
 κοῦφα βιβῶντα· Λυδιῶ δ' Ἀσώπιχον ἐν τρόπῳ
 μελέταις ἐν τ' ἀείδων ἔμολον,
 οὔνεκ' Ὀλυμπιόνικος ἂ Μινύεια σεῦ ἔκατι.
 μελαντειχέα νῦν δόμον
 Φερσεφόνας ἴθι, Ἀχοῖ, πατρὶ κλυτὰν φεροῖσ' ἀγγελίαν,
 Κλεύδαμον ὄφρ' ἰδοῖσ' υἱὸν εἴπης, ὅτι οἱ νέαν
 κόλποις παρ' εὐδόξου Πίσας
 ἐστεφάνωσε κυδίμων ἀέθλων πτεροῖσι χαίταν.

It is impossible to translate poetry; above all, poetry like this. But even in the far-off shadow of such a prose rendering as this which I have attempted, some fragment of its peculiar majesty of beauty may shine through:

O ye who dwell in that home of fair steeds that has the waters of Cephisus for its portion, ye Graces, famed queens of the rich earth of Orchomenus, guardians of the ancient Minyans, hear my prayer, for I call. Where you come come all things sweet and joyous to men; be a man wise, or fair, or nobly-famed, your gift it is. For apart from the holy Graces not even the gods set up any dance or feast; but of all doings in Heaven the Graces have the ordering, and seated on thrones next to Pythian Apollo of the golden bow, they do their reverence to the eternal glory of the father of Olympus.

O gracious Aglaia, and Euphrosyne that lovest song, daugh-

ters of the most high of the gods, hear me; and thou Thalia that delightest in music look upon this choir of ours as it dances lightly along in all the joy of victory. I come to lift high with all my art in these Lydian strains the name of Asopicus because through him the Minyan city has by thy grace achieved Olympian victory. Go now, Echo, to the dark-walled house of Persephone, and bear the tale of glory to his father; stand before Cleudamos and tell him that in the hollow lands of famous Pisa his son has crowned his young locks with the winged chaplet of Olympia's glorious games.

Unless the deficiencies of the translation are even greater than I fear, every reader who has a sense of what is meant by style will be ready to understand me when I ask, can the force of poetic style go farther than this? And it is not merely style in general, if there be such a thing, but it is the particular kind of style we are in search after. This, if anything, is surely the Grand Style. Here is certainly the great subject made great by the greatness of the poet's mind. His ostensible subject is indeed the victory of Asopicus in a race at Olympia; and that is all the average man would have seen in it. But what does Pindar see? First he escapes from the individual point of view to the national or civic; the boy belongs to Orchomenus, and his success is the success of his city. But that city is under the special protection of the Graces who had a shrine there; and the thought of that carries us away up to the Graces, to all they are and mean in human life, and, more than that, in the life of the gods too. And so we have travelled from the individual to the state, from the human to the divine, from earth to heaven; and a poem that might have been a mere outburst of athleticism has become a song of thanksgiving and an act of prayer. By the last line of the first stanza we have reached the eternity of heaven. But the song is in the Lydian mode, says the poet, and, if Boeckh be right, that implies that it has in it the suppliant's cry. And so another eternity comes into the poet's mind; the eternity of the dead. And the last word is of yet another immortal thing, the undying love of father

and son. All that greatness has been put into the story of a boy's running. That is how the mind and imagination that produce the great style work, on the side of subject. From the smallest thing there is a true and natural stepping-stone to the greatest things, and such a mind is sure to find it, is sure to know how to see the humblest matter *sub specie aeterni*, as part of a divine and everlasting order.

But the Grand Style is not an affair merely of high imaginative conception of a subject; it is also an affair of treatment in detail, above all of language. When Cowley wishes to compliment Charles I on his return from Scotland he writes :

Welcome, great Sir; with all the joy that's due
 To the return of peace and you;
 Two greatest blessings which this age can boast!
 For that to thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
 Others by war their conquests gain,
 You like a god your ends obtain;
 Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
 Spoke but the word, and sweetly ordered all.

Why is this plainly not in the Grand Style? After all, it escapes well, as Pindar's ode does, from the temporary and accidental side of the subject. Peace and the Heaven to which we owe it are great themes, with the immortal quality in each of them; and the victory of order over chaos is the thing with which this world began, with the consummation of which the world, as we know it, will end. Why, then, does Cowley fall so far below the Grand Style? Well, according to our definition, that style arises through 'the action of the imagination'; is there much imagination here? Is the poet, that is, ever for a moment caught up out of the everyday facts of life, out of prose, out of himself? Pindar may not have believed in the actual existence of any such divinity as Echo; Keats certainly did not believe in the goddess Maia; but each is in his poem for the moment lifted up out of himself, because no longer a mere individual, but a part of

the universal human imagination to which Echo and Maia are true living visions. 'Everything invented so as to fill mind and heart and soul,' says a good writer, 'is true.' Pindar's invention stands this test. But who does not feel that this is not so with Cowley's lines? There it is the intellect which is at work, not the imagination; cleverness, not the sense of the wonder and joy of the world. And it speaks, as cleverness is wont to speak, making points, unmoved and unmoving, in the language of the Court, the Senate, or the street, not in the language of poetry. Poetry is a thing impassioned and musical; this is a thing coldly and harshly self-possessed, never transported into the mood which calls for something beyond common speech, for a language and a rhythm expressing the exaltation of imaginative emotion. The difference between ὦ πότνι' Ἀγλαΐα and 'Welcome, great Sir' is not the difference between Greek and English; it is the difference between the Grand Style and the language of the Lord Mayor. We have seen what Cowley does. What does Pindar do?

σὺν ὑμῖν γὰρ τὰ τε τερπνὰ καὶ
τὰ γλυκέα γίγνεται πάντα βροτοῖς.

The Lord Mayor cannot talk like that, does not wish to in all likelihood. Is there anywhere a more perfect example of the noble simplicity which belongs to the Grand Style? And as to the other quality, severity—for the poem has both—where can we find it better than in

οὔτε γὰρ θεοὶ
τὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ
κοιρανέοντι χοροῦς.

The essence of severity is self-restraint; the quality which, for instance, is conspicuously absent from the early poems of Keats—which, delightful as they are in many ways, are totally unrestrained, running along in a self-abandonment, sometimes of babbling garrulity, sometimes of luscious self-indulgence.

A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.

This is genuine poetry, inspired by an emotion which Keats may almost be said to have rediscovered for England, that of the sensuous deliciousness of nature's doings; but there is plainly no self-restraint, no severity in it, and its simplicity is rather childish and easy-going than noble. Or take some finer lines in the same poem:

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung:
And when again your dewiness he kisses
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses.
So haply when I rove in some far vale
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

This evidently strikes a higher note. It is fine poetry; but is it, in spite of the last two lines, quite in the Grand Style? Hardly, I think; the passage as a whole has in it a good deal more sugar and prettiness than the refining fires of the Grand Style will admit. Keats will have to wait one or two more of his scanty years before he can reach that high manner, his own 'large utterance of the early gods'. He will have to wait for the inspired moments of *Hyperion*, for the *Ode to Autumn*, or rather, not so long as that, for the *Ode to Maia*, which, though only a fragment, is all of pure gold, the gold of the Grand Style unalloyed:

Mother of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiae?
Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian? Or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles

By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
 Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
 O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
 Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
 Of heaven and few ears,
 Rounded by thee, my song should die away
 Content as theirs,
 Rich in the simple worship of a day.

Matthew Arnold has a sonnet on the Austerity of Poetry. Well, not all poetry either is or ought to be austere, but this peculiar kind of poetry which we are discussing can hardly do without some touch of austerity. The beauty of a garden of roses is one thing, the beauty of a mountain line is another. It is this latter kind of beauty which the Grand Style asks, and how admirably Keats has attained it in that noble fragment! How grave it is, how quiet, how unexpansive, what a wise economy of emotion and ornament, even of language itself, it practises! Many true lovers of poetry, perhaps the majority, will prefer the magnificent Nightingale Ode, with its torrential flow of unrestrained fancy, eloquence, and emotion. Possibly they may be right, but that does not seem to me to alter the fact that the one poem is, and the other on the whole is not, in the Grand Style.

And there are other things beside eloquence and emotion to which the Grand Style applies its economy. The large and simple effects at which it aims are destroyed at once by any too visible activity of the intellect. Browning, for instance, is a great poet, who, after being for a short time over-valued, seems now again to be unduly depreciated. But he is excluded from the company of the masters of the Grand Style by the restless, almost fussy, habit of his mind as much as by his lack of ear for the beauty of words. He cannot be still, and therefore, ingenious and subtle as he is, picturesque, tender, moving, occasionally profound, he is scarcely ever great as Dante and Milton are great. The difference between *Bishop Blougram* and the *Divina Commedia* is that between the

truth arrived at by a series of parliamentary debates and the truth that exists self-poised and self-assured in the mind of an artist or a saint. Dante and Milton have the air of men who have been through a great experience which has left its indelible mark upon them. For them henceforth the issues of life are tremendous things, and they look with grave wonder at the childishness of men. Their language is greatness speaking; and, full as they are of the awe of greatness, they yet know well that greatness speaking is for those who have ears to hear the true music, as greatness appearing is for those who have eyes to see the true beauty. Browning had glimpses of all this, but he had too little restfulness in him, his mind was too kaleidoscopic, to allow of his reaching the grand manner. His note is rather that of a man who had been through many experiences, great and small, all of which he was willing to toss backwards and forwards in conversational battle after dinner. The joy of battle is a fine thing, and he loved it in fine fashion, but it is perhaps a thing with too much hurry and excitement in it to produce easily the particular thing we are looking for. That belongs rather to the calm than to the storm, though perhaps no calm will give it but that which the storm has preceded. Take a stanza from Browning's noble *Epilogue*:

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
 triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

That has all sorts of inspiring merits, but the Grand Style I do not hear in it. It is too eager, too restless, too unmusical, its discords as yet too unresolved for that. For the exact thing we mean we must go on to a stanza from a parallel poem by a greater poet:

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;—

or to another last word in which a poet greater still was almost certainly thinking, like Browning and Tennyson, of his own life and its approaching close :

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness ; no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

The storm has done its work and is passed, leaving this great peace behind it :

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent ;
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

Milton has greater things than this elsewhere, but he has nothing that illustrates better the power of the great style. It is stern and bare like the great mountains ; and as strangely, as inexplicably, moving. The wide-ranging intellect has received its final answer and will go on no more journeys ; the storm-tossed and much-suffering soul is at last at rest.

Of course no poet can long maintain the Grand Style quite at such a level of severity as this, or would escape monotony if he did. What is meant by saying that a poem is in the Grand Style throughout is that no considerable proportion of it is out of key with that style. That is obviously true of the *Paradise Lost* ; it is also true of the *Divine Comedy*, and perhaps, though I think with less certainty, of the *Iliad*. The greatest things in the *Iliad*, Priam and Achilles, Helen and Priam, Hector and Andromache, are altogether out of Milton's

reach, and probably out of Dante's too; but neither Milton nor Dante would have been content to leave so many deserts of confused and rather meaningless fighting, all details and incidents, with little or none of that sense of the big issues behind them which the Grand Style will not dispense with, and which scarcely for a moment fails Dante or Milton. But let us come to a name perhaps greater even than any of these.

Is it to be said that Shakespeare is always, or even almost always, in the Grand Style? Take some of the characters in which his creative genius is seen in splendid activity and his power over words, over expression, over style, is exhibited to the full; take Falstaff, take Iago, take the Bastard. Is it the Grand Style that they talk? Surely not, if words are to retain any meaning. And why not? Because—with the exception of a moment now and then—the talk of these characters does not deal with great subjects, or, if it does, the manner of its doing so has neither the severity nor the noble simplicity of the Grand Style. Their thoughts have in them nothing of that sense of the bigness of things of which I spoke just now, and their words none of the solemn music which comes from those who have that sense and the power to give utterance to it.

But it is possible to go further. Take characters of a different sort to whom Shakespeare intended to give, and indeed gave, high qualities and high utterance. To such characters on serious occasions Homer, Dante, and Milton always give the Grand Style. But does Shakespeare? I think not; by no means always, that is. He gives Constance such lines as only he can give:

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But he seems to be equally willing to give her such rhetorical crudities as:

Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness.

He makes the scene between Hubert and Arthur a wonder of

pathos and beauty; but he crowds it with fanciful conceits that have on them the stamp of Elizabethanism, not that of the Grand Style; it is but a few lines that separate such a thing as

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

from

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation.

So in *Troilus and Cressida* it is the same Ulysses who says:

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy, the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe,
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.

and who also says:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

Or let us be bold enough to lay hands on a still more famous thing and take a finer distinction. The last speech of Romeo is the glorious crown of the play which is the very essence and undying flower of all romance; yet even there, if we are quite honest with ourselves, is it not true that after

O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh

we have a feeling that the legal metaphor about sealing a dateless bargain to engrossing death is not the kind of metaphor a master whose sense of style never failed him would have chosen? Shakespeare can indeed so dazzle and enchant and overwhelm us that he can do without these

artist virtues. But the truth remains, if we keep this side idolatry, that a perfect artist Shakespeare is not. He is both more and less than that. He is a force, a genius, an energy of creation, with his mind set on high things, which made him careless about blemishes of style or phrase; he is also less than an artist in that he was, as far as we can judge, much a man of business, prepared to give his public what it liked and would pay for and not always careful to give more. Blotting what will serve the immediate purpose is for people who are wholly artists, like Virgil; not for people who are partly purveyors of dramatic wares, like Shakespeare. But to return to our more immediate subject. If one is to have the courage to be perfectly frank, I, for my part, should confess that I doubt whether the temperament of Shakespeare was that which makes for the use of the Grand Style, which, as we define it, is a style involving either severity of language or a noble simplicity. What could be more difficult to a nature of such measureless abundance as Shakespeare's? For such a man to study to be quiet, to keep that mighty stream of thought and knowledge within its banks, to rein in the fiery coursers of that soaring imagination, was a task a thousand times more difficult than smaller poets can ever know. It came easier to him to say a thing again and again in a hundred brilliant ways than it comes to other men to get it once well said at all; and every play is proof of how often he was unable to resist the glorious temptation. Yet he could resist it, consciously, or, perhaps, unconsciously, by some divine inspiration; and all the great plays are full of lines in which a universe of thought or feeling is packed into a phrase, to stand for ever in its single simplicity or severity, the pure and unwatered wine of the Grand Style. They come upon us wherever we open the book. There is Othello's

When I love thee not
Chaos is come again—

or his

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!

or the

There is a world elsewhere

of Coriolanus : or Macbeth's

She should have died hereafter—

or the call to Cleopatra ;

The bright day is done
And we are for the dark—

or her answer :

Dost thou not see the baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

or Lear's

You do me wrong to take me out of the grave ;

or Hamlet's

The rest is silence.

They are everywhere ; one quotes them for the delight of it, not for argument. But it still remains true that such tense and concentrated force as this is not the ordinary manner of Shakespeare. His myriad-minded energy has a thousand manners, of course ; but if I am not mistaken this note of self-contained intensity, this forceful compression of large matter into a little room, is not one of the commonest. In the case of the poems, whatever high authority may seem to say, it is surely unnecessary to discuss the question. Need I stay to ask whether *Venus and Adonis*, that 'trifling foolish banquet' of poetry, is to be held to be in the Grand Style? A single stanza is surely answer enough :

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

It is not a question of pleasing more or less; it is a question of classification. Can dainty verse of this sort be by any violence brought into the same category with

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God;

or

So passed they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel;

or, to keep to Shakespeare himself,

If it be so
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt?

The question answers itself.

But to come to the Sonnets, where Shakespeare speaks in his own person, and is often in the mood that makes the Grand Style. Can the hundred and fifty sonnets be said to be in that style as a whole, in the sense that the *Iliad* and the great tragedians and the *Odes* of Pindar and the *Divine Comedy* and the *Paradise Lost* as a whole are? Are they not, as a whole, far too self-abandoned both in luxury of fancy and passion, and in the play of intellectual activity, to permit anything more than momentary appearances of the stillness of the Grand Style? For my part I find the song of Autolycus with the infinity of its undertone almost as near that style as anything in the Sonnets:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there
I then do go most right.

Still, no doubt the Sonnets have in them great things in the great style:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it—

and

 this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment—

and

 Take all my loves, my Love, yea, take them all—

and

 Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end—

and

 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage—

and a hundred more. But that is scarcely the prevailing note. The distinctions in these matters are delicate and difficult, but perhaps even in lines such as these, there is just the suggestion of an approach to 'preciousness'—a thing very alien to the Grand Style. Is it not felt when they are placed by the side of the purest Grand Style? Let us hear it again, this time from a poet who exhibits the extreme both of its presence and of its absence:

 A slumber did my spirit seal,
 I had no human fears—

or—

 And while in that vast solitude to which
 The tide of things has borne him.

There are finer things than these in Shakespeare's sonnets very likely, but few or none, it seems to me, that ring so exactly and absolutely true to the note we are looking for, and the shadow of a shade which hints at a separation between 'No longer mourn for me when I am dead', and the pure Grand Style makes itself felt much more plainly in the majority of the Sonnets. While the Grand Style is comparatively rare, it seems to me, what may perhaps be called the 'lovely' style is very common:

 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights—

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!—

Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made—
To entertain the time with thoughts of love
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive.

It is almost profanity to say a word of anything but delight in such lovely verses. Only, would the verse of Simonides or Pindar have enjoyed its own exquisiteness so openly as this? Do they display their charms quite so freely? Are their emotions so full of words? Or take the most passionate poet of antiquity:

δέδυκε μὲν ἅ σελάνα
καὶ Πληϊάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, πάρα δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἐγὼ δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.

The moon is set and the Pleiades; the night is half through her course; the time is going by and I lie alone in my bed.

It is plainly a different style which one may like more or less than the other, but in either case one is entitled to distinguish.

This manner of rich loveliness, as I should call it, seems to me the most frequent manner of the Sonnets, but there are many others too; the *dainty* manner, the manner of affected prettiness:

I tell the day to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the Heaven;

the *ingenious* manner, as of a verbal or intellectual puzzle:

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;

or,

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross;

the *conceited* manner, the darling and besetting sin of the seventeenth century, where the situation is violently forced into the mould of some far-fetched and incongruous image :

To 'cide this title is impannelèd
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determinèd
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part ;

or again, the literary *antithetic* style, which was to have such a crowded future and to descend so far from this height of poetry and sincerity :

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled ;

or, to take but one more, that manner which seems to give the very soul of the Romantic movement two hundred years before its time, not the literary, external, merely human romance of Elizabethanism, but the inward, spiritual, universal romance of Wordsworth and Keats and Hugo :

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

All these manners are in this wonderful series of poems ; what is certainly not there, as I venture to think, is any general or pervading unity of the Grand Style.

One might extend such illustrations indefinitely without going outside our own poets. Do we find the Grand Style in Chaucer ? Seldom or never, I think. The ambling ease, the wandering garrulity, of that most companionable specimen of the *homme moyen sensuel* is a thing not very compatible with grandeur. Do we find it in Spenser ? Yes :

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
 For to receive this Saynt with honour due
 That cometh in to you.

But the long-drawn melodies of Spenser's rich music, his luxuriance of fancy, his exuberance of eloquence and learning and curiosity of speech, do not often allow of this fiery directness of style, and even here the treatment is much more expansive than the strict masters of the Grand Style would allow themselves. The difference is of course far more conspicuous in the commoner mood of Spenser :

Long were to tell the travell and long toils
 Through which this shield of love I late have wonne
 And purchasèd this peerless beauties spoile,
 That harder may be ended then begonne.
 But since ye so desire your will be done.
 Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
 My hard mishaps that ye may learn to shonne;
 For though sweet love to conquer glorious be
 Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee.

Perhaps there is more of it in the poet whom Spenser called his master, in Sidney; for though the pupil went far beyond the master, it is Sidney and not Spenser who is the discoverer of the English language as we have known it in English poetry ever since. And that perfect simplicity and purity of language is one of the things most demanded by the Grand Style. But they are not enough by themselves, as the delightful song-writers of the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline periods are enough to show. These poets are too slight, too occasional, too personal, they have too narrow an outlook to give the large impression of which we are in search. Herrick came nearest to it, perhaps, but even he can only approach it and fall away :

If after rude and boisterous seas
 My wearied pinnace here finds ease;
 If so it be I've gained the shore
 With safety of a faithful oar;
 If having run my barque on ground
 Ye see the aged vessel crown'd;
 What's to be done? but on the sands
 Ye dance and sing and now clap hands.
 —The first act's doubtful, but (we say)
 It is the last commends the Play.

The rich sound and large suggestion of the first couplet might have been a fit prelude to the true Grand Style, but is the simplicity of 'What's to be done' in this context a noble simplicity? And, if it were, could anything redeem the ninth line with its hideous succession of 'first', 'act', 'doubt', 'but', and its final tag 'we say' stuck in to save the rhyme? No, whatever this is, it is not the Grand Style. Nor is that style often discoverable in the great Dryden, whose greatness is rather of the mind than the imagination, while his simplicity begins to be rather that of prose than that of poetry. I am one of those who, in spite of Swinburne, think that Gray is a greater poet than Collins, but nothing in Gray seems to me to attain so perfectly to the Grand Style as the opening of Collins's famous Ode:

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs
 Thy springs, and dying gales

O nymph reserved—

has, to my ear, a sterner and grander simplicity than

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Still, one would be sorry to deny that the note of the great *Elegy* and of the best parts of the Odes comes very near that of the Grand Style. No one in that day, certainly, would have understood what is meant by it so well as Gray. There is nothing of it in Pope; and, when we get a little later on, there is nothing of it, I think, in Goldsmith, nothing in Crabbe, nothing in Cowper, except perhaps the *Loss of the Royal George*. Wordsworth exhibits, as I have said, the two extremes—its presence in sovereign perfection, its blank and irremediable absence. Scott is too local and physical, too lacking in universality and serious thought, to attain to it. Byron can achieve it, as he can achieve everything else, for a moment, but his fitfulness, and his rhetorical cast of mind,

prevent any considerable exhibition of a manner so grave and quiet. Shelley has it often in those golden moments when neither his cloudy love of the abstract and unconditional, nor the incoherent restlessness of his mind, deprives him of the necessary simplicity; in such stanzas as:

Whether that Lady's gentle mind
 No longer with the form combined
 Which scattered love, as stars do light,
 Found sadness where it left delight,
 I dare not guess:

or in such an astonishing single line, great even beyond the greatness of the poem in which it occurs, as:

O wind,
 If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Of Keats we have already spoken, and after those days we get very near our own, and these always delicate distinctions do not grow easier. But Landor, though as certainly not one of our great poets as he assuredly is one of our very greatest masters of prose, touched these heights of style, it seems to me, not only in a thousand places of his prose, not only in that most perfect of all epitaphs:

Literarum quaesivit gloriam: videt dei;

but also once or twice in his verse—

Death stands above me, whispering low
 I know not what into my ear:
 Of his strange language all I know
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

Tennyson has abundance of it when his conscious search after the verbal felicities in which he has no modern equal allows him enough simplicity. One supreme instance is enough, another epitaph, the finest that exists in English verse, as Landor's is perhaps the finest in Latin prose:

Not here! the white north has thy bones; and thou,
 Heroic sailor soul,
 Art passing on thine happier voyage now
 Toward no earthly pole.

I will mention only one other poet. Swinburne's exuberant verbosity is not easily compatible with grandeur, and produces the curious result that the poet is perhaps more apt to attain the Grand Style in translation than in his own original poetry. Is his style ever more nobly simple than in

Take heed of this small child of earth.
He is great; he hath in him God most high?—

or again in

Men, brother men, that after us yet live,
Let not your hearts too hard against us be.

Still, no doubt such a gift of style as his could not be confined to the translations. Whole poems full of it are to be found in every volume Swinburne issued:

Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour
And is not dead.

And brief fires of it shine for a moment in a thousand poems, too soon extinguished by rhetoric and repetition, by too many words and too little matter to fill them:

For being in such poor eyes so beautiful,
It must needs be as God is more than I,
So much more love He hath of you than mine.

or

Me these allure, and know me, but no man
Knows, and my goddess only. Lo, now, see
If any of all you these things vex at all.

But it is time to leave individual poets and sum up the general position. The attempt made in these pages is to argue that the Grand Style is not just any style that makes good poetry, but a particular kind of style. It is the style which takes its spirit from the poet's overpowering consciousness of the presence of greatness. 'Therefore let thy words be few' is the secretly, perhaps unconsciously, heard message which it obeys in its supreme manifestations. In them it is a thing

rather of fine line than of rich colour; sculpture rather than painting; with nothing voluptuous, or even overflowing, in it; quiet, austere, with a kind of stern simplicity. At its highest it is brief and pregnant, suggesting more than it says, not filling or satisfying the mind, but quickening the imagination. Its austerity is that of art, not of morals; the austerity of the conditioned, of that which knows that the half is greater than the whole. And yet nothing individual or particular will satisfy it. The all is in it as well as the one: while it will not lose itself in the illimitable, it does its own limited work in the conscious presence of the infinite. It knows that for poetry 'the present is', as Landor said, 'like a note in music, nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.' Those old words *sub specie aeterni*, to which we may add *sub specie universi*, are the law of the greatest poetry, and especially of that which lays claim to the Grand Style, which indeed can hardly exist without them. If it be asked what there is of the eternal or universal in lines so plainly stamped with the Grand Style as

Dost thou not see the baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

or

E solo in parte vidi il Saladino

the answer is that certainly in the first, and I think also in the second, the reader is made to think of something far wider than the individual Cleopatra or Saladin. In that loneliness of greatness, in that tragic ruin of passion, we see no mere single person, but the secret genius of the whole world; and we experience, what has been said of tragedy and might be said of all great art, that when we escape from the individual case, which might by itself be painful, to the sublime thought of universal humanity, everything else disappears in an ecstasy of awe before the vastness of the whole.

One word should be added, perhaps, on a point on which

misunderstanding might be possible. I have spoken mainly of those brief and supreme moments of greatness, and it is they which show what the Grand Style is when it is most of all itself. From them, from their spirit, its more ordinary manifestations are to be judged. The poetic heights are often visible when the poetically short-sighted cannot see them; and visible, if only in distance and only to those who have fit eyes, they will I think generally be found to be wherever the Grand Style is really present. In any case the characteristics of this style, like any other, are most easily judged from passages in which they are present to an exceptional degree. If we are asked what the romantic manner is, we do not take just any passage from any poem by a romantic poet, but such a thing as Keats's:

the same that oft times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

It is the same with the Grand Style, and for that reason I have dealt mainly with these supreme passages. But lest there be any misunderstanding, it may be well to say that I am very far from arguing that that style is confined to such passages, or is to be regarded as a thing of isolated lines or phrases, lightning flashes of sublimity. It not only pervades every word of short poems like the two odes of Pindar and Keats, quoted above, but makes itself felt as an abiding presence in whole epics like the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*. It is present not only when the old men are paying to the beauty of Helen the most tremendous tribute beauty has ever won:

οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἔυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοιγῆδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν—

Truly it is nothing to move wrath that for such a woman as this Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans should suffer long years of woe;

but also when, a hundred and fifty lines later, the poet has so

simple a thing to relate as the return of Priam from the battlefield :

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φῶς·
 ἂν δ' ἄρ' ἔβαιν' αὐτός, κατὰ δ' ἠνία τείνειν ὀπίσσω·
 πὰρ δέ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσατο δίφρον·
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο.

It is present, not only when Virgil exerts all his signal power of moving the human heart :

Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis;
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
 His saltem accumullem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere;

but also when he has returned to the quiet telling of his story :

Rex arva Latinus et urbes
 Iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat.

So too it is not only present when Milton puts on all his multicoloured robes of splendour :

Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;

but also, when he is perhaps too tired for these magnificences and his epic draws sadly and quietly towards its end :

As when he washed his servants' feet, so now,
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.

Style like this bears its own hall-mark of greatness upon it. When one reads those four lines from the *Iliad*, one understands at once why Homer has been called the supreme master of the Grand Style simple. There is nothing quite like it in English; the nearest thing to it is perhaps Wordsworth's simple narrative style :

Whether it was care that spurred him
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.

But Wordsworth is always sinking below simplicity; his simplicity cannot maintain itself through a thousand lines as that of the *Iliad* can, and besides there is in him generally an undercurrent of moral self-consciousness which is alien to the open-eyed frankness of Homer. Still, the simplicity of *Michael* and *Margaret* and *The Brothers* is certainly a noble simplicity, and, like the simplicity of the *Iliad*, if not in the same measure, entitles these poems to the immediate praise of the Grand Style. And one other thing should be noticed. It is not merely a question of manner. Those admirable Homeric lines have more in them even than a noble simplicity of manner. They have also what the great style needs, the element of greatness in them. Not in themselves, or by themselves, no doubt, but they were not written to stand by themselves. And, as it is, the simple fact which they relate is felt to be part of a great action, the action of the *Iliad*. So in the great plays of Shakespeare, things which in themselves would have no grandeur of style, come upon us, not in themselves, but as parts of a great whole, and our minds, filled with that greatness as the poet knew they would be, confer an intensity of imagination on what by itself would seem commonplace, brighten what would seem low, touch with fire what would seem cold and lifeless. That is a perfectly legitimate action of the mind, whose very business is to look before and after and apprehend a whole. If the whole be great the parts are parts of that which is great, and so these, in themselves inferior passages of a great work, form no break unless they are very considerable, in the continuous impression of Grand Style which such works produce.

But greatness, whether immediate or derived, whether in the actual passage itself or in the whole of which it is a part, it seems to me there must be. For greatness, the highest sort

of greatness, is at the root of the Grand Style. Grandeur is indeed the visible form of the abstract idea of greatness, or perhaps greatness is the matter out of which art creates grandeur. At any rate, however we define it, the essential quality of the Grand Style is greatness, and the point which is attempted to be made here has been that greatness is not the same thing even as beauty or goodness; still less is it the same thing as music of sound, or cleverness, or quickness of fancy, or verbal ingenuity, or any of the other things each of which may be the predominant quality of poetry which is generally and rightly admired. All these things are admirable, but they are not the particular thing of which we are in search. That is greatness, not the great soul alone, nor the great subject, but also greatness of art. Style is always a product of labour as well as of genius, and the great style is no exception to that rule. Even the magic simplicity of Burns or Catullus is the result of prolonged labour; it is an art as well as an inspiration, just as Milton's elaborate rhythms are an inspiration as well as an art. His ease is that of a well-ordered procession or religious ceremony, or perhaps that which we should ascribe to the music of the spheres; theirs is the ease of a beautiful childhood; both of them things difficult for a grown man living on this earth to attain; things reached, even by genius, only through an infinite taking of pains. But, for the great style, the art must never seem laboured, if by laboured we mean that which still struggles with difficulty and is not yet victorious. It is the essence of greatness of style to give an impression of not needing to use all its strength, as also of not choosing to utter all its thought. To take Dante's line again:

E solo in parte vidi il Saladino.

The poet says that and leaves it so; he does not do any more to inform our minds or to arouse our imaginations. I know no passage which illustrates more forcibly the method of the

Grand Style in its greatest moments, and I know none more fit to be the last word of an attempt to study it. For it is, after all, the thing itself which explains itself; no labour of defining words can give the secret of that which unites the cloudy majesty of Milton with the open sunlight of Homer, the magic strokes of Shakespeare with the consummate art of Pindar, the severe simplicity of Dante, clear-cut as a precious stone, unyielding and immutable, with that so different simplicity, clear too but with the clearness of a stream in the sunshine, a thing infinitely mobile and winning and gracious, the liquid and human simplicity of Catullus. The study of the kinds of literary style is in part a study of affinities, and none can be more fascinating, or more difficult, than that of the unifying links, and especially that central one of overwhelming power combined with restraint and reserve in its use, which hold together poets so diverse as these in the common glory of the Grand Style. It is ground on which we all should be able to meet. For men, all men as Wordsworth thought, 'thirst for power and majesty.' Not always, no doubt, but at the moments when they feel themselves at their highest. And nothing in literature satisfies those supreme moments like the Grand Style, which is itself, in the famous phrase of Longinus, *μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα*, the echo of a great soul.

JOHN BAILEY.

A YORKSHIRE FOLK-PLAY AND ITS ANALOGUES

OF all English folk-plays that of St. George is the most famous. Mr. E. K. Chambers devotes a good deal of attention to it in his erudite work, *The Mediaeval Stage*, and brings forward evidence to show that it was once acted in many parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Many versions of it have from time to time been published, and though there is a good deal of variation in the names of the *dramatis personae*, and, to a less degree, in the incidents of the plot, the points of resemblance between these various versions are so great as to warrant the view that all have come from one original stock. In the bibliographical note prefixed to his chapter on 'The Mummers' Play', Mr. Chambers cites no less than twenty-nine complete or fragmentary versions of the play: some of these are to be found among the pages of antiquarian journals; others have found an honoured place among choice selections of early English drama; others, again, enjoy a more precarious existence in the form of popular chap-books, eagerly thumbed by village yokels going a-mumming, but little known to the antiquary or the student of literature. Large as this list of versions is, it is not exhaustive; and the object of this essay is to draw attention to a Yorkshire rendering of the mummers' play which, upon comparison with other versions, may be declared to be one of the most interesting and least adulterated of the whole series.

Moreover, while the contributors of versions of the St. George's play to the *Folk-Lore Journal* or *Notes and Queries* usually speak of the performance of these plays as a thing of the past, the Yorkshire play is alive. Indeed, the danger

which besets it at present is not that of extinction but that of sophistication. As its picturesqueness and old-world charm come to be more and more recognized, the fear is that it may pass out of the hands of the rude mechanicals, who alone are able to preserve it in its integrity, into those of clergymen and schoolmasters, eager to 'improve its moral tone'.

It has for several years been my pleasure to witness a performance of this play in what was until recent times a Yorkshire village, but is now a suburb of Leeds. Here the play is acted every Christmas, and the actors are errand-boys and apprentices. They learn their parts in a quaintly illustrated chap-book, which may still be purchased in Leeds and other market-towns of the West Riding, and they perform the play with reverent regard for the purity of the text. In other parts of England, as the published versions show, the original text has undergone much corruption. Sometimes St. George is 'translated', after the fashion of sweet bully Bottom, into King George; and, instead of the crusading heroes or the 'nine worthies', we encounter Lord Nelson, 'bold Bonaparte', or Oliver Cromwell 'with his copper nose'. Of all this there is no trace in the Leeds play. It takes us back, without any halt by the way, to Tudor England and the days of Shakespeare; thence, at a single bound, we pass to those far-off times when the cross and the crescent struggled for the possession of the holy city of Jerusalem; and then, carrying us backward to the dim twilight of our nation's history, it leaves us gazing with wonder upon the primaeval faiths of men who sought to propitiate through sacrifice the daemonic powers of Nature, and to express in song and mystic dance their sense of the superhuman government of the world.

The title of this Leeds folk-play is *The Peace-Egg*; the word 'peace-egg' being a sophisticated corruption of 'pace-egg', and 'pace-egg', in its turn, a popular corruption of 'pasque-egg' or Easter-egg. The word 'pace-egg', together

with such derivatives as 'pace-egger', 'pace-egging', and 'pace-egging clothes'—i. e. mummers' clothes—is to be met with in most of the northern and north-midland counties of England, and also in certain parts of Scotland.¹ 'Pace-eggs' are, in the first place, the hard-boiled, brightly dyed eggs which children beg from farmers' wives in the week preceding Easter, and which, on Easter-day, they roll down hill until the shells are broken. The custom is, doubtless, of hoar antiquity, and the Church, which learnt very long ago the art of transmuting the base lead of primitive paganism into the good red gold of orthodoxy, gravely informs its members that this custom of rolling 'pace-eggs' downhill is a symbol of the rolling away of the stone from Christ's sepulchre on Easter-morn. The transference of the term 'pace-egg', from the dyed Easter egg to the mummers' play which sets forth the conquest of St. George, would seem to indicate that the latter was originally associated with the Easter festival and the spring of the year; and we know from other sources that this was the case. Twenty years ago the play of St. George was performed in Lancashire at Eastertide; and it may be that an Easter performance of it still lingers there or in other parts of the north country. But in Yorkshire the superior attractions of Christmas have prevailed over those of Easter, and the folk-play, as acted at the present time in Leeds, is bound up with the nativity, and not the resurrection, of Christ.

Turn now to the play itself, which I transcribe from the chap-book that the local actors use. I follow this chap-book version in dividing the play into two acts; but, in the actual performance, it runs its course without any pause.

¹ See J. Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, s. v. 'pace-egg'.

THE PEACE-EGG.

ACT I.

Enter ACTORS.

Fool. Room, room, brave gallants, give us room to sport,
 For to this room we wish now to resort—
 Resort, and repeat to you our merry rhyme,
 For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time;
 The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,
 So we are come to act a little of our merry Christmas here.
 At the sound of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum,
 Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.
 We are the merry actors that traverse the street,
 We are the merry actors that fight for our meat,
 We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,
 Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

[*Enter* ST. GEORGE.

St. George. I am St. George, who from old England sprung,
 My famous name throughout the world hath rung.
 Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
 And made false tyrants tremble on their throne.
 I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
 Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate;
 Then I resolved, with true knight-errantry,
 To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.
 When lo! a giant almost struck me dead,
 But by my valour I cut off his head.
 I've searched the world all round and round,
 But a man to equal me I've never found.

[*Enter* SLASHER.

Slasher. I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name,
 With sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win more fame,

And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,
So with my trusty broadsword I soon will thee disable.

St. George. Disable, disable; it lies not in thy power,
For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee
devour;

So stand off, Slasher; let no more be said,
For if I draw my sword I'm sure to break thy head.

Slasher. How canst thou break my head, since it is made
of iron,

And my body's made of steel,
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone, I challenge thee to field.¹

[*They fight, and SLASHER is wounded: Exit*

ST. GEORGE: *Enter FOOL to SLASHER.*

Fool. Alas! alas! my chiefest son is slain,
What must I do to raise him up again?
Here he lies in the presence of you all;
I'll lovingly for a doctor call.
A doctor! a doctor! ten pounds for a doctor!
I'll go and fetch a doctor.

[*Enter DOCTOR.*

Doctor. Here am I.

Fool. Are you the doctor?

Doctor. Yes, that you may plainly see by my art and
activity.

Fool. Well, what's your fee to cure this man?

Doctor. Ten pounds is my fee;
But, Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five off thee.

Fool (aside). You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any.
Well, how far have you travelled in doctrianship?

Doctor. From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France, and
Spain,
And now am returned to cure the diseases in old England
again.

Fool. So far and no further?

¹ It is probable that the true reading is not *field*, but *feel*.

Doctor. O, yes! a good deal further.

Fool. How far?

Doctor. From the fireside, cupboard, upstairs, and into bed.

Fool. What diseases can you cure?

Doctor. All sorts.

Fool. What's all sorts?

Doctor. The itch, pitch, the palsy, and the gout;

If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out.

I have in my pocket crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind humble bees, pack-saddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plaisters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Henry of a nang-nail, almost fifty-five yards long; surely I can cure this poor man.

Here, Jack, take a little out of my bottle,

And let it run down thy throttle;

If thou be not quite slain,

Rise, Jack, and fight again.

[SLASHER rises.

Slasher. Oh, my back!

Fool. What's amiss with thy back?

Slasher. My back, it is wounded,

And my heart is confounded;

To be struck out of seven senses into fourscore,

The like was never seen in old England before.

[Enter ST. GEORGE.

O hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,

That summons us from off this bloody ground;

Down yonder is the way.—

Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

Fool. Yes, Slasher, thou hadst better go,

Else next time he'll pierce thee through.

[Exeunt SLASHER, DOCTOR, and FOOL.

ACT II.

St. George. I am St. George, that noble champion bold,
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in gold;
'Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the
slaughter,

And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

[*Enter* PRINCE OF PARADINE.

Prince. I am Black Prince of Paradine, born of high
renown,
Soon will I fetch thy lofty courage down;
Before, St. George, thou departest from me,
Thou shalt die to all eternity.

St. George. Stand off, thou black Morocco dog, or by my
sword thou'lt die;
I'll pierce thy body full of holes and make thy buttons fly.

Prince. Draw out thy sword and slay,
Pull out thy purse and pay,
For I will have a recompence
Before I go away.

St. George. Now, Prince of Paradine, where have you been,
And what fine sights, pray, have you seen?
Dost think that no man of thy age
Dares such a black as thee engage?
Lay down thy sword, take up to me a spear,
And then I'll fight thee without dread or fear.

[*They fight, and* PRINCE OF PARADINE *is slain.*

Now Prince of Paradine is dead,
And all his joys entirely fled.
Take him and give him to the flies,
That he may never more come near my eyes.

[*Enter* KING OF EGYPT.

King. I am the King of Egypt, as plainly may appear;
I'm come to seek my son, my son and only heir.

St. George. He is slain.

King. Slain! Who did him slay, who did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill?

St. George. I did him slay, I did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill,
Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain;
Had you been there, you might have fared the same.

King. Cursed Christian, what is this thou'st done!
Thou hast ruined me and slain my only son.

St. George. He gave me a challenge—why should I it deny?
How high he was, but see how low he lies.¹

King. O Hector! Hector! help me with speed,
For in my life I never stood more in need.

[*Enter* HECTOR.]

King. Stand not there, Hector, with sword in hand,
But fight and kill at my command.

Hector. Yes, yes, my liege, I will obey,
And by my sword I hope to win the day;
If that be he who doth stand there,
That slew my master's son and heir,
If he be sprung from royal blood,
I'll make it run like Noah's flood.

St. George. Hold! Hector, do not be so hot,
For here thou know'st not who thou'st got;
For I can tame thee of thy pride,
And lay thine anger, too, aside.
Inch thee, and cut thee as small as flies,
And send thee over the sea to make mince pies;
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
I'll send thee to Black Sam before thou art three days old.

Hector. How can'st thou tame me of my pride,
And lay mine anger, too, aside;
Inch me, and cut me as small as flies,
Send me over the sea to make mince pies,

¹ Rhyme and rhythm seem to demand that we should read *he now doth lie* for *he lies*.

Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
 How canst thou send me to Black Sam before I'm three days old?
 Since my head is made of iron,
 My body's made of steel,
 My hands and feet of knuckle bone,
 I challenge thee to field.

[*They fight, and HECTOR is wounded.*]

I am a valiant knight and Hector is my name,
 Many bloody battles have I fought, and always won the same.
 But from St. George I received this bloody wound.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

Hark! hark! I hear the silver trumpet sound,
 Down yonder is the way.—

Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay.

[*Exit HECTOR: Enter FOOL.*]

St. George. Here comes from post, old bold Ben.

Fool. Why, master, did ever I take you to be my friend.

St. George. Why, Jack, did I ever do thee any harm?

Fool. Thou proud, saucy coxcomb, begone!

St. George. A coxcomb! I defy that name!

With a sword thou ought to be stabbed for the same.

Fool. To be stabbed is the least I fear,

Appoint your time and place; I'll meet you there.

St. George. I'll cross the water at the hour of five,
 And meet you there, sir, if I be alive.

[*Exit ST. GEORGE: Enter BEELZEBUB.*]

Beelzebub. Here come I, Beelzebub,
 And over my shoulders I carry my club,
 And in my hand a dripping pan,
 And I think myself a jolly old man.
 And if you don't believe what I say,
 Enter in, Devil Doubt, and clear the way.

[*Enter DEVIL DOUBT.*]

Devil Doubt. Here come I, little Devil Doubt,
 If you do not give money, I'll sweep you all out.

Money I want, and money I crave;
 If you do not give me money, I'll sweep you all to the grave.
[Exit DEVIL DOUBT.]

Such is *The Peace-Egg*, laid bare in all its artlessness and homespun humour. It remains to be seen what can be discovered concerning its origin, and concerning the diverse elements of which it is composed. No profound knowledge of folk-lore is needed in order to realize that it is built up of incidents, and contains characters, which, though they harmonize fairly well, nevertheless belong to different spheres of action.

In the first place, there is the character of Hector, who is summoned to the field by the King of Egypt, but who, in spite of his valour, is 'inched' and 'cut as small as flies' by England's patron saint. Now Hector is one of the 'nine worthies', and our thoughts are at once carried away to *Love's Labour's Lost*, where the Trojan prince, together with other of the nine worthies—Pompey the Great, Alexander, Hercules, Judas Maccabæus—are presented to the French nobles by the pedant-schoolmaster, Holofernes. Moreover, if we compare the jog-trot rhythm and braggadocio air of the speeches of *The Peace-Egg* heroes with those of Holofernes' worthies, we shall find considerable resemblance:

I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Great,
 That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to
 sweat;
 And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
 And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.¹

There is evidence that the 'nine worthies' were familiar figures in the popular drama of Shakespeare's day, and we know that a pageant, entitled *The Nine Worthies*, was presented to Henry VI and his queen at Coventry in the year 1455.²

¹ *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, Sc. ii.

² See Howard Furness's edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 283. (New Variorum Shakespeare).

It was apparently from one of these plays or pageants that the character of Hector was taken to grace our mummers' play and shed lustre upon the valour of St. George.

But the atmosphere of *The Peace-Egg* is that of a more remote antiquity than Shakespeare's Holofernes or the pageants of Lancastrian kings. When St. George calls the Prince of Paradine¹ 'a black Morocco dog', and the King of Egypt boldly denounces England's patron saint as a 'cursed Christian', we feel ourselves carried back to the days of the Crusades; and when St. George boasts that, like a true knight-errant, he

followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,
Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate—

we know that we are moving in the same orbit as those famous heroes of the Carolingian romances—Roland, Ogier the Dane, and Huon of Bordeaux—who perform feats of marvellous prowess upon gigantic and malignant Saracens, carry off richly dowered and newly baptized Babylonian princesses, and return to France to win a glad welcome from the white-bearded Charlemagne.

This is not the place to enter into a lengthy account of the dramatic history of St. George; but we know that he had enjoyed a long lease of life upon the popular stage before John Kirke made him the hero of his play, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, in the year 1638. He figures, as Mr. E. K. Chambers points out, in those ceremonial pageants, or 'ridings', which took place in mediaeval England upon St. George's Day, while in the famous *Paston Letters*, under the date 1473, we hear of a servant who has been kept 'thys iij yer to pleye Seynt Jorge and Robyn Hod and the Shryff of Nottyngham'. In some of the versions of the mummers' play the dragon appears as well as St. George; but the succulent episode of the hero's combat with 'the wild worm' was not served up to Yorkshire audiences, and in

¹ Mr. Chambers regards Paradine as a possible corruption of Palestine (*Mediaeval Stage*, I. 212).

The Peace-Egg, as we have seen, all of the champion's foes assume a human form. It is now, perhaps, impossible to say exactly at what point in the history of the mummers' play St. George first appeared; but, as will be indicated more clearly later, the probability is very great that he has replaced an earlier hero.

Consider next the characters of the Fool, Beelzebub, and Little Devil Doubt. The last-named looks at first sight as though he had stepped out of the pages of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; but this is only because of the mistaken spelling of his name in the chap-book. Just as in the title of the play we find the dialect word 'pace' corrupted into 'peace', so the name Little Devil Doubt is, in all probability, a corruption of 'Little Devil Dout'. To 'dout' is to do out, and the function of the character who bears this name is to pronounce the epilogue, gather up the largesse, and then drive his fellow actors out of the room. Moreover, like the Vice of the fifteenth-century Morality plays, he figures as a satellite of Beelzebub. The characters of the Fool and Beelzebub are of importance, in that they serve as an interesting link between the mummers' play and other primitive forms of drama and symbolic representation, such as the Sword-Dance, the Morris-Dance, and the Plough-Monday performances of the so-called Plough-Bullocks or Plough-Stots. Mr. E. K. Chambers has indicated in his *Mediaeval Stage* how close is the connexion between these various forms of folk-drama, and there is, therefore, no need for me to labour this point here. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that Beelzebub, Little Devil Doubt, and even the Fool, have little or nothing to do with the main action; they are grotesque figures who appear chiefly at the beginning and end of the play. The nucleus of this folk-play, in other words, is the fight which takes place between St. George and Slasher, the slaughter or wounding of the latter, and his speedy restoration by the Doctor. St. George's subsequent encounters with the Prince

of Paradine and Hector are mere repetitions of the main incident, and add no new element to the story.

Who is Slasher? The name sometimes appears in the form Beau Slasher, which, in its turn, is an eighteenth-century corruption of Bold Slasher, the name borne by St. George's antagonist in other versions of the folk-play. Elsewhere he figures as 'Bold Slaughterer', 'Captain Bluster', 'Swash-buckler', or 'Swiff, Swash, and Swagger'. As his various names imply, he is the true *miles gloriosus* type of hero, and in *The Peace-Egg* and other versions of the mummers' play we see how his swaggering pride is put to shame by the valour of St. George.

But here we must notice one all-important point of difference in the various renderings of the folk-play. St. George is by no means universally victorious; indeed, in something like half of the versions which have come down to us it is his antagonist who triumphs, while St. George is wounded or slain outright, and then restored by the Doctor. Such is the procedure, for instance, in the Whitehaven version, where the hero—here known as Prince George—is laid low by Alexander, who, like the Hector of *The Peace-Egg*, is one of the nine worthies. The probability is that this is the original rendering of the drama, and that those versions of it in which St. George is represented as victorious are so far corrupt. The exact reasons for taking this view will appear later; for the present it is sufficient to observe that, if St. George took the place in this mummers' play of a more primitive hero, a natural desire would arise to represent the great militant saint of Christendom as the victor and not as the vanquished. The wonder, indeed, is that he has been allowed to retain his original *rôle* in any of the versions.

So far, then, we have reduced the main idea of *The Peace-Egg* to the following simple form: it is, as its title shows, a drama of the spring season; and it enacts the violent death of the hero at the hands of his adversary, followed by his

speedy and miraculous resurrection. We have next to consider whether anything analogous to this can be found in the folk-ritual of other nations. And, first, let us exchange England for Thessaly; the smoke and grime of Leeds for the pleasant vale of Tempe, beloved of Apollo, through which the river Peneus flows north-eastwards to the Aegean between the storied peaks of Ossa and Olympus. Here, on the eve of the Epiphany, there is held at the present time a festival of dance and song and drama. The actors are four in number, and consist of the bridegroom, a boy dressed in woman's clothes to represent the bride, a man with blackened face and Arab dress, and, lastly, the doctor. After preliminary singing and dancing, a quarrel takes place between the bridegroom and the blackamoor; swords are drawn and the bridegroom is slain. The bride throws herself upon his dead body, breaks into lamentation, and calls upon the doctor to restore him to life. The doctor appears, comforts the bride, indulges in some horseplay over the prostrate body of the bridegroom, and then brings him back to life. The ceremony is brought to an end with dance and pantomime.¹

The resemblance which this Thessalian carnival bears to the English mummers' play is remarkable. The *rôle* of the bridegroom is identical with that of St. George in those versions of the story in which he is the vanquished and not the victor. In *The Peace-Egg* his bride, the King of Egypt's daughter, is only referred to, but in the Cornish version of the play she actually appears, under the name of Sabra. The blackamoor is a figure in almost all the renderings of the mummers' play; in *The Peace-Egg* he is shown as the Prince of Paradine, and is described by St. George as a 'black Morocco dog'; in the Dorsetshire version, immortalized by Thomas Hardy, he is the Turkish Knight. Finally, there is the doctor with his comic horseplay and miraculous restoration of the dead hero.

¹ See W. Ridgeway, *The Origin of Tragedy*, pp. 20-3.

Before attempting to draw inferences as to the connexion between the English mummers' play and the Thessalian carnival, let us follow up our search for analogues in other directions. In Saxony and Thuringia there is a ceremony enacted at Whitsuntide, called 'Fetching the Wild Man out of the Wood'. The Wild Man, impersonated by one of the village youths, is driven out of the wood by his fellows, and when he has reached the open he is fired at with blank cartridges and falls to the ground as though dead. Then another youth, dressed as a doctor, hurries up, bleeds the Wild Man and restores him to life.¹ At Wurmlingen, in Suabia, there is a similar ceremony, and here the doctor goes by the name of Dr. Eisenbart (Ironbeard).²

It may with reason be conjectured that this ceremonial drama of England, Germany, and Thessaly is a thing of high antiquity, and the question arises whether anything of a like nature can be discovered among the myths and legends of the great classic nations of Southern Europe, Egypt, or Western Asia. The answer to this question is a clear affirmative. Waifs and strays of folk-ritual, dealing with the dramatic or mimetic representation of the violent death and subsequent resurrection of some hero or demigod, and bearing more or less resemblance to the folk-drama of the Leeds *Peace Egg*, may be found among the recorded legends of the great nations who once dwelt around the shores of the Mediterranean. It is impossible to examine each and all of these; but some may be considered, and their points of resemblance duly emphasized.

In the first place, let us fix our attention upon that famous piece of ritual enacted in early Roman days by the still waters of the Alban Lake of Nemi and the grove of Diana Nemorensis. The tragic story of the priest-king of Nemi—

The priest who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain—

¹ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, second edition, vol. ii, p. 62.

² *Ibid.*, p. 66.

touched the imagination of the Roman poets—Virgil, Ovid, Statius—and forms, as it were, the text of Dr. Frazer's great work, *The Golden Bough*. In this sacred grove at Nemi, writes Dr. Frazer,

‘there grew a certain tree round which, at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him, as if every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer; and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead.’¹

For the full significance of this weird story readers must be referred to the pages of *The Golden Bough* itself. All that can be attempted here is an examination, under Dr. Frazer's guidance, of the original germ of the legend, and of the resemblance which it bears to the action of our mummers' play. The first king of the wood at Nemi is said to have been the young Greek hero Hippolytus, who was trampled to death by his own horses, which Poseidon had affrighted to madness through the apparition of a bull emerging from the waves. But Artemis, because of the great love which she bore Hippolytus, sent for the divine physician, Aesculapius, who, by means of magic simples, brought the young hero back to life. Thereupon Artemis carried him away to Italy, and hid him in her own grove at Nemi. There she crowned him, under the changed name of Virbius, as king of the grove of Nemi, and placed him under the protection of her chosen nymph, Egeria.²

The mythopoeic imagination of the Greeks and Romans of antiquity has woven a texture of great beauty round this story of Hippolytus and the grove of Nemi. But when the story is reduced to its elemental form, we find that it bears a close resemblance to our English mummers' play, to the

¹ *The Golden Bough*, i. 2.

² *Ibid.*, i. 6; ii. 313.

German folk-ritual of the Wild Man of the Wood, and to the Thessalian carnival. In all three the protagonists are essentially the same—the victim-hero, his destroyer, and the doctor who restores him to life.

Still keeping to the Mediterranean area, but passing to its eastern shores, we meet with yet more famous legends, the central theme of which is the violent death, usually in the spring season, of the hero, followed by his resurrection and reincarnation into a life more vigorous than that which went before. In these more easterly legends the doctor is often absent, and the method by which the hero is restored to life is different; but otherwise the story is the same. The Dionysus myth is of this character, and its true home is not Greece, but Thrace. In one version of the story we read how the young demigod is torn to pieces by the Titans, egged on by the jealous Hera; where his blood flows out upon the ground pomegranates burst into life; but his mother Semele lovingly pieces together the mangled remains, and Dionysus enters upon a new existence.

Of like nature is the story of the Syrian god Adonis, the Phrygian Attis, and the Egyptian Osiris: violent death is meted out to each of these as soon as they reach the prime of youth; but the Day of Blood is swiftly followed by the Festival of Joy, when these divine heroes are, by miraculous agencies, brought back to life.¹

It remains to be seen what is the root-idea from which these myths of Dionysus, Adonis, Attis, Osiris, and Hippolytus have sprung. Dr. Frazer associates each of them with tree-worship, and bids us look upon these slaughtered and reincarnated divinities as manifestations of the spirit of vegetation which in the spring season attains the fullness of its

¹ For a full account of these classical and oriental myths, see *The Golden Bough* and Dr. Frazer's later work, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*; also Dr. Farnell's *Cults of the Greek States* and Jane Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*.

power. It is neither possible nor desirable to restate here all the arguments which he brings forward in support of his theory; but, in passing, we may notice how closely each of these divinities, in the earliest forms which their myths assume, is connected with trees and with the renewal of vegetation in the spring season. Dionysus is *Dionysos Dendrites* or *Dionysos Endendros*, i.e. 'Dionysus who lives in the tree';¹ Osiris is 'the one in the tree';² pine-trees were brought into the temples of Cybele in honour of Attis; while Adonis was declared to have sprung into life from a myrrh-tree, the bark of which, bursting after a ten months' gestation, allowed the lovely infant to come forth.³ Finally, we see how, in the Hippolytus story, the goddess Artemis makes the restored hero the guardian of the golden bough which grew from the sacred oak in the grove at Nemi.

If, then, we are to connect our mummers' play of St. George with these legends of classic antiquity, we must endeavour to show that the militant saint of Christendom, or the more primitive hero whom he has displaced, was also connected with tree-worship—was, indeed, 'the one in the tree.' Dr. Frazer draws attention to a certain custom in vogue at the present time in the Austrian province of Carinthia and recorded by Dr. W. Mannhardt in his *Baumkultus der Germanen und ihrer Nachbarstämme*:

'In Carinthia, on St. George's Day,' writes Dr. Frazer, 'the young people deck with flowers and garlands a tree which has been felled on the eve of the festival. The tree is then carried in procession, accompanied with music and joyful acclamations, the chief figure in the procession being the Green George, a young fellow clad from head to foot in green birch branches. At the close of the ceremonies the Green George, that is, an effigy of him, is thrown into the water. It is the aim of the lad who acts Green George to step out of his leafy envelope and substitute the effigy so adroitly that no one shall perceive the change. In many

¹ Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. v, p. 118.

² Lefébure, *Le Mythe Osirien*, p. 191. ³ *The Golden Bough*, ii. 117.

places, however, the lad himself who plays the part of Green George is ducked in a river or pond, with the express intention of thus ensuring rain to make the fields and meadows green in summer. In some places the cattle are crowned and driven from their stalls, to the accompaniment of the song:

Green George we bring,
Green George we accompany;
May he feed our herds well.
If not, to the water with him.¹

A similar festival of Green George, also held either on St. George's Day or Easter Monday, is observed by the gipsy tribes of Roumania and Transylvania, and once again we find the central figure in the rite 'concealed from top to toe in green leaves and blossoms'.² There is, too, some indication that the festival of Green George was once in vogue in England. In the Robin Hood ballads and May-Day games, which are full of primitive folk-lore, we meet with the figure of George a' Green, who subsequently became the titular hero of Robert Greene's popular comedy. Now George a' Green means George in the Green, and the probability is that his original rôle was that of the Green George of the Carinthian peasants and Roumanian gipsies, who moved in the procession bearing a leafy tree, and was, like the ancient *Dionysos Endendros*, the god in the tree, or the impersonation of the spirit of vegetation.³

The festival of Green George or George a' Green is, from our present point of view, curiously instructive. Not only does it serve to connect the folk-lore of Central and Northern Europe with that of the ancient races dwelling round the Mediterranean, but it also helps to show how it is that in nearly all the versions of the mummers' play the hero is known as St. George or Prince George. The festival of this

¹ *The Golden Bough*, i. 209-10

² *Ibid.*, p. 210.

³ Other popular names for this representative of the spirit of vegetation are Jack in the Green, Grass King, King of the May, &c. See *The Golden Bough*, ii. 59-70, and compare the Thuringian story of the Wild Man of the Wood referred to above.

vegetation spirit—whether his name be Adonis, Attis, Dionysos, Green George, or St. George—was a spring festival, and, as we shall see presently, its performance at any other time of the year would, when the myth had a real significance, have been meaningless. But the festival of the Christian saint—St. George's Day—also falls in the season of spring (April 23rd). What could be more natural, therefore, than that, with the coming of Christianity, the old pagan ritual should be celebrated on St. George's Day, and that, in a drama which is intimately concerned with fighting, the militant saint of Christendom should take the place of the pagan Grass King, Jack in the Green, or Wild Man in the Wood. We see an exactly analogous case in modern Sicily. Here, in olden times, the young Adonis was worshipped, and the so-called 'gardens of Adonis'—pots or plates full of sprouting corn—were offered as presents, being charms to promote the growth of vegetation. When Sicily became evangelized, the ceremony was enacted on St. John's Day, and the boys and girls who now offer each other these 'gardens of Adonis' are known as 'the gossips of St. John'.¹

After much loitering by the way, we are at last nearing the end of our journey. The folk-drama of St. George has been attracted from the spring season to mid-winter, and scarcely a trace remains of its original association with the renewal of the spirit of vegetation, the death and resurrection of the god within the tree. Yet it can hardly be doubted that the St. George of *The Peace-Egg* is akin to the Green George of the Carinthian peasants and Roumanian gipsies, as well as to the Syrian Adonis, the Egyptian Osiris, the Phrygian Attis, and the Thracian Dionysos Endendros.

What, then, is the significance of this great myth, the roots of which travel underground from Leeds to Mount Lebanon? Why must the spirit of vegetation, the god within the tree, be slain? Above all, why must he be slain at that very season

¹ J. G. Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, p. 203.

of the year when the breath of life pulsates most vigorously in his veins? We could understand the death of the spirit of vegetation in late autumn when he is old and decrepit, when the leaves fall from the trees, and nature prepares for her death-like sleep. But why must he be slain in the meridian of spring? To understand the meaning of the myth we must once again turn to the illuminative pages of *The Golden Bough*. Dr. Frazer explains the slaughter of the spirit of vegetation in the same way that he explains the slaughter of the priest of Nemi.

‘The divine life,’ he says, ‘incarnate in a material and mortal body, is liable to be tainted and corrupted by the weakness of the frail medium in which it is for a time enshrined; and if it is to be saved from the increasing enfeeblement which it must necessarily share with its human incarnation as he advances in years, it must be detached from him before, or at least as soon as, he exhibits signs of decay, in order to be transferred to a vigorous successor. This is done by killing the old representative of the god and conveying the divine spirit from him to a new incarnation. The killing of the god, that is, of his human incarnation, is, therefore, merely a necessary step to his revival or resurrection in a better form. Far from being an extinction of the divine spirit, it is only the beginning of a purer and stronger manifestation of it. If this explanation holds good of the custom of killing divine kings and priests in general, it is still more obviously applicable to the custom of annually killing the representative of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation in spring. For the decay of plant-life in winter is readily interpreted by primitive man as an enfeeblement of the spirit of vegetation; the spirit has (he thinks) grown old and weak, and must therefore be renovated by being slain and brought to life in a younger and fresher form. Thus the killing of the representative of the tree-spirit in spring is regarded as a means to promote and quicken the growth of vegetation.’¹

Dr. Farnell adduces a similar explanation of some of the Dionysiac ceremonies. He draws attention to the legend of Perseus flinging the god Dionysus into a pond—with which we may compare the ducking of Green George by the

¹ *The Golden Bough*, ii. 65–66.

Carinthian peasants—and declares that the purpose is to rid the land of the decaying spirit of vegetation in order to bring in a fresher and more vigorous incarnation.¹ So likewise, in our English mummers' play, St. George dies, but dies to live. Bold Slasher, or Alexander the Great, or the Turkish knight plays the part of the Titans in the Dionysus myth and that of Poseidon in the story of Hippolytus and the grove of Nemi. The hero is slain, but the doctor—the Dr. Ironbeard of German folk-lore, the Aesculapius of the Hippolytus myth—brings him back to life; and, in his re-incarnation, the spirit of vegetation, the god within the tree, is more vigorous than ever.

Before bringing our study of *The Peace-Egg* to a close, it is worth our while to examine yet one more of the many links which unite the folk-play of St. George to the mythic rites of classical antiquity. We have already referred to the resemblance which it bears to the Thracian and Greek myth of Dionysus, and the question arises whether we can look to the English folk-play to throw any light upon that vexed question, the origin of Greek tragedy. At the present time the long-accepted theory that the drama of Aeschylus and Sophocles grew out of the dithyramb is being relinquished by many classical scholars, and Professor Ridgeway even goes so far as to dissociate it, in its origins, from the worship of Dionysus.² Dr. Farnell, on the other hand, while abandoning the traditional dithyramb theory, sturdily maintains the original association with Dionysus, and looks upon the most primitive form of tragedy as a winter play in which Xanthos, 'the fair man,' or Summer, is slain by Melanthos, 'the black man,' or Winter.³ It would be arrogance on my part to offer any criticism of these contending theories, but I venture to suggest that classical scholars should investigate, more fully

¹ *The Cults of the Greek States*, v. 181.

² *The Origin of Tragedy*, p. 10 et seq.

³ *Cults of the Greek States*, v. 234-7.

than has yet been done, those varying forms of the mummers' play which represent the death and resurrection of the vegetation spirit. The Dionysus story is itself one of the many forms which this widespread myth assumes, and Mr. R. M. Dawkins, in his deeply suggestive paper, 'The Modern Carnival in Thrace and the Cult of Dionysus,'¹ has shown how in the district round about the ancient Thracian city of Bizye there exists to-day a mummers' play in which a man, dressed in goatskins and carrying an emblem of fertility, is slain by his antagonist, mourned by his wife, and finally brought back to life. Remembering that the cult of Dionysus is of Thracian origin, we may well believe that this modern folk-play is a survival of that primitive cult; moreover, Professor Ridgeway, while bidding us look to primaeval ancestor-worship as the origin of classical tragedy, recognizes that upon this was grafted, at a very early period, this Thracian ritual of the death and resurrection of the vegetation spirit.² But whether or not we may look upon the Leeds *Peace-Egg* as containing within itself the protoplasm of so noble a birth as the classic tragedy of ancient Greece and the neo-classic tragedy of France and Italy, it is, I think, highly probable that in it we have to-day an heirloom of a remote pagan antiquity, and that in St. George, Slasher, and the Doctor we are face to face with dramatic heroes who, under different names and amid different surroundings, have strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage of many nations. In a modern manufacturing city and within earshot of electric trams and steam-engines, we may still see enacted at Christmastide this primaeval nature-myth, this drama of the death and resurrection of the god within the tree. We know that our St. George is but a grocer's apprentice; to-morrow he will return to his butter tubs and his treacle tins; but

¹ *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1906, pp. 191-206; more briefly in Ridgeway's *Origin of Tragedy*, pp. 16-20.

² *The Origin of Tragedy*, p. 108.

to-night he is an aureoled saint, an heroic demigod, and he takes his place in a pantheon of immortals: Attis and Osiris are his compeers, and with them are the ivy-crowned Dionysus, Hippolytus beloved of Artemis, and the rosy-armed Adonis, who 'alone of the demigods visits this world and the stream of Acheron'.

F. W. MOORMAN.

THE PARTICLE *ING* IN PLACE-NAMES

IN the appendix to the first volume of *The Saxons in England* J. H. Kemble has drawn up two lists of place-names containing the particle *ing*. The names in the first list are extracted from the *Codex Diplomaticus* (Kemble's collection of Old English charters) and the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. The second list consists of modern place-names which contain this element.

The following investigation is an attempt to ascertain the meaning of this *ing* particle, and to what extent it is original in the names in Kemble's list.

First as to Kemble's own view. It is well known that in O.E. *-ing* was used as a patronymic-forming element just as *-ide* (*ιδη*) was used in Greek. Thus *Baning* in O.E. originally meant 'the son of Bana'; *Baningas* was the plural of *Baning*, with the meaning 'the sons, family, or descendants of Bana'; *Baninga* and *Baningum* were respectively the genitive and the dative or locative plural.

Now Kemble assumed that in all cases where *ing* appeared in a place-name it represented this patronymic suffix, and, further, that the original name represented the *gens* or tribe which made the first settlement at that place. His method of analysis of modern place-names was simplicity itself. Assuming that the patronymic form of a personal name was needed, he set down a name constructed from the modern form of one place-name and as like it as possible. Thus *Ardingly* and *Ardington* presuppose as their first element the *Ardingas*, *Bartington* the *Beortingas*, *Newington* the *Niwingas*, *Bing* and *Bingley* the *Bingas*, &c. Such an empiric method of etymology is directly opposed to the first canon of

place-name research, namely, that the old forms of a name must be consulted in order to obtain light on the modern form.

It has long been known that Kemble assumed patronymics in many names where the old forms contradicted such a view; but no exact analysis of his lists has as yet been made. In the following paper I have endeavoured to ascertain what proportion of the names contained in them are probably real patronymics, and, further, what is the origin of the element *ing* in the non-patronymic names. For this purpose I have selected a large number of place-names from Kemble's second list, and have examined them from the point of view of their etymology. The names are taken chiefly from the following counties: Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Berkshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, Cheshire, and Nottinghamshire. I have made use of Professor Skeat's monographs on the five first-mentioned counties; Professor Wyld and Dr. Hirst's book on *The Place-Names of Lancashire*; Professor Moorman's Introduction to *West Riding Place-Names* (the proofs of which were kindly lent me by the author); Mr. Duignan's books on Staffordshire and Worcestershire place-names; some notes by Dr. H. Mutschmann on Notts place-names; and my own collections for the names in Oxfordshire and Cheshire. For names in counties other than those included in the above list, and, in some cases, to confirm or add to the material collected in the books before mentioned, I have consulted the following documents: *Domesday Book* (D. B.), *Testa de Nevil* (T. N.), *Calendar of Charter Rolls* (Ch. R.), *Index to Charters and Rolls in the British Museum* (I.), and *Feudal Aids* (F.A.).

The subject of *ing*-names is treated in full, both from the linguistic and the historical points of view, in the Introduction to Professor Moorman's *West Riding Place-Names*; Professor Wyld discusses the element *ing* in the Appendix to *The Place-Names of Lancashire*; Professor Skeat utters a warning

about *ing* in his *Place-Names of Herts.*, pp. 37, 38; Mr. Duignan has a note on it in his *Staffordshire Place-Names*; while Dr. Bradley included a survey of the subject in his essay on *English Place-Names* in the former volume of *Essays and Studies* (see pp. 27-30).¹

For the purposes of investigation I have divided the material into two portions: A, names which have *ing* as a medial element; B, names which have *ing* (or *inge*) finally. The first class falls on analysis into five sections, according as *-ing-* proves to be (1) the genuine patronymic suffix *-inge* developed from *-inga*; (2) original *ing* as opposed to *inga*; (3) a modified form of *-wine*, *-wynn*, *-wen*, the second element of a personal name; (4) a modified form of *-en*, originally *-an*, either (a) the genitive suffix of a weak personal name, such as *Abban*, genitive of *Abba*, or (b) the dative or locative case of an adjective or noun, such as *nīwan*, locative of *nīwe*, 'new'; (5) the much-disputed *ing*, 'a meadow'. In the analysis of the names which have *ing* as a final element I attempt to distinguish between (1) the patronymic *ing*, (2) *ing* or *inge*, 'a meadow', (3) *ing* of various other origins.

A. PLACE-NAMES WITH *ING* AS A MEDIAL ELEMENT.

(1) Names whose old forms indicate a patronymic origin.

The first problem is to ascertain what conditions must be satisfied in order to prove that an *ing*-name contains a patronymic. I think there are two criteria, one historical, the other linguistic. First, it is desirable to have some

¹ There is a vast literature on the historical aspect of the problem. Kemble used the *ing*-names as one of the arguments on which he founded his 'mark' theory, namely, that the English settlement of Britain was effected by 'communities of families or households', and that the land was held in communal ownership. This view was adopted by Stubbs and J. R. Green (*The Making of England, The Conquest of England*), but was opposed by Dr. Seebohm in *The English Village Community*. Professor Vinogradoff, J. H. Round, and Professor Oman have also written on the subject. (See Moorman, *loc. cit.*)

evidence as to the existence of the personal name of which it is proposed to assume a patronymic form. Most O.E. names of which there is any record are to be found in Searle's *Onomasticon*. In some cases there only exist Germanic cognates; then Förstemann's *Altdeutsches Namenbuch*, Rygh's *Gamle Personnavne*, or other collections of Germanic names may throw some light on the name. If no trace of it can be found either in O.E., O.H.G., O.Norse, or the other Germanic languages, the presence of a patronymic (or indeed of any personal name), must at least be considered doubtful. Many of Kemble's names fail to fulfil this historical requirement.

The eccentricities of M.E. spelling prevent the recognition of any very definite linguistic law. One thing appears certain, however. In O.E. a patronymic would appear normally in the genitive plural *-inga*; thus *Oddinga lea* (*Cod. Dipl.* iii. 391) is probably the genitive plural of the patronymic *Odding*, plural *Oddingas*, and means 'the lea of the descendants of Odd or Odda'. Now O.E. *inga* appears normally in M.E. as *inge* and in Mod. English as *ing*, with a loss of *e*. If, then, a modern place-name in *ing* is found in O.E. with *inga*, or in M.E. with *inge*, there is no obstacle, linguistically, to the assumption of a patronymic origin.¹

The number of Kemble's forms which fulfil these two conditions is not very large. Of the three hundred names which I have examined the number which I take to contain patronymics, according to the conditions laid down, is about fifty-five. I tabulate some of them here. It will be noticed that in a number of cases the actual personal name is different from that which Kemble assumed from the mere evidence of the modern form.

¹ It is hardly likely that a M.E. scribe would insert an *e* in this way between two syllables.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology</i> <i>and reference for</i> <i>personal name to</i> <i>Searle's Onomas-</i> <i>ticon.</i>
Abinger (Surr.) (K. Æbingas).	1325 Abyngeworht, I. p. 2 (for -worth).	Abingas. Aba, Searle, p. I.
Aldrington (Suss.) (K. Aldringas).	1341 Aldryngeton, I. p. 9.	Ealdheringas. Ealdhere, p. 197.
Alvingham (Lincs.).	1303 Alvyngesham, F. A. iii. 133.	Ælfingas. Ælfa, p. 6.
Antingham (Norf.).	1264 Entingeham, Ch. R. ii. 50.	Entingas. Cf. Anta, p. 72.
Arlingham (Gloucs.) (K. Arlingas).	1086 Erlingeha', D. B. i. 163.	Eorlingas. Eorl-, p. 231.
Arminghall (Norf.) (K. Armingas).	1103-6 Ambringehale, I. p. 19. 13th cent. Ameringehale, T. N. 293.	*Ameringas. ¹ Cf. Förstemann, Amar.
Armingford ² (Cambs.) (K. Armingas).	1428 Armyngeforth.	
Arrington ³ (Cambs.) (K. Arringas).	1086 Ermingetone, D. B.	} Earningas. } Earn-, Searle, p. } 213.
Babblingey (Norf.).	13th cent. Babbingele, T. N. 90.	Babbingas. Babba, p. 78.
Ballingham (Heref.).	1086 Belingehou? D. B. i. 137.	Bællingas. Bæll, p. 79.
Bassingbourn ⁴ (Cambs.)	Bassingeburne.	
Bassingham (Lincs.)	1086 Basingeha', D. B. i. 338.	} Bassingas. } Basingas. } Cf. Bass, p. 80.
Bassingfield (Notts.)	1086 Basingestoches, D. B. i. 39.	
Basingstoke (Hants.)	1086 Bechingeham, D. B. i. 286.	Becingas. Beca, p. 85.
Beckingham (Notts.)		Benningas. Benna, p. 86.
Bennington ⁵ (Herts.).		Basingas (see above).
Bessingby (Yorks.) (K. Bessingas).	1128-32 Basingebi, I. p. 68.	Billingas. Bill, p. 107.
Billingley ⁶ (Yorks.).		Beonsingas ⁷ Cf. Beonna, p. 87.
Bilsington (Kt.) (K. Bilsingas).	1225 Bensingeton } I. p. 74. t. H. III. Bilsintona, }	Billingas or Benningas. ⁸
Bingley (Yorks.) (K. Bingas.).	1086 Bingheleia, D. B. i. 328.	

¹ See under *Ambrosden* in my *Place-Names of Oxfordshire*.² Skeat, p. 61. ³ Id. 14. ⁴ Id. 46. ⁵ Id. 47.⁶ Moorman, p. 26.⁷ Cf. *Bensington* (*Benson*) in Oxfordshire, which appears as *Beonsinctun* in C. D. ch. 311, &c.⁸ Moorman, p. 27.

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology and reference for personal name to Searle's Onomas- ticon.</i>
Birmingham (Warw.) (K. Beormingas). Bletchingley (Surr.)	1086 Bermingeha', D. B. i. 243. 1086 Blachingelei, D.B.i.346.	Beornmundingas? Beornmund, p. 101. Blacingas or *Blæccingas. Blaca, p. 108.
Ceyingham (Yorks.). Collingham ¹ (Yorks.).	1086 Chaingeha', D. B.	*Cægingas. Collingas. Coll, p. 142.
Cottingham (Yorks.). } Cottingley ² (Yorks.). } Dullingham ³ (Cambs.). }	1086 Cotingeha', D. B. 1086 Cotingelai', D. B. i. 171. 1210 Dullingeham.	} Cot(t)ingas. } Cot(t)a, p. 144. Dyllingas.
Easington (Yorks.). } Easingwold (Yorks.). } Essington ⁴ (Staffs.) (K. Esingas). Farningham (Kt.).	1086 { Esingeton } D. B. { Esincewalt } 1086 Eseningetone, D. B.	Esingas. Esa, p. 235. Esingas. Esne, p. 236.
Fringford. (K. Fringas). Fillingham (Lincs.).	1086 Ferningeha' D. B. i. 6. 1301 Frenigeham, I. p. 275. 1086 Feringeford, D. B. i. 155.	Fræningas? Fræna, p. 245. Færingas. Fær —, p. 239.
Gamlingay ⁵ (Cambs.).	1086 Filingeha', D. B. i. 352.	Filingas. Fil-, p. 241.
Hertingfordbury ⁶ (Herts.) (K. Heortingas). Hemingford ⁷ (Hunts.).	1210 Gamelingehay. 1303 Hertfordingebury. 1086 Emingeforde, D. B. and Hemmingeforde.	Gamelingas. Gamel, p. 253. Heortfordingas (‘men of Hert- ford’). Hemmingas.
Herringfleet (Suff.) (K. Heoringas). Hirstingstone ⁸ (Hunts.). Lidlington ⁹ (Beds.).	13th cent. Herlingeflet, Ch. R. ii. 144. 1086 Hyrstingestan, D. B. 1086 Litincletone, D. B. (for Litlincetone).	Hemma, p. 290. Herewulfingas? Herewulf, p. 295. Hyrstingas (‘men of the hurst’). Lytlingas. Cf. <i>Lytelman</i> , p. 343.
Madingley ¹⁰ (Cambs.).	1086 Madingelei, D. B.	Madingas. Mada, p. 344.
Needingworth ¹¹ (Hunts.).	Nidingewrthe.	?
Nottingham (Notts.) (K. Nottingas). Ottringham (Yorks.) (K. Oteringas).	1086 Snotingeham. 1086 Ottringeha' (3), D. B.	Snotingas. Snot, p. 428. Ohtheringas. Ohthere, p. 365.

¹ Moorman, p. 48.

² Id. 51.

³ Skeat, p. 21.

⁴ Duignan, p. 58.

⁵ Skeat, p. 57.

⁶ Id. 18.

⁷ Id. 326.

⁸ Id. 339.

⁹ Id. 58.

¹⁰ Id. 65.

¹¹ Id. 354.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology</i> <i>and reference for</i> <i>personal name to</i> <i>Searle's Onomas-</i> <i>ticon.</i>
Shillington ¹ (Beds.) (K. Scyllingas).	Scytelingdune. Schitlingedune.	Scytelingas. Cf. Scytta, p. 412.
Sunninghill ² } (Berks.)	Sunningehulle.	} Sunningas.
Sunningwell ³ } (Berks.)	Sonnyngewelle.	} Sunna, p. 434.
Steppingley ⁴ (Beds.)	1086 Stepigelelai, D. B. (-ige- for -inge-).	Steapingas. Steapa, p. 430.
Toddington ⁵ (Beds.) (K. Toddingas).	Todingedon.	Tudingas. Tuda, p. 460.
Tushingam (Chesh.)	1086 Tusīgehā, D. B. i. 264.	*Tūscingas ?
Uppingham (Rutl.)	1067 Yppingeham, I. p. 768.	*Yppingas ?
Willingham ⁶ (Cambs.) (K. Willingas).	1086 Wivelingeham, D. B.	Wifelingas. Wifel, p. 486.
Wokingham ⁷ (Berks.)	13th cent. Wokingeham, T. N.	Woccingas. Wocc, p. 504.

Except in two or three cases, where the personal name does not seem to be recorded, the foregoing names all fulfil the conditions necessary to prove patronymic origin.

(2) *Names which have -ing- and not -inge- in the old forms.*

In the absence of forms in *-inge-* such names cannot with any certainty be said to contain patronymics. Several of the names which Professor Skeat takes to contain patronymics only show *-ing-* in the older forms. I note these below.

This *-ing-* often appears as *-in-* in Domesday, since Norman-French scribes disliked the combination *-ng-*. If the Domesday form, however, is not supported by other forms in *-ing-*, an original *-ing-* cannot always be assumed, as such names in *-in-* may have originally *-wine*, or *-wynn* as their second element, and fall under (3) below.

There is some doubt as to the original significance of this non-inflected *-ing-*. It has been suggested that it may be

¹ Skeat, p. 16.

² Id. 63.

³ Id. 105.

⁴ Id. 38.

⁵ Id. 58.

⁶ Id. 24.

⁷ Id. 61.

a possessive particle corresponding to O.E. *-an*, the weak genitive suffix.¹ There seems to be very little evidence in favour of this view, but one would think that some distinction must have existed between names which are found in O.E. charters as *-inga-*, M.E. *-inge-*, and those which exist in O.E. as *-ing-*, in M.E. as *-ing-* or *-in-*. The former were probably genuine patronymics; we can hardly assume this in the case of the latter.

Dr. Bradley in his article on place-names (*Essays and Studies*, 1911, p. 7) discusses the forms in *-ing-*, and suggests that the *a* was dropped on account of the length of the personal name to which it was appended. He says that, as a rule, we find *inga* where the patronymic (in the singular) is a disyllable, and *ing* when it is polysyllabic. Unfortunately, this hardly fits in with the actual facts. On looking over the first few pages of the Index to the *Codex Diplomaticus* I find the following with *inga* or *inge*: *Ægelbyrhtingahyrst* (also *Ægelbertinherst*), *Æðelingeden*, *Æðelinga ige*, *Æðeredingetun*, *Beaddingaburne*, *Beadingaham*, *Beorganstedinga mearc*, *Bidelingagemæro*, besides *Æslingaham*, *Annin-gadun*, *Besingahearh*, which follow Dr. Bradley's rule. The names with *ing* are: *Abingleah*, *Adington*, *Aldyngborne*, *Alingmed*, *Antinghem*, *Appingland*, *Bebbingden* (3), *Babbinglond*, *Babbingðorn*, *Baclingtun*, *Badingmed*, *Beaddingbroc*, *Beaddingtun*, *Beardyncgford*, *Benninguurð*, *Beoccingmæd*, *Beringtun*; on the other hand, *Ælfredincgtun*, *Æðelwoldingtun*, *Æðeluulfinglond*, *Alchmundingtuun*, *Aldberhtingtun*, *Badimyncgtun*, *Beoccedinglond*, *Beonginctun*, have a large number of syllables.

There is no evidence here in support of an explanation of the loss of the *a* by lack of stress in names of many syllables. Nor does an examination of Domesday forms encourage this view; after going through the letters *A-*, *B-*, and *C-* of the Index

¹ See Moorman, *Introd.* xli; and Duignan, *Worcestershire Place-Names*, pp. 91-2.

I found it was hopeless to try to formulate any rule. The variation between *ing* and *inga* does not follow any phonetic law. Either it is purely a thing of chance, or else it is due to some fact of which we are not as yet cognizant.

The following are names which have only *ing* in the older forms, and which I therefore assume to be non-patronymic in the absence of further evidence. In some cases this *ing*-appears as *in* on account of Norman French orthography.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested personal name and reference to Searle's Onomasticon.</i>
Allington (Kt.).	13th cent. Eilnothinton, T.N. 209.	Ægelnōþ, Searle, p. 5.
Babington (Somers.).	1086 Babington, D. B. i. 88.	Babba, p. 78.
Badlingham ¹ (Cambs.).	1284 Badlingham.	Badela, C.D.iii. 343.
Banningham (Norf.).	13th cent. Banningh'm, T. N. 283.	Bana, Banning, Searle, p. 80.
Beckingham (Lincs.).	13th cent. Bekingh'm, T. N. 302.	Becca, p. 85.
Beddington (Surr.).	909 Beaddington } t. H. III. Bedinton } I. p. 54.	Beadā, p. 81.
Bolingbroke (Lincs.).	1086 Bolinbroc, D. B. i. 351.	} Bul(l)a, p. 120.
	1145 + Bullinbroca } t. H. III. Bolingbroc } I. p. 86.	
Bullington (Lincs.).	1152-66 Bulingtona, &c., I. p. 127.	
Burringham (Lincs.) (K. Burringas).	1271 Burningham, Ch. R. ii. 174.	Byrna, p. 123.
Darrington ² (Yorks.).	1086 Darnintone, D. B. 13th cent. Darthyngton, Kirkby's Inquest.	Dēornōþ ² , p. 165.
Diddington ³ (Hunts.) (K. Diddingas).	1086 Dodintone. Dodineton (<i>eforg</i>) } D.B.	} Dodda, p. 167.
Doddington ⁴ (Cambs.).	1086 Dodinton, D. B. 1302 Dodyngtone, F.A.i. 151.	
Dinnington ⁵ (Yorks.) (K. Dinningas).	1086 Dunintone, &c., D.B. 117.	Dynning, Dynne, Searle, p. 173.
Everingham (Yorks.).	1086 Everingha', D. B.	Eofor, Searle, p. 228.
Frodingham (Yorks.).	1086 Frotingha', D. B.	Frōd, Searle, p. 250.
Harlington ⁶ (Beds &c.) (K. Herelingas).	1086 Herlingdone, D. B.	Herewulf, Searle, p. 295.
Horninglow ⁷ (Staffs.).	13th cent. Horninglawe.	Horn, Searle, p. 301.

¹ Skeat, p. 20 (*Badelingas*). ² Moorman, p. 57. ³ Skeat, p. 349
(*Doddingas*). ⁴ Id. 15 (*Doddingas*). ⁵ Moorman, pp. 59, 60.
⁶ Skeat, p. 14 (*Herewulfingas*). ⁷ Duignan, p. 81.

<i>Modern Name.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested personal name and reference to Searle's Onomasticon.</i>
Sicklinghall (Yorks.).	1086 Sidingale, D.B. (<i>d forcl</i>). Siclingal ;	?
Teddington (Worcs.).	1150 Sicclinhala ¹ (in family n.) 780 Teottingtun, Birch, 236. 1086 Teotintune, D. B.	Cf. Tetta, Searle, p. 442.
Trumpington ² (Cambs.).	1270 Trumpington.	*Trumpa ?

Many other examples of this class could be given. Altogether I have collected sixty-two. I note that Professor Skeat assumes a patronymic in the following names, in which the old forms only show *-ing-*; *Covington* (Hunts.), *Donnington*, *Kennington* (Berks.), *Leverington* (Cambs.), and *Podington* (Beds.).

(3) *Names which contain -ing- developed from O.E. -wine, -wynn, -wen.*

These names have an O.E. personal name as their first element, and this name ends in *-wine* or a similar suffix. It is naturally difficult to distinguish these names from those of Class I, and in some cases from Class IV.

I append the following names as illustrations :

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Allington (Lincs.) (K. Ællingas).	t. E. I Athelinton.	Æpelwine ^{3,4} , Searle, p. 59.
Allington (Dev.) (K. Ællingas).	1086 Alvintone, Alwinetone, Alwinestone, D. B. 1303 Aleneston, F.A.i. 350, &c. 1346 Alewenyston, <i>ibid.</i> 396.	} Ælfwine, p. 27.

¹ Crawford Chs. xviii. 11.

² Skeat, p. 16 (**Trumpingas*).

³ O.E. *æpeling*, 'a prince', is also possible.

⁴ It might be objected that the genitive suffix *-es* should appear if such an etymology is correct, but this *-es* is often lost. See Wyld in *The Place-Names of Lancashire*, pp. 36, 37.

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Alvington or Alwington (Dev.) (K. Alwingas).	1306, &c. Alwynton, Alwenton, Alwinton, F.A. i. 202, &c.	Ælfwynn, p. 29.
Ardington ¹ (Berks.) (K. Ardingas).	1086 Ardintone, D. B. 13th cent. Ardinton, T.N., &c.	Eardwine ² , p. 212.
Bartington (Chesh.) (K. Beortingas).	1086 Bertintune, D. B. i. 267.	Beorhtwine, p. 97, or Beorhtwynn, p. 98.
Barrington (Gloucs.)	1086 Bernintone, D. B. i. 167. 1316 Berninton, F. A. ii. 274.	Beornwine, p. 103, or Beornwynn, p. 104.
Chellington ³ (Beds.) (K. Cyllingas).	13th to 15th cent. Chelwintone, Chelwentone, F. A.	Ceolwynn, p. 133.
Eggington ³ (Beds.) (K. Ecgingas).	1720 Egginton.	Ecgwynn, p. 221.
Elvington (Yorks.) (K. Elfingas).	1086 Alwintone, D. B.	Ælfwynn, p. 29.

(4) *Names in which -ing- is developed from M.E. -en, or -e, O.E. -an.*

The fourth class of names is the largest. The suffix *-an* may have two origins. It may represent (a) the genitive suffix of a weak personal name, e.g. *Abban*, the genitive of *Abba* (as in *Abingdon*), or (b) the dative or locative of an adjective, as in *Newington*, originally (*æt*) *nīwan tūne*, 'the new enclosure', where *nīwan* is the locative of the adjective *nīwe*, 'new'. In some cases a suffix *-en* is added by analogy to nouns with an adjectival meaning.

I append lists of names which contain either form of this suffix.

(a) *-en, originally -an, the genitive of a weak personal name.*

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Abinghall (Gloucs.) (K. Abingas).	1316 Abbenhale, F. A. ii. 275.	} Abba, Searle, p. 1.
Abington ⁴ (Cambs.) (K. Abingas).		

¹ Skeat, p. 90 (*Earlingas*).

² See note 4, p. 167.

³ Skeat, p. 59.

⁴ Id. p. 18.

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Aldingham ¹ (Lancs.) (K. Aldingas).	811-819? Aldantune, I. p. 9.	Ealda, Searle, p. 195.
Aldington (Worcs.) (K. Aldingas).		Ealda, p. 195.
Allington (Wilts.) (K. Ælingas).	1086 Alentone, D. B. i. 69. 1257-1300 Aleton, Alleton, Ch. R. ii. 158, &c.	Ælla, p. 30.
Alvington (Somers.) (K. Ælfingas).	1303, &c., Alveton, &c., F. A. iv. 316, &c.	Ælfa, p. 6.
Alvington (Gloucs.).	1265, &c., Alveton, &c., Ch. R. ii. 56, &c.	Ælfa, p. 6.
Ashendon (Bucks.) (K. Æscingas).	1086 Assedune, D. B. i. 150. 1284-6 Essendone, F. A. i. 175.	Æsca, p. 31.
Avington ² (Berks.) (K. Æfingas).	1206-1307 Aventon, Avinton, T. N. 1316 Aventon, F. A.	Afa, p. 62.
Badginton (Gloucs.) (K. Bægingas).	1303 Bagendon, F. A. ii. 245. 1306 Baggynden, <i>ibid.</i> 278.	Bacga, p. 78.
Barrington ³ (Cambs.) (K. Beorringas).	t. Hen. III. Barenton, I. p. 45.	Bæra, p. 79.
Bickington (Dev.) (K. Bicingas).	1086 Bichentone, D. B. i. 101.	Bicca, p. 106.
Billington ⁴ (Lancs.) (K. Billingas).		Billa, p. 107.
Binnington (Yorks.).	1086 Binneton, D. B. 1555 Benington, I. p. 75.	Bynna, pp. 122-3.
Bletchington (Oxfsh.) (K. Blæcingas).	1086 Blecesdona, D. B. 154 a. 1284-1431 Blechesdon (4), F. A. iii. 157, &c.	Blæcca (for *Blæcc), p. 108.
Bobbington ⁵ (Staffs.) (K. Bobbingas).		Bobba, p. 109.
Bovingdon ⁶ (Herts.) (K. Bofingas).		Bofa, p. 110.
Bullington (Oxfsh.) (K. Bullingas).	1274-9 Bulendon, Bulenden, Bulinden, R. H. ii. 38, 74, &c.	Bulla, p. 120.
Caddington ⁷ (Beds.) (K. Cædingas).	1086 Cadendone, D. B.	} Cada, p. 124.
Caddington (Herts.)	1145 Cadendona, I. p. 139.	
Chadlington (Oxfsh.) (K. Ceadlingas).	1086 Cedelintone, D. B. 1606.	Ceadela, Searle, p. 126.
Cardington ⁸ (Beds.).	1086 Chernetone! D. B.	Cærda, Birch, iii. 147.
Chillington ⁹ (Staffs., &c.).	1086 Cillentone, <i>ibid.</i>	Cille or Cilla, Searle, p. 135.

¹ Wyld and Hirst, p. 46. ² Skeat, p. 92 (*Afan-* or *Afing-*). ³ *Id.* 18.

⁴ Wyld and Hirst, p. 68. ⁵ Duignan, p. 20. ⁶ Skeat, p. 23.

⁷ Skeat, p. 13. ⁸ *Id.* 58 (*Cærdingas*). ⁹ Duignan, p. 39.

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Coddenham (Suff.) (K. Codingas).	1192 Coddham, I. p. 186 ; t. Hen. III. Codehom.	Coda, Searle, p.138.
Cottingwith (Yorks.).	1086 Cotewid (5),Cotinwi (2), D. B.	Cota, p. 144.
Edington ¹ (Wilts.) (K. Edingas).	957 Eṣandun, Crawf. Chs. v. 11. 1086 Edintone, D. B. i. 69.	Eṣa, p. 237.
Faringdon ² (Berks.) (K. Fearingas).	1086 Ferendone, D. B. 1216-1307 Farendon, T. N.	*Færa. Cf. *Fær- beorht,&c., Searle, p. 239.
Goddington (Oxfsh.) (K. Goddingas).	1086 Godendone, D. B. i. 159a.	Goda, p. 260.
Goldington ³ (Beds.).	1086 Goldentone, D. B.	Golda, p. 266.
Impington ⁴ (Cambs.).	1086 Epintone (for Emp-), D. B. 1302 Impetone, F. A. i. 148.	Empa, C. D. iii. 440.
Lockington (Yorks.) (K. Locingas).	1086 Locheton (2), D. B. t. Hen. III. Lokinton, I. p. 158.	*Loca, see Searle, p. 339.
Oakington ⁵ (Cambs.) (K. Æcingas!).	(1) 1086 Hochintone, D. B. 1284 Hokingtone, F. A. i. 138. (2) 1439 Hocketone, I. p. 561.	Hōca, p. 300.
Oddington (Oxfsh.) (K. Oddingas).	1086 Otendone, D. B. 160 b. 1216-1307 Otindon, T. N. 101.	Ota, p. 382.
Pavingham ⁶ (Beds.) (= Pavenham) (K. Pæfingas).	1086 Pabeneham, D. B. Pabenham, F. A., T. N. &c.	*Paba?
Pilkington ⁷ (Lancs.) (K. Pilcingas).	1292 Pilketon, Quo Warr. 369. 1303 Pilkenton (in family n.) F. A. iii. 81.	*Pylleca or *Pil- kin, cf. Pilheard, Searle, p. 388.
Stevington ⁸ (Beds.) (K. Stefingas).	1086 Stiventone, D. B. Steventone, F. A.	*Styfa. Cf. Stuf, Searle, p. 432, and Styfec, C. D. ch. 308.
Tiddington (Oxfsh.) (K. Tædingas!).	1086 Titendone, D. B. i. 160. 13th cent. Tetindon, T. N. 105.	*Tytta. Cf. Tyttla, Searle, p. 463.
Tibbington ⁹ (= Tipton) Staffs. (K. Tibbingas).	1086 Tibintone, D. B. 13th cent. Tibinton, Tybeton.	Tibba, p. 451.
Uffington ¹⁰ (Berks.).	1086 Offentone, D. B. 13th cent. Offentone, Offing- tone, T. N.	Uffa, p. 465.

¹ See Crawford Chs., note, p. 81.

² Skeat, p. 32. **Færan dūn*, or *fearn-dūn*, 'the fern-hill.'

³ Skeat (p. 58) suggests *Goldingas*, but *-en* in D. B. points conclusively to a weak genitive.

⁴ Skeat (p. 15) has *Empingas*, but the 1302 form suggests a type *Empan-*
(*Impe-*. ⁵ Id. p. 16 (*Hōcingas*). ⁶ Id. p. 26. ⁷ Wyld and Hirst,
p. 209. ⁸ Skeat, p. 59. ⁹ Duignan, p. 153. ¹⁰ Skeat, p. 100.

<i>Modern Name.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Whittington ¹ (Lancs.).	1086 Witetune, D. B. i. 301. 1259 Quitantun, Lancs. Fines.	Hwita, p. 310.
Worthington ² (Lancs.).	1190-1240 Worthinton.	* Worþa.

(b) *-en-* which is originally *-an*, the dative of an adjective, or *-en*, an adjectival suffix.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology of first element.</i>
Cassington (Oxfsh.) (K. Cæssingas!).	1086 Cersetone } D. B. i. 156. Cersitone } 13th cent. Carsington, T. N. 113.	O.E. <i>cærse</i> , 'cress'. (æt) <i>cærse</i> (* <i>cær-san</i>) <i>tūne</i> or <i>dūne</i> .
Garsington (Oxfsh.) (K. Gærsingas).	1086 Gersedune, D. B. i. 156. 13th cent. Gersindon, T. N. 102.	O.E. <i>gærs</i> , 'grass'. (æt) <i>gærse</i> (* <i>gær-san</i>) <i>dūne</i> .
Haslington ³ (Lancs.) (Chesh.)	1246-7 Aselindene, Heselindene, Haselendene.	<i>hæsel</i> , 'a hazel-tree', or <i>hæslen</i> , adj.
Heslington (Yorks.) (K. Hæslingas).		
Newington (Oxfsh., Notts., Yorks., &c.) (K. Nīwingas!).	13th cent. Newenton, T. N. 100. Niwenton, <i>ibid.</i> 107.	<i>nīwe</i> , 'new'. (æt) <i>nīwan tūne</i> .
Shenington (Oxfsh.).	1086 Senendone, D. B. i. 163. 13th cent. Senedon, T. N. 81.	<i>sciēne</i> , 'beautiful'. æt <i>sc(i)ēnan dūne</i> .

In these two divisions of the one class I have altogether about sixty-nine names.

(5) *Names which contain O.E. *ing, 'a meadow.'*

A few names in Kemble's list seem to contain O.E. **ing*, 'a meadow,' a word whose existence is denied by some writers on place-names. See, for instance, the article on *English Place-Names* in the previous volume of *Essays and Studies*, in which Dr. Bradley states that the word *ing* did

¹ Wyld and Hirst, p. 264 (*Hwita* or *hwit*, 'white'). ² *Id.* p. 272.

³ Wyld and Hirst, p. 147 (*hæsel* or O.N. **Askelin*).

not exist in O.E., and that the modern dialect word *ing* represents Old Norse *eng*, 'a meadow.' It must be admitted, however, that in spite of the fact that the actual word is not recorded in O.E., the evidence in favour of its existence and of its presence in place-names is fairly strong.

First, *ing* in the sense of 'a meadow, pasture' is found, according to the *English Dialect Dictionary*, in the following dialects: Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmorland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Notts, Lincolnshire, Northants, East Anglia, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. *inge* [iŋ] is found in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Essex. Now although in most of these counties Norse influence is present in the dialects, it can hardly be said that such is the case in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Regions as far south as these are usually considered to have been immune from Norse influence.

Secondly, if a Norse borrowing is assumed it is necessary to explain the change in vowel. *Eng* in O.E. and M.E. should remain as *eng* in Mod. English.

The word seems to have been very frequent in Old Icelandic. Two forms existed: (1) *eng*, fem. plural *engjar*; (2) *engi*, neuter. Both meant 'meadow, meadow-land'. Cleasby-Vigfusson also has, among others, the following compounds: *engi-dalr*, 'meadow-valley'; *engi-dómr*, 'a court to decide the possession of a meadow.' The last word indicates that *engi* was in common use in Old Icelandic.

In M.E. the form *enge*, 'a meadow,' occurs in the *Catholicon Anglicanum*, p. 115. Cf. also *Applegarthenge* (1323), Cal. Patent Rolls, p. 93 (cit. Wyld, *Lancs. Pl. Ns.*, p. 362). Judging by the vowel this form *enge* is a Norse borrowing. Under 1583 the *Oxford English Dictionary* gives *Swilinge yng*; under 1793 it has '. . . *ings*, or meadow ground within the township of Knottingley' (Yorks.). The *English Dialect Dictionary* gives *Wood Ing*, *Main Ing* (Lakeland), *Little Ing*, near *Godalming* (Surrey), and *The Ings*, near *Kingston* (Sus-

sex). Numerous other examples are given both in the *English Dialect Dictionary* and the *Oxford English Dictionary*. In Yorkshire *Ing*, *Ings* are exceedingly common local names at the present day.

Professor Wyld, in his article on *ing* in *The Place-Names of Lancashire*, assumes two forms in O.E., *ing* and *incg*. He derives *ing* from Gmc. **enga*, Idg. **enkó*, and *incg* from Gmc. **ingja*, Idg. **enkió*-. He compares Latin *ancrae*, 'convallis, vallis,' and Gk. ἄγκος, O.H.G. *angar*, 'grasland, ackerland,' and East Frisian *inge*, 'Anger, grüne Weise.'

Professor Moorman (*West Riding Place-Names*, Introd., p. xl) suggests that *ing* is from Danish *eng* or Frisian *inge*. He cites *Bubwith Ings* and *Clifton Ings* (Yorks.) as examples of its use, and says that it may also be present in *Birkin Scriven*, and *Stubbing*.

As regards its appearance in modern place-names there seems to be more probability of its occurrence in names which have *-ing*, *-inge* as their final suffix than in those in which *ing* is a middle element. I discuss the whole question of final *-ing*, *-inge* below. It seems to occur medially in at least two cases in my selection from Kemble's list:

<i>Modern Name.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Etymology and reference.</i>
Gressingham (Lancs.).	1086 Ghersinctune, D. B. ; 1202 Gersingeham, 1235 Gersengham, Lancs. Fines.	<i>Gærs</i> , 'grass' + <i>ing</i> , 'a meadow.' [See Wyld and Hirst, p. 138.]
Grassington (Yorks.).	1086 Ghersintone, D. B.	<i>Gærs</i> + <i>ing</i> . [Moorman, Introd. xl.]

The Oxfordshire *Garsington*, I think, is originally (*æt*) *gærse(n)dūne*, 'at the grass(y)-hill.' See p. 171, above. In all these three names, and in *Gressenhall* (Norf.) (D. B. *Gressenhala*, ii. 165 a), Kemble postulates a patronymic *Gær-singas*, which, of course, is quite fictitious.

(6) *-ing-* names of various non-patronymic origins.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Etymology of first element.</i>
Almington ¹ (Staffs.) (K. Almingas). Ducklington (Oxfsh.) (K. Dyclingas).	1086 Almontone, D. B. ; 13th cent. Alkementone. 1086 Dochelintone, D. B. i. 1586 ; 1216-1307 Dukelindon, T. N. 101, &c.	Ealhmund (Alk- mund). * <i>duceling</i> , 'duck- ling.'
Ellington ² (Hunts., &c.) (K. Ellingas). Gildingwells (Yorks.) (K. Gildingas). Hollingworth ³ (Lancs., Chesh., &c.). (K. Holingas !).	1499 Gildenwells, I. 300. 1278 Holyenworth.	<i>æpeling</i> , 'a prince.' <i>gylden</i> ? 'golden.'
Hollington ⁴ (Staffs.). Marchington ⁵ (Staffs.) (K. Myrcingas !).	13th cent. Holyngton. 951 Mærcham, 1004 Merchamtune, 1086 Marchemtone.	<i>holegn</i> , 'holly-tree.' <i>mearc</i> , 'a boundary' + <i>hām</i> , 'a home,' or <i>ham(m)</i> , 'an enclosure.'
Wallingwells (Notts.) (K. Wealingas).	13th cent. Wallandewelles, I. p. 776.	O.E. <i>weallende</i> , 'boiling'; cf. <i>weallan</i> , 'to boil, well.'
Willington ⁶ (Beds., Chesh., &c.) (K. Willingas). Withington (Herefsh., Lancs., Chesh., Staffs., Gloucs. &c.) (K. Wiðingas). Wrightington ⁷ (Lancs.).	1086 Welitone, D. B. 1284-1431 Wythynton, F. A. ii. 389 ; 1284-1431 Wydinton, F. A. ii. 238; Wythyndon, <i>ibid.</i> 246.	O.E. <i>welig</i> , 'a wil- low-tree.' O.E. <i>wiðig</i> , 'a withy, willow.' * <i>wiðegn</i> . Cf. <i>holegn</i> . O.E. <i>wyrhtena</i> , genit. plur. of <i>wyrhta</i> , 'a smith.'

¹ Duignan, p. 3. ² Skeat, p. 350. ³ Wyld and Hirst, p. 156.⁴ Duignan, p. 80.⁵ *Id.* 100.⁶ Skeat, p. 60.⁷ Wyld and Hirst, p. 272.

B. NAMES IN WHICH *ING* OR *INGE* OCCURS AS A FINAL SUFFIX.

The differentiation of the names which have final *-ing* or *-inge* is a matter of great difficulty. No law can be stated to distinguish between *-inge* and *-ing*, as M.E. scribes added or left out an *e* quite arbitrarily. I shall deal first with the patronymics.

Names that are originally patronymics are used independently of a second element in three different ways in O.E.

(1) The nominative plural may be used. *Billingas* first denotes 'The Billings', or descendants of Bill, and later was used to denote the place where the Billings lived. We may compare the name *Wales*, which is originally *Wealhas*, 'the Welsh,' and which is later applied to the country itself. Professor Moorman also compares the phrases *on Eastenglum*, *on Northhymbrum*, &c., from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and points out that such phrases are analogous to the Greek *Delphoi*, originally 'the Delphians', then 'the town of Delphi', *Lokroi*, and, in ancient Attica, village-names like *Titakadai*, *Semachidai*, and *Lakiadai*. Such names in *-ingas* appear normally in M.E. as *-inges*.

(2) The genitive plural may be used, some noun being understood or lost. *Billinga* may stand for an original *Billinga* (*hām* or *tūn*), '(the home or settlement) of the Billings,' and then, owing to the length of the word, the second element may have been lost at an early date, or, as is more probable, a usage of the genitive plural without any second element may have become stereotyped quite early. There is no reason why in O.E. a place could not be named 'The Billings', 'The Abbings', just as one talks nowadays of going to 'the Smiths' or 'the Browns', meaning the residence of the family called *Smith* or *Brown*. Similarly in the singular we talk of going to 'Bill's' or 'Jack's', meaning Bill's or Jack's *house*.

(3) The patronymic may be used in the dative plural, *-ingum*. This usage is frequent in O.E. after the prepositions

in, æt, on. Dr. Bradley, in his essay on Place-Names, quoted Bede's *in Getlingum*, 'among the Gythlingas,' now *Gilling* in Yorkshire. Similarly we find *æt Godelmingum* (*Cod. Dipl.* ii. 115, ch. 314), 'among the *Godhelmings* or descendants of *Gōdhelm*,' now *Godalming* in Surrey, *æt Bærlingum* (*loc. cit.* vi. 138, in a charter of 998), *Birling*, in Kent. (This last name is not, however, necessarily a patronymic). Both *-inga* and *-ingum* would normally give *-inge* in M.E.

It is important in analysing this second class of names with final *ing* again to note the historic criterion, namely, that it is desirable to be able to prove the existence of the personal name in O.E. or Germanic records.

(1) *Names which probably contain patronymics.*

<i>Modern Form.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology</i> <i>with reference.</i>
Barlings (Lincs.) } Barling (Essex.) } Barming (Kt.) (K. Beormingas).	1086 Berlinga, D. B. i. 375. Berlinge, <i>ibid.</i> 354. 998 <i>æt Bærlingum</i> ¹ . 1086 Bermelinge (5), D. B. i. 14. 1211 Barmelyng, I. p. 43.	{ *Bærelingas? Cf. Bæra, Searle, p. 79. ? ?
Birling (Kt.). Brading (Hants) (K. Bradingas).	1086 Berlinge, D. B. i. 17. 1346 Brerdynge, F. A. ii. 338, &c.	*Breguwardingas? or *Beorhtward- ingas? Cf. Bre- guweald, p. 113; Beorhtward, p. 97.
Braughing (Herts.) ²	1086 Brachinge, D. B.	Brahcingas. Brahca, Birch, ii. 516.
Cooling (Kt.).	778 Culingagemære, I. p. 195. 808 Culingas, &c., I. p. 195.	Culingas, Cula. p. 145.
Cowling ³ (Yorks.).	1086 Collinghe, D. B.	Collingas. Coll, Searle, p. 142.
Knotting ⁴ (Beds.).	1086 Chenotinga, D. B.	*Cnottingas. Cf. Cnut, p. 137.
Fyling(dales) (Yorks.). (K. Fylingas).	1086 Figelinge, Figlinge, D. B.	*Figel. Cf. Fig, <i>Förstemann</i> , p. 504.

¹ Crawford Charters, p. 125.

² Skeat, p. 38.

³ Moorman, p. 52.

⁴ Skeat, p. 35.

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology with reference.</i>
Gembling (Yorks.) (K. Gamelingas).	1086 Ghemling, D. B. ; 1086 Chemeling (for Gh-) ; 1375 Gemelyng.	*Gemel. Cf. Gamel, Searle, p. 253.
Yelling ¹ (Hunts.) Gilling (Yorks.)	1086 Ghellinge, Gelinge, D.B. 1086 Ghellinges, D. B. ; 1441 Gyllyng.	} *Gillingas ?
Gidding ² (Hunts.) (K. Giddingas).		Gyddingas. Gyddda, Searle, p. 274 ; C. D. v. 289.
Hickling (Notts.)	t. Hen. III. Hycling, I. p. 365.	Hic(e)elingas. Hicel, Searle, p. 296.
Honing (Norf.)	1121-45 Hanigges (for -ing- ges). 1150 Haninges.	Haningas. Hana, p. 279.
Kirtling ³ (Cambs.)	1086 Chertelinge, D. B.	*Cyrtelingas. Cyrtla, Crawf. Chs., p. 52.
Sonning ⁴ (Berks.)	1216-1307 Sunninges, T.N. &c.	Sunningas. Sunna, p. 434.
Tring ⁵ (Herts.) (K. Tringas!).	1086 Trevinga, D. B. ; 1303 Trehynge, F. A.	*Trygingas ? Cf. Trig, p. 579.
Wasing ⁶ (Berks.) (K. Wæsingas).	1086 Walsinge, D. B. ; 1216-1307 Wausesenge, T.N. ; 1316 Wausynge, F. A.	Wælsingas. Wæls, p. 473.

Three of the above forms admit of other etymologies. *Haninges* (= *Honing*, Norf.) may be genitive singular of a personal name *Haning*. *Sunninges* may have a similar origin. In this case the *-ing-* is of course also *originally* patronymic (see *Hastings*, below). *Wasing* may quite well stand for **Wæles ing*, 'the meadow of Wæl-' (see this name in Searle, p. 473.) The T. N. form *-enge* may be significant, but Norse influence is hardly possible in Berkshire.

(2) *Names in which the -ing is not patronymic.*

There are two classes of names with final *-ing*, &c., which one suspects to be of a non-patronymic origin. First, the names in *-inge* [indž]. Professor Wyld (*Lancashire Place-*

¹ Skeat, pp. 331-2; but what is the explanation of the change from *Gell-* (*Gh* in D. B. denotes a back (hard) sound) to *Y-* in the modern name? *Gilling* (as in Yorks.) is what we should expect.

² Skeat, p. 330. ³ Id. 70. ⁴ Id. 71. ⁵ Id. 38. ⁶ Id. 70.

Names, p. 362) is of opinion that in these names the suffix represents O.E. *incg*, the fronted form of *ing*, 'a meadow' (see p. 173, above). It is certainly difficult to explain the pronunciation [indž] as a development of either M.E. *-inges* or M.E. *-inge*. It may be said that it is purely a spelling pronunciation, but two facts would contradict this. First, spellings such as *-ynch* are found quite early; thus Lancs. *Billinge* occurs as *Billynch* in 1412 (*Recognizance Rolls of Chester*, p. 36). Secondly, in the name *Wantage* (Berks.) the suffix *-inge* has been changed to *-age*. This makes the pronunciation with [dž] certain. It is notable that D. B. has *Wanetinz* as the early form of this name.¹ As Professor Skeat remarks (*Place-Names of Berks*, p. 70), *z* in D. B. usually represents *ts*; it never by any chance represents a hard *g*, so that the only sound possible is the fronted *g* [dž]. Professor Skeat suggests *j* (presumably [dž]). In any case it is impossible to explain such a pronunciation in the eleventh century as being due to the spelling.

(a) *inge* which is probably O.E. **incg*.

The following names in Kemble's list may contain O.E. **incg*, 'a meadow,' as their second element:

<i>Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested etymology.</i>
Billinge ² (Lancs.) (K. Billingas).	1247 Billing; 1356 Billyngge, 1412 Billynch, <i>Recog. Rolls</i> , p. 36.	<i>Bill + incg.</i>
Hawkinge (Kt.).	1216-1307 Haveking, T. N. p. 206, &c.	<i>hafoc + ing</i> or <i>incg</i> , 'hawk-meadow'; cf. Hawkley.

¹ Similarly *Ginge* (see below) is spelt *Gainz* in the Pipe Rolls and in D. B. (Skeat, loc. cit., p. 67). With *Wantage* compare *Eridge* (Suss.), which appears as *Eringehā* in D. B., *Erugg* and *Eregge* in the *Inquisitions Post Mortem* (i. 131, ii. 160).

² Wyld and Hirst, p. 68. It must be admitted that it would be more satisfactory if one could find some sign of a genitive suffix, though this is often lost or omitted in place-names.

-inge seems to be most common in Kent. In addition to *Hawkinge* there are the following names: *Arpinge* or *Harpeange*, *Eggringe*, *Garlinge*, *Lyminge*, *Ottinge*, *Pedlinge*, *Ruckinge*, and *Sellindge* or *Sellinge*. It is conceivable that some of these names contain an original *incg*.

Lyminge is found in 811 as *et (æt) Liminum* (I. 491); in 1271 it occurs as *Limminge*, Ch. R. ii. 165. Kemble's assumption that it contains the name of the tribe of the *Limingas* is absurd.

Ginge and *Lockinge* (Berks.), which Professor Skeat takes to be derived from the *Gægingas* and the *Lācingas*, call for an explanation of their final consonant.

(b) *ing* which is originally *ing*, 'a meadow.'

The following names seem likely to contain this word as their second element:

Modern Name. Kemble's etymology.	Old Forms.	Etymology of first element.
Barking (Suff.).	1086 Berchinges, D. B. i. 42; 1520 Berkyng, I. p. 42.	<i>beorc</i> , 'birch-tree'; cf. Berkeley and
Barking (Ess.) (K. Beorcingas).	1086 Berchingas, D. B. i. 17; t. Hen. III, Berking, I. p. 41.	Beorcham, C. D. ii. 302.
Beckering (Lincs.) (K. Beceringas).	1086 Becheling, D. B. i. 339, &c. (<i>l</i> for <i>r</i>); t. Hen. II, Bechering, I. p. 53.	O.Norse, <i>bekkjār</i> , genitive of <i>bekkr</i> , 'brook.'
[Cf. (1) Bickerstaffe (Lancs.: Wyld and Hirst, pp. 67, 68); (2) Bickerton (1509 Bekerton), (Yorks.: Moorman, p. 25); (3) Bikerton (Cheshire).]		
Bittering (Norf.). Clavering (Ess.) (K. Clæfringas).	1316 Bytering, F. A. iii. 454. 1086 Clavelinga, D. B. ii. 46 (<i>l</i> for <i>r</i>). 13th cent. Clavering, T. N. 271.	? <i>clæfre</i> , 'clover' + <i>ing</i> .
Havering (Ess.).	t.H.III. { Averigge(for-ingge), I. p. 347. Havering.	O.N. <i>hafr</i> , 'oats' + <i>ing</i> .

(c) *-ing*, which is either *ing*, 'a meadow,' or a patronymic suffix.

The origin of *-ing* in the following names is doubtful :

<i>Modern Name.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Suggested alternative etymologies.</i>
Meering (Notts.).	1086 Meringe, D. B. 1302 Merynge, F. A.	Either (1) <i>gemære</i> , 'a boundary' + <i>ing</i> ; or (2) <i>æt Mæringum</i> .
Goring (Oxfsh.).	1086 Garinges, D. B. i. 158. 1284-5 Garing, F. A. iv. 154.	Either (1) <i>gār</i> , 'a wedge-shaped piece of land, a "gore"' + <i>ing</i> ; or (2) <i>Gāringas</i> .
Reading (Berks.).	1086 Redinges, } D. B.; Radinges, } Radinges, F. A.	

[Cf. Angmering (Suss.), O.E. *Angmeringum*, C. D. Ch. 1067.]

[This last name may represent either (1) *Rēadingas*, as Skeat (*Place-Names of Berks*, p. 69) analyses it; or (2) *rēad*, 'red' + *ing* or *inges*. The second etymology would be a suitable one on account of the colour of the soil.]

(d) *-ing* of various non-patronymic origins.

<i>Modern Name.</i> <i>Kemble's etymology.</i>	<i>Old Forms.</i>	<i>Etymology of first element.</i>
Chipping (Herts., Lancs., &c.)		Probably in all cases O.E. * <i>cēaping</i> , 'marketing,' 'a market'; cf. <i>cēapian</i> , 'to buy,' to 'cheap.'
Chipping Norton (Oxfsh.) (K. Cypingas!).	13th cent. Norton Mercatoria.	<i>Ing</i> (family name).
Westoning ¹ (Beds.) (K. Westoningas!).	Weston, Hund. Rolls; Weston Ing, Cat. Anc. Deeds.	<i>Gifel</i> + <i>dene</i> .
Yielding ² (Beds.) (K. Gealdingas!).	1086 Giveldene, D. B.	

Hastings (Suss.), for which Kemble assumes O.E. *Hastingas*, may represent O.E. *Hastinges*, the genitive singular of the

¹ Skeat, p. 36; *-ing* = *Ing* from *Willelmus Inge*, who owned *Weston*.

² Id. 12.

name *Hasting*, with the loss of a second element. It would then be parallel to O.E. *on Hastings lace*, C. D. vi. 2, Ch. 1218 (anno 958). For this usage compare *Wigan* (Lancs.), which is undoubtedly the genitive of a weak personal name with the loss of a second suffix; and *Beedon* (Berks.), which Professor Skeat shows to be originally *Bȳdan* (for *Bȳdan v̅eg*), the genitive of *Bȳda* (*Place-Names of Berks*, p. 108). Of course, in any case the *ing* is originally patronymic, but it probably represents the name of one man and not a tribe or clan.

Lingfield (Surrey) and *Lingwood* (Norf.) probably contain a dialect word: *ling*, 'heather.' See E. D. D., and compare *Whittinge*, Worcs., earlier *Whitelyng*, *Whyteling*, which Mr. Duignan takes to contain this word. Compare further *Lingwang*, *Lingewang* (Notts.) in *Index to Charters and Rolls*, p. 406. I take this to contain the same word, and to mean 'the heather plain' (O.E. *wang*, *wong*). Kemble's *Lingas* is, of course, quite fictitious.

The results of the whole inquiry are here tabulated. The numbers are, of course, only approximate.

A. *ing* as a medial element.

(1) <i>ing</i> > <i>-inge</i> the patronymic <i>-inga</i>	55 names.
(2) <i>ing</i> > <i>-ing-</i>	62 "
(3) <i>ing</i> > <i>-wine</i> , <i>-wynn</i> , &c.	11 "
(4) <i>ing</i> > <i>-en</i> .	
(a) = <i>-an</i> , the genitive suffix of a weak personal name	57 "
(b) the dative of an adjective or noun	12 "
(5) <i>ing</i> = <i>ing</i> , 'a meadow'	2 "
(6) <i>ing</i> of miscellaneous non-patronymic origins	15 "

B. *ing* as a final element.

(1) <i>ing</i> of patronymic origin	19 "
(2) <i>inge</i> > <i>incg</i> , 'a meadow'	2 "
(3) <i>ing</i> > <i>ing</i> , 'a meadow'	6 "
(4) <i>ing</i> either <i>ing</i> , 'a meadow,' or a patronymic	4 "
(5) <i>ing</i> of various non-patronymic origins	9 "

Total 254 "

Names whose origin is doubtful:

Class A	75 names
Class B	13 „
<i>Unidentified names</i> (not recorded in <i>Bartholomew's Gazetteer</i>)	16 „

I estimate the percentage of *ing* names which seem to be patronymic in origin to be about 30.

I have now concluded the survey which I proposed to make of the *ing* names. I have throughout tried to throw light on the etymologies of the names concerned by an appeal to old sources. Such an appeal has shown two things. First, that Kemble's assumptions of patronymic forms are very often incorrect, and that a very small proportion of the names he gives can be satisfactorily proved ever to have contained patronymics. Secondly, that his conjectures as to the forms of the personal names themselves are often wrong. In many cases the element is not a personal name; and in those cases where it is, a wrong form is often given. It seems surprising that Kemble, whose work on O.E. charters was so painstaking and minute, should not have realized the danger of dogmatizing on place-names from evidence which is merely obtained from modern forms.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

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